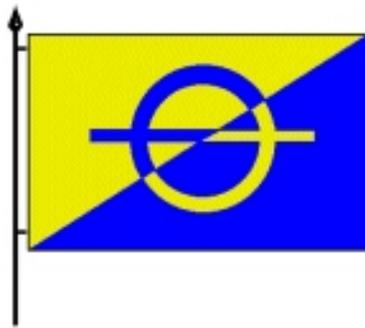


The Augustus Barto O'Barr
and Lola May Peppers Family

1995 Edition



23 Oct 1995

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Preface :

This is a family history book, written for Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers by their grateful descendants. It is meant to only be a "First Edition." It, as most other books, will be incomplete, will have errors, may even cause hard feelings, but by being first, it might help us all to write a more perfect book, possibly in the big year of 2000. Therefore, it needs to be done even with all of its imperfections.

Because it is not meant to be the last and final edition (let's hope that we can have a new and better edition every few years), we will not worry too much if a few are too slow to get their materials in or if they do not have a chance to correct it. We will not let that stop us. We are just going to do it and do it now as best as we can. It is not the book that makes us successful: It is the lives we live. May we all live the life that brings success whether or not it gets in the book.

Gerald L. O'Barr - 1995

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with all other changes.

--- Special Credits Page ---

Because this is a family history book, this book could not have been written without responses from most everyone in the family. My deepest thanks goes to everyone who took the time and trouble to make a response, and therefore helped us all to have a better book. Special thanks are due to the following individuals (and of course we all know, if any men are mentioned, that a good wife was "leading" the way!):

NAMES	HELP GIVEN
----- Alice A. Sliger BUCKHORN MINERAL WELLS 5900 East Main Street Mesa, AZ 85205	----- Wrote several life stories and was a constant inspiration. Without any request on my part, she funded the entire project. If anyone wants to thank anyone, she is the one!
Lola White XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX	Wrote several life stories, sent many pictures, and gave constant, loving support and tons of data.
Ernest A. Clevenger XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX	Wrote life story, sent pictures, and gave financial support.
Ruby Cordes XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX	Wrote several life stories, sent many pictures, was the best proof reader and gave great support.
Wylene O'Barr XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX	She started it all, by sending me Grandmother's life story in her own words.
Maxine Haws XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX	Wrote the Life story of Grandfather Clevenger.

When special thanks are given, there will almost always be a few that will be inadvertently overlooked. I certainly thank all those who were or acted as family heads, and contacted and encouraged others to respond. This certainly included my Mother and many others. We do have a great family. Thanks again to everyone.

Statistics Page

Numbers are dangerous. Many of the children of Israel were punished because they considered (put value on) numbers. With the Lord, He only needs one good person to work any miracle, and the children of Israel could not seem to learn this simple lesson. Therefore, only if we will humbly consider it, let us look at our numbers (as of Dec. 1995):

Original Children	Grand-Children	Great Grand Children	G.G. G.C.	G.G.G. G.C.
Jessie	0			
Frank	2			
Joe	0			
Ida	5	10	41	42
Arthur Williams	7	42	69	2
Lewis	0			
Dora	2	7	11	
Parley	2	6	9	1
Bertha	0			
Alice	2	1		
Gus	2	13	12	1
Ruth	0			
Lola	5	28	44	
Ernest	5	16	17	
15 *	32 *	123 *	203	46

Numbers with "*" are fairly fixed and certain. All other numbers are incomplete and/or still increasing.

Grand total, not counting spouses, etc., is 419. This is based only on the partial information that I have received. I am sure that many are still missing, and will anxiously receive corrections from anyone.

Chapter 1. Introduction.

This book contains the life story of Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers. They were Americans, whose's collective lives extended from 1862 to 1969. Because their life story is that of a family (an eternal family), it is a story that will not have an end. Their full story is certainly still growing, and this book can only reflect a small part of what these two people achieved.

Their complete story cannot be understood without understanding God, and His purposes. Much of their actions were based on their beliefs as members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (See Appendix B.)

Augustus Barto O'Barr basically ended up with a family of 15 children. He first married Sarah Frances Mahulda Pollard who then gave birth to three children, with Frank and Joe reaching adulthood. With the death of Sarah, he then married Lola May Peppers, who then gave birth to nine children. Six of these children lived a full adult life. When Augustus Barto O'Barr died, Lola May Peppers remarried and had three more children, which were "sealed" to her first husband.

What ever the numbers, it was a large family. Being a large family, with children born over a wide range of years, there were many inter-relationships of brothers and sisters, half-brothers and half-sisters, aunts and uncles and cousins, many of similar ages and some of different ages, but they were all accepted as one. There did not appear the slightest concern of "position" or "order" or other problems that seems to beset so many today. Having experienced human frailties, I know that such perfect relationships do not occur just because of good parents. It speaks much of the goodness of every person involved. It takes both a good parent and a good child to have a good home, and a good home existed in this family.

It is hard sometimes to "walk in someone else's shoes." Exactly how hard was it to live the lives they lived? What might seem hard to us may not have been hard for them. This family had its start in the South. They had a nice home there that they had built, a good farm, with friends and family nearby. They were more than well off. Yet they found it "necessary" to move.

Moves in those days were serious affairs. One did not have the ability to maintain contacts when one changed their place of residence. Leaving an area meant that they might not see their parents ever again. They would not be able to help each other, or share in each other's hopes or successes. It was a serious event.

Yet move they did, mainly because of their religious feelings. They wanted to be where the Saints were gathered. The effect on their lives due to this move, the opportunities that became available to them and to many of their children, are now all recorded. Great things were accomplished. Great insights were achieved. The feelings of the heart were expanded and love abounded.



Augustus Barto O'Barr Family in 1904. From left to right;
Back Row: Arthur (10), Frank (kneeling, 17), Joe (14), Ida (13)
Front Row: Dora (4), Augustus (41), Lewis (7), Lola (30),
being held by Lola is Parley (2) (Approximate ages only)



Augustus Barto O'Barr
1904 (41 years old)

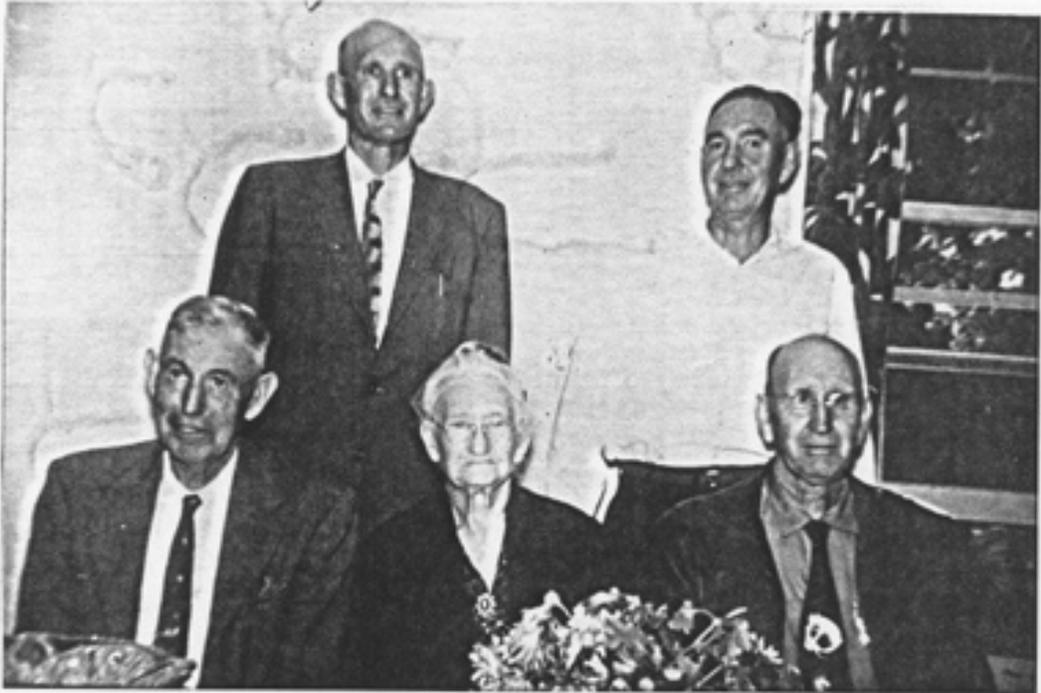


Lola May Peppers
80th Birthday, 1954



Back row, Left to right:
Lola White, Alice Sliger, Ida Francom, Dora Smith
Front: Lola May Peppers

Lola May Peppers and Four Daughters
1953



Back row, Left to right: Parley O'Barr, Gus O'Barr
Front: Joe O'Barr, Lola May Peppers, Arthur O'Barr

Lola May Peppers and Four Sons
1962



Andrew Benton Clevenger
Taken in 1935
at age 82 to 85



Ernest Andrew Clevenger, Sr.
Taken in 1996
at age 76

Chapter 2. Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers

This chapter consists of five sections. The first section is a copy of Lola May Peppers' life story as typed by Wylene O'Barr, wife of Donald O'Barr, a grandson of Lola May Peppers. She tried to keep Grandma's original written words and spellings, etc.

Section 2 starts on page 2-13. It contains two Patriarchal Blessings of Lola May Peppers, one in 1906 when she was an O'Barr, and the other in 1932 as a Clevenger.

Section 3, pages 2-15 and 2-16, contains some of Lola May Peppers' favorite sayings and writings.

Section 4, pages 2-17 to 2-24, is "This Is Your Life," written and read by daughters Ida O'Barr Verney Francom and Alice O'Barr Sliger at a Relief Society's opening social in 1962 especially honoring Lola May Clevenger as their beloved and oldest member. She was almost 88 years old at this time.

Section 5, pages 2-25 to 2-31, is the funeral address written by daughter Alice O'Barr Sliger and was read by Randy White, a grandson.

Chapter 2: Section 1. Life story of Lola May Peppers (O'Barr) (Clevenger)

(All ... below was hand written by Lola Mae Peppers O'Barr Clevenger From this note forward I will follow her spelling and punctuations, I feel that we can get a better feel for the person she was and she was a special person. W. O'Barr)

Began this 8 Feb 1941 Our Life Story of Lola May Peppers

I Began this life on 26 November 1874 at Strafford Green Co. Mo. My Father name was Austin Jackson Peppers, who were born 25 Aug 1845 and Died May 6 1926 at Wilburton Okla his Father name wer Austin Peppers born about 1825, lived at Greenville Kentuckey Died about Aug 1865 at Greenville Kentuckey Muhlinburg Co all their Temple work dun in Ariz Temple My mother name was Judy Ann Anderson born 27 Feb 1851 at Strafford Green Co Mo died at Wilburton Okla 4 Feb 1938 her Father name James P Anderson Born about 1820 of old Virginia died about Aug 1872 at Strafford Green Co Mo her mother Doshie Ann Campbell Born about 1830 in Tennessee Died About 1895 at Strafford Green Co Mo her Father name James Campbell born about 1790 North Carolina died about 1860 he married Lucy Campbell maiden name unknown born about 1791 in North Carolina Died about 1861 their Temple work Dun in the Ariz Temple

My Fathers Family Idela Peppers was born 27 May 1872 at Strafford Green Co Mo she died Sept 1873 at Strafford Mo she wer sealed to her parence 15 Mar 1939 in the Ariz Temple Lola May Peppers born 26 Now 1874 at Strafford Green Co Mo Wer sealed to parents while living, in Ariz Temple 15 Mar 1939 James Arthur Peppers born 10 Mar 1877 at Strafford Green Co MO Mary Alice Peppers born 9 Oct 1879 at Strafford Green Co Mo Died 6 Dec 1890 Muldro Okla she babtised and endowed 27 April 1915 in St George Temple, St. George Washington Co Utah she wer sealed to parents in Ariz Temple 15 Mar 1929. Lillie Ann Peppers born 29 June 1882 at Strafford Green Co Mo still living Jossie Jain Peppers born 8 Sept 1885 at Strafford Green Co Mo still living Robert E. Lee Peppers born 30 Sept 1888 at Strafford Green Co Mo still living Wilam Walter Peppers born 29 Mar 1894 at Wilburton Okla died at Hot Springs Arkansas he wer babtised 3 Dec 1927 Endowed 13 Apr 1928 sealed to parence 15 Mar 1939 in the Ariz Tmple Mesa Ariz Maricopa Co.

So I will began my life story. I wer the second child of my Fathers family of Eight children I began school at eight years of age had to walk 3 miles and as it is cold in that part of the contery I did not get to go very mutch we lived on a farm and I had to help with the work in the hous and out of dores. I wer raised in the Free Will Baptes Church and they did not bleve in Joining the Church till old enuff to choose what

Church you wanted to Join I never joined eny of them and when I wer about 15 years old my Father became dissitifide of where he wer living sold out and went to Arkansas but did not find just what he wanted

so he began to moove a round and we all Picked cotton where ever we could find eny. So went to Eureka Springs Arkansas and I went to school we did not pick cotton while there and I got to go to school more that ever, but we only staid one winter. so I never got to go to school eny more is the reasion I have not got a better Edecation. I never went to school as mutch as children get to go in one year here in my hole life, so if things are not spelt coroct Pleas excuse it hope it will be plain and simple so eny one can understand it

well after we left Eureka Springs we came out to the cotton fields again. Picked cotton from place to place Father hearing of a Better Place in the Indin Tirortory now Okla. So we went there 7 miles across the Riber from Fort-Smith Arkansas there is where I first met Augustus Barto O'Barr, He wer the cotton weighor so we fell in love at first site.

he wer a widower with too little Boys they wer in Arkansas with his mother So our love making or spooning wer dun in the cotton patch or at the wagon where the cotton wer waid there wer no place to go and if there had of been my Parence would not of let me go they thought I wer Ingaged to a Fellow Back Clost to Strafford Mo befor we left there. his name wer Harison Stratton but they did not like him so he did not come to our hous. So we would meat at other places there wer a nother felow that they did like his name wer Clay Bars but I did not like him I only went with him so I could get to Places where Hariss wer we thought a lot of each other in so much that he never did marry eny body. So I heard a bout 60 years he hadent but as I wer yong when we left Strafford I soon forgot him and when I met Guss it wer all off with him

I never will forget the first time we met it wer at a little place called Cottonwood about 5 miles from Muldro Okla. it had been raining and they wer not picken cotton . We got to this Place late in the afternoon. the men folks wer gon but the lady let Father have a hous and we wer unloding our things when some men came up one wer the owner of the cotton fields and the other one wer Guss O'Barr they wer Inspecting the Bunch of cotton Pickers we had: 2 wagons 4 head of horses and 8 of us, so we maid quite a shoing. they wer out in the yard talking to Father not far from the well. mother sent me for a bucket of watter

the well wer covered over with big pieces of timber called rails and as they wer hevy to lift Guss asked if he could helpe me get the watter but I said no thank you but seeing he wer watchin me I got the watter and left in a hurry leaving the well

open and he had to cover it up he has laughfed meny a time about it how I blushed and went a way leaving him to caver the well so next day we all picked cotton and he did the waying cotton only grew about 2 or 3 feet high in that contry eny one could see all over the fields there wer other yong men picking in the same field they would try to pick clost to me and kept talking and teasing me I told them if they did not quit I wer going to leave the field so I started and Guss wer pickin clost by says come over and helpe me I have too rows and you can have one of them so I crossed over and helped him then the fun began the other yong men said to him you will take our girl a way from us will you and he said I did not take her she came to me in place of you. I liked his ways better than theirs he wer so kind that I could not keep from loving him so we picked all the rest of the season side by side some times we did not pick very mutch and he would give me his so I would not get laught at ar a scolden from my Father so on the 18 Dec 1890 we wer married at Fort Smith Ark and staid at Fathers till the 24 of Dec then we went to Atkins Ark after the children

we only staid about 10 days then came back to Muldro I.T. or Okla Guss had a lees on a peice of land there and my Father and family wer there all so Guss first wife people wer there.

Their names wer Jerry Pollard and Jane Gaber Polard they had a large family and where they are at this writing I do not Know

well Guss had a hous on the land and we went rite to keeping hous I sure did have a Job on my hands all rite. 2 children to care for and keep hous but I loved the children and taken good care of them and they loved me too Guss people in Ark thought lots of me the children name wer Frank and Joe the trip to Atkins Ark wer the first time I had ever rode on the train,

well we planted a crop there and a garden but sold it out and went to Atkins Ark we sold it for a horse and a wagon we had one horse that maid us a team so we had a way to go we staid with Guss folks and Guss helped his step father bild a bridge and make some bords and gether his crop then Ida wer Borne, so we wanted to go Back to Okla, so Guss got to trading his horses for yoke of oxen so had 2 yoke and 2 wagons and when Ida wer 10 days olde we went back to Cottonwood Okla. Then went on father up in Okla and lived in a tent and Guss halled logs for a man till Christmas

it rained and snowed and we lived in a tent sure did have a Bad time my folks had gon on fether up and wer at work at a saw mill so we went to them and I drove a ox team we worked at the mill or halled logs or lumber for 2 years. then traded the oxen for a mule team and wagon and then we went back to Atkins Ark where Guss Folks lived and Bought a farm of 80 acers and went to farming I sure wer glad to quit mooving a round .

The Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers Family: Chapter 2: Section 1

well I think I will Put in Guss Genelogy befor going eny futher with my story and give a briff history of Augustus and his folks a bout 20 years ago I got to thinking I would like a history of Guss So wrote to his mother while she lived at Atkins Pope CoArk and this is what I got

Augustus Barto O'Barr Born 25 Dec 1862 At Springvill St. Clair Co Ala he wer Born in a Big framed hous he wer the son of Jessy (jesse) Obarr better known as Pike OBarr he wer Born some place in Georgia about 1832 died at Huston Miss the 7 March 1869 Augustus mother name Susan Anett (Anette) Whorton. Born 4 May 1842 at Springvill St Clair Co Ala Died 14 July 1923 at Atkins Pope Co Ark they wer sealed 25 May 1928 in the Mesa Arizona Temple

thes are they children Missouri Florence O'Barr Born 4 July 1860 at Springvill St Clair Co Ala Died 26 Jan 1888 at Muldro Okla Sealed to her Parents 25 May 1928 in Ariz Temple all so sealed to Husban Bill Pollard and children all that wer dead at that time Augustus Barto O'Barr Born 25 Dec 1862 at Springvill ST Clair Co Ala Died 6 March 1910 at Mesa Maricopa Ariz sealed to his Parents 25 May 1928 in Ariz Temple all so sealed to his family in the St George Temple 29 Apr 1915 Camna Duncan O'Barr Born 12 Dec 1864 Springvill St Clair Co Ala Died 7 Feb 1868 sealed to parents 25 May 1928 in Ariz Temple Ica Dora O'Barr Born 26 Aug 1868 at Springvill St. Clair Co Ala Died 20 Oct 1884 sealed to parents 25 May 1928 in Ariz Temple

After Augustus Father died his mother married John Wesley Johnson Born 1 Aug 1846 at Macon Georga Died 24 Dec 1923 at Atkins Pope Co Ark Indowed 25 Apr 1925 in Ariz Temple but did not seal to eny one their children Beulah Benton Johnson Born 26 Nov (1874?) at Springvill St Clair Co Ala. Nancy Lula Johnson Born 8 Aug 1877 Springvill St Clair Co Ala Joseph Lauzo Johnson Born 30 July 1879 St Clair Co Ala Died 18 Jan 1979 at Phoenix Ariz Indowed 23 Apr 1928 in Ariz Temple sealed to mother and Jessie O'Barr in Ariz Temple 25 May 1928 sealed to first wife Deller Raill in the Ariz Temple

Well I will began Guss life story when he wer borned his mother said he wer afine looking baby boy his father thought he wer all boy he wer his first boy, and he wer fair skined and Black eyes and red hair his father died when he wer only six years old leaving him to the care of his mother and when Guss wer only a little baby a bout 6 weeks old his Father went to war and wer in it for 3 years then came home and had contracted Broncitus and that caused his death. they had gon to Hustin miss for his helth but he died

then she came back to Alabama to her father and mother Thomas Whorton they were farmers and he wer quite old so Guss and his mother made the crops I have heard Guss tell how he plowed for a crop when he wer 10 years old his mother married John W. Johnson who wer as good to him as a step Father could be they worked to gether making birles tubs Buckets churns Bred trays and eny thing of that kind and farmed too till Guss wer a bout 19 years old then the Mormon Elders came and his mother and step Father Joined the Church Sold out and left Alabama and went to Manasa Colorado became Disatifide bought them a ox team and wagon put what they had in it and started for Arkansas Guss liked the Elders but did not Join church then

that wer in the fall of 1882 when they left Colorado and cold as could be but they wanted to get to Arkansas in time to make a crop and they new it would take a long time to make the trip. they sure did have a hard time all kind of wether and Blizereds come all most freezen some times the Ground wer forze so hard they could not put up ther Tent

there wer 10 of them I will name them Mr John W. Johnson his wife Mrs Susan A Johnson and their 3 children Beulah Nancy and Lonzo Johnson Bill Pollard and his wife Missouria and their Baby Ira Pollard I think he wer about one year old and Guss and Ica-dora O'Barr.

they had to walk the most of the way the men walked and hunted for meat it taken them about 4 months to make the trip and one of the oxens died and they had to stop and sell the other one. and Guss and Bill Pollard went on a foot 3 or 4 hundred miles or more to Green Bryer Arkansas where Bill Pollard folks lived that wer where they wer trying to get they wer neithbors Back in Alabama Pollards left there and come to

Arkansas about the same time that they left and went to Colorado. Bill wer sick a lot on the way and Guss and him had a hard time to get there they had to hobo it the most of the way but finly got there.

so Guss and Bill had taken his team Guss rode one horse and Mr Pollard the other one with the Harness on them and came Back to where Guss had left the rest in the Indan teary now Okla. and while they wer gon Mr Johnson cut wood and made rails, for a Indian for things to live on and a little money. Mr Johnson only had one hand he got the other one shot off in the war but he could do eny thing he wanted to do I have heard him say the hardest thing for him to do wer to tie his shoes.

so on with the story Guss wer a good obedent boy good to his mother and Step-Father he grew up to be a man of all trades he wer a good Farmer a carpenter I have heard him tell how he helped Mr Johnson go into the woods cut Trees down and split out peices to make eny thing they wanted to make when he wer just a boy and he wer a good saw-mill man could do most eny kind of work at the saw-mill and after we left the mills and went to Arkansas he worked in rock- he wer a rock masen he bilt chimneys or fire places out of rock cut them out and dug them out of the ground or side of the mountain hughed the rock the size he wanted and could handel hall them for miles to the place where a chimley wer to be bilt he bilt chimles all a round Atkins Ark and out on Pearige where we live meny of them is standing to day.

well I will finish my story a bout Guss after they got to Green Bryer Ark he wer about 21 years old he went to work for hissself and fell in love with one of the Pollard Girls, Bills sister Huldy. her full name wer Sarah Francis Huldy Pollard they wer married about 1884 she wer born about 1862 in Alabama and died 21 Apr 1890 at Muldro I.T now Okla, Guss and her Temple work wer dun in St.George Temple 29 Apr 1915

3 Children blessed this union

Jessy Walter O'Barr Born 8 May 1885 at GreenBruer Ark died 18 Aug 1886 at GreenBryer,ARK, he wer sealed to Parents 29 Apr 1915 in the St George Temple

Andrew Franklin O'Barr born 10 Aug 1887clost to GreenBryer ARK he wer Baptized by Joseph Larson 16 Sept 1899 at Atkicns Ark died at Los anglas Calif 10 Dec 1938 his Temple work dun in the Ariz Temple 9 May 1941 he married Ethel Staton 7 May 1924

Joseph Henry O'Barr Born 21March 1890 at Muldro I.T. or Okla. Babtized the 16 Sept 1899 byJoseph A Larson at Atkins Ardk

Well I will began his story again when Frank wer a baby they all left Green-Bryer. Went to a saw-mill and worked a while then went to Atkins Ark and Mr Johnson Bought a Place and staid there. Mr Pollard and family and Guss went to the Indian

Teraetory or Okla that is where Huldy died and soon after her deth Guss taken the children back to Atkins Ark to his Mother staid ther a while then went Back to Cotton-wood I.T. a little place 3 or 4 miles from Muldro. that is where I met him and when Joe wer about 9 months his Father and I wer maried as I have allredy toled in my story and we wer only maried 9 months and 4 days when Ida wer Borne her full name is Susen Idella but we called her Ida.

9 children blessed this union Susan Idella O'Barr born 22 Sept 1891 at Economy a little place clost to Atkins Polk Co Ark she maried John M Verney 28 Mar 1909 they did their own Temple work in the Ariz Temple she wer Baptized 8 Feb 1901 by Elder Smith at Economy Ark Benjaman Arthur O'Barr Born 5 Apr 1894 at Atkins Polk Co Ark he maried Ruby Lee Horn the 18 Mar 1932 who wer Born at Beach Ga 25 June 1915 they did their own Temple work

John William O'Barr Born 8 Nov 1895 at Atkins Polk Co Ark died Atkins Polk Co Ark 8 Oct 1896 sealed to Pairents in St George Temple 29 Apr 1915 Lewis Austin O'Barr Born 19 Oct 1897 at Atkins Polk Co Ark his Temple work dun 28 Nov 1922 at St George Utah Temple Wanda McConnel wer sealed to him as wife 26 June 1930 St George Temple sealed to Parents 29 Apr 1915 St George Utah Temple while liven he died 6 May 1917 at Leveen Ariz

Dora Benton O'Barr born 13 Aug 1900 at Atkins Polk Co Ark she wer sealed to parents 29 Apr 1915 St George Temple she wer Baptiz 3 Aug 1909 at Mesa Ariz she maried George William Smith 18 Jan 1920 Parley Parker O'Barr born 3 Sept 1902 at Atkins Poke Co Ark he wer Baptized 11 Sept 1910 at Mesa Ariz he wer sealed to parents 29 Apr 1915 at St George Utah Temple. He maried Ruth Ester Boyer 3 June 1928 at Los angles she wer born at Herington Dickonson Co Kansas the 2 Sept 1911 Birtha Ann O'Barr born 6 Feb 1905 at Mesa Ariz died 2 Apr 1906 at Mesa Ariz sealed to parents 29 Apr 1915 St George Temple Alice Anett O'Barr born 24 Dec 1906 at Mesa Maricopa Co Ariz she wer sealed to Parents 29 Apr 1915 in the Temple St George Washington Co Utah she wer Baptized 6 Feb 1915 at Mesa Ariz she maried Theodore William Sliger 10 Sept 1935 Augustus Barto O'Barr Jr Born 21 Dec 1909 at Mesa Maricopa Co Ariz he wer sealed to Parents 29 Apr 1915 in the St George Temple Washington Co Utah he wer Baptized 1 June 1918 Mesa Ariz he maried Edith DePrest 1 June 1935

Began the story a gain and when Joe wer a bout 9 months old his Father and I wer married as I have all redy told in my story and we wer only married 9 months when Ida wer Born maby you dont think I had a job and hand, but we all come through all O.K. and after we went to Arkasas to Economy or Atkins all clost to gether and Bought the Farm Guss worked Building Chimleys and selling Fruit-trees and we and the boys made the crops with him to help

get it Planted and tell us what to do

we soon would of got our Place Paid for But about 6 Nov 1897, our hous Burned down and all most every thing we had burned up, so we Bilt back the neighbors wer good to help get Bilt Back we staid at Guss Mothers and at Beulah Wright. till we got it so we could live in it. Guss Bilt too rock chimleys to it one at each end of the haus. it wer a nice place porch all across the front and a hall through the midle. it had a big Peach orched on it when we Bought it and Guss Put out a lot of Pears and Apels trees and a lot of other kinds of fruit trees on it. and they wer began to Bare when we left there

It wer a timbered coutry lots of big Pine trees on the land, and mountain country too we lived the one we lived on wer called Pearidge and a lot of Land wer rough and could not be formed but wer good for the timber and range for cattle So Guss and the boys with the help of some of the neighbors cut the timber halled it to the saw-mill thar wer clost by and got lumber to bild the hous with then Guss hired a man to make the Shingles out of a big oake tree to cover it with the man give him the making of one thousand Shingles I think it taken 12 thousand to cover it it took quite a while to get it dun in-fack it wer not dun when we sold it. yes the house was finished. it sure wer a good hous and Guss and the boys with a little hired help had made Pailens and Pailevd (Pailens are called picket fences here in Ariz.) in the yard and a big garden sure did make it look nice we lived there a bout 10 years just a mile from Gussie mother Place

we had lots of good times together we caned fruit and dried fruit together lots of times killed Pigs and beeves and allways helped together. We could grow all most eny thing to Eat in garden stuff. we could make a good living on the place. if it would rain enuff and it most allways did it made us a good home and I loved it because we made it with our owe hands.

I Sure did hate to sell it and come west would not of dun it - only for the gospel. it wer a great sacrifice to all most give our things a way and come away out here from my people and Gusses too thoe he hayd too aunts and famils that lived here Uncle Philup Coleman. and Uncle John Mc-fryer. fine old people I thought lots of them and they of us. all Ded and gone to the other side and the most of their familys to sure makes me feel I am not long to stay here.

so must hurry on with my story. as we lived happy back there. not very far from a school house and the school hous wer the church house too. it wer called the cove school hous. Berenett Township. and Guss wer one of the Trustees that is where we wer confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Laterday Sants. and where some bad men throde some eggs at us while one of the Elders wer up a talking.

well I am getting a head of my story that is where Frank and Joe and Ida and Arthur all started to school at first. and as we lived on Pearidge the children would wald down a trail to school only a bout half of a mile but to go a round the mountain the way the road went it wer a bout 4 miles. there wer another school house a bout 2 miles the other way out where it wer level contery the people had church and sunday school all most every sunday and Guss wer one of the sunday school teachers. they only had 3 months of school and that wer in the summer time July and August and september and some times a winter school 6 or 8 weeks.

well in the summer and fall of the year wer the times for the people to get to gether and hold a Pertracted meating some times at a schoolhous or under a arber Bilt of breash, and 3 or 4 diferent Denomations would get together and hold meatings both nite and day for 2 or 3 weeks they sure would have a time. have what they called a morners bench where the people that werent members of the church would go up and kneel down to be praid for and some times they would get religen as they called it and jump up and slap their hands and Haller Glori to God I have found Jesus, he has saved me sole

and then the folks would go to them and pound them on the back till it looked like they would knock the breth ouüt of them, and Holler and shake all over the place the people and the Preachers would all get mixed up some would be singin and others praying and some crying and some just Hollering as loud as they could and saying nothing and what a time they would have and call it a good meating.

I rember one time they wer having one at the school hous 2 miles from our place and we could here singin and shouting and Hollering the mormen Elders were at our place, and they said going to next mite so Guss and the boys and the Elders went but the preachers tride to get up a shout but could not get the people to start one so he said Devil must be there. then one of the felours says yes 2 of them is here. so Guss and the Elders left and come home and befor they got home they could here them a shouting and caring on a gain.

I have heard the Elders say that they have heard them shating and caring on some thing allfull the Elders come in and they would quit and as soon as they would leave they would start in a gain. Well Pore People I feel sorow for them sence I have learnt Better. but I us to say to Guss less go up for a morner and get Religen and Join some church but he would only laugh at me and say there wer nothing to it, so we never Joined nun of them he would say the true church would come a long sometime. he rembered what the Elders had tought him back in Ala. when he wer a boy, and he would tell me what they Bleved in till I have lots of times when we would be tending one of these meating that I heard a better serment going home than I heard at the meating,

it all ways seemed to me like they wer not rite. they did not have the orgensation that the Savor set up on Earth when he were here, and something wer liken so I never joined eny of them

I wer raised a free-will Baptis. most all of my People is Baptis some free-wills and some mishenary Baptis. I never could tell eny difERENCE in them. they all teach deth Bed repententent, that is you say just befor you die, you bleve that Jesus is the Son of God and that he had saved you wer all you had to do to get to hevan and that the theif that wer crusfide with the Saveyer went to heven rite with him into heven. whether you had lived a good life or ever been Baptized or not just bleve.

well one day a bout Apr 1899 Guss wer in Atkins in one of the stors when a man came in and said 2 mormen Elders wer in the neighborhood had staid all nite with a family there clost and had went off next morning a little while and came back and said the Lord had sent them back to stay a whil with them and the man said did he send eny money to pay with and they said no. just a bout then Guss spake up and said, they wer mormen Elders and said that, and he said yes, then Guss said they wer not mormen Elders or they would not of said that, so in a little while Guss wer in a nother store and a croud of men around 2 men and he went up closter and lisented to what they had to say and soon found out that they wer mormon Elders so he began to take their Part and soon the crout left. and Guss went to them, and invited them out to our Place and they told him they would come soon as they got their work dun there, so Guss come home and told me that he had seen the Elders in town and that they wer coming out to see us.

So I praid if they wer the true Church that they would soon come to our Place so they did come I never will forget the day they came and how happy we wer to keep them. So they soon made our place mishen headquarters and held meatings all a round ther and at our place too. we have had as meny as 6 and 8 Elders at our place at once the neighbors would say how can you feed them. but we allways had Plenty and some to spair I never felt we lost a thing by keeping the mishenarys.

well on the 21 of June 1899, we wer Baptized by Elder Lorndzo C. Leavitt that nite they held meating at the Cove School haus and Elder Allen S Miller confermed us at the meating they wer the first Elders that came to our Place and the first I ever saw. Elder Levaitt wer from Pangeth Utah seemed like we had a testimoney of the Truthness of what the Elders taught us from the first. we wer sure thankfull for the Gospel and what hapeness it did bring to us to know we had found the true church.

Began this on Feb 4 1945

I wer Born at Strafford Green Co. Mo. My Father name Austin Jackson Peppers My mother name Judy Ann Anderson I wer the second child in the family I had 6 more Brothers and sisters, Arthur,

Alice, Lillie, Jossie, Lee, and Walter. we lived in Mo for a number of years then Father sold out and we all went to Ark. for awhile then to the Indan-teorary now Okla. where I met and married Guss O'Barr he had been married befor and had 2 little Boys Frank and Joe their mother wer ded my folks went on further in Okla and we came to Economy Ark clost to Atkans Ark where we lived for a number of years where Ida and Arthur, Dora Lewis and Parley wer Born. then the Elders came and we Joined the Church and come out to Mesa Ariz where we liveød happy for a fue years and where Alice and Gus wer Borne. then a turble thing hapened when Gus Jr were 2 months old his Father taken sick and died on the 6 March 1910 leaving me with the care of children and not mutch to live on I had a Pretly hard time of it; So I did the best I could for 3 years

then I met Andrew Benton Clevenger and we married on the 25 Jan 1913 by Bishop John Riggs here at Mesa Ariz. So in a year or so I wanted to go to the Temple so we taken the Children and went to St. George Utah, where we did our Temple work I wer sealed to Gus O'Barr for Eternety all of the children sealed to me and him but Frank and Joe and Ida, I were sealed to Mr Clevenger for time. then thinking we could find a place we would like to have better than Mesa so went to Cedar City Utah

it wer too cold so Come back home Lola wer Born in Cedar City on 1 Apr 1916 then Ernest at mesa on 25 Dec 1919 a fue years latter the Temple here wer completed and I did all of my people work I could get and a lot of names gethered eny Place I sure like Temple work I wer a relief socity teacher for a bout 35 years I have did quite a lot in Genolgie work but there is a lot to be learned yet,

I hve met Joseph F. Smith when he wer President of the Church and Presadent Grant a number of times I do love my church and to work in it. on 31 Oct 1938 Mr Clevenger Died he wer 88 years old and I wer left with only Ernest at home he soon married Dorothy Shill and they come and lived with me. Ernest wer into the servis of his country in 1944 and is over seas at this writin 4 Feb 1945 he has too little boys Andy an David, we live here all together the war is very bad kiling lots of our boys. Ernest got his Discharge Jan 6 1946 come home in a fue days which I am very thankful that the war is over and we won what they wer fiting for. Freedom and a rite to live in peace.

well I will finish this began March 25 1947

I canot think of mutch to write a bout I can rember living in Mo and living in a little log haus on Fathers home stid and walked 3 miles to school we had a little one room school haus and one teacher it wer a lumber Bilding and we had Desks to put our Books in we caried our watter in Buckets a half of a mile

and all Drank out of one cup or Dipper. in the winter it got so cold I did not get to go wery mutch. I wer 8 years old when I started to school me and my Brother Arthur started together that country wer a timbered country. we grode fine gardens and corn and wheat and oats and sargum cane and made molases out of it me and my Brother helped with. we put the corn through the mill and ground out the juice the mill wer Pulied by horses Father cooked the juice. we did it for the neighbors formiles a round on the Shears. me half so I did not get to go to school very mutch is why I havent got my better Edgation. I have been to Calf 4 times to Los angles, Bannings and Burbank and out to see the oshen and in October 1946 I went to Salt Lake with Ida to see Johney saw the Lake and the Temple.

(Copy of two stories written by my grandmother Lola May Peppers O'Barr Clevenger on 20, June, 1949, about my ancestors.)

"I Lola May Peppers O'Barr Clevenger will try to write this story about a Great-Great Grandfather O'Barr.

As best as I can find out they came from Ireland to this country many years ago. They were in a sail boat coming across to buy a boat load of tobacco. The captain owned the ship and had a few servants on it to help run the boat and a few passengers.

There was a beautiful Russian girl on the boat; she was going to pay her passage with a sack of diamonds and trade them for money when she got here. But someone stole the diamonds and put rocks in the sack; so she found herself penniless and the captain made her one of the servants.

The captain and Mr.O'Barr got to gambling on the boat and O'Barr won the ship and the money to buy the tobacco too! The captain said "You have all I have got",and O'Barr said, "One more thing, and that is the Russian girl." So he staked all he had won for her and he won her in a play of cards. The Captain made him promise to marry her when they got to the United States so he did and they stayed here. They bought the tobacco and sent it back. This all I have heard about them."

"I Lola May Peppers O'Barr Clevenger will try and write this little story about one of my ancestors as best as I remember It. It has just been handed down from generation to generation and there is nothing written about as far as I know.

My Great-Great Grandfather Anderson came to this country when it was just beginning to be settled, way back when there were but a few white people here. He met a beautiful Indian maiden and they fell in love, so Grandfather Anderson traded his horse to her father for her, and they were married. They had a big Indian ceremony and a big time. They lived and raised a family. I think her name was Annia and his name was James Anderson, but I have no records of this, just tradition."

Chapter 2: Section 2. Patriarchal Blessings of Lola May Peppers (O'Barr) (Clevenger)

A Patriarchal Blessing Given 6 Sept 1906 at Mesa, Arizona. Under the hand of Hyrum B. Morris upon the head of Lola May O'Barr daughter of Austin Jackson Peppers and Judy Ann Anderson Peppers. Born at Strafford, Green Co, Mo. Nov 26, 1874.

Lola May O'Barr, I lay my hands upon thy head and do give unto thee a Patriarchal Blessing in as much as you are of the seed of Israel, through the loins of Joseph. It is your privilege to all the blessings that pertain to all the faithful in as much as you are faithful in keeping the commandments of God. It is your privilege to all the blessings pertaining to the faithful.

I say unto thee that you shall be able to go forth and do good in your day. Your posterity shall become numerous upon the earth in your day and generation. many of your sex shall come to you for advice, you will have the privilege of going into the Temple of the Most High and there do a work for your dead that has gone before you and there will be great rejoicing among them when they see you enter the great Temple and they will call you Mother for no doubt you will be the first one to do work for them. In all probability you will leave the work in the hands of your daughters. The spirit says that they don't think you will get through with that work in your day and in as much as you are faithful in keeping the commandments of God, these things will surly come upon thee.

He has a great work for you to do and when he comes to make up His Jewels you will be caught up in the midst of heaven and meet Him. Now I seal these blessings upon you and seal you up unto eternal life in the name of the Lord Jesus. Even so, Amen.

(Taken from writings of Lola Mae Peppers O'Barr Clevenger by Wylene O'Barr, wife of Donald O'Barr, her grandson. Spellings and punctuations were changed where thought to be appropriate.)

Mesa, Arizona 22 Oct 1932

A blessing given by John F. Nash upon the head of Lola M. Clevenger, daughter of Austin J. Peppers and Judy Ann Anderson. Born 26 Nov 1874 at Strafford, Green Co., Mo.

Sister Clevenger I lay my hands upon your head as a Patriarch and bless you and reconfirm upon you your former blessings.

The Lord is pleased in the way in which you have ordered your life. With your faithfulness and integrity he has sanctified to you all of your trials and the hardships you have under gone. Your name is written in the Lambs Book of Life and the blessings of the Lord shall be upon you both here and here after. Your last days shall be full of peace and happiness, influenced by the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord, and you shall take great pleasure in laboring in the house of the Lord for your kindred who have passed to the other side. You shall be able to receive the records of hundreds of your ancestors that shall come to you in ways that shall seem marvelous. You shall even be visited by personages from the Spirit world who will give to you information that can be had in no other way.

The Lord is pleased with your mission of motherhood, and has given you an influence over your children that they shall never forget, but will rise up and bless you, and zealously care for you in your declining years. The example you have set before the children has been worthy of admonition for you have lived a life of a Latter Day Saint: all these are recorded in the archives of Heaven and shall stand as a witness for you for your exaltation.

I bless you with health that you may live upon the earth as long as life is desirable, and when the Lord sees fit to call you home you shall go and never taste the pangs of death. I seal upon you the blessings of earth and the blessings of Heaven and Power to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection to rule a queen over your posterity forever.

These blessings I seal upon you through your faithfulness in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. John F. Nash

Chapter 2: Section 3. Lola May Peppers' favorite sayings and writings.

(Taken from writings of Lola Mae Peppers O'Barr Clevenger by Wylene O'Barr, wife of Donald O'Barr, her grandson. Spellings and punctuations were changed where thought to be appropriate.)

he Best kows how to obey Being forced to work and forced to do your best will bread in you temperance, self controll, diligence, strength of will, content, and a temperance and a hundred other things the Idle never knows

Is life worth living

Is life worth living I asked a friend weary of toil and strife He answered me thus, it will all depend on what you demand in life If Pleasure is all you could have Oh, then, life Isen't worth living at all For you will find at life's greate end that pleasure is worm wood and gall if the gaining of riches great is your aim Its a selfish game you play and you may find as others have found that riches will melt away

If living the life of sin is your wish you are treding a dangerous path For He who is master of all hath said that the wages of sin is death But if you are living the best you can as you tread lifes up hill road if you're helping your fellow man and leading his steps to God if you go with a smile instead of a frown as you work to this great end Of Preparing yourself for Eternity then life is worth living, my friend.

A Mothers Prayer

Dear children of mine I wish I could tell you the Joy that I feel when success comes your way the thrill that it Brings when good fortune is yours I know that your problems air varied and many and sometimes the goal that you seek seems too high but still I have faith that you'll keep right on climbing the heights you'll attain in the sweet by-and-by

Dear children of mine my Sons and Doughters How oft I would shield from evil forsean or lend you the vision matured through experince but still you must tred where my foot steps have been Perhaps in Gods infinite wisdom and mercy he sends you forth into the thicks of the Battle when I with less vison would fear for your safety and cramp your activities day after day if you will remember that through your attainments I have lived and rejoice but when you slop I fell I have failed but you'll double your efforts and plant your feet firmily and keep right on climbing life ventures one trail

God grant that you'll reep where the harvest is heavy and cast from your life all the teres in your way that you may live richer and better than I have is the wish of your mother

Lola May Clevenger

Prayer of Parenthood

I thank thee O God for being
for what and for why I am
for wedded companionship without end
for a life Blended
with the lives that thru me came

help me O God to know thes lives
as they are to companion them
each day and hour to live befor them
that faith which carries
On and on even toward divinity

that mine may be that Joy unutterable
A Sweet uplifting presence
to each life then mine
and unto thee be all prassis
for ever

Amen

My Testiomy of the Gospel

I want to leave with you my Testiomy of the Gospel I want to Bear it to the world and to you that it is true I know that God lives and that Jesus is Christ the Son of God the Savior of the world and that they do hear and answer our Prayers and that Joseph Smith was and is a true Profit of the Liven God. and that all of the Presidents of the church has been true Profets of the Lord and if we live as we should we will be a happy Family some day

I do thank my heavenly father that he did send the Elders of the Church to us and that we did Join the church and come out here where we could raise you children up in the church for that wer your Fathers gratest wish that his children be raised up in the church it has been a grate blessing to the most of them- it is true that some of them hasent lived as I would like. I hope and pray that they will never go to far a way and that they will come Back to the fold befor it is to late--for they wer good children and I do Love you all so much it would Brake my Hart to loose one of you so Pleas dear children live the Gospel as I have tride to teach it to you. the rite way to live the rite way of life and to live the Gospel for you as best I knode how and hope and Pray you will falow,
your Mother..

Chapter 2: Section 4. This Is Your Life.

(This was written and read by Lola May Peppers' daughters, Ida and Alice, on 3 October, 1962, at the opening social of the Alma Ward Relief Society, which was devoted to honor Lola May Clevenger, their beloved and oldest member. Accompanying this life story were pictures shown on a screen by another daughter, Lola White. This was given just before Lola May Peppers' 88th birthday.)

Lola May Peppers O'Barr Clevenger. You were born 26 November 1874 at Strafford, Missouri, the daughter of Austin Jackson Peppers and Judy Ann Anderson. Your childhood was spent with your parents, brothers and sisters, and your folks moved around trying to get a start in life. In the Fall of 1890 they decided to go to Ft. Smith Ark., to pick cotton that Winter. You were then a young lady nearing your 16th birthday.

It was there you met Augustus B. O'Barr. He had come to Ft. Smith from near Atkins, Arkansas, to weigh cotton as the pickers brought their sacks in from the field. He seemed to like you right away and you thought he was o.k. when he'd come out in the cotton field picking hands full of cotton and dropping them in your sack. One day he said to your father that he had a son about the age of your little brother. You were very indignant then and when you went to the well to get a bucket of water, Mr. O'Barr came to draw the water for you. But you let him know in no uncertain terms that you were not fooling with a married man.

Then he told you he was a widower and had two small boys whom he had left with his mother and stepfather in Atkins. Your friendship ripened into love. Your father gave his consent for you to be married if you would wait 'till you were 16. So on the 18th of December, 1890, you and Augustus Barto O'Barr were married and left Ft. Smith to go to his folks home to get his boys.

While you were there they talked him into staying there and making a crop with them that year, which you did. The latter part of September, 1891, your first child was born. You named her Ida. She was born before the doctor arrived so he charged you two dollars and fifty cents, which was half price.

When Ida was nine days old, the crops were gathered, and your husband decided to go to a place called Cottonwood, about seven miles from Ft. Smith. You left with two yoke of oxen, the two little boys and the baby girl, on a journey of about one hundred and ten miles.

You settled awhile in Cottonwood, then went to the Choctaw Nation where your father and mother and the other children had settled. It was a sawmill town, timbered country. You lived there and he worked for the sawmill, sometimes pulling the logs

to the mill with the oxen. Then in 1892, you returned to Arkansas and settled at a small place called Economy, near Atkins. Economy no longer exists. It had a general store, a blacksmith shop, a cotton gin, church and school house combined.

To you and A. B. O'Barr, as he was known, were born nine children and you also raised your two stepsons into fine men. One of these sons is yet living in Phoenix. He is Joe. Frank the eldest died in California several years ago. Your children are Ida, present here today, Arthur living in Mesa, Dora, in Chandler, also present, Alice of Buckhorn Minerals Wells, also present. Parley lives in California, Gus lives here in Mesa in your own Alma Ward, Williams and Bertha died when babies, Lewis lived to be 19 years old. Yours and Mr. Clevenger first child named Ruth died shortly after birth. Your other children by Mr. Clevenger are Lola White living here in your own Ward, present today, and Ernest Clevenger in Lehi.

Parley was the baby when you left Arkansas. The others were born in Zion. In the year of 1898, you had been seeking a church to join, and had gone to revival meetings. Preachers preached and sang songs and every one jumped up and down shouting: "Glory Hallelujah! We've found Jesus!" You didn't like religion like that, with people jumping and screaming. Once you said you didn't think the spirit of God made people act like that.

One day a man on horse back stopped at the gate and told you and your husband that down in Atkins were two funny looking men preaching on the street. They had on derby hats and wore long-tailed coats. It was customary for neighbors who went to town to stop along the way back to tell any news they might hear. So this fellow was quite pleased to tell of the funny dressed men he had seen. Mr. O'Barr had lived in Alabama and knew Mormon Elders and two of his aunts and their families had joined and moved to Mesa, Arizona. They were his mother's sisters, Sarah Coleman, and Phillip, her husband, and their children; and Jane McBrayer, and her husband, John, and their children. Many of their children and grandchildren still live around Mesa and in the Valley.

After the neighbor rode on, Mr. O'Barr said "I believe those men are Mormon Elders and I'm going to Atkins in the morning to see if I can find them." He did, and they were being heckled by some people and he brought them home with him. You and your husband and the Elders talked most all night that night. You read The Book of Mormon. I can remember you reading it while you churned the butter for the family. When you were reading a serious part you'd churn real slow, and when reading an interesting part you'd churn real fast. You and your husband and the two boys were baptized in 1898. (Other records show 1899.)

While you lived there in Economy, Mr. O'Barr was a farmer, sold fruit trees, was a rock mason, and built chimneys. Many of

his rock chimneys are yet in use. Once a man trying to find us asked another man where Economy was. The man looked at him and said, "Don't that mean to be saving."

We've often said the Mormon Elders didn't find us, we went after them. Some of the Elders who stayed at your home were: Elder Miller, Leavitt, Larson, Webb, Benion, Fosson, Masters, Hodgerson, Peirce, Wallace Riggs from Arizona, Taylor, Call, Smith, McMullen, and Williams. Elder Duffel was District President. We only saw him once.

After we joined the church the people started to mistreat us. Once a friend told Daddy that a bunch of men were going to burn him out for keeping Mormon Elders. That evening we saw a bunch of men on horse back gathering up at the end of our lane. We had two Elders with us then. We had prayer and Daddy told us to all stay in the house and he walked right out and up the lane towards the men. Daddy was a large man and tall. He walked straight and tall, unafraid. Before he got near enough to the men to recognize them or their horses, they turned around and rode off into the timber and didn't bother us.

Once we took two Elders to a revival meeting. They wanted to see people shout, but the meeting just couldn't seem to get started. No one would go to the mourners bench. A fellow came in and whispered to Daddy and he told us all to go to the wagon as fast as we could. We did, but just as Daddy got the team untied and got in the wagon, men on horse back came after us. We left as fast as our horses could run but they overtook us and covered us with rotten eggs. It took all next day to clean the clothes. The Elders always carried benzine to clean their clothes.

Another time Daddy got the Cove school house to hold a meeting in. A good crowd came and the Elders started the meeting. All at once the windows opened from outside and someone threw in rotten eggs. I often wonder where people get rotten eggs to throw at people they don't like. Even tho it smelled bad the Elders finished the meeting. None of our friends or relatives joined the church so in 1903 Daddy sold out but left us there while he came West to find a place in Zion for us.

He went to California and other places. He had Wyoming in mind, but came to Mesa to visit the uncles and aunts, and fell for Mesa. In January 1904 we arrived at the North depot. You are here yet, have been all this time except for awhile you spent in Utah. A.B. O'Barr died March 6th 1910. You had it very hard trying to get along. There were no state pensions for widows then, no tax exemption or welfare plan, no Bishop store house to care for the poor.

You took in washing and ironing, raised chickens and anything else you and the boys could get to do to get along. Gus was a baby two months old when his father died, and times were

hard for you. Yet you never faltered in your love and duty to your children or your church. When we first came we were not made welcome, we were ten years too late to be pioneers. We were made fun of and called "Arkansawers! Arkansawers!" It was hard for you to see your children unhappy and teased, but you always counseled us to behave ourselves. Once Daddy decided he would go to Old Mexico where the Saints were, and there maybe we'd be happier. He went and got as far as Juarez, across the river from El Paso, Texas. He came back home and said that was enough of Old Mexico for him.

As we grew up we got along better. You remained a widow three years. You were a handsome lady with eight acres of land and children enough to work it, so several fellows started to call. One said to you, "Why, with your land and your boys and me to manage them we could build a cannery and all get rich." We soon got him to quit calling. Just as we thought we had them all scared off, one came along we couldn't keep away. He thought more of you than your land. He was Andrew Clevenger. The kids led him a merry chase for your heart and hand, but he won.

The kids played lots of tricks on you and Mr. Clevenger. He used to come courting you in his buggy. His horse was named Old Slocum. One Sunday while he was in the house waiting for time to go to church, they changed the buggy wheels. The back wheels were larger than the front wheel, so they put one back wheel on the front of the buggy, the little front wheel on the back. You came out so engrossed in each other you didn't notice it. The buggy rocked from side to side, pulled sideways. You blamed it all on poor Old Slocum.

In 1915 Mr. Clevenger and you decided to go to Utah. You rented out your little place in Alma Ward and with a family named Kaze, and one named Ray Merrill you all set out in covered wagons to go to Utah as you all wanted to go through the Temple at St. George. There were five wagons in the train, with one buggy.

This is Dora's version of the trip; Ida was married and did not go to Utah with you. The trip took six weeks, sometimes food and water were scarce, our supplies ran low, the biscuits and bacon were rationed out, once we were out of water as a water hole was dried up when we got there. The boys took the buggy and went and brought water back for us. The children walked most of the way always looking for pieces of leather to nail on the wagon brakes. Once they saw a whole shoe. They picked it up and it was fastened to a leg on a body in a shallow grave. They run to tell you of it, but you all went on and turned it into authorities at the next place. You never heard any more about it.

You crossed the Colorado River on a raft at a ferry called Griggs, "poled" the raft across, were way down stream when you got over. It took all the horses, mules and men to get the

wagons up and down. Over the Buckskin Mountains were the worst as they had to take one wagon at a time with four to six horses, all the men and boys, then come back and take over another wagon. It was a real hard trip, but we all enjoyed it. Around the camp fires at night we visited and talked, we had prayers, especially when the going was rough.

We made it into St. George all O.K. You went to the Temple and did some work and met Elder Webb there. He was one of the Elders who had stayed in your home in Arkansas. He invited you all to his home to visit and have dinner. You also visited at Elder Leavett's home and ate with them. He lived at Santa Clara, Utah. After you had gone through the Temple you rented the Holt Ranch at Enterprise and farmed that Spring and Summer, raised a good crop and also garden stuff, string beans, tomatoes, and other things.

The Kaze family had gone on to Cedar City, and that Fall you decided to go to Cedar City so Dora could go to a college there. When you reached Cedar City you bought a log house, rough logs on the outside but lined with cloth on the inside. In this house next Spring, April 1916, Lola was born. During that Summer some friends, the Harvey family, came to visit you. They were on their way to Salt Lake City to the Temple there. They had two cars and told how much money could be made in Arizona growing cotton, where they had settled in Laveen. So that Fall you came back to Arizona and rented land in Laveen to grow a cotton crop in 1917.

It took only five weeks to come back. the Kaze family came back when you did, but the Merrill family had gone somewhere else. You crossed the Colorado River on the way back at Parker on Nellie Trent Bush's ferry. After you grew the cotton and sold it, you bought a car and moved back to your little place in your own beloved Alma Ward. In 1919 on Christmas Day, Ernest, your 12th child, was born; the son Bro. Clevenger had always wanted. He had two daughters by a previous marriage; Malinda Guthrie, living in Colorado, and Gertrude Cooper of Gilbert. (Gertie and two of her daughters and daughters-in-law and some of their children are here today.)

Alice gives an example of one of your lessons in honesty and tells of a trip with you, in her tribute as follows:

(Tribute by her daughter, Alice, in "This Is Your Life.")

My Mother has always been a great inspiration in my life, for she taught us children the true values of life. Lessons of honesty and integrity and worth were always being planted in our minds. Words she spoke had a way of coming back into our minds to help us at the right time. One instant that brings out this quality happened to me, as we traveled from Mesa to Cedar City,

Utah. I was nine years old at the time, and was riding on the last wagon behind the train of wagons. Mother was on the front wagon.

As we passed a ranch house I saw a freshly rolled newspaper in the drive way. Remembering how my Mother loved to read (It had been many days since she had any news) my only thought was to get that paper for her. So I jumped out of the wagon and ran and got it, then I ran to the front wagon, and climbed up to her. You could jump on and off wagons without the horses having to stop if you were careful and the horses were not going too fast, so when I got on I breathlessly said "Mother, I have a nice newspaper for you." She asked, "Where did you get it?" I said, "Way back there in a drive way." She said "Well it isn't our paper so you go right back and put it where you got it and the wagons will not wait for you either."

I ran and it seemed miles back to that drive way. By the time I got the paper put back the wagons were way ahead of me and I sure was afraid. I ran and ran and had to wade a small stream before I caught up with them, but I sure learned never to take anything that didn't belong to me.

Years ago when I was still a little girl, I could see my mother was lonely to go visit her mother, who lived in Oklahoma. I told her that I would get an education, then get a good job, and I would take her to see her mother. I was able to keep this promise to her. After my first year of teaching we had a wonderful trip together and I had the privilege of meeting for the first time and getting to know my Grandmother. I found her to be a very lovable person, full of wit and laughter. It helped me to know my own dear mother better.

Mother had a day of worry before we left on this trip. The money I had earned teaching school I had saved for our trip depositing it in a bank in Mesa. I had enough for our trip and for a new kitchen stove as well, which we needed badly. Mother had the stove selected from a store in town to be delivered the day before we left. It also was to be paid for. I had been gone all day and came home to find Mother very worried. She met me at the door and said, "Alice, the bank has closed, it's gone broke and you can't get your money, and we won't be able to take our trip." I was so happy I could tell her I had already taken out the money, for I knew I would have to pay for the stove and get our tickets.

My brother Gus was present and he said, "No wonder the bank went broke if you took out your money!" (We were always kidding each other and saying things like that, enjoying companionship and joking with each other.) We had a wonderful trip and I got to see the home where my parents had lived when the missionary Elders brought them the gospel and they were converted to the church.

She told me of many hardships there and interesting happenings and things they endured to get out to this land of Zion. As we rode along on the train coming home from this trip I told her how thankful I was that they had the faith and courage to make the change and come to Mesa. It took many years of hardship and adjustments to do this, bringing us close to the gospel and better opportunities for education. I am thankful for their unselfish love and devotion to their children, to the church, and to God, and I'm happy I was sent to such a grand and wonderful Mother!

(End of tribute by daughter Alice.)

(Daughter Ida continues with "This Is Your Life.")

Your children have grown up and call you "Blessed" as your Patriarchal blessings said they would. You never spoke evil of any one. Once I told you of some gossip I had heard. You said, "Ida, let our ears, heart, and tongue be the burial ground for such tales, don't ever repeat them." Each of us could write pages of your integrity and worth. Your council and advice to us was always, "do right."

There was never any difference of your treatment of the children. I ask you once if Frank and Joe were my half brothers. You answered with, "We don't have any halves in this family." Frank and Joe's dead mother's parents came to visit them in your home and you always treated them like they were your own, and your children called them grandpa and grandma too. You loved your daughters-in-law and sons-in-law like your own, also Brother Clevenger's daughters, their children always called you grandma. They said because you were always like a grandmother to them, with always something to give them such as cookies or candy, and they loved you.

It was Malinda who came from Colorado and stayed with Bro. Clevenger and the small children when you and Alice took the trip back to see your mother and to the old home and Daddy's sisters family. In your early life you had many hardships, you never let them get the best of you, but went along hand in hand with them, doing hard work. Now in your later life you have enjoyed many honors which those you love and love you have bestowed upon you.

In your daughter Lola's home you were honored with an open house on your 80th birthday, where friends and loved ones came in great numbers to greet you. With several members of your family you got to go to New York City, and West Point to see one of your grandsons, Gerald O'Barr, graduate from West Point. You enjoyed seeing the sights of the big city, your family enjoyed having you with them and visiting in the hotel room at night, resting and talking over events of the trip and the beauty of it all. You

have seen two grandsons go on missions, John Verney and Andrew Clevenger. Andy is yet in the Mission Field.

Two of your daughters have been Relief Society Presidents, Ida and Lola. Through Ida's children (because she is the oldest) you have seen your posterity grow to five generations. Every one of your children are happily married and no divorce among them. (On the comment about divorce, to the best of my knowledge, this is true for all her direct children. For the numbers involved, this is a most remarkable record. Even down to the grandchildren and beyond, divorce has been rare, and almost always "honorable" on the O'Barr-Clevenger side.)

You have gone to the Temple with many of your children and grandchildren to see them sealed and married in the House of the Lord for time and eternity by the Holy Spirit of Promise. We have gathered many times for family reunions at Thanksgiving time, and there is about a hundred of us now. You have been honored by your Ward on Mother's Day for your large family. You've done lots of hard work never complaining, making quilts and rugs, canning fruit, making jelly and jams, and doing every kind of work there is to do.

You have traveled by every mode of transportation we have: walking, horse back, ox team, covered wagon, buggies, model T Fords and all other kinds of cars, and a boat trip up the Hudson River when you went to New York. You flew to New York by airplane, the commercial airlines, trains, and a bus trip to Salt Lake City. (You may yet fly in a space ship, who knows?)

Your present little home is a joy and comfort to you, a place of peace and contentment where your children and their children can come to visit you and leave filled with the richness of your spirit. Yours has been a life of blessings and fulfillment, and although you had many difficulties and almost unsurmountable odds, you took them in stride.

Your beloved Relief Society President asked your daughters to help in this story, and we your children and grandchildren appreciate her for it. We want you to know we love you and appreciate you for all you've done for us. There are 27 members of your family here today, daughters, granddaughters, great-granddaughters, and great-great-grandchildren. Your staunch faith in the gospel, your wit and humor, philosophy of life, steadfastness for truth and right, will always be a joy to us all.

You had your 12 children, raised your two stepsons, have 27 grandchildren, 46 great-grandchildren, and 16 great-great-grandchildren. We will try to always honor you by keeping your council and advice and teachings ever with us. Our Mother,

Lola May Clevenger - This Is Your Life.

Chapter 2: Section 5. Funeral of Lola May Peppers.

This section was sent to me by Lola White. It was originally compiled by Alice Sliger. These are daughters of Lola May Peppers. A grandson, Justin D. White, read these words at Grandma's funeral services on 12 Aug 1969. Any typing errors are mine. The front cover title, as sent to me, was:

A Brief Life History of

Lola May Peppers O'Barr Clevenger

Nov. 26, 1874 - Aug. 7, 1969

Lola May Clevenger has lived a long and fruitful life. She is known as "Sister" in the church. She is known as "neighbor", "friend" and "loved one". She is known as "mother", "grandmother", "great-grandmother", and "great-great-grandmother".

Her patriarchal blessing says: "The Lord is pleased with your mission of motherhood, and has given you an influence over your children that they shall never forget, but will rise up and bless you". This they have done, for they believe no mother has ever shown greater courage, love, faith, and works than their own dear mother. Kindness, understanding, patience, and long suffering (the attributes the Savior asked us all to have) have been hers in abundance. Just to spend a few minutes with her out of a busy day, renewed ones spirit and seemed to impart courage and thankfulness for the day at hand, for her spirituality overflowed into your own heart.

Sister Lola Clevenger was born November 26, 1874, in a log house on a 40 acre farm located about 3 miles from Strafford, Missouri. She was the 2nd of 8 children born to Austin Jackson Peppers and Judy Ann Anderson. Her father was a farmer, raising corn, sweet potatoes and sorghum cane, and from these crops they made their living. They also sold molasses which they made from the cane. The mill used in those days to extract the juice from the cane was pulled round and round by horses. The juice then was cooked, made into sorghum, and sold to neighbors for miles around. they also milled the cane grown by other farmers on the "halves". Lola and her older brother Arthur helped in the fields, and in the sorghum mill.

The one room school which Lola attended was a 3 mile walk from her home, and since the winters were very cold and there was so much work on the farm, she got to attend very little. The children carried the drinking water to this school from a well a half mile away, and all drank from the same dipper. Lola was 8 years old before she started to school, and she said that if all the days she attended school in her lifetime were added up, there

wouldn't be as many as children now get to attend in one year. Yet this young girl learned to read and write very well, and although she often apologized for her lack of education, she became truly self educated through her habit of reading and study. She especially loved to study the scriptures, and church books and magazines, and was well versed in them.

When Lola was 14 years old her family moved to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where her father and brothers operated a feed store. She was able to attend school again while they lived in Eureka Springs, but they were there only one Winter.

Her father heard stories of how well the farmers were doing in the cotton fields of the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) and he left Eureka Springs and moved his family in covered wagons to the Indian Territory where all the family worked in the cotton fields. The farm on which they settled was located in Cottonwood, about 5 miles from Mildro, Oklahoma. It was while they lived and worked here that Lola met and fell in love with Augustus B. O'Barr who worked on the same farm as a cotton weigher. She met "Gus", as he was called, at the well where she went to get water, and at the wagon where the weighing was done. Although Mr. O'Barr was a widower with two little boys, Lola's father gave them his blessings, and they were married on December 18, 1890 in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

About a week after their marriage, they went to Atkins to get Mr. O'Barr's two little boys, Frank and Joe. They made the trip by train and it was the first train ride the young bride had ever taken. They brought the children back to the Indian Territory with them. Here Mr. O'Barr leased some land and raised a cotton crop of his own, and Lola was kept busy keeping house and caring for her two little step-sons. She loved these little boys from the beginning and took good care of them, making all their clothes by her own hands.

After his first crop was completed, Mr. O'Barr traded it for a wagon and team and took his family to Atkins where his folks lived. It was here that Lola's first child was born on September 22, 1891. It was a little girl and they named her "Ida".

When Ida was just 10 days old they moved again, back to Cottonwood, making the trip with 2 ox teams. Lola drove one and her husband drove the other, and she often told of the experience of driving a yoke of oxen. Mr. O'Barr hauled logs and worked at a lumber mill for two years, then they went back again to Atkins, Arkansas and bought an 80 acre farm. Here, Mr O'Barr farmed, sold fruit trees, and built chimneys. Here on April 5, 1894, Lola's second child was born, a son who was named "Arthur". Her third child John William, was born November 8, 1895, but this little boy died when he was 11 months old. On October 19, 1897, her fourth child was born. They named him, "Lewis". Her fifth child, "Dora", was born August 13, 1900, and Parley was born

September 3, 1902, making six children born to Lola and Gus O'Barr during the 10 years they lived in Atkins.

They experienced many hardships during these years, such as the loss of their home by fire, but Lola often told of these years and said they were very happy. They had many good neighbors and Mr. O'Barr's people lived just a mile away. She told of many good times they had together, and how they helped each other in such tasks as: drying and canning fruit, killing and dressing pigs, and planting and harvesting the crops. They all grew fine gardens and made a good living. After the fire, which destroyed their home, the neighbors helped them to build back a nicer house than they had before. The children attended school nearby and Mr. O'Barr was a trustee of the school.

It was here that the Mormon missionaries came and converted them to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Lola tells of how she and her husband (prior to the coming of the missionaries) would attend the churches there, and still in their hearts seemed to be searching for something more. She said Mr. O'Barr had listened to the Mormon missionaries when a boy in Alabama, and often told her about the things they said as they returned home from attending the various church services. She told him she always heard the best sermon on the way home.

So when the Mormon missionaries finally came to the area in 1899 they were invited to make the O'Barr home their headquarters. This the Elders appreciated for they were not always made welcomed. Lola said she had prayed that if they did represent the true church that they would come, and she said she would never forget the day they came and how happy they were to receive them. Sometimes they had as many as six or eight missionaries at a time staying with them. Meetings were often held in their home too, as well as in other places in the neighborhood, and on June 21, 1899, they were baptized by Lorenzo Leavett, and Elder from Utah.

This brought great joy and happiness into their lives. It also brought "changes" for with it came the desire to come West where they could bring up their children in the church, and have better opportunities for education as well. The fruit trees they had planted on their farm were beginning to bear, and this land had been good to them, always supplying their table in abundance. Lola wrote in her history, "I hated to sell out and come West, and would not have done it, except for the church. It was a great sacrifice to almost give our things away and come out here away from our people, but we felt in our hearts that our family would be better off in the long run if we made the change." so in January 1904 they arrived at the old North depot, to make their home in Mesa, Arizona.

Mr. O'Barr farmed, grew large crops of sugar beets and helped to build a beet sugar factory near Glendale. He also

helped established a mercantile store in Mesa. To them were born on February 6, 1905 their first child to be born in Mesa, a little girl to whom they gave the name of "Bertha Ann". But this little child died with whooping cough when only 14 months old.

Lola's 8th child was born on December 24, 1906. they named her Alice. Her ninth child, Augustus Barto, was born December 21, 1909.

When little Augustus (or Gus as he was called after his father) was only two months old his father took seriously ill and died on March 6, 1910. This left Lola, a young woman of 36, a widow with seven children of her own and two step-sons to care for. But in spite of terrible grief, she faced the future with courage and hard work. She and her children raised vegetables and peddled them over the city. She raised chickens, and washed and ironed and did housework for neighboring families. There was no "welfare program" or "aid to dependent children" in those days, and this brave soul had to be both "breadwinner" and "mother" to her large family. But she never lost sight of the true values in life, and taught her little ones fairness and honesty. She taught them to work and to pray.

Three years later she met a good man by the name of Andrew Benton Clevenger, and they were married in January, 1913. Mr. Clevenger was also a farmer by trade, and the family continued to farm their little place.

The first child born to this marriage was a little girl whom they named Ruth. She was born on March 30, 1914, but only lived one hour. this little girl was Lola's 10th child.

There was no temple in Mesa then, but it had always been Lola's desire to go to the temple and do the temple work for herself and her family. It was also Mr. Clevenger's desire to go, although the closest one was located in St. George, Utah. Sister Clevenger sold the homestead which she had in the Chandler area, and with the money from it they purchased a team and wagon and supplied it for the long trip to Utah.

Two other families joined them (the Kazes and the Merrills). There were five wagons and one buggy in the wagon train, and it took six weeks to make the trip. As was expected, many hardships were encountered on this trip, for roads were poor and watering places hard to find; but the faith and determination of the three families was strong and they made it through.

Once when a watering place was found to be dried up at the end of a hard days travel the strongest horse was given the remaining water, and sent with the buggy to return and time to save them all. The group felt that this was in answer to a prayer circle they had held while they waited. They crossed the Colorado River on a ferry and went over mountains so steep that the teams had to be doubled up, and one wagon taken over at a time. Before the trip was over they were pooling their food together to have enough.

In April of 1915, they went through the temple in St. George, Utah. There they met several Elders who had stayed in their home in Arkansas. Lola even met Elder Leavitt who had baptized her, and she and her family were all invited to be guests in his home.

That Spring and Summer they settled in Enterprise, Utah, where they made crop, and the next Winter they moved to Cedar City, where they made another crop before attempting the long trip back to Mesa. It was while they were in Cedar City that Lola's 11th child was born, a girl whom they named Lola, after her mother. She was born April 1, 1916.

Mr. Clevenger heard that the cotton farmers were doing well in Laveen, Arizona, so after the long trip back from Utah by wagon and team, the family settled in Laveen and grew a cotton crop. This was a fine crop which paid well but tragedy came again to them that Spring when Typhoid Fever struck the area. Three children, Parley, Dora and Lewis all came down with the disease. Parley and Dora recovered but Lewis passed away on May 6, 1917. This was a sad blow to the family as Lewis was a fine young man of 19 years old. they brought him to Mesa for burial, and soon after the family moved back to their old home in Mesa.

On Christmas day, 1919, Lola's 12th and last child was born. This was Mr. Clevenger's first son. He had two daughters by a previous marriage, Malinda, and Gertrude, and of course his little Lola who was just 3 years old, but he was happy to finally have a son. They named him Ernest.

Mr. Clevenger always feared he would not live to help rear his children, but Ernest was 19 years old when he died on October 31, 1938 at the age of 88. Sister Clevenger was again left a widow but her children were all grown and married except Ernest. Heartaches came to her again that same year when on December 10, 1938 her stepson Frank died of a heart attack in Los Angeles.

Ever since the Temple was built in Mesa, Sister Lola Clevenger has been a devoted worker there. She made several trips back to Oklahoma and Arkansas gathering genealogy of her people, and of Mr. O'Barr's people, and she has done "a great work" on both these lines. She often said that it was not all completed, and that there was research and work yet to be done, but she has contributed much to its completion, and has collected family records that, but for her efforts, might have been lost for all time.

She has been a faithful and diligent worker in the church. She was a Relief Society visiting teacher for 40 years. She told interesting accounts of how she would go to the field, get her horse and harness him to the buggy, pick up her partner, and go visiting for the Relief Society. Her skill at making beautiful quilts is well known to all her Relief Society Sisters and her help could always be depended upon when they needed hand made items for their annual Bazaar.

In her later years many honors have come to her as fruits of her long and productive life. Her Sunday School has commended her for her perfect attendance, and she has been honored on many Mother's Day programs for her large family and for being the oldest mother present. Her beloved Alma Ward Relief Society honored her on October 3, 1962, with a "This Is Your Life" program. Her daughters told of her life, and showed slides.

Her children honored her 80th and also her 90th birthdays with open house birthday parties. These were happy occasions where scores of friends and relatives came to shake her hand and extend their best wishes.

Both sons and grandsons have said good-bye to her as they left to serve their country through two world wars, but all returned safely. She has seen four grandsons fill missions (John Verney, Andy Clevenger, Randy White and Joe O'Barr) and two daughters, Lola and Ida, serve as Relief Society Presidents. She has watched children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren graduate from high school and college, and even flew to New York City to see a grandson, Gerald O'Barr, graduate from West Point Military Academy. Through her daughter, Ida, and son Arthur, she has seen her posterity grow to five generations.

She was always proud of the fact that she had met and conversed on several occasions with President Grant, and President Joseph F. Smith. She also saw Teddy Roosevelt when he came to Mesa to dedicate Roosevelt Dam.

The yard of her little home where she spent the last 12 years of her life has been a garden spot of flowers, grape vines and bearing fruit trees. She planted them all herself and cared for them until she was almost 90 years old. She loved to work with growing things and plants flourished under her care. Most all her life she has had a lovely vegetable garden, and constantly shared its produce with family and friends.

A great deal of sadness has also come to Lola during her later years. Her daughter, Dora, died suddenly of a heart attack on May 8, 1963. This was a great shock to her for Dora gave her a lot of companionship, visiting her almost every day.

On June 24, 1967, her stepson, Joe, whom she raised from a small child and loved as her own, passed away in Phoenix.

Then came the accident in her home on January 17, 1968 when she fell and fractured her hip. Although 93 years old, she survived the surgery that followed but never completely recovered. She was able to spend short periods of time in a wheel chair but for the most part was bed fast. But in spite of her long suffering, her concern and interest in her family and loved ones remained keen until the end. She passed away Thursday, August 7, 1969.

She is survived by 7 children. They include 3 daughters: Mrs. Ida Francom, Mrs. Alice Sliger, and Mrs. Lola White, all of Mesa; and 4 sons: Arthur O'Barr, Gus O'Barr, and Ernest Clevenger of Mesa, and Parley O'Barr of Burbank, California. Also surviving is a step-daughter Mrs. Gertrude Cooper of Higley, and a sister, Mrs. Lillie Jones of Wilburton, Oklahoma; 29 grandchildren, 77 great-grandchildren, and 28 great-great-grandchildren.

She loved the church and believed in it with all her heart. In her testimony on the gospel which she has written in her book of remembrance she testifies that it is true, and asks her children to live its teachings. She expresses her thankfulness for the Elders who came to her in Atkins so many years ago, and for the faith that brought her West. She also confirms her great love for her children, and expresses in a beautiful "Mother's Prayer" all her hopes and desires for them.

Today, in loving farewell, her children wish to say: "Thank you dear mother for all you have taught us, for the shining example of your life to guide us, and for all you have suffered and endured to help us." Her children also wish to express today their thanks to God for the privilege they have had of being born and reared by such a noble mother.

Chapter 3. Their Ancestors.

Page 3-2 is a pedigree chart showing the parents and grandparents of Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers. It is hoped that future editions of this book will include extensions along all our lines, to include the lines for Augustus Barto O'Barr's first wife, and Lola May Peppers's second husband. All who can provide additional information (or corrections to what is given) for any of these lines are encouraged to contact the author.

A pedigree chart does not show much. It at best only shows the smallest skeleton of the life stories of these people. Each pair of names might represent a very large family. Only one child of each family is listed. Although there are no complete life stories on pedigree charts, we know that there are stories there, many of which we will never know. What great joy, and great disappointments, and great sorrows were lived by these individuals! But whether they were written or unwritten, these experiences did occur, and we get to see the results of their great efforts.

Family group records for these families, sometimes with very incomplete information, begin on the pages given below:

Families	Pages
Jesse O'Barr and Susan A. Wharton	3-3
Thomas O'Barr and Sally	3-4, 5
Thomas Wharton and Sarah Duncan	3-6, 7, 8
Austin J. Peppers and Judy A. Anderson	3-9, 10
Austin Peppers and Susan Jackson	3-11
James P. Anderson and Doshie A. Campbell	3-12, 13

Page 3-14 is a list of symbols used on pedigree charts and family group records.

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

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HUSBAND  Jesse O'Barr           B: 3 Dec 1927       E: 18 Apr 1928
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BORN:      1832                PLACE:  , , Georgia
DIED:      7 Mar 1869          PLACE:  Houston,Chickasaw,Mississippi
BUR.:      PLACE:
MARR:      19 Nov 1857         PLACE:
FATHER:    Thomas O'Barr      SP: 15 May 1928    AZ
MOTHER:    Sally              SS: 15 May 1928    AZ
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WIFE      Susan Annett Wharton   B: 3 Dec 1927       E: 9 Dec 1927
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BORN:      4 May 1842          PLACE:  Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
DIED:      14 Jul 1923         PLACE:  Atkins, Pope, Arkansas
BUR.:      PLACE:
FATHER:    Thomas Wharton     SP:
MOTHER:    Sarah Duncan
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CHILDREN

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1.  NAME: Missouri Florence O'Barr  B: 3 Dec 1927  E: 15 Dec 1927
F   BORN:  4 Jul 1860              PLACE:  Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
    DIED:  26 Jan 1882             PLACE:
    SPOUSE: William Pollard        SS:
    MARR:      PLACE:
                                SP: 25 May 1928  AZ
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2.  *NAME: Augustus Barto O'Barr  B: 21 Jun 1899  E: 27 Apr 1915  SG
M   BORN:  25 Dec 1862             PLACE:  Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
    DIED:  6 Mar 1910             PLACE:  Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona
    SPOUSE: (2)Lola May Peppers    SS: 29 Apr 1915  SG
    MARR:  18 Dec 1890            PLACE:  Ft. Smith, Polk, Arkn
    First wife: (1)Sarah Frances Mahulda Pollard, mar. 1883
                                SP: 25 May 1928  AZ
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3.  NAME: Camiel Duncan O'Barr     B: Child       E: Child
M   BORN:  12 Dec 1864            PLACE:  Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
    DIED:  7 Feb 1868            PLACE:
                                SP: 25 May 1928  AZ
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4.  NAME: Icy Dora O'Barr          B: 3 Dec 1927   E: 29 Dec 1927
F   BORN:  26 Aug 1868           PLACE:  Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
    DIED:  20 Oct 1884           PLACE:
    SPOUSE: Jackson Pollard      SS:
    MARR:      PLACE:
                                SP: 25 May 1928  AZ
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END OF FAMILY

NOTES: William and Jackson Pollard were brothers.

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HUSBAND	Thomas O'Barr	Yr of Birth	1785
WIFE	Sally	Yr of Birth	1787

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CHILDREN (continued)

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8. NAME: David Duncan O'Barr
M BORN: Abt 1826 PLACE: ,Hall,Georgia
DIED: 15 Nov 1900 PLACE:
SPOUSE: Martha Thompson
MARR: Mar 1846 PLACE:

9. NAME: Cammel O'Barr
M BORN: Abt 1830 PLACE: ,Hall,Georgia

10. *NAME: Jesse (Pike) O'Barr B: 3 Dec 1927 E: 18 Apr 1928
M BORN: Abt 1832 PLACE: ,,Georgia
DIED: 7 Mar 1869 PLACE:Houston,Chickasaw,Mississippi
SPOUSE: Susan Annette Wharton
MARR: 19 Nov 1857 PLACE: Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
SP & SS: 15 May 1928 AZ

11. NAME: Jane O'Barr
F BORN: Abt 1834 PLACE:
SPOUSE: Jackson Thomas
MARR: 5 Aug 1854 PLACE:

12. NAME: Mary A. O'Barr
F BORN: Abt 1836 PLACE:
SPOUSE: William C. Carr
MARR: 26 Dec 1867 PLACE:

13. NAME: Lucinda O'Barr
F BORN: Abt 1838 PLACE:
SPOUSE: Alcess Bearden
MARR: 10 May 1858 PLACE:

=====

END OF KNOWN FAMILY

Information source mainly from Wylene Phyllis Shreeve O'Barr.
Other sources indicate different children.

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

16 Mar 1996

=====

HUSBAND Thomas Wharton B: 13 Sep 1901 E: 13 Sep 1901

BORN: 11 Aug 1800 PLACE: St. Marylebone, London, England
 CHR.: 12 May 1800 PLACE:
 DIED: 29 Aug 1894 PLACE: Atkins, Pope, Arkansas
 MARR: PLACE:
 FATHER: Thomas Wharton SP: 13 Sep 1901 SLAKE
 MOTHER: Frances Elizabeth Holme SS: 13 Sep 1901 SLAKE

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WIFE Sarah or Sally Duncan B: 10 Sep 1901 E: 13 Sep 1901

BORN: 3 Jan 1803 PLACE: ,, North Carolina
 DIED: 20 May 1885 PLACE: ,, Alabama
 FATHER: Duncan
 MOTHER: Charlotte

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Bartlett Wharton B: 10 Sep 1901 E: 13 Sep 1901
 M BORN: 12 Dec 1820 PLACE: ,, South Carolina
 DIED: 1897 PLACE:
 SP: 13 Sep 1901
 SPOUSE: Susan Bently
 MARR: 23 Dec 1841 PLACE:

2. NAME: Charlotte Wharton B: 10 Sep 1901 E: 13 Sep 1901
 F BORN: 12 Dec 1822 PLACE: ,, South Carolina
 DIED: 1884 PLACE:
 SP: 13 Sep 1901

3. NAME: Lucity Wharton B: 10 Sep 1901 E: 13 Sep 1901
 F BORN: 4 Jul 1824 PLACE: ,, North Carolina
 DIED: 1897 PLACE:
 SP: 13 Sep 1901

4. NAME: Lucinda Wharton B: 10 Sep 1901 E: 13 Sep 1901
 F BORN: 27 Aug 1826 PLACE: ,, North Carolina
 DIED: 1878 PLACE:
 SP: 13 Sep 1901
 SPOUSE: William Bullock
 MARR: 26 Apr 1844 PLACE:

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

16 Mar 1996

=====

HUSBAND	Thomas Wharton	Yr of Birth	1800
WIFE	Sarah or Sally Duncan	Yr of Birth	1803

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

5. NAME: Mary Hage Wharton B: 10 Sep 1901 E: 13 Sep 1901
F BORN: 22 Oct 1828 PLACE: ,,North Carolina
DIED: 1890/1896 PLACE:
SP: 13 Sep 1901
SPOUSE: Benjamin Baker
MARR: 29 Jan 1846 PLACE:

6. NAME: Polly Wharton B: 22 Mar 1930 E: 27 Mar 1930
F BORN: 22 Oct 1829 PLACE: ,,Alabama
CHR.: PLACE: St Clair, Springville
DIED: 17 Sep 1898 PLACE:
SP: 14 Apr 1988 ARIZO

7. NAME: Thomas Jefferson Wharton B: 12 Apr 1930 E: 15 Apr 1930
M BORN: 27 Feb 1832 PLACE: ,,Alabama
DIED: 16 Mar 1902 PLACE:
SP: 14 Apr 1988 ARIZO
SPOUSE: Ruth Evelyn Coleman
MARR: 26 Jul 1855 PLACE: St Clair,,Alabama

8. NAME: Elizabeth Wharton B: 10 Sep 1901 E: 13 Sep 1901
F BORN: 4 Jul 1834 PLACE: ,Cobb,Georgia
SP: 13 Sep 1901
SPOUSE: John C. Horsley
MARR: 25 Dec 1853 PLACE:

9. NAME: John Wharton
M BORN: PLACE: ,Cobb,Georgia
SPOUSE: Sarah Cockran
MARR: 7 Aug 1856 PLACE:

10. NAME: William Wharton
M BORN: PLACE: ,Cobb,Georgia

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

16 Mar 1996

=====

HUSBAND	Thomas Wharton	Yr of Birth	1800
WIFE	Sarah or Sally Duncan	Yr of Birth	1803

=====

CHILDREN (continued)

=====

11. NAME: Sarah Ann Wharton B: 12 Jul 1879 E: 11 Sep 1901
 F BORN: 15 Sep 1839 PLACE: ,Cobb,Georgia
 DIED: 8 Mar 1927 PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Philip Marion Coleman SP: 13 Sep 1901
 MARR: 29 Nov 1866 PLACE:

12. *NAME: Susan Annette Wharton B: 3 Dec 1927 E: 9 Dec 1927
 F BORN: 4 May 1842 PLACE: Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
 DIED: 14 Jul 1923 PLACE: Atkins, Polk, Arkansas
 SPOUSE: Jesse (Pike) O'Barr SS: 15 May 1928 AZ
 MARR: 10 Nov 1858 PLACE: Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
 SP: 11 Mar 1988 ARIZO
 Other marriages: (2)John Wesley Johnson, in 1873

13. NAME: Nancy Jane Wharton
 F BORN: 29 Aug 1844 PLACE: Springville,St. Clair,Alabama
 DIED: 10 Nov 1930 PLACE:
 SPOUSE: John McBrayer

=====

END OF KNOWN FAMILY

Notes: Atkins was originally in Polk Co. Polk Co. was changed to Pope Co. and another Co. was named Polk.

Marriage date for Susan is also given as 19 Nov 1857 and as late as 1859.

Information source mainly from Wylene Phyllis Shreeve O'Barr. Other sources indicate different children.

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

=====

HUSBAND Austin Jackson Peppers B: 3 Dec 1927 E: 11 Apr 1927(8)

BORN: 25 Aug 1845 PLACE: Greenville, Muhlenberg, Kentucky
 DIED: 6 May 1926 PLACE: Wilburton, Latimer, Oklahoma
 BUR.: PLACE:
 MARR: 6 Apr 1871 PLACE:
 FATHER: Austin Peppers SP: 13 Apr 1928 AZ
 MOTHER: Susan Jackson SS: 15 Mar 1939 AZ

=====

WIFE Judy Ann Anderson B: 1 Mar 1939 E: 8 Mar 1939

BORN: 27 Feb 1851 PLACE: Strafford, Green Co., Missouri
 DIED: 4 Feb 1938 PLACE: Wilburton, Latimer, Oklahoma
 BUR.: PLACE:
 FATHER: James P. Anderson SP: 15 Mar 1939 AZ
 MOTHER: Doshie Ann Campbell

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Idella Peppers B: Child E: Child
 F BORN: 27 May 1872 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
 DIED: Sep 1873 PLACE:
 SPOUSE: SS:
 MARR: PLACE:
 SP: 15 Mar 1939 AZ

2. *NAME: Lola May Peppers B: 21 Jun 1899 E: 27 Apr 1915 SG
 F BORN: 26 Nov 1874 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
 DIED: 7 Aug 1969 PLACE: Mesa, Maricopa, Arizona
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: (1) Augustus Barto O'Barr SS: 29 Apr 1915 SG
 MARR: 18 Dec 1890 PLACE: Ft. Smith, Polk, Arkn
 (2nd Husband: Andrew Benton Clevenger, 23 Jan 1913)
 SP: 15 Mar 1939 AZ

3. NAME: James Arthur Peppers
 M BORN: 10 Mar 1877 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
 DIED: 30 Sep 1965 PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE: Wilbuton, Latimore, Oklahoma
 SPOUSE: Nellie Fee Trotter SS:
 MARR: 19 Nov 1901 PLACE: Wilbuton, Latimore, Oklahoma
 SP:

4. NAME: Mary Alice Peppers B: 28 Apr 1915 E: 29 Apr 1915
 F BORN: 9 Oct 1879 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
 DIED: 6 Dec 1890 PLACE:
 SPOUSE: SS:
 MARR: PLACE:
 SP: 15 Mar 1939 AZ

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CONTINUATION OF CHILDREN FOR:

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HUSBAND: Austin Jackson Peppers and
WIFE: Judy Ann Anderson

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CHILDREN (continued)

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5. NAME: Lillie Ann Peppers
F BORN: 29 Jun 1882 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
DIED: PLACE:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE: Hugh Julius Jones SS:
MARR: 19 Dec 1909 PLACE: Wilbuton, Latimore, Oklahoma
SP:

6. NAME: Josie Jane Peppers B: 13 Apr 1946 E: 26 Apr 1946
F BORN: 8 Sep 1885 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
DIED: 5 Mar 1945 PLACE: Wilbuton, Latimore, Oklahoma
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE: Wesley Anderson Hammers
MARR: 6 May 1900 PLACE: Wilbuton, Latimore, Oklahoma
SP: 21 Nov 1947 AZ

7. NAME: Robert E. Lee Peppers
M BORN: 30 Sep 1888 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
DIED: 9 Oct 1968 PLACE:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE: Minnie A. Malone
MARR: PLACE:
SP:

8. NAME: William Walter Peppers B: 3 Dec 1927 E: 13 Apr 1928
M BORN: 29 Mar 1894 PLACE: Wilburton, Latimore, Oklahoma
DIED: 12 Oct 1918 PLACE:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE: SS:
MARR: PLACE:
SP: 15 Mar 1939 AZ

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END OF KNOWN FAMILY

Wife's names include "Julia" and "Juda".
Wife's mother's name includes "Daisy".

FAMILY GROUP RECORD

=====

HUSBAND Austin Peppers B: 3 Dec 1927 E: 11 Apr 1928

BORN: 1823 PLACE:
 DIED: 25 Aug 1845 PLACE: Greenville, Muhlenberg, Kentucky
 BUR.: PLACE:
 MARR: PLACE:
 FATHER: SP:
 MOTHER: SS: 13 Apr 1928 AZ

=====

WIFE Susan Jackson B: 12 Nov 1927 E: 16 Dec 1927

BORN: 1825 PLACE: Greenville, Muhlenberg, Kentucky
 DIED: Aug 1865 PLACE: Greenville, Muhlenberg, Kentucky
 BUR.: PLACE:
 FATHER: SP:
 MOTHER:

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. *NAME: Austin Jackson Peppers B: 3 Dec 1927 E: 11 Apr 1928
 M BORN: 25 Aug 1845 PLACE: Greenville, Muhlenberg, Kentucky
 DIED: 6 May 1926 PLACE: Wilburton, Latimer, Oklahoma
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Judy Ann Anderson SS: 15 Mar 1939 AZ
 MARR: 6 Apr 1871 PLACE:
 SP: 13 Apr 1928 AZ

=====

END OF KNOWN FAMILY

=====

HUSBAND James P Anderson B: 3 Dec 1927 E: 14 May 1928

BORN: Abt 1820 PLACE: ,,Old Virginia
 DIED: Aug 1872 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
 MARR: PLACE:
 FATHER: James Anderson SP: 30 May 1928 AZ
 MOTHER: SS: 30 May 1928 AZ

=====

WIFE Doshie Ann Campbell B: 12 Nov 1927 E: 23 Nov 1927

BORN: Abt 1830 PLACE: ,,Tennessee
 DIED: Abt 1895 PLACE: Stafford, Greene, Missouri
 FATHER: James Campbell SP:
 MOTHER: Lucy SS:

=====

CHILDREN

=====

1. NAME: Elizabeth Blanch Anderson B:12 Nov 1927 E:28 Nov 1927
 F BORN: 5 Nov 1845 PLACE: ,,Tennessee
 DIED: 3 Jan 1922 PLACE:
 SP: 30 May 1928
 SPOUSE: John Hill Akins

2. NAME: Lucinda Jane Anderson B: 12 Nov 1927 E: 1 Dec 1927
 F BORN: Abt 1848 PLACE: ,,Tennessee
 DIED: 19 Mar 1927 PLACE:
 SP: 30 May 1928
 SPOUSE: Bill Collins

3. *NAME: Judy Ann Anderson B: 1 Mar 1939 E: 8 Mar 1939
 F BORN: 27 Feb 1851 PLACE: Stafford, Greene, Missouri
 DIED: 4 Feb 1938 PLACE: Wilburton, Latimer, Oklahoma
 SPOUSE: Austin Jackson Peppers SS: 13 Apr 1928 ARIZO
 MARR: 6 Apr 1871 PLACE:
 SP: 15 Mar 1939 ARIZO

4. NAME: John W Anderson B: 3 Dec 1927 E: 16 May 1932
 M BORN: Abt 1853 PLACE: Strafford, Greene, Missouri
 DIED: 22 Mar 1924 PLACE:
 SP: 30 May 1928
 SPOUSE: Maggie Gorman

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FAMILY GROUP RECORD

16 Mar 1996

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HUSBAND	James P Anderson	Yr of Birth	1820
WIFE	Doshie Ann Campbell	Yr of Birth	1830

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CHILDREN (continued)

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5.	NAME:	William J Anderson	B:	18 Jun 1932	E:	24 Jun 1932
M	BORN:	Abt 1855	PLACE:	Strafford, Greene, Missouri		
	DIED:	12 Mar 1930	PLACE:			
	SP:	25 Jun 1932				
	SPOUSE:	Mary Stratton				

6.	NAME:	Richard Anderson	B:	Child	E:	Child
M	BORN:	Abt 1859	PLACE:	Strafford, Greene, Missouri		
	DIED:	1861	PLACE:			
	SP:	8 Jan 1959				

7.	NAME:	Sarah Josephine Anderson	B:	17 May 1952	E:	22 May 1952
F	BORN:	18 Oct 1861	PLACE:	Strafford, Greene, Missouri		
	DIED:	20 Apr 1950	PLACE:			
	SP:	8 Jan 1959				
	SPOUSE:	Joseph J Vaughn				

8.	NAME:	James Henry Anderson	B:	17 May 1952	E:	22 May 1952
M	BORN:	7 Oct 1867	PLACE:	Strafford, Greene, Missouri		
	DIED:	17 Oct 1942	PLACE:			
	SP:	8 Jan 1959				
	SPOUSE:	Violet Carty				

9.	NAME:	Samuel R Anderson	B:	3 Dec 1927	E:	21 May 1928
M	BORN:	18 Aug 1870	PLACE:	Strafford, Greene, Missouri		
	DIED:	18 Nov 1894	PLACE:			
	SP:	3 May 1928				
	SPOUSE:	Mary Matilda Keesee				

=====

END OF KNOWN FAMILY

Notes: Information source mainly from Wylene Phyllis Shreeve O'Barr.

DEFINITION OF SYMBOLS

The following symbols are used in this book, mainly on pedigree charts and family group records:

*	=	The child on a family group record representing the direct line.
aka	=	also known as
B	=	baptized.
B:	=	date of baptism.
BIC	=	born in covenant.
BORN	=	date of birth.
BUR.	=	date of burial.
C	=	children ordnance.
CHILD	=	Died before 8 years old or never had a mental capacity greater than 8.
DIED	=	date of death
E	=	endowed.
E:	=	date of endowment and temple abbreviation.
F	=	female
M	=	male
MARR	=	date of marriage
nka	=	now known as
NMN	=	no middle name
P	=	Sealed to parents
Place	=	usually City, County, and State
S	=	Sealed to spouse
SP:	=	date of sealing to parents and temple abbreviation.
SS:	=	date of sealing to spouse and temple abbreviation.

Chapter 4. Their Descendants

This section contains information on living persons and was removed to protect their privacy.

Descendents of Augustus Barto O'Barr and/or Lola May Peppers may request the full book by sending e-mail to:

o b a r r r & y a h o o , c o m
(remove spaces and replace "&" with "@" and "," with ".")

Please include in the e-mail message details on how you are related to Augustus Barto O'Barr and/or Lola May Peppers.

Chapter 5. Frank O'Barr

Andrew Franklin O'Barr

Aug 10, 1887 - Dec 10, 1938

Written Jan 1996 by Niece Ruby O'Barr Cordes

My Uncle Frank, as I always called him, died when he was only 51 years old. He had a heart attack after pushing a car while on duty. I was only about ten years old and my sister Dorothy was seven. He was a policeman for the Los Angeles, California Police Department. His uniform hat had a big badge on the front of it matched by one on his dark colored shirt. He had a slightly balding head with black hair. He was shorter than my Dad, Parley, who was tall like their brothers Joe, Arthur and Gus. He had big strong shoulders and chest. He smoked cigars and would give Dorothy and I the paper labels off of them when he unwrapped one. We would wear them proudly until they tore!

Frank married Ethel Staton May 7th 1924. She was a waitress at a cafe in Mesa. She had a little boy named Westley Boone. I believe Frank was married before and had a daughter. This daughter was raised by grandparents in Montana.

Uncle Frank had a warm, friendly personality. Dot and I always got big hugs and attention, especially at Christmas time when "Santa Claus" brought us nice presents!

Uncle Frank and Aunt Ethel bought a place about 40 miles east of L.A. near a town called Norco. They called it "the ranch." They had a Collie dog which was a big pal of little Ruby and Dorothy. They had hoped to retire to the country but of course it wasn't to be.

An activity that was very popular in those days was to go to the hot mineral baths near Lake Elsinore, California. Parley and Ruth went with Frank and Ethel several times. They would rent a little sleeping cabin and stay overnight.

Visiting Frank and Ethel in L.A. from time to time was a double cousin (two sisters marrying 2 brothers), Ira Pollard. He was a bachelor then. He worked for the railroad and when the bunk cars were parked on a siding in L.A., they would get together. Later he retired, married a childhood sweetheart and lived in Atkins, Arkansas, where Parley and Ruth visited him once.

After Uncle Frank died, Aunt Ethel helped run a restaurant with her friends the Heards, near the Blythe, California, Airport. Pilots were being trained for the war effort at the Blythe Airport. Later she took the responsibility of the restaurant at the Buckhorn Mineral Wells East of Mesa, Arizona, that belonged to Frank's sister Alice

Sliger and husband Ted. During World War II it was not easy to get provisions for the "Cafe" but Aunt Ethel was up to the task. Her son and his wife Barbara (who later died after the war back in L.A.) also helped during those years.

We kept in contact with Ethel after she moved back to L.A., back to Phoenix living with her friends the Heards, then back to L.A. again, visiting together many times. She was a good cook and we enjoyed many meals together. When she went into a rest home, Parley and Ruth, Howard and Ruby and her son Westley, and his second wife, Alice, took turns visiting her. She died July 7th 1969. Both Frank and Ethel are buried in the Inglewood Cemetery, Inglewood, California. Memories of them both are precious to me.

Chapter 6. Joseph Henry O'Barr

+This is a copy made 15 Feb 1995 by Gerald L. O'Barr of two typed pages, possibly originally written by Edith DePriest O'Barr near time of Uncle Joe's death. Remarks that begin and end with a "+" are my remarks. Original paper begins with title:+

HISTORY JOSEPH HENRY O'BARR

Joseph Henry O'Barr was born in Muldro (Indian Territory) Oklahoma, March 21, 1890. He died June 24, 1967, in Phoenix, Arizona. He was the son of Augustus Barto O'Barr and Sarah Francis Mahuldy.

Joe's mother died when he was only one month old. When he was nine months old his father married again, and Joe's care (as well as that of his little brother Frank) was taken over by Mr. O'Barr's young wife Lola May Peppers. She loved these two little boys as her own and helped their father rear them to manhood. Nine children blest this union, so Joe was brought up as a member of a large family, and with such love that he never felt that he was a "half" brother to any of them. This mother who reared him with such love and devotion, although now in her 90's, insisted on going to his side many times during his final illness, and is with us here today.

Joe's early boyhood was spent in Atkins, Arkansas. In 1904 when he was fourteen years old the family moved to Mesa, Arizona. Here Joe attended school and assisted his father with farming. He and his brothers worked long hours on the farm, irrigating, gathering and selling crops, milking cows, and picking and packing cantaloupes. Cantaloupes at that time were shipped out of the valley in iced railway cars. Joe liked helping his father in the melon fields and called himself "sled-boss" as it was often his job to drive the horse-drawn sled that gathered up the melons. Joe was also good at helping with the garden and selling the produce, a project in which whole family shared in those days.

When Roosevelt Dam was being built the O'Barr boys and their father took produce by team and wagon to the Dam. They made this trip about once a week. They also sold produce to the workers at Granite Reef Dam when it was under construction. New potatoes and string beans were measured with gallon buckets and were sold for 25 cents a bucket. Onions, red-top lettuce, and radishes were tied in large bunches and sold, two for a nickel. Wet "gunny sacks" were used to keep the vegetables fresh on these long trips.

As a boy Joe liked to hunt and fish and his success on hunting and fishing trips furnished many meals for the large O'Barr family. He also liked western music, and loved to sing the old-time cowboy songs.

Joe was always happy, enthusiastic and generous. He made friends easily and enjoyed their companionship. As a boy he always was sharing everything he had with his friends, and with his brothers and sisters. Once on the school ground in Mesa he was seen sharing an orange with a girl and was teased by the boys about having a girl friend. Joe thought that was a good joke as the girl he shared his orange with was his sister, Ida. When he was big enough to work away from home, he often returned to see what was needed by the family, and on one occasion he would check with all his younger brothers and sisters to see if any dental work was needed, and would send them to have it done at his expense. In his later years, with his wife Aurora, he enjoyed being host to his friends and neighbors for an annual turkey dinner, given on his birthday each year. Joe thoroughly enjoyed these birthday dinners and they were happily attended by every member of his family, and by his many friends and co-workers.

+May I personally recount how true it was that Uncle Joe was always happy and full of fun and enthusiastic and generous. For him, these are not made up words. In any large gathering, you could always hear his laughter above everyone else. I remember Uncle Joe as being quite tall and fairly thin. He always brought the turkeys to eat. He "loved" my little sister and always had things to give us. He gave Colleen a real life size play house. I am sure that we were the only ones in the world to play in a real house.+

Joe's career as a railroad man started in his early twenties, when he was employed by the old Arizona Eastern Railroad, which was later taken over by the Southern Pacific. It was for the Southern Pacific that he worked until his retirement just a few years ago. His services to the railroad were in the capacity of bridge-crew boss, running a commissary, and as a section foreman. He has been stationed for long periods of time, at such points as Cochran, Queen Creek and Fowler.

In his early years of work on the railroad, he made his home on the work train. Large crews of men would be fed and housed on these work trains as they went from place to place to build railroads and keep them in repair. What a thrill it was to the O'Barr family when Joe's work train stopped for a few days in Mesa, as it occasionally did. The O'Barr home was near the tracks and Joe's train always parked on a siding near-

by when it was in the area. He sometimes invited his brothers and sisters to eat with him and the men on the train, and these occasions have left fond memories in their hearts of a beloved brother.

Once while he was working with a bridge crew, building a railroad bridge across the Agua Fria River, Joe fell from the bridge and landed on railroad ties below. His back was broken and he laid in a cast for eighteen months. He was a young man when this happened and he recovered enough to continue working, but in spite of long hospitalization, this caused him suffering all his life, for he never recovered completely from this injury.

Joe's good wife Aurora, who he first met when he was 25 years old, has been a comfort and joy to him, staying by his side, helping him to put on his back brace which he had to wear most of the time, and helping him with hobbies that he loved, such as raising turkeys.

Joe's later years as a section foreman was spent in the Tolleson area where he lived with his wife, on 75th Ave. He retired a few years ago, and at the time of his death they lived at 6216 S. 2nd. Avenue, in Phoenix. Besides his wife, Aurora, he is survived by his mother, Lola M. Clevenger of Mesa; three sisters, Ida Francom, Alice Sliger, and Lola White, all of Mesa. four brothers, Arthur O'Barr, Gus O'Barr, and Ernest Clevenger of Mesa, and Parley O'Barr of Burbank, California.

Also surviving are many nieces and nephews (from both sides of the family) who dearly loved their "Uncle Joe" and who will always remember him for the generosity and great love he showed them.

Joe's death leaves a void in the lives of all who knew him, for his cheerfulness, his lovable spirit, and his happy companionship, will be greatly missed.

+The mother of Joseph H. O'Barr, Sarah Francis Mahulda Pollard, was born in Springville, St. Clair Co., Alabama in about 1865. She died 21 April 1890 in Muldro, Oklahoma. Joseph married Aurora Diaz 26 Feb 1938, Nogales, Mexico. Aunt Aurora died 21 July 1992.+

Chapter 7. Ida O'Barr Verney Francom

MY HISTORY By Ida S. Verney 1941

My history as I remember it, and as it has been told to me before I could remember. I write this for my children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and perchance some of my friends. What I write may be criticized, why should I care. I write not for the critic, but for those that love me and those whom I love. I know I shall love people that are as yet unborn. This, my memoir, will be full of I and my for how else could I write of myself.

If I may write and tell you some things that would help you to understand yourselves better, then you might know from whence came some of your weakness, or strength, and thereby fortify yourselves against these weaknesses. For instance, I have been very temperamental and it has brought me much trouble, this flying off like a jug handle, so to speak. You might train yourselves against this fault. Personally, I cannot find any virtue in skeletons locked in family closets. Some things talked over, aired out, understood, are much better than having to guard the secret always. If an uncle or someone has brought disgrace to the family by drink you can fortify yourselves by never dabbling with the filthy stuff, thereby never being a drunkard.

Some of the things that I record may seem foolish, and some are. Nevertheless, they have taught me lessons, if I might pass these on to you and help you to understand life better that you may live better, I shall not write in vain.

How I would value, some written word of my own grandparents. They were young people in the days of the Civil War, living in the Southern States. My Father's Mother living alone with her three small children, my father one of them. Her husband off in the war, in a land at that time where no one nor any thing was sacred or safe. I would like to know what they thought, how they felt and the description of things as they saw them. As they did not do this, we, their descendants, will never know. But I wish I knew some of their faults and failings, then perhaps I would know why I do some of the things I do, not that I would lay my faults onto my ancestors. No! I'll try to carry my own load, if I am careful and don't let it get too heavy by my own doings.

I am glad I have never been financially able to ever be puffed up in pride, for when younger I might have used it to my sorrow, and hurt other people's feelings. Though now at my age, I fully believe I could rightly use a little prosperity. In living life I have learned, it is better to give than to receive and if you've ever been on the receiving end you'll know what I mean. My motto is to share all I have or divide and grow. You understand, plant one grain of wheat and get back a handful of wheat, beans, corn or anything else. It is the same in love or hate, for chickens come home to roost. You get back more then you pass out, sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, is just as true today as it was when written in the Bible. Cast thy bread upon the water, though don't look for it to return to you in cake.

I try not to be old fashioned, it is not how many clothes we wear, a girl can be just as bad in ten petticoats of six yards each as she would be without any, it depends on the girl, but I do think a few underclothes are best for our well being. It isn't the kind of clothes that count, what they cost, but how we wear them, how we act in them, and the heart that beats beneath them.

I spent my early childhood in the rugged and beautiful hills and mountains of that famous old state that so many jokes are made about, Arkansas. I was born at my grandparents home on September 22, 1891, at a place called Economy, near Atkins. The daughter of Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers. They named me Susan Idella. I've often wondered what my parents had against me to pin a name like that to a little girl. I was always called Ida, or Idee, some-how. I always think children should be

called by whatever name their folks give them. Once I decided to get people to call me Idella, but as my brothers got quite a kick out of me wanting them to call me Idella, they called me Idle Eller, so I just let it go from then on as Ida. I decided it didn't make much difference what we were called anyway, just so we were called before to late.

I was Mother's first child, she was seventeen the November after I was born. My Father had two living sons by his first marriage. His wife died when the youngest was born. Their names were Frank and Joe. My parents next three children were boys. One of them died when eleven months old. I was nine years old before I had a sister. I suppose the folks spoiled me some. My Dad was very proud of me, he told folks I was his best girl, also his worst. I resented the fact that I was a girl sandwiched in between the boys, and determined that they wouldn't get ahead of me. I did everything that they did, I could climb trees, ride horses and work as hard as they.

We lived in a timbered country, our Dad was a farmer, the farm had been cleared out of the forest and fenced with a rail fence. All around the fields were cool deep thick wood. We children lived a wild and free life when we could, but our living had to come out of the land with enough stored up to last a long time. We had hog killing time in the winter and enough was put away for a year's supply, sausage, hams, bacon, side meat souse and lard. Souse is called head cheese here in the West. There was a grainery for wheat, cotton seed house, barn for corn and fodder. Fodder was the leaves of the corn stalks, striped off green and tied in bundles to dry, then stored away. We also put away barrel sand boxes of apples, sweet potatoes, turnips and many quarts of canned fruit, lots of dried fruit, and always tried to have a barrel of sorghum for syrup and sweetening. Stewed dried peaches sweetened with sorghum molasses and eaten with ginger bread, is yet my favorite desert.

I well remember the first glass fruit jars my Dad brought home, they would never allow we children in the kitchen while they were being filled, for fear they would break and spray us with hot fruit or glass. I used to stay close by the door in fear that Dad or Mother would be injured by flying glass or hot fruit. Strange though, none ever broke. Then one day Dad came home with a beautiful glass lamp, with a flowered chimney. All our lamps until then had been little brass bowls with handles and a reflector in back. We were so afraid this glass lamp would explode, we set it so far away from us we could not see any better with it then we could without. After a long time though we decided it was safe. Sometimes we were out of Kerosene and would twist a piece of rag into a can of grease and light it for light or use the fire in the fireplace.

I never remember being hungry as there was always plenty. My Father was a stone mason as well as a farmer and fruit tree agent. He dug rocks from rock quarries and built chimneys for people for miles around. Some of these chimneys are standing today. He went for many miles on horse or mule back taking orders for fruit trees and went once each year to Hilltop for his load of trees. He used to tell this joke on himself: He said he went to a place and a beautiful women came to the door. He asked her where her husband was and she told him that her husband was plowing in the field. Dad went to where the man was plowing and it was a colored man. He went back and said "I found no one except a negro." "Well, that's my husband," the lady said. Father said, "Surely a nice looking woman as you have not married a negro!" The woman said, "Oh, that's not half as bad as my sister did, she married a fruit tree agent!"

When Dad came home from Hill Top with his load of trees, vines and flowers to be delivered to the farmers, I was usually close around to watch the unloading and begging for something to plant. Dad gave me many pieces of different kinds and our yard was a riot of flowers from early spring until frost in the fall. At one time, I planted a purple wisteria plant by an oak tree at the end of the porch. It grew up into the tree until

when it was in bloom, it was a beautiful thing to see, long fronds of purple flowers high up in the oak tree. We had many colors of flowers, a beautiful lilac bush with its purple flowers.

We worked hard in the fields. Mother went to the field with us. If there was not a young baby or one expected soon and it was one way or the other most of the time. When Mom went to help in the field I was usually left in the house to look after things and the smaller children. One time I thought I would be a big help to Mother, so I mixed up a nice pot of meal with milk adding plenty of salt and fed it to her new top-knoted chickens. The salt killed the chickens, so my help wasn't so good -- nor appreciated.

Dad usually laid out our work for us to do before he left in the morning to do his own. Dad believed in obedience, and woe be unto us if our work was not finished. He also believed in that old adage of spare the rod and spoil the child, so he didn't spare the rod but used it freely when we needed it, as we were fighting Irish we needed it often. We had many pictures on our walls, two long ones, one named "A Yard of Pansies" the other "A Yard of Roses." There were some motto pictures: "God Bless Our Home," "Firmly to the Cross I Cling" and "I Need Thee Every Hour". Behind this picture Dad always threatened to keep his willows. There was always plenty of switches handy someplace around the house and we were called to toe the mark and really needed a licking nearly that often.

With all our work, lickings and everything we had lots of fun, and could go into the woods and forest that surrounded our farm when our work was finished. In this forest were all kinds of wild fruits and berries, grapes, nuts, acorns and many wild flowers, wood violets, dogwood, black eyed Susand, niger heads and many others. There were wild plums, huckleberries, cherries, muskidines, dewberries, goose berries, and black berries. There were many kinds of birds. I knew them, their eggs, nests and their calls. I knew many habits of the wild life around me.

We were wise in the ways of the forest and work, but had little schooling, about six to twelve weeks a year. Reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, what is often referred to as the three R's. I never had a lesson in grammar nor saw an English or grammar book until I was twelve years old, after we moved to Mesa, Arizona. If anyone had asked me about my grammar, I would have told them about my Grandmother, and as far as I would have known, I would have been right.

I well remember one lesson in truthfulness. Dad told one of my brothers and I to hoe out a little patch of cotton that had been planted in the orchard and he gave us each a dime. He came in that evening and went to inspect our work. I walked along with him and he kept saying, "This row is a little grassy." and I would always answer, "That is one of Joe's rows Dad." When we got back to the house Dad said, "Well, being as Joe has hoed it all he'll get both dimes." I had not noticed that my Father had stepped on each row as we had walked across the field and back. It left me a much wiser girl. After that I claimed my own work whether good or bad.

I remember the first phonograph or talking machine, as we called them. A man came into our part of the hills charging a dime to come and hear it, we went with other children of our neighborhood. It was a big box-like affair with a long rod extending out two or three feet. This rod held the horn up by a chain. The horn was a big morning glory shaped horn painted red. We couldn't believe that a machine could talk and were quite sure they must have a man hid in it someplace, though the box was too small for that. The records were cylinder shaped. We all sat on boards around the walls of the room, and wondered if we were all going to be gypped out of our dimes. Then the man put on a record and when it started to talk, we jumped up and made for the door. As well as I remember I was close in the lead. I never was much on taking chances. We got our courage back and went in and listened to the rest of it.

We never had been taught to pray and did not ask the blessing at the table except when the preachers came. We were taught of God and how so very great He was, that He was everywhere and heard and saw everything we said or did. I have crawled back into dark places and thought God surely cannot see me now. I still love to believe that God is everywhere and I believe that it is his handiwork in the beauties of all the things around me. I love sunrises over mountains, sunsets in all their glorious colors, bright stars in the deep blue sky, white clouds that drift and change shape as they drift. I love sunshine, rain, clear sparkling water rippling over stones in a stream always gives me a thrill. I love deep cool forests for they always remind me of the happy days of childhood. I love the beautiful deserts of my Arizona, God made it all, why not see Him in the beautiful world.

There were many revival meetings going on all around us. Preachers preaching and their members shouting, "Glory Hallelujah, I've found Jesus," and a lot of other things, as they jumped up and down and clapped their hands over their heads and told how Jesus had entered their souls. Well, maybe he had, but I don't know. Some of my aunts and uncles were joining different ones of these churches. One aunt joined a church, I don't know the name of it, but we called them the "foot washers". The people who were joining this church sat on a long bench with their shoes off, the minister and some helpers with long towels tied around their waist and reaching to the floor and a wash basin filled with water went to each one that was joining, dipped their feet in the water, wiped them on the end of the towel. They said some kind of a ceremony and sang songs. The night my aunt joined they had the services outside under a brush arbor. A thunderstorm came up and my aunt lost one shoe and stocking. My dad used to tease her about it.

One old man shouting under a brush arbor caught his neck in the branches. Someone held up a lighted lamp so they could see to get him down. The brush caught on fire, they got him down, but the arbor was a total loss. Very exciting.

Mother and Dad often went to these meetings, but never to the mourners bench. This was a long bench were the mourners or sinners knelt to confess their sins. I remember one time there were three mourners benches and three preachers, each preacher stood up in turn and preached a sermon, all the sinners that believed what a preacher was preaching went up and knelt at his bench. When all had finished their turn at preaching they all stood up and all began singing. Then the mourners arose from their knees and began shouting. The congregation and preachers kept right on singing. A good time was had by all. I used to know their songs, but now just a part of them is all I remember. One was, "Yes we'll lay down the Bible and go home, Bright angels await us at the door." another "We'll see Jesus in the promised land and we hope some day we'll all get there, way over in the promised land."

Mother and Dad never joined any of these churches. Dad knew a little about the Mormons. His aunt and uncle, Mr and Mrs. Philip Coleman had joined in Alabama when Dad was a boy. He and Mother talked a lot about religion. One day someone told Dad they had seen two men preaching on the streets of Atkins. They wore long tailed coats and derby hats. My Dad knew they were Mormon missionaries, so he left early next morning to see if he could find them and bring them home with him. Mother set to work and begin cleaning, had us rake and burn the leaves as everything must be in order for Dad had gone after the Mormons. I had no idea what a Mormon was, but began to realize that we were going to eat. Mother, true to the tradition of the South, began great preparation of food. In the South the best is always brought out when company comes. She put on a ham, dressed chickens, got out the best jelly and fruit on the place. We did not live on cornbread and turnip greens, we liked them though, turnip greens are fine eating, sometimes.

We soon had everything scrubbed to shinning cleanness. One of my brothers said, "Gee Whiz! You'd think the preacher was coming, and it's not even Sunday." In the evening Dad came back, and I had my first glimpse of Mormon Elders, from then on there were from two to six at our house. Headquarters were soon established there and one elder stayed there most of the time. We learned to love these men and always watched for their coming with eagerness and usually cried when they had to go. One Elder that stayed there a lot, was very cold natured. We being kind of wild would always leave the door open. He would point and say, "That hole." and we would have to go back and close the door. One day Dad and Mom left the house to visit some neighbors. We decided we would freeze Elder Smith out. We opened up all the doors and windows and just let the air blow through. He got up and put on his coat and never said anything to us. That was no fun, so we close the house up.

We saw Dad coming back and we were pretty sure we were going to get a good licking for it, which we well deserved, but Elder Smith won our undying love by being a good sport and not telling on us. That's one thing I did in my life I'll always be ashamed of, freezing the poor elder. I think he forgave us though. The elders were always glad to get to Brother and Sister O'Barr's because they could take off their celluloid collars and cuffs and really rest, That probably wasn't the only reason, but that is what they said.

Mother and Dad were baptized shortly after they heard the gospel. We owned our own home and had no intention of ever leaving it, but after we joined the church the children began to make fun of us. They would shout, "Mormon, Mormon" at us. They found out about fast day and began to sing out every time they saw us, "Hey! You old Mormons, that don't believe in eating on Sunday." The Elders organized a Sunday School in our home. We invited the neighbors and their children to come, which sometimes they did, whether they came to learn something for their good or to find something new to tease us about, I'll never know.

The Elders taught us to pray. I was seven years old before I heard any member of my family say a prayer. I was very much surprised to learn that I was a child of God and could kneel in prayer to Him and ask for any blessing I might desire. I had thought that praying belonged in full to the preachers. It was a long time before I would dare to try to pray. Then one cold night I awoke with an earache. I hated to call my Mother and Dad out of bed to build a fire for my pain. I knelt in my bed and in my own way asked the Lord to please make it stop hurting. I covered up and the next thing I knew the folks were up and it was morning. I was very happy then for I began to understand some of the things the Elders were trying to teach us.

Another time I had been left with the younger children. I decided to build a playhouse. I stood up a stick and asked my little brother to hold it while I drove it into the ground with the ax. I missed the stick and hit him on the forehead. He fell as though dead. I gathered him in my arms screaming. Then I thought of my Heavenly Father that heard and answered prayer. I screamed over and over, "Oh Father in Heaven, don't let him die, don't let him die." In a few minutes he began to struggle and cry and before the folks came home only a little bruise on his head was a sign of the ordeal we had been through. I'll never forget as long as I live how happy I was.

We had to make our own soap. This was a job that was prepared for during the whole year. Everyone had an ash hopper. It was a deep trough into which we dumped the ashes all winter. All the old grease, fat meat scraps, the fat and cleaned hog entrails saved from butchering in the winter all called soap grease. Water was poured on the ashes and a vessel set at the lower end of the trough to catch the lye that dripped through the ashes. It was a red or deep amber color. When the moon was just right in the spring, soap making began. A big black pot with three short legs was used

for boiling the lye and grease. The soap was a strong red jelly-like mass. It was stored in barrels or kegs.

It was never firm or cut in bars as I have seen soap made here in the West. When we washed, we took a quart measure into the smoke house, uncovered a barrel of soap and dipped up enough for the days wash. The children had to be watched carefully for if they were to fall into the kettle they would not be worth getting out. This job was assigned to me, from my earliest recollection I kept the younger children away from the soap kettle, and any other danger that came up.

One time Mother locked me up in the smokehouse as a punishment for some mischievous prank. I looked around for something to do to get even. I saw a barrel of her best jelly soap, so I poured it out on the dirt floor of the Smokehouse. It didn't spread out fast enough to suit me so I stamped it with my bare feet. Soon the lye began to eat my feet. I began to scream but Mother thinking I only wanted out didn't pay any attention to me. I tried to get it off with my hands, then it ate my hands. I was crying so I rubbed my eyes with nice strong homemade lye soap.

Well then my yells did bring my Mother. She was frightened at my plight until she got me washed and found nothing more serious than a little burned skin. Though she hated loosing her very best soap, she did not give me a licking. I suppose she thought I had had punishment enough. I learned that revenge is not sweet and anyone that tries to get even will usually get the worst of the deal. So I say never seek revenge. If you need punishment take your medicine with good grace and seek not to destroy the hard work of others anymore than you would like others to destroy the fruits of your labors.

My Mother says I was always good to help her with the work. The most I remember doing was washing dishes or tending the babies. I always made rhymes or jingles, rocked and sung them to the babies. It has been a mystery to me how the babies ever went to sleep with me singing to them. I never knew one note from another and always sang off key, but I liked to sing whether in tune or not. I once told an Elder that I could sing all the songs in the hymn book. He said, "Well that's good. I can't because I don't know the tunes to them." I answered, "Oh why bother about a tune." I thought a tune was one of these little things singers used to get the right pitch and I could see no need for one of them. My idea was, if you are going to do anything, go on and do it, even singing. Maybe that is one reason I like the song "Sunshine in my Soul" because in it is this line, "and Jesus listening can hear the songs I cannot sing."

We never grew tobacco, but grandfather did. We went there one day to help worm the tobacco. Large green worms get on the leaves and eat holes in them. In those days tobacco growers had to go into their fields and pick off the worms and throw them on the ground. If that didn't kill them then you stepped on them. It is a tough and filthy job and I can't see how anyone could use tobacco after seeing it growing green and getting off the juicy worms. Of course you never see those kind of leaves pictured in the cigarette commercials, but don't ever think that the worm hole leaves are ever thrown away. The growers have to make it pay or at least try to, but I couldn't use tobacco if all the growers had to grow something else. A tobacco stalk grows something like a hollyhock. The leaves are long instead of round, more of them, and before they turn brown are a nasty sticky looking green. Now if the tobacco auctioneer don't see this I will be all right, but it is the truth anyway.

I was baptized February 8, 1901, by Elder P. H. Smith. Yes, the same one I tried to freeze. I was confirmed that same evening. The mission was then called the Southwestern States Mission.

Things were not going very good with us there so Dad decided to leave. He sold his land and home and had an auction sale on our household goods. They went for a

song and we did the singing. My bed sold for three cents. I suppose folks didn't want to use the things the old Mormons had used. I would like to have a bed like that now, a tall head board, wooden with deep carvings of leaves and flowers. It would be hard to keep dusted out here in this dusty country, so just as well it sold for three cents. Other things went at just such shameful prices and we prepared to come to the Land of Zion and dwell with the saints.

I do not know how it started, but where the saints had gathered in the West was always referred to as the Land of Zion by the people out in the mission field. Dad, after much thinking and a trip out here by train, had decided on Mesa, Arizona, which we pronounced "Meesee, Arzonie." My uncle Bill Wright took us and our luggage to Russelville to catch the West bound train. Our luggage was a whole day load of boxes, trunks and half a dozen cotton pick sacks stuffed with our feather beds and other bedding. Leave our feather beds? No sir! We might part with friend and relative but our feather beds, never.

Finally, a train came in and Father gathered us all together saying, "This is our train, this is our train." We were quite a bunch to gather up--Mother, Father, Frank, Joe, Ida, Arthur, Lewis, Dora and Parley, who was the baby then. When Dad said it was our train, I made a bee line for it, starting right on in, the conductor caught me by the shoulder and said, "Where are you going?" I was surprised that any one didn't know, so I said, "Don't you know? I am going to Meesee, Arzonie, the Land of Zion to dwell with the saints of God." He said, "Do you have your ticket?" I said, "Father has it," and turned to show him. All the rest of the family had stopped at the baggage car to check the baggage with our tickets, so I had to get off and wait. I never tried to come on ahead after that, but I'll bet that conductor never had a better answer to the question, "Where are you going?" I wish I had been old enough to remember the surprised look he must have had. I was very anxious to get here and didn't care who knew it.

We arrived in Mesa January 21, 1904. I had read so many stories and heard so much told of how the beautiful children of the saints rushed out to welcome the newcomers and teach them of their ways. The elders had shown me pictures of their sisters or daughters, all dressed so nice and I had planned in my mind that I would soon learn to be like them. I really expected to be welcomed by at least a dozen sweet Mormon girls. I soon learned that all the stories that were printed, were just what they were--stories.

I'll never forget my first day in Mesa school. Mother had made a lot of dresses before we left Arkansas and Dad had got me a good strong pair of coppered tipped shoes. My dresses were made of cotton flannel and cotton checks. I also had a nice ruffled sun bonnet. My dresses were made full gathered skirt, so long it nearly reached my shoe tops. They were something like the Indian girls wear. My hair was braided back so tight I could hardly close my eyes. My legs were always skinny so the shoetops met together, lacking about one inch all around touching my heavy homeknit wool stockings.

Here I was all set to meet the welcoming committee, I walked up to the steps of the school house where there were a group of children and said, "Well, here I am." I was greeted by a burst of merry laughter and some began to call to others to come and look at what's here. I soon realized I was being laughed at. This was kind of hard to take under the circumstances. I resented it very much. I don't know why it was easier to be called "Mormon, Mormon" by those at home that had been my friends, than it was to be called "Arkansayer, Arkansayer" by those I wanted to be my friends, but it was.

I went home that evening, sought out my father, and in tears told him, "This is no land of Zion, but a land of Hell and the children were imps of the devil." He took me in his arms and I cried out my bitterness on his shoulder. He assured me that none of the

children could be the children of the Saints. This was a little comfort until I went to Sunday School the next Sunday morning and there they were.

Some of the girls were very nice, but had their own crowd. Others were just indifferent, didn't notice if I was or if I wasn't there. Some never gave me a minutes peace for a long time. The way they treated me brought out all the old fighting Irish spirit I had in me. The folks had told us before leaving Arkansas that we must be nice out here, act like ladies and gentlemen and while we had nearly always settled our difficulties with our fists, we were told this was not the proper thing to do. I finally got my Irish temper so stirred up I started in, then I did get into trouble. I spent nearly as much time in Professor Loper's office as I did in my school room. At first I went to his office scared nearly to death for fear he was going to tie me and beat me, but he was always very kind until I began to place him in my mind with Abraham Lincoln. He was tall, not so good looking, but kind and understanding.

One day I was sent to his office, he looked up and said with a sigh. "You again? There are some problems on the board. Work them out, I have to go to the South Building now." The problems on the board were long ones of higher mathematics and I didn't know a thing about it. I stood there looking at them and George MacDonald came into the office after a book. He smiled and said. "The answers are in the back of the book." I found the answers and copied them down. When Mr. Loper came back he said, "Have all the answers so soon. Well, now explain them to me." All I could explain was where I got the answers. Then he said, "Ida, why can't you get along? Why are you always in trouble? Can't you behave? Why do you always have to be sent to my office?" "Oh" I answered "the teachers just send the wrong one up here, 'taint my fault." After that when I was sent to his office the one or the half dozen that I was fighting were sent with me and it wasn't long before they left me alone, especially at school, for Mr. Loper got after them instead of me and they didn't like that.

One time I was complaining to my mother about how I hated these few Mormon children and that those that didn't give me any trouble were just too stuckup to notice me. I told her I wasn't going to church anymore and would go back to Arkansas just as soon as I could. She questioned me about what I did when the children mistreated me. Of course, I had given them back as much as they sent with more thrown in for good measure. Mother said, "Why, you are worse than they are, You know better and maybe they don't. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." I was then, not at what I had done to the kids, but the idea of being as bad as they, was something else because I thought they were the worst ever; here was a dawning light from my Mother, I was as bad or worse. I promised myself I would try to do better, which I finally succeeded in doing by never speaking to any of my tormentors. I didn't speak or let on as though I saw them. If any of them got a job in any store, I just quit going into that store. I thought I was being wonderful in not having trouble any more. My light was all right, but its rays didn't have the right slant. I didn't like to go to church so only went when the folks made me.

I liked Arizona, the different fruits and figs, pomegranates, seedless grapes and all such things. Mother used to send us on errands barefoot in the hot dust of the road. We used to run from weed shade to weed shade and cool our burning feet in the little shade that the weeds made. I remember one old Indian squaw who used to wash for people around town. She was called old Hosibe. One day Mom got her to wash for us. She got hungry about eleven O'clock. She took a little sack out of her pocket and mixed up something out of it into water and drank it. I asked her if I could have some. She gave me some of it. It was ground parched corn mixed with sugar and cinnamon. Tasted pretty good too. A person could carry quite a supply of food like that.

My father then went into business in Mesa. He and Will McBrayer opened up a

grocery store and called it the Mercantile. It paid well and they did all right for a while until they took in some more men as partners. Through someone's miss-management, or too many fingers in the pie, it soon went into receivership. All my Dad got out of his investment was an old spotted cow. We named her Mercantile and kept her until she died. She was a fairly good cow, but always bloated in the spring. Dad would stick a hole in her side and it never healed up until fall. She would eat then the gas would blow the green feed out of the hole. She went around spewing like a volcano all summer.

I started running around with a group of outside people and we got along fine together, but I always referred to the Latter Day Saints as "stuck-up Mormons". We were all soon grown into young people. I began to try to act like the lady my folks had wanted me to be. One day my crowd and I were going along the road when I saw a tall, dark handsome fellow, a stranger to me, but he was known by some of my friends. He was just the kind of fellow I had always dreamed of. I began to ask all about him. Some of them chided me and said, "You don't need to get excited. He's one of the stuck up Mormons and would never give you the second glance." Well, I wasn't so sure about that. I would never give up without trying, at least. His folks were people from the colonies in Old Mexico that had left there on account of the Mexican War. This young man's name was John Verney and I have been Mrs. John Verney since March 28, 1909.

After I was married I began to go to church and really liked to go. But I still had hatred in my heart for the ones that had made my school days so tough for me. And it is almost impossible to grow and do things with hatred in your heart. After my children were born, I was glad then that I lived here in this wonderful land of the West. I resolved I would never move them around to be made fun of and have to go through the things I had, a stranger in a strange land.

One day I wrote this prayer or poem.

"Lord, now help me try to keep them
and to make their pathway bright.
I am glad they were born among Thy people
To be saved those wasted years.

Then Methinks I hear a whisper
And to me it seemed to say,
"Wasted years? Oh No! My daughter
Just a melting pot of life,

All to teach to you life's lessons.
Now is your examination,
Have you learned your lesson well?"
No! For in my heart is bitterness.

Was it? Could it have been to teach me
to be loving, kind, thoughtful and forgiving?
Yes! Of course, it was to teach me.
I must cast these hates aside.

Never put upon another, things that
I have suffered by-
Why, I'll strive with all my effort

All these grudges I shall shake.

Then His spirit will be with me.
Yes! I'll learn my lesson well.

I found this though quite a trial, but to me came a great happiness. When I met the people that I had not spoken to for years, I would speak with a smile. In a little while they were smiling back. soon we were shaking hands and laughing about our foolishness when we were all mischievous children. Today, I can say that my heart holds no bitterness against anyone. I could not blame the children for laughing, for now I have to smile when I remember for I know I must have been a very funny looking little girl.

I have found happiness among the Latter Day Saints, or Mormons as folks call them. I love them all. I love the Gospel of the Lord, Jesus Christ, and try to live it as I understand it, the best I can. And now Mesa to me is a land of Zion, and all the people I know, whether Mormons or not are the very best folks there are. I know no one that there is not something good about, if I'll look for it.

I have sent my son, John Jr. back to the Southern States Mission. He filled an honorable mission and so in a measure I've tried to pay to those that helped me by helping others. And now in this year of 1941 at the age of fifty years I close this part of my history, but if I live another fifty I will write again. It's a Promise.

Susan Idella Verney Some of My Own Sayings:

If you are looking for perfect folks, go to the cemetery. For live folks talk back, are yet human, with human weaknesses.

Instead of judging people by something you know they did once, that you didn't think was right, try now to understand their efforts in trying to do what is right.

It is more sportsmanlike to help one up, than to push him down. I am sorry I did not learn this great lesson earlier in life.

As a twig is bent it will not grow, unless you bind and hold it so. It will begin to grow straight up again, as soon as you stop bending it.

Another good thing to remember is, People can't chase you, if you don't run.

I'm glad I'm stubborn, It is a good trait when you are right, A bad one if you're wrong.

Get right: Our hearts are meant for God And are restless until they find their rest in Him. (copied this one)

Get the Gospel for yourselves. You cannot borrow knowledge of any kind. Remember five Virgins were foolish.

Don't let the doings of others drive you from the Church. Anymore than you would want your doings to drive other out. None are perfect.

The Church is God's. By its study and practice We become better people.

Memories of **Ida O'Barr Verney**
By Her Sister, **Alice Sliger**.
(Written in 1996)

Ida was the oldest of my mother's children. She had married and left home during most of my school days. Mother and Ida have both told me how she took care of me when I was little, while my mother worked.

After I was married and lived in the desert, east of Mesa, I had good associations with my sister, Ida. She and her husband, John Verney, lived just three miles away. They had a little ranch, six acres I think, at the corner of University and Lindsey Road. Ted and I had established our "Buckhorn Mineral Wells" on Main Street, between Higley Road and Bush Highway.

John and Ida were both good cooks. Ida made the best chicken-n-dumplings you ever tasted and John was good at "out door" cooking. We enjoyed many lovely dinners with them.

When Ida's Ward was building a new chapel (It was Mesa's 10th Ward, I believe) she was always thinking of ways to make money for the building fund. They would fix good barbecue dinners at their place, and Ted and I would tell the guests in our motel about it, and would have quite a crowd to take to Ida and John's barbecues. Then Ida would contribute the small fee she charged for these dinners to the building fund. They did this many times. They would fix a big outdoor dinner and Ted and I would bring the customers. These barbecues not only served a good purpose, but they were very enjoyable events as well.

Once John and Ida planned to have a good joke on Ted and me. Some relatives of John's, who I had never met, were visiting them. One was a very attractive woman. They all came to visit us, but only John and the woman came inside, and John acted like he was drunk. He staggered around and almost fell off the stool, as they sat down at the counter. He really put on a good "drunk" act and I was very embarrassed. I didn't like what I was seeing, John drunk with a strange woman, and I told him what I thought of the situation. After a few minutes I was called to the front of the service station to wait on a customer, and as I looked around the corner of the building, I saw Ida and the others laughing and having a good time. Then John and the lady (Who was his niece, I believe) came out of the store laughing too. John had really fooled me, and they had a lot of fun over this.

In later years, after John had died, Ida married again to a man named David Francom, and moved to Pocatello, Idaho. There, among other church duties, she served as President of the Relief Society.

When she came back to Mesa, she became a widow again, and lived with her daughter Bertha. She had a lot of illness during her last years, and died April 10th, 1983. I sat by her bed the night she died, and finally had to say "goodby" to a dear sister.

Chapter 8. Arthur O'Barr

MEMORIES OF ARTHUR O'BARR

I am Alice O'Barr Sliger, sister of Arthur O'Barr. Jeana, Arthur's daughter, asked me to say a few words regarding my memory of Arthur. I remember him as being my "big brother", as he was 12 years older than me. He was out getting jobs and helping us younger ones. I remember him as always being helpful to our mother, too. Long after others had gone to bed, I remember Arthur still helping mother with the chores until she could go to bed too.

He worked on construction jobs, building the dams above the valley on the Salt River. He would come home on days off or on weekends. I have a history book that shows Arthur in a picture with Teddy Roosevelt when he dedicated Roosevelt Dam. My older sister, Ida, says she remembers that he bought a new suit for that occasion.

As we all had a difficult time, financially, in those days -the days of the great depression- Arthur often helped out with things that were needed at home. After High School I wanted to go on to college, but of course, couldn't afford to stay in a dorm. I had saved some money, as I raised and sold rabbits and worked in the fields during my high school years, but didn't have enough for college. However, I was able to get a job in Tempe to take care of my board and room and Arthur helped me get my books and supplies. I only had one week-end off a month and Arthur would nearly always manage so that he could come and get me and take me back. So I was able to graduate from Tempe Normal School and get a teaching certificate. When I got my first job in Sasabe, Arizona, on the Mexican border, Arthur was the one who took me there.

He took us younger kids to many social affairs and dances, and he always looked after us, too, made us behave ourselves and brought us home at a reasonable time. Once he took my girl friend and me to Prescott to see the Rodeo on the 4th of July. He had a boy friend with him. Julia Brewer (my friend) and I rode in the little "rumble seat" in back of the little Ford Roadster. We had a lot of fun, but Arthur had to calm us down sometimes. While driving around Prescott, Julia and I were singing "Hey Mister, Have you seen Rosie's Sister?" and flirting with some boys who kept passing us. Finally Arthur stopped the car and asked us if we wanted to go with them. "Oh no", we said, "We didn't want to go with those strangers." Then he told us that we had better stop singing and flirting. So we did and all went on to have a nice time at the Rodeo. We were high school students at the time.

The Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers Family: Chapter 8: Arthur O'Barr.

Another time, (about 1923) during the hot summer months, Arthur took me, my brother Gus, and sister Dora, on a camping trip to a beautiful cool place near Globe, Arizona. He always managed to have a car, and taught me and my brother Guss, how to drive; He had a hard time teaching me to shift gears, which I thought was quite complicated.

One night Arthur had a bad accident on his way home. A horse ran in front of his car, He was badly hurt. In the hospital the next morning they told us that one eye would have to be removed, as he had lost the sight in it. I wouldn't allow them to remove it until I sent to Phoenix for a specialist to come and check it. The specialist charged me a lot for the trip, but there was no way I would let them remove Arthur's eye if there was any way to save it. But, there was no way, and he did lose the sight in one eye. This was a sad time for all of us, especially for Arthur.

I remember him as being so faithful to Mother during the long illness she had before she died. I don't believe there was a day that he didn't go to see her. It has certainly enriched my life to have a brother like him, and I know he has been a faithful husband and father, too. But the memories I have of him, of course, are when we were young and all living at home. So because of my dear brother Arthur we all had a easier and happier life.

Dec. 1986

Gerald L. O'Barr's memories of Uncle Arthur and Aunt Ruby O'Barr

My memories of Uncle Arthur's family are mainly centered at the time when I was a kid back in the late 1940's and early '50's. At this time, Uncle Arthur and his family lived in Mesa, Arizona, on the South-East corner of Alma School Road and 4th Avenue. (4th Ave was then known as Creamery Road, and then as Broadway.) This corner was all part of the original O'Barr's "homestead." Their house faced 4th Ave, with a field actually located on the corner.

The Clevenger place faced Alma School road about one block south of 4th Ave, and I lived in a house more than a block East of Alma School Road on the South side of 4th Ave. We originally had about 4 acres. I assume that Uncle Arthur had about 8 acres. These acres were all watered by irrigation that arrived by canals and ditches. Our water arrived by a ditch along the south side of 4th Ave. and we had a large cottonwood tree in front of our house on the bank of this ditch. These ditches were not covered when I was a youth and they were great to play in whether they were dry or full of water.

Since Uncle Arthur's home was so close, there were at most only two or three homes between us, I spent a lot of time at their place. Since they had such a large family, I seem to fit in as if they didn't even know that I was there. I got many a free haircuts at Aunt Ruby's. All I had to do was to stand in line just like the rest. I am sure that Aunt Ruby knew that I was not one of her's, my hair was not quite as red as the rest.

Uncle Arthur's place was much more developed than ours. I saw the beginnings of our home, a prefab wooden "room" placed on a few concrete blocks in the middle of a cotton field, with the stubble still in place. But Uncle Arthur's place had fully developed fig trees, and grape vines everywhere, and all other kinds of good things.

At one time Uncle Arthur allowed his kids to set up a store on their corner lot. They sold candy bars and soda pop. I'm sure that they sold more than this, but as a kid, I only noticed the important things.

I remember associating mainly with their oldest son, Joe, and oldest daughter, June, and next oldest daughter, Jeana. She was my age. I remember attending church firesides in their home. June, being older than I, was sometimes in charge, and she taught us some good songs. One I remember was:

I know how ugly I are! My face ain't no shinning star,

But I don't mind it, Because I'm behind it.

It's you folks in front get the jar!

This was song to the tune of "How Gentle God's Commands."

I remember that this was a happy family. There was much intelligence here. My cousin Joe was always keeping me busy with what was the newest and Jeana could always run circles around me in school. These were fun times.

Arthur and Me
Memories of Aunt Ida, Recalled at the time of Arthur's death
July 24, 1978

From my earliest recollection Arthur and me were pals, seldom had a fight with each other. We stood together in everything and looked after each other. We shared things, too. We called the step-father of Dad's, Grandpa. He was good to me. He would slip me a piece of candy but said boys didn't need candy, so he wouldn't give them any. I'd share mine with Arthur.

Arthur had a funny little way about him. Where ever he went to sleep, he wanted to stay sleeping there. So we had to see that he was in his bed to go to sleep. If we would sit on the porch on summer evenings and he went to sleep, Dad or one of the bigger boys would carry him into bed. He'd get right up and go back and lay down where he had fallen asleep on the porch.

He fell asleep at a revival meeting once. Dad took us to one of these meetings. After awhile, Mom got tired and told Dad she wanted to go, the crowd's singing and shouting was getting louder and louder. So, we all left, Mom carried the baby and Dad carried Arthur, who had fallen asleep where we were sitting. We all got in the wagon, on quilts spread over straw in the bottom. Arthur was laid in and Dad went to untie the horses. He was climbing up on the seat next to Mom when I noticed, Arthur wasn't there. I called to Dad, "Arthur isn't here!" He gave the lines to Mother and ran back. Sure enough, Arthur was sleeping on the same bench, in the same place. Dad just got him out the door of the church when they all started shouting again, and jumping up and down and singing. Dad got Arthur to the wagon, got the lines, and the horses took off. Mother said she didn't think the spirit of God would make people act that way, Dad said she'd make a good Mormon.

After we joined the Church, only one other family joined. They lived about 25 miles away. So, after awhile we decided we'd leave. Dad's mother had two sisters who, with their families, had joined the Church in Alabama. They had gone to Mesa, Arizona. Dad got ready to come visit them and look into the country. Arthur wasn't feeling good when Dad left. The Elders had gone from the area and Arthur got worse. Mother called for a neighbor, who went after the doctor. Arthur had typhoid fever, he was very sick. Us children helped Mother all we could. He had a long siege of it, but got better and was able to sit up by the time Dad got home. He stayed thin and weak for a long time.

We made preparations to come to Mesa. Dad had rented a place in with one of his cousins, so we had a place to go. We landed in Mesa in January, 1904. The people in Arkansas didn't want us because we were Mormons. Out here, we started to school and found out the kids didn't want us, because we were 'Arkansours'. They teased us nearly to death. Made fun of our home-knit

stockings and copper-tipped shoes. It made our school life quite miserable. We'd fight them like wildcats. They knew how to stand around and call you names, but they didn't know a thing about fighting. We'd let them tease us awhile, then we waded in. Hitting right and left with head, both hands and feet. We'd have some on the ground, some on the run. It wasn't long, though, till they called us to come play. Then we got along okay, and were always respected. It made a good life for us, to have friends. It's sort of wonderful to win respect and influence people.

We liked this old Arizona. The place we lived was just west of a new canal, called the Consolidated. No water was in the canal unless it rained and the Salt River was in flood. Across the canal was the desert. We were told not to go over there, for the desert was full of rattlesnakes. We didn't go for awhile, but Arthur and me were not afraid of much of anything. So, one day, we decided to take in the desert and away we went. We saw cactus, chaparral and mesquite trees.

Then, we saw a bunch of Indians on horse back. They had bows and arrows. They got closer to us and we could see blood on their horse's legs, and what looked like scalps, dangling down from their saddle backs. We hid under a big bunch of bushes, just scared to death. We knew we'd be scalped if they saw us. One Indian stopped his horse near where we were hiding, put an arrow in his bow and pulled the string. The arrow flew past us, the Indian running after it. He picked up a rabbit and tied it with some others. Then we could tell, it was rabbits, not human scalps tied to their saddles. He rode to catch up with the others. We made it as fast as we could run back across the canal. It was a long time before we told Mother about it.

Rattlers were plentiful out there. We found a big one in our barn one day, and killed it with rocks. Arthur got the pitchfork and stuck a tine through the snakes head. We took it across the canal to throw it away from the house and barns. We started back to the house and Arthur was slinging the pitchfork around, up and down, when a tine struck his leg, just above the ankle. We went in and told Mother. She looked at the fork and his leg, she was very scared. His ankle and leg were swelling fast. Dad was working at a place between us and Mesa, so we hitched up the buggy and Mom raced him to Dad. He was getting pretty sick so they took him on into town to a doctor. He said it was nearly as bad as a snake bite, but not as much poison. He disinfected it, cut in a little and let it bleed. He gave Arthur some medicine to take and some poultice for the leg. He began to feel better and in a few days was alright.

We rented another place south of Mesa. Then, Dad bought some acreage on what was called Creamery Road, [now Broadway] just west of the Creamery. We grew sweet potatoes, all kinds of vegetables, and had fruit trees set out and bearing. This is where we were living when Dad died. Arthur and me had a wonderful childhood. When we teamed up against a bunch of teasers, they better watch out! I'll miss him.

Memories of Daddy
By
Dianna O'Barr Quist

Daddy was 62-years-old when I was born. Old enough to be my great-grandfather. On the day I was born Daddy called into work and told his boss, Alfred Baker, that he had to take his wife to the hospital for a "minor operation". He had never mentioned that they were expecting a baby. The news made it to Mrs. Baker first, but Mr. Baker couldn't believe it without seeing it. The couple made a visit to our home to see if it was true.

Daddy worked for 20 or so years as a maintenance electrician at Williams Air Force Base. This after surveying the base during the construction, and helping to build it. He retired at age 70, when I was seven and a half, providing an opportunity for us to spend a lot of time together. I am grateful for this, since he died when I was 21, never knowing much of my adult life.

Daddy enjoyed taking me to the bank or hardware store, where someone would always ask, "Is that your little grand-daughter?", "Nope, she's my daughter", he would proudly reply. We enjoyed bike riding, fishing in the big ditch on Extension Rd. and horse-back riding a few times at DeWitt's stables. When riding the horses he would tell me about a horse he had once named Chico. He rode Chico on a cattle round-up, I believe it was when the family lived in Cedar City, Utah. At the end of the round-up, Chico was either let go or got away somehow. He began running with a herd of wild horses. When he was tame, Daddy would call to him, "Here Chico, Chico", and he would come. Daddy found the herd a few weeks after Chico got away and called to him. The horse perked up his ears and came close, but something startled him and he ran off for good.

Even before I was born, Daddy liked to have a lot of fruit trees; apricot, orange, pecan and fig. He continued this, even after we moved from the corner of Alma School Road and Broadway to 451 N. Cherry St. [where I still live]. He always wanted his family to have plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. Today, my family helps me take care of several fruit trees he planted and many of us still enjoy the 'fruits' of his labors. It seems that his favorite fruit was fig and anything made out of figs; fig cake, dried figs and fig jam. My mother must have canned thousands of quarts of fig jam, much of it on a wood cook-stove. Aunt Ida wrote a story, at the time of Daddy's death, about how much he and she loved figs. I will relay it in her words.

"We rented a place just south of Mesa. A neighbor there had a row of fig trees on a ditch bank. The big trees were loaded with figs and we sure liked them. The owner was a cranky fellow, he told us to let them alone. He bawled us out, if we touched one he'd chase us. He didn't pick any, wouldn't sell any.

They just fell on the ground, or into the ditch and the water would wash them away. We loved them raw, we loved the preserves Mother could make. But, this fellow wouldn't let us have a one, no way.

The Johnson grass had gotten pretty tall when the last crop of figs was right ripe to eat. So I told Arthur I knew a way we could get some figs. I told him to slip through the grass and climb the tree. I'd take buckets down to the bridge across the next road south, a half a mile down the ditch. Arthur said okay. He'd pick the figs and drop them into the ditch water. They floated down to me. I'd catch them out of the running water and put them in our buckets. We had a little wagon to haul them home. After he had picked a lot, he slipped out through the Johnson grass and came down to the bridge. We would lay some grass over our wagon and come right by the old fellow's house and fig trees. We'd say to Mom, "We've got some figs!", and she'd make the best preserves out of them. She thought the neighbor had given them to us, she would've blistered us if she had known the truth. We did this three or four times until Mother had put up all the jam she wanted that year. Maybe I shouldn't tell this one, but we never could believe we stole the figs. They were just falling in the ditch, on the ground drawing flies and going to waste."

Daddy's stories from his younger days always fascinated me. No one else's father had been born in the 1890's or done so many things. He went from the horse-and-buggy age to the rocket-age. He was a real wild-west cowboy, a farmer, a WWI soldier and a mule-skinner.

He helped his father and older brothers haul wagon loads of their fresh produce up to the construction of Roosevelt Dam, to sell to the workers there. He then got a job driving mule teams pulling wagons full of other supplies to the site, and eventually helped with some of the actual construction of the dam. During this time he would stay in a work camp near the river. Early in the morning, the path leading from the camp site to the work site, would be crawling with tarantulas. He would step on all he could, until a large one jumped up on his pant leg and began to crawl up. He decided to give the spiders the right-of-way from then on and didn't step on any more.

When the dam was completed, President Roosevelt came to town to dedicate it. There was a big parade planned as his motorcade passed through town. Never one to miss a parade, Daddy bought a new suit for the occasion. He went to the parade and saw a photographer setting up his equipment. He positioned himself across the street from the camera so when the picture of the president was snapped, he would be in the background. That picture can be found in at least two editions of the book, 'Our Town--Mesa, Arizona'. He worked at the dam again, a few years later, learning to be an electrician. He helped erect the big towers that carry power from the dam northward. He climbed a utility pole in a storm once, as it swayed back and forth in the wind, he decided he didn't want to be a lineman anymore. My nephew, Mark O'Barr [Joe's son], worked on the reconstruction of the same dam about five years

ago. In a room beneath the dam, he found the signatures of many men who had worked at the dam long ago, including his grandpa's. It read, B.A. O'Barr, July 4, 1922.

Daddy and his friend, Del Stapley [who later became an apostle], built probably the first 'hot rod' Mesa ever had. We have a picture of Daddy sitting in it. When I was about 10, Elder Stapley was visiting our Stake Conference. He saw Daddy, Mom and I come in and sit down. He got up and came down from the stand and shook our hands. It was the first time I ever heard anyone call Daddy, "Red".

When the family went to St. George, Utah, Grandma asked Daddy to stand as proxy for his Father's temple work to be done and for the family to be sealed. He grumbled a bit at first but agreed, after Grandma convinced him of the importance of the work. He had been deeply affected by his father's death and this came as a great honor and comfort to him.

After the family returned to Arizona, he and his brother, Lewis, planted crops. Lewis was going to return to Cedar City, as soon as his crop was harvested, and marry a girl he had met there. But, Lewis became ill, after drinking irrigation water, and died. Daddy then worked both crops. It was at this time that he was invited to join the army. World War I was going strong and more soldiers were needed. Daddy didn't want to go before harvest, but Uncle Sam had other plans for him. Someone was sent right out to the field to escort him to duty. He was stationed at Fort Rosecrans, CA. I have never learned what happened to the crops.

A flu epidemic among the soldiers kept Daddy from being shipped overseas. He was in the hospital on the day he was supposed to leave. He did have an opportunity to serve sentry duty along the California coast. It seemed to him hours on end he watched the sea. He carried a rifle that had not been fired since training. One day, boredom got the best of him. When a big pelican landed on a rock down the shoreline away, he couldn't resist, he aimed the rifle and fired. Too late, he remembered he was not to shoot unless it was an emergency. Three shots meant there was a fire. He quickly fired two more shots and set the brush on fire, putting it out almost immediately.

Daddy had a terrible accident one night. A horse ran out in front of his car and he hit it, throwing it up onto the windshield. Shattered glass flew everywhere, some of it into Daddy's eye. The doctor had to remove the eye. While he was recovering from this accident, at his mother's house, he met my mother. She had become friends with Aunt Lola at school, and had come to visit her. Mom must have found him quite dashing in his black eye patch.

Daddy took good care of his health, with all the fresh fruit and vegetables he grew. He had Mom cook him fresh cracked-wheat cereal, with honey and milk, for breakfast everyday. He would crack the wheat in a hand grinder. He ate very little candy, but his favorites were candy corn and Big Hunk candy

bars. He would never eat chocolate, peeling the coating off of Dilly Bars, to eat only the ice cream. If I begged long enough, he would finally give the coating to me, but lecture me about how bad it was for me.

Daddy faithfully fulfilled all of his church callings and duties. I remember that he took Grandma to the temple, every Friday night, for as long as she was able. He continued to attend the temple often, even after Grandma was gone. He had a dream once that he was walking in a grove of trees. He came to a clearing where there was a large, beautiful meadow. There was a large group of men gathered there. One of the men saw him walk up and began calling to the others, "O'Barr's here, Brother O'Barr's here!" The men all ran towards him and began shaking his hand, thanking him. Amazed, he asked them, "Who are you? I don't know you. What did I do for you?" "Why, we're the men whose names you took through the temple."

He greatly enjoyed the calling of High Priest Group Secretary. He went Home teaching every month, up until about six months before his death. I am so thankful for these examples that he set for me and thankful that he was my father.

An incident that occurred when my parents had five young children, let Mom know that the Lord truly does hear and answer prayers. Daddy had a job, through the WPA, surveying the streets of Mesa for paving. One day a man walked up to him on the street and offered him a surveying job at Castle Dome mine. It would pay \$50.00 a week, compared to \$12.50 every two weeks. He took the job. He would be gone all week long and come home on weekends. Mom single-handedly took care of the children, the milking, irrigating, the chickens and picking and preserving fruit. Though they were enjoying the much needed income, Mom began to get very tired doing all of this work alone, plus, hauling water and chopping wood for cooking. One day, Mom prayed very hard that Daddy would find a job closer to home. Late that afternoon, Daddy came pulling into the driveway. He said that he had gotten along well with his boss until that very day. His boss awoke that morning in a bad mood and had fired him for no reason. He soon had a new job, surveying Williams Field. That job led to him being hired as a maintenance electrician at the base, where he worked until his retirement.

The Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers Family: Chapter 8: Arthur O'Barr.

Typed copy of letter received by Lola May Peppers when Arthur was honorably discharged from WW I. (Dianna Quist and Aunt Ruby sent a copy of the original form. Signature was not totally readable.)

(Organization) BTRY E 25th ARTY CAL
(Place) Fort Rosecrans, CAL
(Date) DEC 13, 1918

Mrs. L.M. Clevenger
Mesa, Ariz.

My dear (~~Mr. or Mrs.~~) Clevenger :

In a few days your soldier will receive his honorable discharge and start for home.

He is bringing back many fine qualities of body and mind which he has acquired or developed in the Military Service. The Army has done everything it could do to make him strong, fine, self-reliant, yet self-controlled. It returns him to you a better man.

You have been an important member of that great Army of Encouragement and Enthusiasm which helped to make him and us all better soldiers. You can now be a great help in keeping alive the good qualities he is bringing back from the Army, in making him as good a citizen as he has been a good soldier.

His fare and necessary expenses to his home will be paid by the Government. He will receive all pay due him. He may, if he wishes, wear his uniform for three months from the date of his discharge. The Government will also allow him to keep up, for the benefit of his family, his insurance at the very low rate he is now paying.

His return to civil life will bring new problems for you both to solve. The qualities he brings back will help you now as your encouragement helped him while he was away, and in your hands and his, rests the future of our country.

As his commanding Officer, I am proud of him. He has done his duty well. I, and his comrades, will bid him good-bye with deep regret, and wish him every success after he returns home - that spot in every man's heart no other place can fill.

Sincerely yours,

(Signature) **Ralph Ericks**

Chapter 9. Dora O'Barr Smith

There are two sections, the first section was written in October 1995 by Dora's sister, Lola Frances Clevenger White. The second section, starting on page 9-5, was written by Dora's granddaughter, Sandra Sue Smith Power, daughter of George Lewis Smith.

Section 1. (By Lola Frances Clevenger White.)

Will try as best I can to write a little about my Sister, Dora O'Barr Smith. Dora was born 13 Aug 1900, in Atkins, Polk County, Ark. She married George W. Smith 18 Jan 1920. Dora was baptized 3 Aug 1909, endowed 24 June 1964 (I believe Ida did this for her), sealed to parents 29 Apr 1915, St. George Temple. I do not know the date of sealing to her husband.

Dora moved with her family to Mesa, Arizona, when she was four years old. She had (at this time) five brothers: Frank, Joe, Arthur, Lewis and Parley, and one sister Ida. There was a baby born back in 1895, a brother John William, that only lived 11 months. The family made the choice to join the Mormon Church 21 June 1899. There were no Mormons living in Atkins, and the persecution was bad, so somewhere about 1904 the family made the move to Mesa where her father had relatives.

They came by train, the whole family, suitcases, boxes, trunks, and feather beds, so I was told. Dora's father was a very industrious man, made a good living for his family. He sold fruit trees and farmed. Soon he had a home and some acreage for his family. In February, 1905, another child was born, Bertha Ann. She only lived 14 months. The following December 24 (1906), Alice Anette was born. Three years later, 21 Dec 1909, Augustus Barto (Gus) was born. The family was very happy and doing real well financially and in the church also.

The worst tragedy that could ever happen to a family, Dora's dear father passed away after a short illness. 6 Mar 1910. Dora was nine years old, her baby brother was only 3 months old. I can just imagine how lonely and afraid this dear family must have been, Ida was the only one married, she married John Verney 28 Mar 1909.

The children helped Mother all they could, they did the best they could. Dora being the only girl besides Alice, and the oldest girl, her duties were many. She had to work very hard taking care of her little brother and sister, while Mother worked where ever she could, doing washing, ironing and house work for other people.

Mother had a few men interested in her and her big family. She met Andrew Benton Clevenger and they were married 23 Jan 1913. Mother was 39 years old, my Father was about 60 years old. My Father was a strong man, already quite grey haired and mustached, very handsome. Much different in looks than Brother O'Barr. Brother O'Barr being with dark hair and black mustache, and dark brown eyes.

Dear Dora was 13 years old, still being big sister to a large family. About a year and 2 months later, Mother gave birth to a baby girl, Ruth, on 31 Mar 1914. Ruth only lived a few hours. Dora was almost 14 now, her duties were hard helping Mother through these trying times.

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My Father had been to the Temple a few years before he and Mother were married. Mother wanted to go so very bad, as the children were getting older. My father said he would help her every way he could, but with such a large family and very little money, how could they? Mother decided to sell her homestead and rent the home and acreage out for two years, so they did. They found two other families wanting to go: The Kayes and Merrill families. So they bought a good wagon, a new buggy and pony, and three families started to St. George, Utah.

It was a long, tedious trip. Dora kept a diary the whole trip. But somehow the diary got lost years later, and we have nothing about their trip. I believe it took 6 weeks, break downs, sickness and such. One of Dad's mares that pulled the wagon was with colt. She had her babies several months early, the heavy load and the colts were twins, so she lost them. They had to wait for her to recuperate.

April of 1915, they went through the St. George Temple. Arthur was 21 years old, so he had to take out his own endowment, before being sealed to Mother and his Father. Mother's two step sons by Bro. O'Barr was not with them. Somewhere in Utah the children went to school and Dora went to College. She was so smart, only 15 or 16 and in College.

Not finding anything in St. George that Dad could make a living at, they spent some time in Cedar City. This was where I was born, 1 April 1916. Dad heard of land to rent in Laveen, Arizona, so wanted to come back to Arizona and put in a cotton crop. So the family moved to Laveen as the home was still rented.

They moved an old house onto the rented property, and with all the family helping, put in a cotton crop. They hauled drinking water, but used the ditch water for bathing, dish washing and such. Our dear Dora and her brother three years older than her, Lewis, got Typhoid Fever. They were so terribly ill. Dora had such a high fever for days, it seemed for sure they were going to loose her. Her dear brother Lewis did die. This was so hard on the whole family, Dora especially as she and Lewis went every place together and were like twins.

They made a good cotton crop and moved back to the home place. Dora was seventeen now. I must add right here, she was so sweet and kind to all the children, and in her family, she was loved by everyone. She was just as beautiful as she was sweet, with dark hair and brown eyes like her Father.

The boys began to come around, many of them as she was so beautiful. My Dad even ran some of them off, with his gun in his hand. He loved Dora very much, and wanted her to make good choices for her friends. Dora was about nineteen when George Smith began coming calling on our beautiful Dora. I was four years old. George always brought a box of candy, so I told my sister to always go with sweet George as he always brought chocolate candy. I might add he wasn't the only one to

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bring her chocolates. As a little child I can remember chocolate boxes stacked in her bedroom almost reaching to the ceiling. It was a big fad in those days to win "Kewpie" dolls at the carnivals for your girl. She had many of these also.

On the 18 January 1920 she married George Smith. I can remember how my little heart almost broke to have my sister move away. Dora stayed till Mother had her last child, Ernest, born Dec 25, 1919. He wasn't quite a month old when Dora was married. About a year latter I believe it was on New Years Day her first child was born. She named him Lewis after her dear brother she had lost. In about a year or a little over her second child was born, Jack. They lived a few miles from us, but Gus and I got to ride our bicycles to her house a few times, before George got a job on the border, as a patrol officer, and they moved to the border.

Their little boys grew up talking Mexican before they talked English plain. We always looked forward to every August when Dora and George took a month off. Dora and the children always stayed with us, George in Tempe where all the Smiths and his Father lived. We had wonderful times together. Dora loved to bake cakes we enjoyed so very much. I can almost taste those three layer chocolate cakes, with walnuts on top. The spice cakes with maple icing and pecans on top.

Our dear sister Alice graduated from teacher's college and spent two years on the border living with Dora and George one and a half years. They got transferred at Christmas time, so the last half year Alice lived in the school house. She taught Lewis and Jack in school and had many wild experiences while living on the border, especially while living alone in the school house.

Dora and George soon moved to Douglas where both Lewis and Jack graduated from High School. Both boys stayed with their Aunt Marg Smith in Tempe and graduated from Tempe College. They came to Mesa many times to visit us. Lewis graduated with a teaching degree. Jack went to the service two years, and got a job as a border patrol officer. His Father, George, had retired and he and Dora were now living in Gilbert where they had purchased 40 acres and a small lumber house.

I was married, my husband was a building Contractor, Ezra Geddis White. They hired him to remodel the little lumber home and make it real nice. It was so good to have Dora where we could visit her often. She always came two or three times a week to visit Mother.

Alice had married Ted Sliger, they had built the Buckhorn Mineral Bath, seven miles East of Mesa. Dora, Ida, Mother and I went many times and had mineral baths, picked up Alice and all went to lunch together. Ida and Dora went many times without me as I was working. Mother did love these times with her daughters.

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Lewis got married and had two little girls. His wife, Lila and he had problems. Lila and the two little girls came to live with Dora for awhile, even though Lewis was accusing her falsely of seeing a man friend. My dear sister Dora befriended her. This shows what a wonderful person she was. She didn't go against Lewis, neither did she turn Lila away, and her two little girls. This was my sister Dora. I never heard her say one harmful word about anyone in my life.

George got a part time job with Tovrea Meat Packing Co. as a Cattle Detective, out on the ranches where they raised their cattle. Much poaching was going on and they needed him.

Dora wasn't feeling real well one day and went to the Doctor, a rare thing for her, as she was seldom ill. She told him she got very tired easy. They made a cardiogram of her heart and found it greatly enlarged. The Doctor asked her if she had ever had a high fever for any length of time. She remembered back in 1917 when she was so ill with Typhoid Fever.

Somewhere around a year after this, Dora got up with her chest hurting. She called this same Doctor. He could see her at one o'clock. She baked a cake, fixed her evening meal, called Mother and said, I will be by to see you when I get out of the doctor's office. She also called Ida and told her, she would be by and pick her up after she got out of the Doctor's office and they would go visit Mother.

Ida waited, Mother waited. About four o'clock George called Ida. He had come home about three o'clock and found Dora dead. She was sitting in her big chair in the living room. She was in her slip with one hose on and one in her lap. Bathed, her hair combed so pretty in a french roll, just laid her head back on her chair and was gone.

George did not know she had ever been to the doctor. He had to look in her check book to find the Doctor to sign her death certificate. They called me and together we went to Mother to give her the sad news. This was 8 May 1963, one of the saddest days of my life.

The funeral was in Meldrum's Mortuary, May the 10th I believe. She was buried in Nogales, Arizona, the next day, where Jack was working on the Border Patrol, and George planned to live. Not only did I lose my dear sister, I also lost one of my best friends.

Lola Clevenger White
Oct 1995

The Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers Family: Chapter 9: Dora O'Barr.

Section 2. (By granddaughter Sandra Sue Smith,)

Since Grandma Dodo died when I was only thirteen, I didn't have many years to make memories with her. Not knowing her better and not having the opportunity to learn from her are two things I will always regret. I know she would have made even more of an impact on my life than she did.

I remember driving up the driveway in Chandler (Chandler and Gilbert border each other) to the little white house surrounded by lush green fields of corn, alfalfa, or whatever the crop might be. A tall, heavy set woman with happy, loving brown eyes, and a big hug would meet us at the door. She was the stereotypical grandmother from her actions to her appearance. I never felt so excited, warm, and loved as I did when we went to Grandma and Grandpa's.

The aroma of food cooking or something baking greeted us before we even went in the house. She loved to cook and always had enough food in the refrigerator and the freezer to have fed ten unexpected guests if they had dropped in. She fixed the ultimate best fried chicken EVER, and her lemon meringue pies were picture perfect and delicious. She generously dished out candy and sweets (which we didn't get much of at home.) There was always ice cream with Hershey's syrup. I ate enough once that I got sick, and I haven't been an ice cream fan since.

It seems like Grandma never threw anything away. Their house was cozy, welcoming, and FULL - magazines, knick-knacks, and pictures everywhere. There were patchwork quilts, and delicate crocheted doilies, tablecloths, and pillows that she had made. There were handmade dolls and doll clothes. I treasure the few of these mementoes I still have, made by the skillful hands of the grandmother who didn't get the chance to teach these skills to me.

Grandma was interested in the work of Dr. Steinke, a professor at ASU, who was studying scorpions and milking them for their venom to make the anti-toxin. When we knew we were going to see grandma, we kids would go out and catch dozens of scorpions in jars and take them with Grandma to ASU. I remember how impressed I was watching them milk the scorpions.

Grandma loved to spoil us. My mom and I both recall one of her most frequently used lines, "Oh, Lila, it won't hurt them...." She used to take us to a pool (I think it was called Tempe Beach) and sit patiently in the sweltering Tempe summer sun while we paddled around in the pool. Once I wanted to ride the big, black horse Grandpa had for us, and I didn't want to wait until Grandpa got home to saddle him. Of course, Grandma let me talk her into trying to saddle him, and because neither of us were strong enough to tighten the cinch, I ended up on the ground under the horse's belly with the saddle. I waited to ride.

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Grandma was a very thrifty woman. She and Grandpa raised their own vegetables along with chickens, turkeys, and beef. I remember collecting eggs with her and trying to learn to tell the good eggs from the ones that stayed in the nest. I recall, more times than once, playing in the barn in the hay and having to go in and explain how I ended up in some poor old hen's nest.

I heard this story from my mother: In the early 1950's when Grandpa was a custom's official, Grandma and Grandpa lived in Nogales in the custom's house. One day some custom's officials came to the house on routine business, and one of the men came in and asked Grandma who planted the plants around the outside of the house. Grandma proudly said that she had done it. He then informed her that she should consider planting some other plants in the yard. It just didn't look good to have marijuana plants growing all around the custom's house! Pretty embarrassing.

Poor Grandma. It must be Murphy's law that most stories we remember about people are the embarrassing ones! Once when my cousin, Steve, was about five he found Grandma with a facial mudpack on. He asked her what she was doing, and she said, "I'm making myself beautiful for you, Steve." Later when the mudpack came off, Steve walked up to inspect the results. With a child's honesty, he blurted out, "It didn't work, did it, Grandma?"

Chapter 10. Parley Parker O'Barr

(This life story of Parley was written in 1995 by his daughter, Ruby R. O'Barr Cordes.)

HISTORY OF PARLEY PARKER O'BARR

Sept 3, 1902 - April 4, 1971

Written by Ruby R. O'Barr Cordes

Parley was born in Arkansas - "Pea Ridge, Poke (Polk) County," he used to say. In 1904, when he was under two years old, the family moved to Mesa, Arizona, where he attended grade school. He didn't remember his father too much. Later his mother married "Mr. Clevenger," as he always referred to him. Parley had a great respect and admiration for Mr. Clevenger. Dad always said that Mr. Clevenger treated him real well and was a fair and honest man. One time, on a freight hauling trip, Mr. Clevenger taught Parley about following bees to their hive to gather honey. One had to have very sharp eyesight and Mr. Clevenger was very good at this.

Parley had a ready smile that went ear to ear and he told many stories of happenings in his life. One time he was left to "prove up" some land in the Lehi area, I think. One of the jobs he did was shoot rabbits, grind up the meat, fry the patties in lard, and store them in stone crocks. He had to cover the meat with lard to keep it from spoiling and then cover the crocks with cloth to keep the flies off. He was probably 11 or 12 years old at the time. Once a month the family would bring supplies, check on him, and take back the preserved meat. Quite a responsibility for such a young man, and all alone to boot! Around this time his brother, Lewis, and Parley came down with Typhoid Fever. His brother died. Parley was about 14 years old. Parley said he never had much hair after having the fever.

Parley grew taller each year. As an adult many called him "Slim," since he was over 6 ft. 3 in. tall. He had a hobby: some people call it a sling shot; he called it a "pea shooter." He was a very good shot and often brought birds such as doves home to help with food for the family. He told of one time his mother was sitting on the back porch peeling peaches to can. He picked up a peach and ran. She swatted him on the backside with her spoon and made a good-size red spot that stayed quite a while!

Another time when his mother was preparing peaches on the porch, he sat beside her and picked up a pit. He asked her for one shot with his sling shot at her prize rooster that was in the yard quite a ways away. She said, "Son, you won't hit it that far away - go ahead and try." Well, Parley's shot from his "pea shooter" was right on the mark and the rooster flopped around a bit and then lay quiet! Mother Clevenger said, "Well son, go wring his neck and we'll have him for supper." He felt real bad at having killed her rooster, but she never reprimanded him or brought it up to him.

One time the family had to wait for a ferry to cross a river. Parley asked permission to go hunting along the river bank. He lost track of time, so when he got back, the folks had missed their turn on the ferry because of waiting for him! He got his only spanking that he could remember on that day.

When Parley got older he drove a creamery truck. One time there was a strong wind. Things of all sorts were blowing through the air. One of his sisters (maybe Dora) was with Gus in the truck, as I remember the story. It got so bad they got under the truck for protection. Then a great sheet of metal wrapped around the truck! They figured it probably saved their lives, or at least saved them from serious injury. One time Mr. Clevenger and Parley were trying to round up a pig that had gotten out of its pen. Mr. Clevenger told Parley to stop the pig when it came his way. Parley picked up a piece of lumber and hit the pig right over the head. Well, the pig was stopped - dead in his tracks!

In about 1927, Parley came to Los Angeles, CA, to visit his brother, Frank, who was a L.A. Policeman. While he was here he was able to get a job for the Newberry Electric Co., which started him on his life's occupation. He met Earl Harold Boyer, who then introduced him to his sister, Ruth Ester Boyer. They married in 1928. Alice (O'Barr) Sliger and Earl Boyer stood up for them. Mother Clevenger, brother Joe O'Barr, and the kaze's also attended the wedding, which was put on by Frank and Ethel O'Barr. Daughters Ruby and Dorothy were born over the next three years.

Then Parley went to work for the Metropolitan Water District, working in the California desert to bring power and water to Southern California. First he was the driver of a big "Mack" truck and was responsible for stocking all the supplies and tools needed to construct a power line from the Colorado River. Then he became a patrolman, making sure the lines were in good working order. During these years the family lived in Banning, CA.

Many times he had to be gone for days at a time and Ruth kept the home-fires burning. Speaking of home-fires, one time Dad brought some iron wood home from the desert for the pot-bellied stove. He fed the fire with the same amount he was used to putting in. Well, iron wood burns much hotter than other woods. Soon the black pot-bellied stove was a "red" pot-bellied stove, even the stove pipe! Luckily, the house didn't catch on fire. We never did that again! His work schedule allowed for 4 or 5 days off a month at one time. Many months the family traveled into L.A. to visit Frank and Ethel or Earl, Muriel, and their children Alan, Donald, and George.

Because Parley and his partner, Sam, were careful about closing gates, etc., while on patrol, many farmers gave them oranges, grapefruit, cherries, etc., to show their appreciation. They were also both good hunters and each season we always had duck, quail, and doves. Sam Thomason and Parley joined the Order of Free Masons during the years in Banning. He had a life-long fellowship with this group.

In 1940, Parley went to work for the city of Burbank as a lineman. These were the war years. Dad always had a big "victory" garden, including fruit trees, and also raised rabbits for food. A by-product was the fur hides of the rabbits, which were sold to make flight-jacket linings before the days of artificial fleece lining. The money helped feed the rabbits and their fertilizer helped the garden. All this occurred in the "city", for it was OK for the war effort.

After the war, Parley had the chance to work for the city of Los Angeles, San Fernando Division, as a patrolman. He was glad to stop climbing poles with gaffs. After a few years the job of Engineer opened. He was hired and had an office at the Department of Water and Power building in Los Angeles. His job was mainly surveying builder's electrical needs for shopping malls, housing tracts, etc., then writing up all electrical specifications for placement of power poles and equipment such as transformers, and location of meters. San Fernando was growing from a mostly farming area to solid homes, one city running into the next in the building boom after the war when all the servicemen who had seen the great weather in Southern California decided they didn't want to shovel snow any more!

Dad and Mom liked to go trout-fishing. At least once a year they traveled to the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas to enjoy this sport and visit with friends. Also, when cars and gas became available, they got a new car every few years. They even owned an Edsel once; said it was one of the best cars he ever owned.

Dad and Mom took the family every year to Arizona to visit Mother Clevenger and the brothers and sisters. One time Ida invited us to dinner. We arrived about 5 o'clock and Ida was "hot under the collar." "Where were you?" she said. "The chicken was hot at noon!" We learned right then and there to always ask what time "dinner" was, noon being "lunch" in the big city of L.A.!

I must include a few memories of Grandmother Clevenger. She remembered each of her children and grandchildren and even some great-grandchildren who were born before she died every Christmas! Maybe a handkerchief or a pair of socks was given. Later, when there were so many, she sent at least one dollar for each grandchild! Each and every one was precious to her.

For many years Grandma Clevenger had a garden and went out to hoe the weeds each day. She was always tan from being outdoors. She planted a couple of pecan trees when she was in her 80's. One of her sons asked her why, as she probably would never eat any of their nuts. She said that someone would benefit. As it turned out, she had many crops from those trees!

Ruby and Dorothy married and the granddaughters were a delight to Parley and Ruth. They often would take the grandchildren to the carnival rides, and later took great interest in their grades, music lessons, and teaching them to fish! Parley's key phrase while fishing was "tend to business!"

Dad retired and soon after was diagnosed with cancer of the bladder. He died after a couple of years and is buried at Rose Hills Cemetery in California.

Chapter 11: Alice O'Barr

(The following was hand written by Aunt Alice in 1995, and mailed to Gerald O'Barr on the fifth of January, 1996.)

Alice Annette O'Barr Sliger

My parents were Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers. I was their 8th child, and the name they gave me was Alice Annette. I was born Dec 24, 1906, in Mesa, Arizona. Mother told me I was her "Christmas Cake." It was Christmas Eve and she had started to bake a cake, but didn't get it finished because of my birth.

We lived in an adobe house near what is now the intersection of Macdonald Street and Broadway. (Broadway in those days was called Creamery Road.)

My father and mother were converted to the Mormon (LDS) Church by Mormon Missionaries while living in Atkins, Arkansas, and they moved to Mesa in 1904 so their children could be raised in the church.

My father was a farmer. At one time he raised a large crop of sugar beets, and with others, started a sugar factory in Glendale, Arizona. It didn't prove successful, however, and it was decided at that time that the soil was too salty to produce good sugar beets.

Before I started to school, my parents moved to another home where they bought eight acres of land. This was about 1/4th mile East of what is now Broadway and Extension Road. This is where my early childhood years were spent.

I attended school at the old Alma School located on Alma School Road, near the rail-road tracks, about 3/4th mile from my home. As a cut-off, we often walked down the rail-road tracks to go and come from school.

My first grade teacher was a mean one. She often whipped me in front of the class "For talking out loud," she said. I would leave school and go home, and my mother would send me right back. So I hated school, but of course I had to keep going. I continued to dislike school until years later when I got in the 7th grade, and a wonderful teacher came into my life. She gave me a feeling of self-worth and courage. From then on my grades improved and I "tied" with another student for the highest grades, when I graduated from the 8th grade.

My father died March 6, 1910, when I was three years old. My brother, Gus, was only two months old, born Dec 21, 1909. How my mother "made it", to care for seven children, is a wonder to me. (She had given birth to nine children, but two had died.) There was no "Aid To Dependent Children" in those days. We had to make it on our own. Mother did washing and ironing for neighbor women, and we raised a large garden and always had chickens and a cow.

After a few years my mother married again, to Andrew Benton Clevenger. I have always been thankful for my step-father, for without him I wouldn't have my dear sister Lola, and my brother Ernest. I love them very much, as I did my other brothers and sisters. Mother's other children (oldest first) were: Ida, Arthur, Lewis, Dora, Parley, myself (Alice) and Gus. (Willie and Bertha had died.) Mother had another child with Mr. Clevenger named Ruth who died.

My mother and Mr. Clevenger (my step father) were both devout in the LDS faith, and they wanted very much to go to a temple where important ordinances are performed for families. The closest temple was in St. George, Utah. So they made plans to go and take us all. (However, Lola and Ernest were not born yet. Lola was born in Utah while we were there, and Ernest was born in Mesa after we got back.) Money was scarce and it would take a lot to fulfill this dream. But they sold a homestead that my mother had near Chandler and bought a team of horses named Kate and Nell and covered wagons. They got two other families to join with them (the Kaze family and the Merrills) for this wagon train trip to Utah. This trip became one of the most outstanding memories of my youth.

We left in March, 1915. It took about six weeks to make the long hard trip to St. George, Utah. There were several covered wagons, three families, and I believe each family had two or three wagons. And we had a buggy, pulled by our favorite horse, old Babe. My brother Parley usually rode in the buggy, driving old Babe. My brother Lewis drove one of the wagons, and my step father always drove the "lead" wagon in the wagon train. Our dog, old Buster, walked all the way to Utah. In fact, he walked farther than the horses did, for he would trot along faster than the horses until he got way ahead of us. Then he would look back and see that he was quite a ways ahead of us, so he would then trot back to meet us. Then he would take off again, and soon be way ahead, and trot back. This dog came back to Mesa with us too.

We endured lots of hardships on this trip as others have written about, so I will make this part of my life as brief as possible. The roads were rough and hills were steep, often requiring the men to double the teams and take one wagon over at a time. Sometimes we would have to make a "dry" camp, as water was hard to find. Our life depended on our horses and they had to have water. We hauled hay and grain for them, and often found some "grazing" for them at the camp sites. The men would "hobble" the horses and let them "graze" till morning. We always rested them on Sunday, never traveling on Sunday.

The first night out on this trip we made it to the Fairgrounds in Phoenix (on West McDowell.) Then on to Wickenburg, then into the desert. We could only travel about 20 miles a day. We crossed the Colorado River at Parker, on a ferry called Griggs Ferry, which took one wagon and team over at a time. I remember the deep sand the horses had to pull the wagons through as we left the river.

At one stop we found the wells dry. We had traveled for two days and were almost out of water. We didn't have enough to water the horses and they were in desperate need of it. The men unloaded the lightest wagon, then loaded it with empty water barrels, gave the strongest horses the small amount of water that was left, and sent them on their way to find water. The rest of us waited and prayed. I remember our prayer circle, and how we had to hold to "faith" that we would be saved. Just before our horses "got down" the wagon showed up, loaded with water.

Food was scarce during the last part of our journey. We ate two meals a day. Sister Kaze often saved biscuits from breakfast and passed them out to us kids in the middle of the day. You can't believe how delicious those biscuits were! One day my mother passed pickled grapes all down the wagon train. (Some canned ones that she had brought from home.) Oh what a treat, to have a bunch of pickled grapes! I had only eaten two grapes when someone came shouting along the wagons, "Don't eat the grapes, they are full of glass!" We had to throw away our precious grapes. We found out later that they were not full of glass. It was crystallized sugar.

Lucy Kaze was about my age, and we were great friends. We would often ride in the buggy with Parley. One day we passed through a beautiful area of sand. The sand was different colors, pink, green, and other colors. Lucy and I thought the sand so beautiful that we had to have some of it. We got buckets and any containers we could find in the wagons and filled them with the colored sand. We loaded them into Lewis' wagon. But we didn't get to keep the sand for Lewis found it. He said, "My poor horses have enough to pull without hauling dirt." And he emptied all of it. We hated to loose our pretty sand, but we understood.

Once when Lucy and I, my brother, Gus, and Jimmy Kaze were walking behind the wagon train, as we often did, we found a loaf of bread on a rock. There was no sign of a camp near by. We couldn't understand how a loaf of bread could be on a rock in the desert. (I don't understand that yet.) But it was soft, like it was fresh baked. We divided it four ways and ate it. And it was delicious.

That night Jimmie Kaze became very ill. His father ran to our wagon shouting, "Brother Clevenger, come quick, Jimmie is dying." We all ran to their wagon. Jimmie was having a convulsion, and we thought surely he would die. We decided that the bread we ate was poisoned and that we would die too. But we decided not to tell our parents that we had eaten bread that we found. As it turned out, Jimmie was an Epileptic, and this was the first sign of it. He was soon over the bad "spell" and Gus, Lucy and I were greatly relieved. The bread we ate was O.K., a gift from heaven we decided.

We went through the St. George Temple on 29 April, 1915, and were sealed as a family unit to my mother, Lola May Peppers O'Barr Clevenger, and my father (by proxy) Augustus Barto O'Barr. My step-father, Andrew Clevenger, did some temple work of his own. April 29th was a happy day for we accomplished the purpose of the long hard trip to Utah, to go through the temple.

After our temple work was completed, we went to Enterprize, Utah, where we "share cropped" on the Holt Ranch. The Merrill family went back to Mesa, and the Kaze family went to Cedar City. We stayed in Enterprize to complete one crop, then went to Cedar City to be near the Kaze family. It was there on April 1, 1916, that my precious sister Lola was born. We stayed in Cedar City, planting and harvesting crops, and doing other work, until we had enough money for the trip back to Mesa. Lewis and Dora went to College in Cedar City. It snowed a lot and was very cold. We walked to school and really got cold on those long walks.

Once in Cedar City I helped my step-father plant potatoes. He would cut a potato into pieces and I would lay each piece in a hole he would dig. The eye of the potato had to be facing "up." I planted potatoes until I saw them in my sleep, but when they came up, they were so beautiful that we were proud of our work. When the plants were about six inches high, a terrible hail storm came and destroyed them all. My step-father hugged me and we cried.

The first job I ever had was in Cedar City. A neighbor lady asked mother if she could hire me for the day. Mother and I agreed and I worked all day for her. I washed, ironed, did dishes, and scrubbed floors. I worked till night, and walked home in the dark. She paid me a nickel. I pondered throwing it in a canal that I had to cross on the way home. I can't remember if I threw it in the canal, or gave it to my mother, but I knew I would never enjoy spending that nickel.

We came back to Mesa in our covered wagons, taking about the same route back as we had taken before. We got back on Dec 24, 1916. Our home in Mesa was rented, so we settled in Laveen, Arizona, where we raised a crop of cotton. the crop turned out good, and cotton brought a good price, but tragedy came to us there. Parley, Dora and Lewis all came down with typhoid fever. Gus and I took painful shots to keep us well. What a terrible time this was for our dear parents! Lewis died on May 6, 1917, the others slowly recovered. Lewis was only 19. We brought him to the Mesa Cemetery for burial. After Lewis died, my brother Arthur came and finished the cotton crop he had started.

After the cotton was sold, we moved back to our old home in Mesa, the house on Creamery Road (now Broadway.) We walked to the Alma School, on Alma School Road near the railroad tracks. I think I was in the 5th grade that first year back in Mesa. I graduated from the 8th grade from Alma School in 1921, then on to Mesa High where I graduated with the class of 1925. We used to sing, "Freshman, Freshman, man Alive, We're the Class of 25." We walked to and from school for there was no such thing, in those days, of busses taking students to school.

My brother Gus and I were partners, raising rabbits to help buy our books and clothes. We sold every one we could raise to the old Coffee-cup Cafe and another restaurant in Mesa. We picked grass along the ditch banks at night to feed our rabbits.

We also worked in the fields a lot, picking cotton or doing any field work we could find. We often walked to the Experimental Farm, near Alma School Road and Main Street, and would work there until dark.

We did our home work by coal-oil lamps as we had no electricity. Mother would clear the table after supper, and we would do our home work on the kitchen table.

One time I remember my little sister Lola getting a job for a day, helping a woman with house work, I think. "Now Lola can buy her something nice, maybe a new dress," I thought to myself. But do you know what this little sister did with her money? She brought home a new broom that we needed, and a cake to share with all of us.

Times were really hard. Parley drove a "milk" wagon, and Arthur worked at the Dams. There is a picture in a Mesa School Book "Our Town" showing Arthur and a few others with President Teddy Roosevelt when he came to the valley to dedicate Roosevelt Dam. My step-father worked hard. He plowed the fields and planted crops on the 15 acres that we had. He was a good black-smith and he always had several hives of bees.

He took us on lots of camping trips into the Superstition Mountains. It would take us about two days by wagon and team to get into the mountains, but we loved these camping trips. We would bring back wood for the winter, and wild honey. My step-father loved to hunt wild bee hives, and he was always prepared with smokers and masks to get some of the honey. We also took trips to the homestead that we had near Chandler. (This was before we sold it to go to Utah.)

My step-father was a good hunter and usually supplied us with "game" to eat on our trips. Once on the way to the homestead, he stopped the wagon and took a good aim at a rabbit sitting out under a bush. I saw this and yelled at the top of my voice, "Run little rabbit, run!" He ran, and we didn't have rabbit for supper. Needless to say, I wasn't very popular that night.

My parents always saw that we celebrated holidays. We always had a dime for the picture show, and a nickel for a red soda pop. My dear mother always had new dresses for us girls on Easter and Christmas. Dresses she would make with her own hands. I remember once when my step father rented a "Surrey" to take us to the State Fair in Phoenix. This was a two seated buggy with a top that had a fringe all around. It was just beautiful and we really went to the Fair in style.

Now I'll tell you a little story of faith and prayer that I learned when about 12 years old. After we got back from Utah and lived in Mesa again, the Kaze family stayed in Laveen to raise another cotton crop. They lived in a small house about a mile off the main road which was Base-line West of Phoenix. A small dirt road led to it. (Of course all roads were dirt roads at that time.) I wanted to ride my bicycle to Laveen to see Lucy Kaze and spend some time with her. From Mesa to Laveen is a long ways to ride a bicycle, but my mother finally let me go.

I don't know what time I left, but I knew I had to find the small dirt road "turn-off" to Lucy's house before dark. I would never be able to find it in the dark. I made the trip just fine for awhile, but suddenly it began to rain. The dirt road got so muddy that I couldn't ride my bike, I had to walk and push it. This went on for hours it seemed and the mud got deeper and deeper, and it was getting late and I was scared.

Finally I pulled off the road and knelt by my bicycle in the mud and rain, and prayed that I could some how find the road to Lucy's house before it got dark. Then I pushed my bike back on the road again. I went just a little ways and I came out on a beautiful white gravel road firm and hard. I jumped on my bicycle and could really "fly" on this fine new road. Just before dark I found the "turn-off" and soon was at Lucy's house safe and sound. They gave me a big welcome, and Lucy's mother had a good supper fixed. It was just potatoes, gravy, salt pork and biscuits, but it was very good and I was thankful to be there.

My parents came for me a few days later. I told them about the fine gravel road, but all we found on the way back, was a deeply rutted old muddy road. Then I knew. The gravel road was just for me, an answer to my prayers.

After I graduated from High School, I wanted to go on to College. My folks couldn't afford for me to stay in a "dorm", so I knew I would have to find a job in Tempe if I wanted to attend Tempe State Teacher's College and become a teacher. So I decided to go see the head of the College. I took my High School Diploma (with its honor seals for good grades) and insisted that I see Dr. Matthews. I finally got to see him and told him of my desire to become a teacher, but that I would need a job to be able to attend school in Tempe. After talking to me awhile, he turned to the telephone and called a lady named Mrs. Steele. He told her about me, and sent me to see her.

She was a lovely lady with a beautiful home, and a daughter, Ruth, a High School student. She told me I could live with them and go to school. All I had to do was help her with the house work. She was prominent Socially and gave lots of big dinners so I had plenty of work to do. But I had my chance for a College education, and was treated like one of the family with these dear people. I had only one week-end off a month, and my brother Arthur would usually manage to come and take me home for that week-end.

After working and studying for two years (which was the time it took to get a teaching certificate in the 1920's), a teacher came to me with some disturbing news. He said, "Alice, you are not going to graduate because you haven't taken 'Constitutional Government' and it is a required course." How could this have happened. I had good advisors, I thought, on what was required. There was no way I could go to summer school, and I needed to start teaching in the fall.

This was just before graduation when final exams were being given. I didn't know what to do, but finally decided to talk to the professor who taught that course. He was an understanding man to whom I will always be grateful. He told me that if I would come and take his final exam, and pass it, he would give me the needed credit. I asked for something to study. He gave me a huge book. I told him I couldn't study a big book like that, so he gave me a smaller book, saying that it contained all the information I would need. Well, I didn't sleep for two nights. I just studied "Constitution." Then I took the test and made a passing grade, not a high grade, just a "passing" one. But I was thankful to that instructor and to my Heavenly Father for helping me through that upsetting problem.

Through my High School and College years, I had a dear friend named Mabelgene Millett, whose companionship added greatly to my happiness during those years. We attended Summer School together in 1929 at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City.

I graduated from College in June of 1927. My dear Mother and other relatives were there to see me graduate. It was a happy night.

At that time my sister Dora and her husband, George Smith, were living on the Mexican border at a town called Sasabe. George was a border patrolman, and was in charge of the Sasabe port of entry. There was a small school there, and Dora, being on the school board, helped get me the job as teacher in that school. So in the fall of 1927, my brother Arthur drove me to Sasabe where I lived with Dora and George and started my first job as a teacher. I got \$160.00 a month which was a real good salary at that time. I had all eight grades in one room. It was a real challenge to learn how to teach a group like that, but I soon learned how, and it was a happy year.

Dora had two little boys named Lewis and Jack. I taught them how to read, and their daddy George would be amazed at all the things they learned in school at such a young age. They both went on to go to College. Lewis became a teacher, and Jack worked on the border like his father. Dora was in charge of the Post Office there, George was head of the "Port of Entry" into Mexico, and I had the school, so together we had a lot of responsibilities there.

We had lots of good times in Sasabe, for we planned "basket suppers" and dances that we held at the school house. The Dude Ranch, "La Osa," and a large cattle ranch called "Bunos Aires" was near by, so we had lots of friends. It was in Sasabe that I met Zane Grey (the Author) and George W.P. Hunt (Arizona first Governor.) These two men were friends and often came to the La Osa guest ranch, and would visit us at the Customs house (Port of Entry) where we lived.

Dora and George were transferred to Nogales the second year I was with them, and I finished out the school year living in the school house. It was a lovely new building with a kitchen, bathrooms and showers, which they built for us during my first year there. The County School Superintendent, Mrs. Daniels, seemed to like me, and she visited often in the little old adobe "shack" that was the school house when I first got to Sasabe. She helped us get a new building, and she let me come into Tucson and pick out most of the furnishings for it. I had Mexican and Indian children, and children from the Dude ranch. They were lovely students, and they loved me and I loved them.

Fifty years later, after Dora and George were dead, I was invited back to visit that little school and attend a graduation. I accepted the invitation. My sister-in-law Edith O'Barr and niece Colleen Petersen and husband, Nolan, went with me to this reunion. They honored me (and my guests) with a lovely dinner and a stay at the La Osa Guest Ranch. Three teachers now teach at this school, where I taught alone. Seeing this school brought back happy memories, but made me sad too for so many of the people I loved there had died.

Because my sister no longer lived in Sasabe, I left there. I taught one year in Tucson, then came home to Mesa to teach. The job I got in Mesa was at the Alma School, the same school where I had been a student. My parents had moved from the old place on Creamery Road to a new place on Alma School Road. I had but a little ways to walk to school. I taught the 6th grade for awhile, while their regular teacher was off, but my permanent job was the 5th grade and girls athletic coach. Albert Huber was the boys athletic coach and 8th grade teacher. Orin Fuller was the principle. I liked my job at the Alma School and taught there for five years, 1930 to 1935. I lived at home during those years, and helped the family all I could.

Before I began my first year of teaching at Alma School, my brother Ernest was starting the 6th grade. This was to be my class at first. But I was ill, and couldn't be there at the very beginning of school. Ernest would come home and tell me how mean the kids in his class were. (I could tell he was terribly worried about me teaching them.) And I was worried too. In about two weeks I was able to go and begin my teaching there. I was concerned how Ernest would respond to me as a teacher. but as I walked home that first day after school, Ernest caught up with me. He took my hand, smiled and said, "Alice, you walked in there like a real teacher." I could see his fear was gone, and I think that is one of the best compliments I ever had.

While I was teaching at Alma School I bought my first car, a Chevrolet sedan. It was brown with orange wheels. The boys teased me for picking out such "loud" colors. I paid \$800.00 cash for it. The salesman said it was unusual for anyone to pay cash for a car. "Most people bought 'on time,'" he said. We were all happy to have this car, and I didn't have to walk to school anymore. It was a 1934 model. I drove it for 10 years and sold it

for \$300.00.

Also while teaching at Alma School and living at home, my sister Lola had married, and she and her husband, Geddis White, lived with us. Lola was such a blessing to us all, always helping mother with the work. It was here that their first child, Raymond, was born July 7, 1933. He was a precious child who won all our hearts. But this little one drowned when about 14 months old, which left us all broken hearted.

Through the years I had several nice boy friends, but I put off getting married because I felt that I should teach for a few years and help my family. But one day my cousin, Gladys Horsley, brought a young man she knew to my home to meet me. His name was Ted Sliger (Theodore William Sliger.) On our first date he said he was going to marry me. I didn't think so at that time. We went together, and broke up several times. I knew Ted for about three years before we did get married. Friends went with us to Phoenix where we were married on Sept 10, 1935 by Justice of the Peace Harry C., Westfall. Friends of the Alma Ward Church gave us a nice reception and lots of gifts. We drove my little Chevrolet and went to the Grand Canyon on our honeymoon.

When we got back, I moved to the desert to be with Ted where he had a service station and taxidermy shop. This was at the corner of Main Street and Bush Highway. (Bush Highway is now called Power Road.) We bought a little house from a Homesteader for \$125.00 and had it moved and set-up behind the service station. This is where we lived. I helped Ted in the station, while he spent a lot of time "mounting" heads for hunters, as he was a skilled taxidermist. Ted's mother and sister lived near. His sister, Ruby, taught school in Mesa. His father was dead.

Tragedy struck us on that first Christmas Eve, Dec 24, 1935. (My 29th birthday.) The service station burned up, and we lost everything except the little house where we lived. Ted was in a back room of the station which he used as a taxidermy shop, heating wax over a gasoline stove when it exploded. His hands were badly burned. His rings had to be cut from his fingers. Rough times were facing us for a long time.

First we put up a "make shift" fruit stand beside the road and sold oranges, cactus candy, and cactus marmalade which we made. Ted had a homestead at the corner of Bush Highway and McDowell road, 160 acres covered with cactus, so we had no trouble getting the few barrel cactus that we needed for the candy.

The fruit stand was a temporary job, for our plans were to get another business. Ted didn't own the land where the station burned, he only had a lease on it. So we began to shop around along Main Street (Apache Trail) for a piece of land we could buy, so we could start over. Ted had no cash, but the Shell Oil Company dealer, Ronald Ellsworth, said he would loan us enough to buy a few acres if we found what we wanted. All the land East of Val Vista Road to Apache Junction was desert, and was owned by homesteaders in those days. Charlie Mitten's Homestead was just one mile West of where we were, and he was willing to sell ten acres to us. He also said that we could buy the rest of his homestead as we were able to do so, which we eventually did. (This took us many years, however.)

After we got the land, we wondered how we were going to build a building. I had a little money saved from teaching school. One day when I was in town, I noticed that they were tearing down the old Irving school building. It was made of bricks and a sign said, "Used bricks, \$5 a thousand." I told Ted that I had found our building material, and that I had enough money to buy them. We had these bricks hauled out to our desert spot, and at night we would sleep there on cots, so no one would steal our bricks. A man came along one day, saying he was a brick layer, and that he would "lay-up" these bricks for \$5 a thousand. He got the job, and it wasn't long till we were in business again. We moved our little house to this new location. It has been re-modeled several times, and is now a

part of our main business buildings, but it still is my home today.

Our nearest neighbor was a mile away but we made many friends who lived in scattered areas of the desert. Among them was an artist named George Fredericks (Smokey) and his wife Allen. We would often visit them in their desert home. Smokey would show us his newest paintings, and we bought many from him.

We worked long hours in our new store and service station to pay back what we had borrowed. We worked ten years without a vacation. These were the days of the great depression and the C.C. Camps. Many people walked the roads and asked for food and were never turned away. Ted moved his little homestead house to our new place to use as a taxidermy shop, and if hunters didn't want to "mount" the animals they killed, Ted would buy them (or do other taxidermy work for them) and began to build up his Museum. This Museum now has over 400 specimens and is well known as Arizona's largest Wild Life Museum. We named our new place "Buckhorn" after the mounted animals.

We hauled water for four years from a well two miles away, before we had enough money to drill our own well. When we drilled our own well we struck hot water. I have often said, "We struck hot water and have been in 'hot water' ever since." We tested this water and it showed a large mineral content, very much like the water at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Neighbors and friends encouraged us to start a bath house so people could bathe in this healthful, natural, hot water. So in 1940 we built a small bath house with only four tubs. People kept these tubs busy, and it wasn't long until we had to build more tubs, and dressing rooms, and finally massage rooms as well. Many people told us how much better they felt after taking these baths, so we felt we were doing the right thing, to make this water available for bathing.

We also built a small Motel (with a Government loan) to take care of those who wanted to come for the baths. We added "Mineral Wells" to the name "Buckhorn" so now our place was called "Buckhorn Mineral Wells."

In the late 1940's Ted and I had an interesting adventure in the Gold Mining business. A mining engineer named Alfred Strong Lewis came to us one day and told us that he was living on the Goldfield Mining property (at the base of Superstition Mountain just east of Apache Junction.) Records show that this was a rich mine at one time. Mr. Lewis said that he knew there was still plenty of gold in the old claims there. With him and three others (Hugh Nichols, C.C. Waterbury and Tom Russell) we formed a mining company and bought out the old miners claims. We put in a mill and "strip mined" a small area. It produced a lot of gold. We made gold bars and sold them to the government for \$32.00 an ounce. (All gold had to be sold to the government at that time.) These were happy and exciting times for us. Newsmen from the New York Daily News became interested in the mine, and ran a full page story in their paper with beautiful pictures of the Mountain and of the mine. Robert Allen, the author of "The Story of Superstition Mountain and the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine", included the story of our Goldfield operations in his book. We once helped the Mesa Chamber of Commerce take a large tour group through the mill to see our operation and the rich ore that we had on exhibition there. The ore was white quartz with wire gold. However, with the low price of gold, we could only make enough to pay our bills and the employees, so we finally discontinued the operation. After Ted died I sold my interest in the mine.

About 1958 we sold the back part of our 160 acres to Joe Farnsworth and his sons, keeping only the frontage on Main Street. They built retirement homes on this land, calling it "Dreamland Villa." This was the start of their huge building industry. They now build over 500 retirement homes a year.

National publicity came to us in 1947. The New York Giant baseball team was scouting the area for a new location in the West. Looking for anything that would influence

them to decide to come to the Valley, the president of the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce brought them to see our place. They liked our facilities and the fact that they could take the baths here, before the opening of Spring training each year. They came every February for 25 years. (Until they built their new place in Casa Grande) They moved from New York to San Francisco in 1958, and were then known as "San Francisco Giants," but they still came to our place every February. After the Giants moved to the Valley for Spring Training, other ball clubs followed, and the Cactus League was born.

About 1961 they went on a "good will tour" of the Far East and took us with them. We spent a week in Hawaii, a month in Japan, and a week in Hong Kong. (The wives of the players all went along.) They played base ball in many of the big cities where we went. We were really welcomed everywhere for base ball was loved by everyone, it seemed. Ted and I have many happy memories of this tour. We visited Hiroshima where the bomb was dropped in 1945. The city had been completely re-built, with only "Peace Memorial Park" showing the destruction that was done.

A woman who was looking at pictures there had tears in her eyes. She asked me if I was going to cry too. I told her that I wasn't going to cry because I had just toured Pearl Harbor where hundreds of our service men lay dead because of the Japanese attack there, and this bomb, as tragic as it was, put an end to the terrible war. On the wall at Peace Memorial Park, I read a letter from President Harry Truman to the Japanese Leaders, saying that if this bomb wasn't big enough, we had a bigger one.

On a beach near there I found a service-man's "dog tag" in the sand. The name "Boter" was on it. Since we had a man named "Boter" working for us, I brought it home. It belonged to his brother, who had lost it there. He was delighted and amazed that someone would find it there, and bring it back to him.

We met many famous people through our associations with the Giants. Besides well known sports figures, we met many movie stars and others who would come for baths, to be with the Giants. Ty Cobb, Dizzy Dean and his wife, Leo Dorochev and Lorraine Day, Don Ameche, and Joe DeMaggio are just a few I will name here. Harry Truman's sister, Mary Jane, spent six weeks with us, while he was President, and said her arthritis was greatly improved. The President called us many times to see how his sister was doing, and he and Ted would have long telephone conversations. He once told Ted that if he ever needed anything just let him know. Through Mary Jane we met the President's daughter, Margaret Truman Daniels, when she came to Phoenix to star in the play, "Goodbye My Fancy." We had courtesy tickets to the play, and to dinner afterward with Margaret and Mary Jane.

Besides operating our motel and baths, Ted and I established and ran a U.S. Post Office from 1956 to 1984. It was known as the "Buckhorn Post Office" and was a busy place. We also had a Greyhound Bus Depot from 1942 to 1972. At first we had to make our own electricity but in 1942 the Water Users brought electricity to us. Others could connect up to this power line. The availability of electricity, and our developments, brought fast growth to the area, and Ted and I became known as "pioneers" of East Mesa. We were annexed to the city of Mesa in 1974.

We were married about nine years before our first child was born. I think this was due to the fact that I suffered with undulant fever during those years. It is caused by drinking unpasteurized milk. An artist friend, Arnold Krug, who lived in a small room here, and spent lots of time with us, got undulant fever too, but he did not survive it. The treatment consisted of taking "shots" over many years, which were painful, and would cause big kernels under my arms. I would quit going, then I would have to start over at a lower dose. I finally gave it up completely, deciding I would rather die than take any more of those shots. But I guess I had had enough, for I finally got well.

Our first baby was born Jan 19, 1945, a girl who we named Marilyn Alice. That was one of the happiest days of my life. She was so beautiful, with dark hair and violet eyes. But I didn't get to take her home very soon for I got kidney infection and had to stay two weeks in the hospital. Little Marilyn lost weight while there, but responded and grew fast after I took her home. My dear mother stayed with me and helped me for awhile.

For awhile it seemed that one child would have to make up our family, but four years after Marilyn's birth, our son, Theodore Newton Sliger (Teddy), was born on Dec 28, 1948, another happy day for us. Both of my children were born in Good Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix. Mesa had a small hospital called "The Southside Hospital," but the

doctor we chose lived in Phoenix, so our children were born there. They were healthy, happy children and brought lots of joy into our life.

We took the children on lots of trips to the White Mountains, where Ted loved to go because of the lakes and streams and good fishing. We finally bought a house in Pinetop in 1973.

My sister Lola and I once took my son Teddy, and her son, Bobby, on a bus trip all over the U.S. It was an LDS tour and we saw many historical places of the church. We also saw New York City, Niagara Falls, Washington DC, Chicago and other interesting places. Our brother Arthur joined us on this trip.

Another interesting trip was when a group of us went to New York City to see my Nephew Gerald O'Barr graduate from West Point. Going on this trip were Gerald's mother and father (my brother Gus and his wife Edith); Gerald's sister Colleen Petersen and her husband Nolan; my mother (Lola Clevenger); my daughter Marilyn and me. Other relatives of Gerald's came from Colorado. This was my mother's first plane ride. We asked her if she was afraid on the plane. She said she was more afraid of the cab ride into the city than she was of the plane ride. We all had a good trip and were very proud of Gerald for graduating from West Point Military Academy.

I took Marilyn with me on another trip in 1971 to Europe. The reason for this trip was to attend the Golden Celebration of the Soroptimist International Association that was held in Rome. I was president of this Club in 1957 and '58, and was chosen to represent Mesa at their meeting in Rome, where we spent five days. Also on this trip (with 18 others) we visited London and Paris, and went to Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland. We saw many beautiful things in Europe: among them the Vatican Museum; Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel, his Pieta and his David; and the Mona Lisa by Leonardo da Vinci.

When I was in High School I spent several summers with my brother Frank and his wife Ethel in Los Angeles. He was a police officer there for many years. Ethel was a good cook, and taught me a lot about cooking. Recently I found an old recipe she had given me. It called for 5¢ worth of hamburger. (That wouldn't be much at today's prices.) My sister Lola went with me on one of these trips. We went by train, and it was always an overnight trip. Sometime that night a nice appearing man came and asked us if we would like to play cards with him and his companion. Since we were going to sit up all night anyway, we accepted their invitation. They were interesting men. We laughed and talked for hours. Had to be warned by the conductor to keep quiet. They taught us some card games that were fun to play. Just before we got into Los Angeles, they told us who they were. The man who asked us to join them was a detective and the other man was his prisoner, a bank robber, being taken to a prison in California. They showed us that he was shackled with chains to his seat. Even though we had done nothing wrong, we decided not to tell Ethel and Frank about our night on the train.

Before I finish my story I would like to name just a few of the fine and devoted people who have helped us over the years here at the Buckhorn. Elna Sowder worked side by side with Ted and me in our office for 35 years. Myrtis Gann has taken care of the bathers in our Bath House since 1958 and she is still here at this writing, Dec 1995. Wilma McCain Shape, was another devoted employee for many years, as was Nettie Nicholson, Agnes Jensen, and Eddie Nordquist. Jose Chavez came in 1969 and is still with us. Dorothy Farr joined us in 1992. Miguel Jimenez started here in 1972. Silvia Chanez and her mother, Maria, have worked faithfully here since about 1981. I love these dear people for they are like "family" to me. My son Teddy has helped us here ever since he finished College, and has been especially helpful and devoted to me since his father died eleven years ago and we decided to continue to run the business. My daughter, Marilyn, helped

us for a long time as secretary in our office. She is now married and lives in Phoenix. I have a grandson, Todd Culbertson, from Marilyn's first marriage.

Another person who was a part of our organization was my sister-in-law Ethel O'Barr, my brother Frank's wife. Frank died in 1938, and several years later, Ethel came to live with us here at the Buckhorn. We had a restaurant called "The Buckhorn Dining Room" and Ethel managed it for many years. She did such a beautiful job and served such good food that it was a very popular place. She is remembered with love.

Several plaques hang in our office that have been presented to us by local newspapers. One reads, "Buckhorn Mineral Wells, the best place to get soaked." Another reads, "The Buckhorn Wild Life Museum, the best Special Interest Museum." Another reads, "The City's most beautiful neon signs," and another from the Phoenix Chamber of commerce honors the 50th Anniversary of our membership.

A few years ago I was nominated for "Business Woman of the Year" and enjoyed (with other nominees) a lovely dinner and program at the Arizona Biltmore. I didn't win, but it was nice to be nominated.

My husband Ted was always supportive of the church but didn't join. However, in the summer of 1984 he told our home teachers that he was ready to join, just as soon as he was feeling better, he said. (He suffered with diabetes and wasn't well during the last few years of his life.) He died Nov. 9th, 1984, without having joined. I did his Temple work and was sealed to him in the Mesa, Arizona, Temple on Nov 14th, 1986. Gerald O'Barr was the "proxy" for Ted.

Ted received many "write-ups" in newspapers and magazines during his life, and he was listed in "Who's who in Arizona" shortly before his death. We had 49 years together. They were years of hard work, but we accomplished many things that we wanted to do, and we were happy and devoted to each other along the way.

When my mother was about 80 years old, she divided up her 15 acres of land, and gave each of her children a piece of it. My brother Joe gave his part to me (It joined my piece.) He said it was because I had paid the taxes on the property many times. All he wanted me to do was to see that he was buried in the family plot in Mesa when he died. This was done when Joe died in 1967. His sweet wife, Aurora, who is Catholic, was agreeable to this.

I sold my part of this land, and with the help of my brothers and sisters and in-laws, we built mother a new home, where she lived happily for over ten years before she died. Lola's husband Geddis White, who was a building Contractor, built mother's lovely new home, charging me only what his materials cost him. We all helped to furnish the home, and we spent many happy hours visiting mother there. She planted lots of flowers, and a lovely garden, and shared her produce with us when we came to visit. She died Aug 7, 1969, at age 94, leaving a great void in all our lives.

I have always loved the Lord, and believed sincerely in prayer. My Church work has covered many years, with many different assignments. I worked in the primary for ten years as a counselor and teacher's trainer. This was when my children were small. They both graduated from primary. We attended what was then called the Superstition Branch. We often let Elders from Mesa hold Cottage Meetings at our place. I bought a station wagon so I could gather up children from the homes out here in the desert, and take them to primary. We held our meetings in some old barracks that were moved out on Crismon Road for us to hold meetings in. Later we became a "Ward," the 12th Ward, and Ted and I helped, as we could, to build a beautiful new building on Crismon Road.

I have been secretary of the Sunday School, and of Relief Society, both Ward and Stake, and I was Jr. Sunday School Coordinator for several years. I found great joy in my church work, and it brought me closer to my Heavenly Father and to my own family.

I am now 89 years old. My 89th birthday was Dec 24th, 1995. Last year, on my 88th birthday, my sister Lola and all her family came to Mesa from Payson and gave me a lovely birthday party. Relatives from Mesa joined us for this affair, which I enjoyed very much.

I am writing this soon after my 89th birthday. I am thankful for all my blessings and for my good health. I am thankful to my mother and father who had enough courage and faith to give up their home in Arkansas, and bring us to the beautiful Mesa area. I want to say to my dear children, and to my dear relatives, that I love you all with all my heart.

Alice Sliger

Chapter 12. Gus O'Barr

(Gus's words, as written down by Edith DePriest O'Barr, wife of Gus O'Barr. Remarks that begin and end with a "+" are my remarks.)

Augustus Barto O'Barr, Jr.

I was born in a two room adobe house, 21 Dec 1909, at 8 PM, at 700 W. Broadway where lettuce packing sheds are now standing. The road was known as Creamery road because of a creamery not far from our house. My mother, Lola May Peppers, was 35 years old and my father, Augustus Barto O'Barr, was 47. I was the ninth child born to them. My father had been married to Sarah Francis Mulhildy Pollard and they had three children: Jessy Walter who died at 18 months of age, born in Greenbrier, Arkansas; and Andrew Franklin; they moved to Muldro, Oklahoma, where Joseph Henry was born and the mother died at his birth.

Father and mother married 18 Dec 1890. The following children were born to them in Atkins, Arkansas: Susan Idella, Benjamin Arthur, John Williams who lived one year, Lewis Austin, Dora Benton, and Parley Parker. Then moving to Mesa, Arizona: Bertha Ann who lived one year, Alice Annette, and Augustus Barto. Then father died when I was two months old and mother married Andrew Benton Clevenger in Jan. 1913. They had three children, Ruth who died at birth and Lola Frances and Ernest Andrew Clevenger.

My first memories are of walking with my brother Arthur to the creamery to buy cheese for our family and whey to feed our pigs. I remember our horse Old Babe kicked me and broke my arm when I was four years old. A doctor Openshaw set it. I remember the excitement of buying new horses, a studebaker wagon and provisions for outfitting the family for a long trip to St. George, Utah to do temple work. This was in the spring of 1915. Kate and Neil were the horses, they pulled a light spring wagon, Babe pulled the four wheeled buggy, another horse was Old Blue.

Ida had married so didn't go with us. Those making the trip were my parents, Arthur, Lewis, Dora, Parley, Alice and myself. There were three other families, Cooper, Kaze, and Merrill. Each had several horse drawn vehicles. The first day's travel we followed along the rail road and arrived at the Phoenix Fairgrounds on W. McDowell. The second day took us to Peoria, third day to Morrystown, fourth day to Wickenburg then through a desert of Josua trees which we would burn at night. We had a big canvas about 30 feet square. We would tie each corner up off the ground and make our beds on it. This kept the snakes and skunks etc. from bothering us, we often saw their tracks up to the canvas the next morning.

We averaged 20 miles a day, depending on the sand or mud, some days we made better milage. We cross the colorado river at Parker, on a ferry, called Griggs Ferry. The third or fourth day from the river we were out of water, the wells we found were dry. We unloaded the light wagon, put barrels in it and the older boys and the youngest team of horses went back after water. They took turns sleeping, it was a non stop trip. They brought enough water back that we made it into Las Vegas Nevada.

We camped at the edge of town and several kids came out and asked us when the circus was to begin. Sometimes we stayed a few days at the camps to repair equipment and buy supplies. We kids who were too small to help with making camp would explore the country. Old Ruster, our dog, would always accompany us. We would build little fires and roast ground squirrels which we killed with rocks. Parley and Paul Kaze got into an old mine and rode the ore car into it too far, they finally got out quite bruised and barely caught up with the wagon train as it was leaving.

One day we traveled the wrong direction and had to come back to the camp we had been the night before. One day we found a loaf of bread which we devoured, it was so good after eating so many biscuits and bacon, some days our water and food were rationed. We found an old boot and there was a buried body connected to it which frightened us. We enjoyed the camp fires at night. I remember some of the towns, Search Light, Needles and Parker, Littlefield and Runkerville. We forded the Virgin river two times. In five weeks we arrived at St. George, Utah. We camped at an apple orchard belonging to a Bishop Cannon.

We stayed several weeks and did temple work. I remember the winding stairs in the temple. Coopers and Merrills came back to Mesa. The Kaze family went to Cedar City and our family went to Enterprize where we share cropped grain on the Holt ranch. We had a nice house there and lots of apple trees, ice in an ice house holding sawdust which the ice was packed in. The grain crop was a mile or two from our house, we little kids would carry the lunches to our older brothers while they worked.

We stayed for the one crop at Enterprize then moved to Cedar City to be with the Kaze family. There was no railroad near so we hauled freight from Lund, the railroad center, to Cedar City Utah mercantile stores. We made good money. Lola Frances was born there in April 1916. We stayed two years, baled hay with a baler that used horses, I rode the horses to keep them going round and round. Parley and Lewis worked and we often had cheese and crackers for our lunch. I saw my first snow fall there.

Frank Harvey, a family friend visited us in new cars and talked the family into going back to Mesa as cotton was the crop which was paying good. We started back to Mesa and took about the same route as we had gone. We had rented our little house in Mesa so we went to Laveen about thirty miles south west of Mesa. The Kaze family went with us. We lived in tents and an old house and drank water from a ditch. Parley, Dora and Lewis all took Typhoid Fever from the water and Lewis died, nineteen years old, May 1917. He was buried in the Mesa cemetery near Dad. We moved back to Mesa into our own house on Creamery road, now Broadway. Ernest was born on Christmas day, 1919.

I had started school in Cedar City, went awhile in Laveen then to Alma School on Alma School Road into the first grade but was sent to the second grade shortly after starting. I graduated with a diploma from the eighth grade at Alma School, 1925. We walked to school along the railroad tracks. There was a Wallace family who lived in tents on Extension road, they had no mother, five boys and one girl. Paul Wallace

was my friend. One time while teetering on a new rail along the tracks, I fell and gouged a big hole in my shin. This left a big scar. It bled a lot so I tied my hanky around it. My sock was full of blood and I remember Mom about fainted when she saw it.

I started Mesa High School in 1925, graduated in 1929. Ninety in my class was the biggest class up to then. Science and Physics were my favorite subjects. I was in a play "House of Seven Gables," played basketball and drove the school bus. Was paid a dollar a day for driving the bus. During my third year, they passed a law that the drivers had to be 21 so I lost my job. I ran the ice cream and sandwich shop in the basement of the school next to the cafeteria. I earned my dinner each day doing this.

When I was a sophomore and only 16, I joined the National Guard and would go to summer camps. Fort Bliss near El Paso, Texas, in August 1926, was my first experience. It was a thrill for me to ride around the big city on street cars. I was doing this when I heard the great movie star, Rudolph Valentino had died. This was also my experience for my first train ride, Pullman car, sleeping in a good bed on our way to El Paso. We would go across the border into Old Mexico to sight-see. I was a gunner corporal, firing a 75 millimeter gun. Every thing was horse drawn. I spent two summers at Fort Bliss, two summers near Flagstaff at Fort Tuthill and several summers at Fort Huachuca.

In 1927 we moved from near the ice plant on Broadway, which is now named 4th Avenue, to a big yellow house on S. Alma School road about one block from Broadway on the East side. I was ordained a Deacon at twelve years of age and was an active Boy Scout. Bill Davis and Harvey Pew and Bill Millett were my Scout Masters. I remember wiener roasts and hamburger fries with them and of walking from Val Vista Road east of town, where the desert started, to Blue Point on the Salt River and camping over night. Cars came after us to bring us home. Boys and girls had MIA +(The church's Mutual Improvement Association)+ summer camps of one week, all together in the Pinal Mountains south of Globe and in the Sierra Anchas at Lewis Lodge ten miles this side of Young. I went several times.

I remember our Christmases. We always had a duck or turkey for dinner. I remember getting a pocket knife and an Ingersoll watch. Ida married before I was born, so her son John and Maye and Bertha were more like my brother and sisters. Frank had left home before I was born. Joe worked for the railroad and was not living at home. Frank came home after the First World War for awhile before he married again. Dora married while I was still in grade school. Arthur lived at home until I went to Provo to BYU. Alice lived at home and attended Tempe Normal and obtained a teaching permit after two years. She taught school at Sasabe on the Mexican border and in Tucson then home and taught at the Alma School. Alice married a few months after I did, in 1935. Parley had left home shortly after he finished the eighth grade and had worked a year on ranches around Mesa, driving milk trucks, etc. and came home on weekends. He went to Los Angeles to be near Frank. Lola married in June of 1932. Ernest in October 1939.

When I graduated from High School in May 1929, I helped with our melon harvest on our own eight acres. Mr. Clevenger, our step father, grew cantaloupes. I helped him harvest them every summer.

Sister Dora and George had summer vacation with us and I went home with them my first winter after finishing High School. I worked nights in the Eagle Pitcher Mines Smelter at Ruby, Arizona. I ran a rock crusher, slept days in a mine behind their house. It was dark and cool. I also was running a pool hall. I made \$3.50 a day and gave \$1.00 a day for room and board. At Christmas, I quit both jobs, thinking I had all the money I would ever need. I came home to Mesa and bought my first car, a 1927 Model T Ford, a roadster.

I worked in the hay fields and lettuce harvests then went up the coast to Salinas to work in another lettuce harvest. This was in 1930. I took my car and friends Paul Wallace and Ted Harrington. We also worked thinning peaches in Merced, California. When this job was over, we went back to Salinas and worked in an apricot orchard. After this job, I and Ted came back to Mesa in time to go to National Guard camp in August. Then back to California to Los Angeles and lived with brother Frank and Ethel and worked for Newberry Electric with brother Parley as my boss. We worked on Ventura Blvd, Hollywood and half way to Santa Barbara installing street lights. When we finished them, we worked down town Los Angeles in a million dollar theater installing electric conduits.

At Christmas time, I came back home. John Verney, Ida's son, my nephew, had returned from a mission and he talked me into going to Provo to BYU, the fall of 1933. In the Spring previous, I worked irrigating for the farmers for one dollar for a twelve hour shift and ten cents an hour working in the hay fields then on the lettuce sheds for twenty five cents an hour which was good pay. I was able to stay at BYU for only one quarter, it was depression so I came at Christmas. I worked in the Spring lettuce harvest then went to El Central, California, and worked in their lettuce. Came back to Mesa and found work in Mesa Citrus Plant. This was 1934. I spent August again at National Guard Camp at Fort Huachuca. This was my last camp after eight years in the national Guard.

Friends of mine knew Edith's sister's friends and they got us together for a blind date the first of September, 1934. She lived in a duplex on the corner of N. McDonald and First St. where the County Complex offices are now. We went to a dance out on East main and Val Vista, it was called Reeb's Corner. We danced and to make it necessary that I see her again, I gave her my wrist watch. I told mother that night after the date that I had met *the* girl and her name was something like Judas Priest. I was 24 and she was 16.

My cousin Clifford Peppers came to Mesa and talked me into going back to Los Angeles to work again so I stayed with Frank and worked for Newberry Electric again until December. Met Edith again on my birthday at the Rondevous dance and took her home. From then on it was dating nearly every night. I would walk from my house on S. Alma School Road to her house then we would walk to the Nile Theater which was in the building where Western Savings on Main St. now stands. One night

in front of the show, standing in line for tickets, I fainted. I was in bed for awhile after that with the flu. Edith wondered why I never showed up the next week.

On some of our dates, I drove Alice's car, a 1934 Chevrolet sedan, she was living at home teaching school. We would go to a show in Phoenix and sometimes eat at a Chinese restaurant down town. In the spring of 1935, I worked in Phoenix shipping lettuce from sheds on Grand Ave. Then back to Mesa sheds for their lettuce harvest. I bought a 1930 Chevrolet coupe, one seat, and worked in the plum orchards owned by Hovde out south east of Mesa. The first day of July, we drove to Globe and was married by Erqstus P. Grice.

+Additional Memories of Augustus Barto O'Barr, Jr.+

While living in the little house on Creamery Road, I raised some rabbits and would sell them to the restaurants in town. One morning I found my big Belgian Haired Buck dead in the cage, Parley had fed him some castor beans and they are poison. One day I went into the American Kitchen Cafe and my brother Frank was sitting at the counter and introduced me to Ethel who he later married.

One summer when George and Dora were visiting us on Creamery Road, Parley had borrowed their car so Alice and I and George and Dora had his milk truck. We were coming home and was about even with the ice plant still standing and ready to turn into our place when a storm hit. There was big timbers and tins from a wheat storage ware house close by, they knocked the radiator and engine out of the car and wrapped around it, we climbed out in the dark in the middle of the worst of it and got under the car, it didn't tip over. There was cotton wood trees down, sparks flying all directions, we got over into the field where Smitty's big store is now, to another road up the side of the fence and made our way home, when it was day light, we wondered how we had all kept from being killed, the timber, tin and nails etc. This made us scared to death for years, every time a storm such as that, took place.

Another time, living in the little house on Creamery road, I was left home alone, twelve years old. The car had broke down and Alice came back to the house to get the horses, it was after dark, she used a stick and scraped on the outside wall of the frame room. I would go look and she would hide, then she would do it again and again, I finally went outside to see what it was and she grabbed me, I nearly fainted, it scared her and she promised to never scare me again.

On the way to Utah, when I was about five years old, I threw a rock one time that hit Alice on the head and cut quite a gash, she bled and bled and this really upset me.

We moved to the big house on Alma School Road when I was 17. We had a well dug that we got water out of by lowering a bucket on a rope. During the summers it would go almost dry and we would have to dig it deeper. One time Arthur was down in it digging, I would lower the bucket to draw out the rocks and dirt, I

accidently dropped the bucket hitting Arthur on the head, which could have killed him. He staggered around for awhile and finally got able for me to pull him out. I sure felt bad about it.

One summer when sister Dora was visiting us with her two little boys, she gave one of them an enema. I kept teasing them and said no one would ever do that to me, well, she and Alice caught me and gave me an ice water enema.

In 1923, in August, Arthur had a new Ford touring car, with side curtains we would put up when it rained. Arthur, Alice, Dora and I went up to a camp three or four miles this side of Globe and Miami. We had a big tent under some Sycamore trees, there were big bulls walking around our camp at night. Also a big centipede under one of the beds. We would go into Miami to loaf around.

One summer, Alice, Lola and her year old boy Raymond and I went to Sunflower and camped along Sycamore creek. There was a bush fire further up near Mount Ord and the smoke drifted down enough to almost smother us. We left and went on up Pine, upstream on Pine creek and camped close to where some friends were living, Kenneth and Maizey Williams.

+The above are only some early life stories of my Father. My Mother is writing for us a more complete life story, which would be too long for here. Let me say a few personal words: I remember my Father as a carpenter. I also remember him working in the sheds and at other jobs, but most of the time during my life in his home, he was a carpenter. It was not easy being a carpenter in a hot area like Mesa, Arizona. I remember him as a strong and tall (6'-2") man, and my Mother was (still is) the most beautiful woman in the world. There was much love between these two individuals, and I will always cherish the loving example that my Father showed to us all.

Life was made easy in our home for me and my sister, but I know that life was not always easy for my parents. My mother had several "close calls" in terms of operations and medical concerns. She could not have more children after having only two. My Father back then was not as active in the church as my Mother wanted. All these things caused "tensions" from time to time. But all these concerns were handled in righteous ways.

My Father ended up with a retirement as a Construction Inspector for the City of Mesa, went on Missions for the church, and was a Temple Sealer in the London Temple at the time of his death. I am sure that a lot of these great achievements were due to having a loving Mother, Lola May Peppers, and certainly due to a most perfect wife.+

Chapter 13. Andrew Benton Clevenger.

(Andrew Benton Clevenger was Lola May Peppers' second husband. The following article was written in 1995, and early 1996, by Maxine Cooper Haws, a daughter of Gertrude Laveda Clevenger Cooper, who was a daughter of Andrew Clevenger and Sarah Jane Odell.)

Andrew Benton Clevenger by Maxine Cooper Haws

I was almost 17 years old when Grandpa Clevenger died in 1938, but being the self-centered child that I was, I did not know him well. I let the opportunity pass. I lived with my parents John and Gertrude Cooper about ten miles from the Clevenger home, and we visited often, but I never sat down and talked with my Grandpa. It was about six years ago while I was doing family research that I made a time line of Grandpa's life, and then I realized what an exciting part of history he lived, in settling this country and in bringing the blessings of the gospel to his children and grandchildren.

For this history I have used U. S. Census records along with writings by my mother, Gertrude Clevenger Cooper, Aunt Lola Clevenger White, and Aunt Malinda Clevenger Guthrie, and interviews with Uncle Ernest Clevenger and my father, John Henry Cooper. Information from Lola May Peppers O'Barr, Grandpa's fourth and surviving wife, was also used.

Andrew Benton Clevenger went by the name of Benton, or Andrew, or Andy, Pa, Papa, Daddy, Father, Mr. Clevenger, Brother Clevenger, Grandpa, Grandfather. For this history, to keep his identity clear, I will call my Grandpa, Andrew.

He was once a child, a youth, a strong robust farmer, blacksmith, hunter, a builder, a gardener, bee keeper, and most of all a very caring husband and father. In his lifetime of over 80 years, Andrew married four times with lonely years between marriages. He fathered five daughters and three sons, of which four daughters, Malinda, Mary, Gertrude and Lola, and one son, Ernest, survived to adulthood. He lived in Missouri, Arkansas, Nevada, Texas and Arizona. He was taught the gospel of Jesus Christ in 1900 while living in Arkansas and joined The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He had a strong testimony of the gospel, especially of temple work and the sealing ordinances.

Family records show Andrew's birth as 11 Dec. 1850, Green Co., Missouri. Through a study of the U.S. Census records we find that he was most likely born in 1853, Taney County, MO. because the family is listed there between 1840 and 1870. In 1850 the family is listed: B. Clevenger 21, and J. Clevenger 19, with children: J.W. Clevenger 4 and E. Clevenger 2 (Spelling not as shown.) In 1860 there was: Brackston Clevenger 30, Joana 28, with John 14, Elizabeth 11, Mildred 9, Benton 7, Joshua 5, and Sally 1. (Benton is assumed to be Andrew.) In 1870, Andrew, age 16, is listed with his wife, Nancy E. and child, Malinda, age 7 months.

(The records at the St. George Temple and T.I.B. card list his birth as 11 Dec. 1853, Ozark, Green, Mo. Overton Ward Records list his birth as 11 Dec. 1847 Green

Co. Mo. In 1870 Taney Co. Mo. his parents are listed: Braxton Clevinger 36, Joanna 30, with Joshua 13, Sally 12, James McD. 6, Braxton 3, and Missouri A. 1/12. His sister is listed with her family: Charles B. Lake 28 and Elizabeth 21 with Missouri A. A. . His other sister Frances is listed with her family: John H. Payton 25, Frances M. 19, and Braxton M. 1.)

German Ancestry.

Gertrude wrote: "My father was born in Missouri of parents who must have been of German origin as Father said they spoke the language in the home." Lola White wrote, "My father seldom mentioned his own family unless I asked him a question. He told me his mother never learned to speak English. I don't really know if his father spoke German. I just took it for granted he must have. I did ask my Father how he communicated with his Mother. His answer was, 'she could sure let you know what she wanted all right', leaving me to believe that she was very strict."

According to some of the records Andrew left for us, he was under the impression that his mother, daughter of Joshua Hodge, was born in Germany, but the census records give her birthplace as Illinois. At any rate, Andrew had enough knowledge and perhaps a love of the German language which led him to choose a women of German descent for his third wife. In 1905 he married Julia Carl, who was, as Gertrude expressed it, "not too long from Germany." (Probably less than a year.) "She spoke very little English," Gertrude wrote in her life story.

Home in Missouri (Before 1840 to 1860)

Andrew's parents, grandparents and other relatives moved to Taney County Missouri sometime before 1840. The families of James and Rueben Clevenger settled in Marion township and other relatives went to Swan township not far away. There were George and McMillion Clevenger, and the families of Joshua Hodges, Ambrose and Willis Keithley, Charles Lair and Peter Lair. Rueben was Andrew's grandfather and the others were uncles, aunts and cousins. According to a note left by Andrew, Joshua Hodge was his grandfather, the father of Johanna Hodge.

There were few roads in the 1830's and many of the early settlers came to the upper White River Valley by way of the rivers which was difficult and dangerous at times. It was a long hard journey and took a lot of courage and faith to follow the dream to a new and better land. Taney County is in the enchanting Ozarks of Southern Missouri with beautiful rolling wooded hills and clear streams, with abundant rainfall, plenty of grass, and lots of wild game. The early settlers obtained much of their livelihood from the forests and streams. It was a good place for a boy to grow up, with trees to climb, numerous caves to explore, fishing and hunting on the hunting grounds of the ancient Osage Indians.

Harold Bell Wright wrote about this land in his book, *The Shepherd of the Hills*, which was published in 1907. On page 11, he has Preachin' Bill saying "When God looked upon th' work of his hands an' called hit good, he war sure a-lookin' at this here The Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers Family: Chapter 13: **Andrew Benton Clevenger.**

Ozark country. Rough? Law yes! Hit war made that a-way on purpose. Ain't nothin' to a flat country no how. A man jes naturally wear hisself plumb out a-walkin' on a level 'thout ary downhill t'spell him....Tain't no wander 'tall God rested when he made these here hills; He jes naturally had t' quit, for he done his beatenest an war plumb gin out."

The Civil War (1861-1865)

Andrew was a boy of 8 to 12 years old during the Civil War. The family lived near

Walnut Shade in 1860 and near Forsyth in 1870. The war was in 1861-1865. It has been described as a peculiar horror in Missouri with the people divided in their loyalties--with brother fighting brother, neighbor against neighbor. Armies of both the Union and the South moved along the roads and on the rivers near the Clevenger home. There were battles fought at Ozark, Beaver Creek, Prairie Grove and Forsyth. The town of Forsyth was burned as well as other towns and many homes in the area. Families fled from their homes and went North, or to Texas, or hid in the heavy brush or in caves. How did the Clevengers with all those little children survive? It would be interesting to know.

Andrew As a Youth (1850-1867)

Andrew's parents, Braxton and Johanna Clevenger, had a large family. Those older than Andrew were John Wesley, Elizabeth, and Francis Mildred. Next was Andrew Benton, then Joshua Carrell, Sarah Marigot, James McDonald, Braxton or Brackston, Missouri Ann, and Matilda or Jane. In his genealogical record written in pencil in 1927, Andrew listed another brother, Siegels, with a note that he lived 8 years.

Gertrude wrote that the Clevengers raised corn, cotton, cane and tobacco. In an interview with Ernest Clevenger, he said he was told that Andrew's father believed that adults and children alike were "born to work". The family all had to work together. It was a way of life. On the other hand, Gertrude related a story that was told to her to indicate that they had fun too. It was like this: "On the farm they raised sheep for wool and for food. There was one buck sheep that would bunt anyone who shook his fist at him. The boys would tease the sheep and then they would run and quickly hide behind a big log on the edge of the pond. The sheep running in hot pursuit, would go over the log and fall into the water. Braxton, the father, had watched his sons do this little trick and he decided to try it himself one day. He was not quick enough and both man and sheep went into the water." The boys must have had a good laugh about that if they dared.

In Stanford's book, "America the Beautiful Missouri," a visitor wrote about young Missourians this way: "They begin to assert their independence as soon as they can walk and by the time they reach the age of fourteen, have completely learned the use of the rifle, the arts of trapping beaver and otter, killing the bear, deer, and buffalo, and dressing skins and making leather clothes." It seems to me that this describes Andrew's childhood training.

Ernest said, "Father got his first job when he was about 14 years old, working for a blacksmith, horse trader, farmer. He lived with the man's family and learned the trade of a blacksmith. He worked and earned a pair of bullocks and he made a two wheeled cart and a yoke to work them."

"Andrew was a capable hard worker," Ernest further said, "strong and determined. He was skilled in farming, black-smithing, rustic woodworking, and logging. Like other frontier men he had to hunt for food. He had an 8 gauge shot gun loaded with big steel beebe. When he shot an animal, a deer, for instance, he always went for the legs so as not to damage the meat. One time he went into a cave and found two bears sleeping and shot both of them. Every bit of the animal was used, the meat, the hide, the fat, the bones. Bear tallow was good grease for wagon wheels and other things on the farm."

Bear tallow, bear bacon, beeswax, honey, furs and hides were good items to trade for things brought in by the river merchants: such as flour, salt, whiskey, gunpowder, coffee, calico, and hardware, pots, pans, knives, farm machinery, etc. Those who lived along the river banks also cut and sold firewood to the steamship owners for fuel for the boats.

Andrew's First Marriage (1867-1880)

On 6 Aug 1867, Andrew married Nancy Emeline Peyton. They had three children. Malinda Ann was born 4 Oct 1869 and Mary Frances was born 25 June 1872. Their son, John Wesley, died the same day he was born, 20 Oct 1874, at Van Buren, Crawford County, Arkansas, and Nancy passed away also leaving Andrew with two small girls to raise. Gertrude wrote, "He kept them with him most of the time, doing the best he could to send them to school. The youngest one, Mary, had a bad hip which kept them out of school a great deal. Part of the time Malinda carried Mary to and from school."

In 1880, according to the U.S. Census, Andrew, Malinda and Mary lived for a while with his brother Wesley and family in Ozark county Missouri. Wesley's family included him, his wife, Alice, and their children, Sintha 10, and John 7. Malinda was reported as 10 years old and Mary 6.

Also in 1880, according to the census, Braxton was living in Ozark Co. with his second wife, Orenna and the children: James 16, Baxter 12, Ann 9, Matilda 7, and Rufus 4 mo. Gertrude said that she had been told that Orenna was the sister of Nancy Emeline Payton, Andrew's first wife, and that she had only one child, Rufus.

In 1946 Gertrude wrote to her sister Malinda asking about the family. Malinda named her uncles and aunts in order of age including Andrew's half-brother, Rufus. She wrote, "I almost growd up with the last six and been with them a lot except Uncle Josh but I remember him as a young jolly fellow."

Andrew's Second Marriage (1884-1902)

Lola May Peppers O'Barr Clevenger wrote of Andrew: "He never married again till Linda and Mary was almost grown. With the help of his folks he kept the girls together. Linda had to cook and keep house when very small, with the help of her father and he was gone from home a lot of the time leaving the girls alone. So he decided he had better get married."

In the winter of 1884, Andrew and his daughters were living on the North Fork of the White River. Malinda wrote that it was 7 miles west of Pottersville. She wrote, "Well the first time I ever see your mother (Sarah Jane Odell, daughter of Martin Odell and Mary McDodle) now she had bin working as a cook at a sawmill in the pine timber 25 miles east of us, I think it was, and your ma needed a rest. So she com by our house one evening walking caring a suit case. She stopped for to get pa to take her across the river in a canew boat. Well a Mr. Collins and his wife an little boy was going to stay all night. Your ma was tired after walkin' 25 miles that winter day so we all insisted she stay all night. So she did and the next morning went on to her friend about 5 miles farther on.....So som folks had a dance in that direction so I and pa an my girl friend and her brother went to that dance. Well the next thing I knowd Pa got him som glad rags and tha he and your ma was married. I was glad of the arrangements."

A.B. Clevenger of Dora, Ozark County Mo. and Sarah Jane Casey of Ambrose, Ozark County, Mo., were married 13 March, 1884 in Gainsville, Mo. She was born near Pochantas, Ark. 23 Sep 1858, the daughter of Martin Odell and Mary McDodle and was previously married to Mr. Casey.

Malinda's letter to Gertrude continues: "It wasn't long, not many weeks till Pa went to a saw mill, took a contract of seeing that the logs was got to the mill. We moved to the mill and we ran a boarding house. I mean we boarded the hands Pa needed. Well I married one of the hands and we went to his homestead in a few months but your brother Edward was born in April 1885 before I was married that September.....I and your Ma had good times together. We had time to fish, hunt wild berries the first summer before Edward come."

Edward was born 4 April 1885 in Douglas County Mo. and died in Aug 1887, of what was thought to be worm fever.

Quoting Malinda's letter to Gertrude further: "In the winter of 1886 Pa gave up the mill job and moved on the first bench or level place on the Boston Mountain and bought a good rich farm if it was pretty sloping. He made a good living on it. He built another house and went to near Ozark Mo. where Grandpa Braxton lived with his wife, Orenna, and Jane and Rufus, and moved them in the new house. But Orenna wouldn't move there for Pa to look after them. So Grandpa didn't stay long till he went back to his old home. Yes, it was on that farm that I never seen such tall corn and big potatoes and your ma loved to live there better than anywhere she ever lived. You was borned there. Pa cut down enough black walnut trees to have made him as rich as a Jew, but he hated to climb that hill so he sold the place and traded it for one down on the level and got a bad title so lost it all."

Gertrude wrote, "I was born 29 April 1894 in the Ozark Mts of Arkansas. My earliest remembrance is of living near Aunt Mildred Peyton, on a small stream with Malinda and her family living near by."

Frances Mildred Clevenger, Andrew's sister, had married John F. Peyton and in 1900 were living in Marion County Arkansas which borders Searcy County. The Peytons family included Lucinda, and Pearl Peyton, Malinda J. Butler, their daughters, a son, John, and grand-daughters Cricket Butler 6 years old, and Alta Davis 6. Gertrude was the same age as these grand-daughters. (See U.S. Census of 1900 Marion County, Prairie Township, Arkansas, and the 1900 Census of Mt. Pleasant Township, Searcy County, Arkansas. The families were in separate counties but may have been close because the boundary between the counties is a river.)

In her story, Gertrude added, "We later moved to another place and I met Mary's two girls, Roxie and Minerva. they were living with their father, Ross McGowen. I don't remember ever seeing Mary." Mary had married Ross McGowen and they had two girls and a boy. Mary left her daughters with Ross, and took her son and the family never saw or heard from her again. Andrew's tender heart was sad. He was heard to say that he thought she must have been killed or died, otherwise she would contact him. Mary's children were Roxie, Minerva, and Albert. They were born in Searcy Co., Ark. between 1891-1893.

Malinda had married William Addison Guthrie 20 Sep 1885. They lived for some time near Oakmound in Ozark County, Missouri, where her sons, Levi (1890) and Ernest (1893) were born.

Gertrude wrote: "My mother was a small woman with light brown hair and blue eyes. I was the only other child born to them. Mother spun yarn for my dresses and knitted my hose. She thought they were warmer and more fireproof. We had an open fireplace for heat, and as well as I remember, she did most of the cooking there too."

The Clevengers are Baptized (1900)

Gertrude wrote: "I was about 5 years old when the Elders came to our house. We lived in a two room log house. The only light we had was a rag rolled up tight and soaked in grease laying in a saucer with grease in it. It was either that or the fireplace."

"It was while we were living here near Witt Springs that the Elders from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints first came to our place. Father (Andrew) was at that time an Elder in what was then known as the Campbellite Church (now the church of Christ). After reading the books and tracts the elders left and having the gospel explained to them, Father was convinced that he had no right to preach the gospel since he didn't have the priesthood authority. So he and Mother were baptized in a little stream near our house."

The Arkansas District conference, Central States Mission Record of Membership early to 1929, Member Number:

#204 Andrew Benton Clevenger
baptized 4 May 1900 by George E. Wilkins
confirmed 4 May 1900 by George E. Wilkins
emigrated to Nevada

#205 Sarah Jane Clevenger
baptized by George E. Wilkins
confirmed 4 May 1900 by Crayton Johnson

Move to Nevada (1900-1902)

Gertrude mentions also Elders Mendis Diego Cooper and Mendenhall. She continues: "As feelings was still quite bitter toward the Mormons, Father decided to go west. We were going to Overton, Nevada, where Elder Johnson and Elder Cooper lived. so we started out with a team of mules and covered wagon and two dogs. It was getting late in the fall and getting cold. When we got to Oklahoma, we picked cotton for a while, then sold the wagon and team and gave the dogs away and got on the train and went as far as Fillmore, Utah."

"We stayed a few days with some people by the name of Tanner. Then Father rented a house and got a job. We later got a ride to Panguitch where we were met by M.D. Cooper Sr. and another wagon and we went with him to his home in Overton. We stayed a few days in their home and moved into a tent on the Cooper place."

The Overton Ward Record of Membership states that the Clevengers were received as members of the ward May 1901. This was a happy time for the Clevengers. They had a home with garden, fruit trees, a flock of chickens, the honey bee, friends, the peace that the gospel brings, the privilege of living in Zion. They continued to be good friends to the Coopers and the Johnson family. Gertrude was baptized on her eighth birthday, 29 April 1902. by Crayton Johnson. But sadness came into their lives soon afterward. In October 1902, Sarah Jane had pneumonia. Crayton Johnson's mother, Susannah Veater Johnson who had been sent to Overton by Brigham Young to be the community's doctor/mid-wife, was called in to care for her. Sarah was very sick, and Sister Johnson had a stroke while she was caring for her, so there was not much help to be had. Sarah passed away 17 October 1902.

My Daddy (Andrew's future Son-in-law), John Henry Cooper told this account:

"Sister Clevenger had been administered to before. Then someone said, 'Let's get Brother Cooper.' Mendis Diego Cooper Sr. was known in the community for his faith in healing. So he was sent for and prepared to go. He asked his son, John, age 20, to go along. As they entered the room, Brother Cooper observed the sick woman's color, breathing, her temperature. He hesitated. Someone suggested

The Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers Family: Chapter 13: **Andrew Clevenger.**

that they go ahead with the ordinance of administering to her. Brother Cooper replied, 'That's all wrong. Her ears are black. She is very near death.' Tenderly he straightened her arms and legs and body. Then he placed his hands upon her head and by the power of the Priesthood he said: 'Sister Sarah Jane Odell Clevenger, by the power of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood which we hold, I dedicate you unto death....'

"When he took his hands away she was dead. He sent for the sisters to prepare the body and then he did what he could to comfort Brother Clevenger and his daughter, Gertrude. Brother Cooper and John took Brother Clevenger and Gertrude to the Cooper home and the body was taken to the church house to await burial the next day."

A pine board coffin was made by some of the men of the ward and she was buried up on the hill in Overton Cemetery. Sarah Jane passed away the 17th Oct. 1902, and Andrew was alone after a happy marriage of 18 years.

A Time of Healing and Change (1902-1905)

Gertrude wrote: "After Mother was gone, Father left me part time with the Coopers and would be gone for a few days to several weeks. He got a house in Overton and we lived in with a family for a while before they moved out. Then we were alone. I tried to cook and wash dishes. I don't remember about the wash."

"In November 1903 Dad took me with him and we went to St. George, Utah, and he got Martha Prince to help him and did some of his temple work. We stayed with the Princes in Washington. I was baptized for quite a number of people." Mendis D. Cooper and Sophia Prince Cooper were the parents of ten children, 4 or possibly 5 of whom were still at home at the time Sister Clevenger passed away. It was to Mendis' sister Martha Prince that Andrew went to for a place to stay and for help to do temple work. Martha was married to Sophia's brother Richard Prince. Sister Prince, Andrew and Gertrude worked for perhaps a week and did the work for Andrew, his wives, and his parents. that was in Nov. 1903.

After Gertrude and Andrew got back to Overton, Andrew decided to go to Oklahoma to visit his daughter Malinda. they went by train to Elk City and were met by Malinda's husband William Addison Guthrie. He took them to their home near Guthrie. they visited about four months, then went back to Overton, Nevada.

Andrew's Third Marriage (1905-1908)

Gertrude wrote: "Father decided I needed someone to look after me better so he started looking for a wife. He started corresponding with a German woman living in Salt Lake City. She was a convert almost direct from Germany, with two boys, both older than I."

They were married by a Justice of the Peace before they got home from the train Station. This was the 27 June 1905. Her name was Julia Carl, and her two sons, Adolf The Augustus Barto O'Barr and Lola May Peppers Family: Chapter 13: **Andrew Benton Clevenger**.

and Willie. Andrew took them to St. George and had them sealed to him in Oct 1905. The boys were 13 and 15 years old and found other places to stay soon.

Julia was dissatisfied so Andrew sold his little place and the family moved to East Texas to a little Mormon town of Kelsey. You will not find Kelsey on the map today because there is no longer a school or post office there. The town site was on Kelsey Creek about 5 miles west of Gilmer, Texas.

The first L.D.S. settlers in Upsur County were Jim and John Edgar who had left their home in Alabama because of persecution. They found thick forests, rolling hills, good soil, plentiful rainfall, and a mild climate. The Edgars wrote to their friends inviting them to come join them. In 1900 President Duffin of the Southwestern States Mission suggested to the General Authorities in Salt Lake City that Kelsey be a gathering place for the Saints of the Southern States. the colony was known and publicized throughout the entire Southern States and Central States Mission. Mormons were being persecuted and driven from Southern areas of U.S.. Kelsey provided a welcome haven.

According to my calculations, the Clevenger family went to Texas some time in early 1906 and stayed a little over a year. In 1906 Kelsey was a thriving community of 70 families, 400 people, all church members. There was at least one saw mill, a shingle mill, a cotton gin, 2 stores, and a grist mill. A fine school had been established with the Elders laboring in the mission in charge. One of the Elders taught school and the community paid for another teacher. Kelsey was the center of church activities for N. Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana.

Gertrude wrote, "We lived a few months in Kelsey, then moved to a saw mill and lived in a company house. Father worked all winter driving a team and hauling logs." In the spring, the family moved to a farm where Andrew raised a crop of corn and cotton. Gertrude recorded: "I didn't get along well with Julia so Father got me a place to stay in Kelsey. I went to stay with the Cude family to go to school. Before school was out I went to stay with a Campbell family and to be nearer Father. I stayed with them all summer, but before school again Father sent me to stay with Malinda in Oklahoma. I made the trip alone and rather enjoyed it."

I think this was an unhappy time for Andrew, to have to have Gertrude live in someone else's home and not be able to look after her, and then in desperation to have to send her alone by train on that 400 mile journey to Elk City, Oklahoma. Gertrude was 13 years old. She had ridden the train before and seemed to have no fear. The train that went by Kelsey was a short line, so Gertrude had some transfers to make. She started out on the Missouri and East Texas line, commonly called the 'Misery and Eternal Torment Line' because the service was so poor. The scheduling was informal and the tracks rough. The passengers would have to get out and help the crew gather wood for fuel to make the trip. There were no dining cars and the train would stop at watermelon and cane patches and gardens, and peach orchards, and every body would get out and help themselves. I don't know, that may have been common with all trains in that day.

Malinda attended the Church of Christ and was very firm in her belief. While Gertrude was living with her, she went to church with them, but Malinda told her that she was not to get interested in that faith, The Church of Christ. "Pa wants you to be a Mormon," she said.

Julia and Andrew moved to Oklahoma and according to my calculations, in the spring of 1908, Andrew started a crop on the place owned by Malinda's husband. Before the crop was harvested, Julia left and the family never saw or heard from her again.

Texas (1908-1909)

Gertrude wrote: "Father got the address of one of his brothers that he hadn't seen in over forty years, so decided to go to Texas and see him. We got there sometime in November. At least Uncle Joshua was still picking cotton so we helped. Uncle Joshua rented a place with two houses and some farming ground and Father was going to farm with him and his boys."

"One day Father started to town driving Uncle Joshua's mule team. The team ran away with him throwing him out against a tree breaking his leg in two places below the knee. The doctor came out from Albany and set his leg and put it in a cast, putting some holes in the cast to pour in alcohol to keep infection down. The skin was broken in several places and must have been very bruised. He was in bed quite a while."

Gertrude continued: "After father got so he could get around pretty well on crutches, we went to where Jessie Clevenger, son of Uncle Joshua, lived. In September we started out with Jessie and his family and his brother, Sam, and his wife to go to Arizona. The trip was made in wagons and was very tiresome. Father and I hauled the water for all of us. Some times we had to make a dry camp. some of the water wasn't fit to use but we had to use it or do without."

Arizona (1909-1913)

"After about six weeks we arrived in Duncan, Arizona, in October 1909. Father hunted up the bishop whose name was Nation. He found us a place to stay where I looked after an old lady in her 80's and her son. I did the cooking, washing and such as was to be done. Father got a few odd jobs around and got us a tent to move into. I did washings, ironings and anything I could get to do. We later moved to Mr. Wilkins' place and Father raised a garden. We stayed there until Oct, 1910 and arrived in Mesa about the tenth. Father found us a little house to live in on a place Orson P. Cooper had rented. I washed, ironed and did whatever I could get to do and still be home nights. Father would not allow me to stay at night." (Jessie and Sam Clevenger went back to Texas.)

Orson P. Cooper was brother of Mendis Diego Cooper Jr, the missionary who taught Andrew and Sarah Jane Clevenger in Arkansas. Their brother John also lived in the Mesa area. It was a happy reunion for Andrew and Gertrude to see these friends

again. John had perhaps not noticed Gertrude earlier, but seeing her again at the age of 16, she looked pretty good to him. They were married on the 8th of March 1911. They moved into a little one room house. Andrew got a job taking care of the horses at Weeks Cattle Ranch near Superstition Mts. Later Andrew moved to Mesa and lived with John and Gertrude, sleeping in a tent in the back.

Fourth Marriage (1913-1938)

Andrew met Lola May Peppers O'Barr through some friends he had known in Kelsey, Texas. She wrote in a biography she wrote for Ernest: "We saw each other at conference. I was pointed out to him by friends. These friends were staying at my place, so they told him where I lived and he came out to my place. We had just got home from conference. They introduced him to me. I guess it was love at first sight for we began to go together. The children did not like him at first. They played all kinds of tricks on us, such as, changing the buggy wheels, putting the hind wheels in front. We drove to church and back. They laughed at us when we got back. Mr. Clevenger just said, 'Well boys, you have had your fun. Now come and help me change them back.' So they did."

Sister O'Barr had been a widow for three years when she met and married Andrew Clevenger. She was a good looking woman of 36 with seven children of her own and two step-sons to care for. She faced the future with faith and courage and hard work. She washed and ironed and did housework for neighbors, raised vegetables and peddled them and raised chickens. She had eight acres of land and big sons to help her. She must have been a beautiful sight to Andrew's lonely heart, hungering for a wife and children.

Andrew went courting in his buggy pulled by his horse "Old Slocum." One Sunday while he was in the house waiting for time to go to church, the boys changed the buggy wheels. The back wheels were larger than the front wheels, so they put one back wheel on the front of the buggy and the little front wheel on the back. The buggy rocked from side to side. The story is told that on another occasion the boys put Old Slocum backwards in the buggy shafts, and had him waiting thus in the dark when Andrew left the house to go home one night.

Andrew Clevenger and Lola May Peppers O'Barr were married 23 January 1913 by Bishop John Riggs of Mesa Third Ward. The Wedding was performed in Lola's home and a supper and party was held afterwards. John and Gertrude Cooper with their little son Alton were among the guests, so Alton has always told it with pride that he attended his Grandpa's wedding.

Lola O'Barr Clevenger wrote: "He (Andrew) said he thought it would be a blessing to help raise the children... They soon thought he was a pretty good fellow." She continued: "I was having a hard time making a living. I had 8 acres of land so Mr. Clevenger farmed and gardened it for a few years. Then we decided to make a move. I wanted to go to the temple before any more of the children got married." (Ida had married John Verney in 1909) "I rented the place out and sold my homestead out on the

desert about 10 miles from Mesa. We bought a new wagon and a team. We had a wagon and a team, a pony and a buggy. We fixed up a pretty good outfit for traveling and set out for the St. George Temple."

Two other families went with the Clevengers to St. George, the Kaze family and Rialdo and Pernie Merrill and their children. The temple work was done for Brother Augustus Barto O'Barr and his first wife Sarah. Lola got her endowments and Andrew was proxy for Brother O'Barr and Lola and Brother O'Barr were sealed. The O'Barr children were sealed to their parents and Andrew's and Lola's daughter Ruth was sealed to Lola and Augustus. This was all done in the St. George Temple in April 1915. Arthur was 21 years old, Lewis 18, Dora 15, Parley 12, Alice 7, and Gus 6.

Lola later wrote: "Well we could not find what we wanted in St. George so went to Enterprize, Utah, and made a crop there. It was a beautiful place but we were not satisfied, so went to Cedar City, Utah, to where the Kaze family lived. We bought a lot and a log house on it. It was where Lola was born. It was so cold there, we did not want to stay another winter. So we decided to come back home.... When we got back to Arizona the place was still rented so we went to Laveen, down on the other side of Phoenix on the river. The place was good farm land with plenty of water for farming but had no house on it so Mr. Clevenger and the boys moved the little house that was on the Mesa place down there. We had to haul our drinking water."

"That is where the children had typhoid fever and Lewis died. Dora and Parley both had it all at the same time. They got well. I had a hard time of it with Lola just a baby beginning to walk. Mr. Clevenger put up a fence to keep her from the ditch. Well, we made pretty good. Cotton was on the boom. We got a good price for it, paid off all of our debts and came out with a little money."

"Mr. Clevenger bought our first car and the fun began. The boys wanted to drive it and he didn't want them to so he soon sold it. I was glad."

"We got the home place back and moved back here by the ice plant soon after Christmas where we lived when Ernest was born and where we lived for some time, till after Ernest started school." (The Ice Plant - and dairy - was at 532 West 4th Ave. on the north side of the road.)

Writings of Lola Clevenger White

Lola Clevenger White wrote: "I can remember how very happy Dad was when Ernest was born. He had lost a baby son by his first marriage, another by his second marriage. So he was very happy to have a son again. Mother always said, 'You are spoiling that boy rotten, you better make him mind while you can; he will be too big soon.'

"Dad always laughed and said, 'He is all right.'"

She continued, "I can only remember a spanking from my Dad twice. One time when I was real young, I jumped over the open well, before they got the windless on it to dig it deeper. Again when almost four, when Ernest was born, the Dr. came and wanted to examine Mother. I was reluctant to leave, wanting to know what was going on.

So when the Dr. left I said to Dad, 'Ha Ha, I looked in the window.' So I got awell deserved spanking."

"I can remember Dad carrying me on his shoulders, running, laughing and having a big play. I can also remember a game we used to play. We all put one finger on Dad's knee, as he would point to each finger saying, 'Wire brier, limberlock, two geese in a flock. One flew East, one flew West, one flew over the coo coo's nest. One, two, three, out goes she.' One of us would leave the room, and call to be carried home. So Dad and whoever else was called found us and folded their arms like a chair, and we got to be carried home."

Lola White continued: "I remember Dad was one of the witnesses in the temple when Geddis and I were sealed. We lived with Dad and Mom for almost two years after we got married. Dad cried when we moved and asked Mom if she had asked us to move or said anything to make us mad. Of course she told him she had not. Dad said: 'Then why do they want to move? We have a big house, and I want them to stay.'

"We had a little son, Raymound and Dad loved him dearly. We moved less than a mile away so everyday Dad and my old dog Buster came to see us."

"Little Raymond got drowned when only eighteen and a half months old. It was truly a tragedy of my life. It was in the morning, dozens of people came. The police were there, everyone was running here and there praying as we was, he wasn't in the canal. When a little shoe was found on the bank, neighbors began going in the water, through culverts and any place he might have gotten lodged."

"I looked down the road and saw my dear old Daddy and buster coming. It broke my heart to tell him. I think I would rather have died, than to give him that message. Bless his dear old heart. It almost killed him."

"That was Sept 23, 1934. A year later, my daughter Lela was born. Dad was still making his walks to our house but not every day. Our summers were hot, and I was pregnant with Lela. I was sitting out under the trees in my front yard, embroidering on a little dress, when down the road came dear Dad and Buster and he was carrying a little electric fan, as I had no cooler. Lela was born Oct 22, 1935."

"Dear old Dad's health was failing him fast now. His walks came less and less. Lela was three years old when Dad passed away. Seemed he got weaker and weaker. He was tired and rested on the bed more and more each day. One day he just didn't feel like getting up at all. My sister Gertrude Cooper and husband John, came in a few days. I don't believe he even opened his eyes. That same night about dark he just passed away, went peacefully home to Heavenly Father."

"Dad was a hard worker. He plowed the fields with a one horse, walking plow hour upon hour. He usually had a large garden. He and mother worked together. We had a cantaloupe shed and packed cantaloupe to market. Dad and I would take a truck load of melons, corn, and any kind of vegetables we had, and go peddling. Dad had bees. Maybe twice a year Dad would rob the bees of their honey. He had a honey extractor you turned by hand. When I was old enough I took my turn alongwith Mom or any of the

family we could con into helping. The honey was strained, put into 5 gallon cans and sold."

"Dad had a blacksmith shop out under the Chinaberry trees. He could make most anything with iron; fire dogs for a fireplace, a shovel, a hoe, a horse shoe, you name it, Dad could make it. Dad could tan hides also, but mostly he bought his leather I believe. This was for half soling shoes. Neighbors came for miles around for Dad to put a heel or sole on a shoe. I guess you could say Dad had many trades. He never had a lot of money, but many friends enjoyed his many free services. Dad was always busy, never lazy. He worked as long as his poor old body would let him."

Lola White continues: "Did Dad have a testimony of the gospel? You bet he did. We always had family prayer, every morning before we all left for school. Dad didn't always attend all the meetings, but always to Quarterly conferences. He loved to hear the authorities from Salt Lake speak."

"A question: How many men in their sixty's would marry a widow with nine children, take her by wagon train with three other couples, traveling three weeks to St. George Temple? Then stand proxy so she and her children could be sealed to her first husband along with the one child he and Mother had, that died shortly after birth?"

"This was my Dad. What a wonderful heritage he has left for all of us. With all my love, Lola Clevenger White."

Comments made by Ernest Clevenger

Ernest Clevenger said: "He (my father, Andrew) never bet except on his own skill. He would lie on the ground and challenge any two men to hold him down. He always got up and won the bet."

He had little schooling but he loved to read. The family always subscribed to the newspaper. Ernest looked forward to the evening paper every day and his Dad read the continued story to him. He remembers "Brer Rabbit" and others.

"Andrew worked for the stage/freight line out east of Apache Junction during the construction of Roosevelt Dam. It was called Wicks Station. He took care of the horses and mules."

Lola May Peppers liked to camp out so the family made many trips to the Verde River and to the Superstition Mountains and various places. Ernest said that while Andrew was working as a horse wrangler for Wicks some of the horses got lost in the mountains and that while searching for them Andrew found a cave and went back years later to explore it. They camped out a few days and somehow Andrew ate some spoiled sardines and became very ill. Ernest had to drive the Model T back to town. He was about 9 or 10 years old. It was his first attempt to drive, and Andrew was very sick. It was quite a trip.

Chapter 14: **Lola Francis Clevenger White**

(Written 15 September 1995 by Lola White, Payson, Arizona. Typed by her Nephew, Gerald O'Barr.)

I was born April 1, 1916, in Cedar City, Utah. I was the eleventh child of my Mother's, the sixth child of my Father's, as both had been married before. Mother was left a widow March 6, 1910, with a little baby boy only six months old. She had a terrible time, but with the help of her older children, doing washing, ironing, and house work, they made it somehow.

Three years later she married my Father, Andrew Benton Clevenger, January, 1913. They had a little girl born to them March 30, 1914. She only lived 1 hour. There was no temple in Mesa at this time. My father had been to the temple years before. Mother was very desirous to have her temple work done. So the home and little farm was rented out for two years and they prepared to go to St. George, Utah, where Mother could have her temple work done.

Two other families joined them, the Kazes and the Merrills. So they had quite a wagon train. It was a hard trip, but finally some six weeks later, April of 1915, they went through the Temple in St. George.

I was born April 1, 1916 in Cedar City, Utah. They didn't like Utah for a home, so came back to Arizona. Cotton farming was good, so Father found land in Laveen, Arizona, moved an old house on the land and made a good cotton crop. But sadness came to them here. Typhoid Fever came to the family. Lewis, Parley and Dora were terribly ill. Lewis died May 6, 1917. He was 19 years old. Parley and Dora recovered, but such a sad thing, to lose a son in the very prime of life. Soon after this tragedy, when the cotton was all harvested, they moved back to the home place in Mesa. They made money with the cotton, paid up the bills, and bought a car. Mother said I loved the car so much, I wanted to sleep in it.

Some three and a half years latter, Mother gave birth to a little boy, Ernest, on December 25, 1919. This was Mother's 12th child. She was now 45 years old, Father was 69. But they loved us dearly, their age didn't make that much difference. I was close to 5 years old when Earnest and I both had whooping cough. My it was hard on us, so glad children can be vaccinated and not have to have whooping cough.

I started to school in September 1921. I was five years old. Went all 8 years, graduating in May, 1929. I loved school and my teachers. I had the same principal all 8 years, a Mr. Jones. We always attended our meetings, and loved the Gospel. Most of the time we had to walk but it wasn't far, maybe a mile.

While in the 7th grade, Mother and Dad sold the old home place, bought 15 acres over on Alma School Road, and a much larger, better home. It was here Mother began to grow many beautiful flowers. Our Mesa Temple was going to be dedicated. Mother wanted lots of flowers for this wonderful occasion in 1927. The flowers seemed to know where they were going because they grew big and beautiful. the Temple was open to the public for a few weeks, then dedicated to the Lord for His work.

I wish I knew how many names my dear sweet mother did the work for. She gathered names wherever she could, going back to Oklahoma to get all she could. We didn't have a car then, as my Father was getting old, but some of my brothers did. She would get them to take her to the temple when they could, walking a good lot of the time. I guess it was two and a half or three miles to the temple from Alma School Road. A long ways for dear Mother. I worried so much about her.

Mother worked so hard, especially in the Summer during canning time. We only had a wood stove to can on. Mother would wear tennis shoes, cross the road to a ditch, go in the ditch, get wet all over, drip a little and come in the house and start canning on this old wood stove. Her face would get so red and hot, I worried all the time I might lose her. We always had lots of canned fruit, jams and jellies. Our fig jam was so delightful. I helped what I could, washing bottles, and peeling the fruit, but never allowed to can the hot fruit.

My Dad was busy all the time, he had a blacksmith shop back of the house under the umbrella trees. He made all kinds of tools, shovels, hoes, fire dogs, horseshoes. For us and anyone else. He also mended shoes, putting new soles on them, again for us and neighbors. He farmed the land with a one horse plow, hours upon hours. He grew feed for the cows and horses, as well as melons, corn and garden vegetables for us. Mother loved to go to the garden and work, she loved to be outdoors, also loved to gather the vegetables.

Dad also was a bee man, he must have had 25 hives of bees. He would rob the bees of the honey maybe twice a Summer. We then had to extract the honey and get it canned to sell. This is where I got my money for school. The extractor was turned by hand, many hours I spent helping my Dad and turning this old extractor. Mother was always out in the bee house helping too.

One time when I was a little younger, back at the old place, I asked my Father to make a banjo. A friend had a banjo and I heard him play and sing. First my Dad found at the store a small cheese hoop. He then went out at night and killed a stray cat. He tanned this hide, soaking it in ashes and lye, stretching and pulling it, and finally tacking on the cheese hoop.

He found the kind of wood he wanted to make the stock. He whittled out the keys, found strings at the music store. Tuned up this crude old banjo, as we began to play, I was so excited. It sounded beautiful to me.

My dear Sister Alice, I loved so dearly, had just finished College. She worked her way through College living with a school teacher in Tempe and doing the house work. also the washing and ironing. Her first school was down on the Mexican border. living with our Sister Dora and husband, George Smith (a border patrol officer.) The second year while home for Christmas, Dora and George had to move. So Alice set her up living quarters in the school, no white families living there. She had good and bad experiences that four and a half months. So she got a school the next year at home, at our old Alma School. There she taught eight years, I believe. I was in High school, so I never had my Sister for a teacher.

In my Sophomore year in High School, I began to have boy friends. That Summer I met Geddis White, a curly blond, We went together some. I also had other boy friends. By Christmas, Geddis was the only one for me, so June 8, 1932, we were married. I was only sixteen. All my girl friends were older than I, and a year older in my school classes. So guess I thought I was old enough to get married.

We had been married a little over a year, July 7, 1933, when a little son was born to us. We loved him dearly, he drowned in a canal. This was such a sad experience for Geddis and me, and also for dear old Mom and Dad. I went to work with Geddis, to drown my sorrow. About Christmas time I went to work packing citrus.

On October 22, 1935, a baby girl was born to us, we named her Lela May. In 1937 we bought a new car, and prepared to go to Alabama. Geddis had not been to his old home in Alabama, since he was 16 years old. We had a safe trip, but while there, Lela got the old diarrhea. Children were dying all around with it, so we headed home. No way could we lose this beautiful little blond girl. We drove night and day, arrived home in 2 days and 2 nights. Dr. Truman soon had her well again.

Geddis had built us a beautiful home, on Alma School Road, Second home from Alma School. It was here our third child was born. December 28, 1938, Philden Isom. Geddis was happier now he had a little son, he had golden hair and blue eyes. Before he had discarded his diapers, Pop was taking him to work with him changing him on the job. My Father passed away two months before Phil was born, Oct 31.

Geddis had worked for a wonderful man, Wallace Bond, for many years. This was the building business. He learned the trade well. When Mr. Bond went to get his Contractor's license he got one for Geddis too. Saying, you might want to go out on your own sometimes. He did contract on his own. In about two years, Mr. Bond got very ill, and was unable to work. Geddis finished all of his jobs, as well as his own. Mr. Bond passed away, Pop loved him like a Dad.

Justin Durand (Randy) was born 28 November 1945. Lela was ten years old, and was happy to have a baby brother. In 1949 I was called to be the Relief Society President. It was easy to take Randy with me, as he loved books and could entertain himself. In our R.S. nursery, they thought he should be in the movies.

Geddis was very supportive of me as the R.S. President, never complaining how much I was gone. His business was good, he always saw I had a new car, and my tank full of gas, for any emergency that might arise: Going with me to the sick at night, or to the depot to send a telegram telling of a death, maybe at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Geddis loved the church, and did all he could, all but preaching and praying in church. He was Ward Teaching Supervisor for over 30 years. Always furnishing transportation for the Scouts. One time the Scout bus stopped on the big Ox Bow hill coming into Payson. Pop had just bought a new pickup, he burned up his motor pulling the bus on into Payson. But load by load he got all the Scouts to camp. Pop saw all the widows in our Ward, had a little extra for Christmas. Also putting on a new roof or steps for a trailer.

The 28 May 1950, Robert Lyman was born. He was a very active little boy, so I had to resign as R.S. President. But they put me on the R.S. Stake board, where I served for 9 years. Pop bought me several new cars in this 9 years, and insisted I use my car for the many trips to Salt Lake, and please don't charge the Sisters that go with you.

Lela married Leiland Overson, a newly returned missionary her seminary teacher had introduced her to, May 8, 1953. They had 9 children. I don't know if it was the pressure of too many jobs going at one time, or the marriage of our daughter. Pop had a nervous breakdown. He suffered many relapses of this, but would go right back to work. He was never real well after these, but kept on working.

Philden married Peggy Ellsworth 29 January 1960. They had two children and divorced 25 October 1963. His children were given to him in Court. On 8 February 1964, he married Judy Rogers.

In this same year, Justin decided to go on a mission, which made us happy. He went to the N.Y. Mission, and got to be in the Hill Cumorah pageant both years he was on his mission. Justin was released I believe December 1966, didn't take him long to find a wife. On 23 March 1967, Justin married Patricia Scott. Seven children were born to them.

We moved several times, as Geddis loved to build us a new home, but only in a two mile radius. Always in the same Ward, the children in the same schools. January 1968 my mother fell and broke her hip. She never recovered from this. Mother passed away August 7, 1969.

Our Robert was wanting to go on a mission, but we could only send two from each Ward while the war was on. He registered and waited. One Sunday President Layton called, told Bob to come to the church, now! A boy from another Ward was turned down for a mission, he was going to send Bob in his place. So a letter was written to Mission Headquarters, for Bob a deferment from the services, and put on a plane that night. His deferment was granted. He was called to the Ohio Mission in 1969, just before the passing of my dear Mother. She had prayed so hard, along with all of us, that Bob could have his life long plans and get to fill a mission. Mother passed away soon after this.

Geddis was in the middle of a big subdivision. There was so much head ache as he was trying for AA. He built many homes for others, and speck homes. The speck homes were large and beautiful, but did not sell too well. Worry got the best of him, and he acquired sugar diabetes. The Doctor put him on a diet, had him go from 220 pounds to 140 pounds, also to quit building and move out of town.

I finished the subdivision selling the houses already built, and the lots. We moved Pop to Tonto Village in Payson where we had a garage built and a cabin staked out for a Summer home. I told him to work on the cabin as he felt like. I would sell our home and finish the subdivision and come as soon as I could. I was selling Real Estate for Cummarks. Every Friday I went to Tonto Village and took food Pop could eat, also supplies for the cabin. On July 3, 1971, I moved to Tonto Village

and Pop began to mend: With no worry, all lots in the subdivision sold, all our bills paid; all this was accomplished by faith and prayers.

Bob brought a beautiful girl to visit us. On 27 December 1972, Bob married Pam Christenson. They had five children and a pair of twins that came early and they lost them. Bob got a job at the Hatchery, about five miles from us. We was so happy to have them close.

This first Winter we had lots of snow, we would slip and slide. I didn't like that. We were some 14 miles from Payson and our church meetings, so we bought a little home in town. Pop was feeling better, he planted trees and made a beautiful garden that Summer.

Phil thought he would like to have a Chevrolet dealership of his own. So he applied for one and got it. Pop was so much better now, he even helped Phil draw the plans so that OHSA and the Chevrolet Company would accept them. Then he helped Phil oversee the building. In early 1975, they were open for business. Bob quit the hatchery, and began working for Phil as his general manager. Justin had been with the Telephone company over ten years, then got transferred to Payson as Field manager. We were so happy to have all three sons in Payson. Not for long. Not two years had past and Randy got transferred to Flagstaff. Right in the middle of his move, Pop got real sick, a pain in his chest. The large artery had a rupture in two places. So emergency surgery was setup about 10:30 at night. The doctor said, pray very hard I can get in there before it bursts. He didn't know Pop had already had a blessing, and we were already praying. Pop recovered nicely.

We were in the process of building a home over close to Bob. In fact, on his acre, as Pop was never well anymore. I felt we should be close to one of our children. Pop's health began to deteriorate fast. One lung began to fill up with fluid. After many tests in the Good Samaritan Hospital, they decided to operate. In May 1985 they found what we dreaded, cancer.

Pop did not want to have all those treatments, chose to go home. Our home was finished by now, Bob and Pam had worked night and day planting shrubs and trees to make it look nice to Pop. Geddis was so humble and able to endure the pain. Sometimes when our sons were bathing him, he would tell them how much he loved them. August 9th Pop slipped into a comma, August 10th about 7 AM he left us. We found his note book he carried in his pocket, he had planned his own funeral. It was in Mesa, Arizona, buried in the old family plot. Well life must go on for us left behind. It is hard going on without Pop, but 10 years has gone by, and I am still here.

Phil wasn't feeling too good by now and decided to sell the Chevrolet dealership in 1988, and just rest, to get to feeling better. Bob and Pam made them a business. They called it "White's Enteriors" and did real well financially. Pam didn't like being away from home and her children, so they decided to sell.

Phil was now tired of resting, and wanted some kind of a business. The telephone Company began to lay men off just before retirement. Justin's job was shaky. Justin made a suggestion to Phil to try for a Ford dealership. He did and it

was granted. Justin (Randy) sold his beautiful two-story home he had built in Flagstaff. He put just about all he had in the business, making him owning one fourth of the business and moved to Payson.

"White's Interiors" sold, so while waiting for the Ford Agency to be built, Bob built him a nice home in Wonder Valley. Justin and Phil had lots of spare time, so they helped Bob a good deal. They were also doing all they could in the building of the Ford Agency. This was 1992. A Ford Agency was being built in Star Valley, four miles from Payson.

I was happy my three sons would be working together, but very humble and prayerful. They all three loved the Gospel, they tried to remember Heavenly Father, also where all blessings come from.

Phil, since moving here, has held a few offices in the church. He was President of the Elders, High Priest group leader, back in the High Priest's group as a Counselor.

Justin (Randy) has been Elder's President, on the high council, now First Counselor in the Bishopric. Sent his oldest daughter, Sophia, on a mission to Africa. He now has two in the mission field: Justin II in Tennessee, Crystal in Independence, MO.

Bob was in the Bishopric, Elders President, now on the High Council, he also taught Seminary for one year. He sent his oldest son Denver, on a mission to Japan. Weston will leave on his mission on October 25.

Randy bought a home behind the Ford Dealership, has been remodeling it the past year. No one lived close to me, so Randy let me put a double mobile home beside his home. I love it here.

Lela, my only daughter, lives out close to Apache Junction. She had 9 children. Was a R.S. President while living in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. She has been a Primary and Sunday School teacher also a visiting teacher as of now. She tried to kinda have the children, and take the back seat, as her husband Lee was very much involved in the church. He was Bishop in Cotton Wood, Bishop again in Vegas. He was branch President in Maricopa for many years, always having a job in the church.

I am sure I have left out many important events, for this short life history for Gerald to put in his book. But he is only doing one book, all of mine would be a book in itself. I do love my Heavenly Father, and our dear Savior, with all my heart. I know Joseph Smith was a true prophet. I thank him for his wonderful endurance, the great man he was. Most of all for the Book of Mormon and the gospel.

Lola White
Sept. 15, 1995
Payson, Arizona

Chapter 15. Ernest Andrew Clevenger

(Written in December 1995 by Ernest Clevenger in Mesa, Arizona, and typed by his Nephew, Gerald O'Barr.)

Life History of Ernest Andrew Clevenger

In an attempt to write this personal accounting, is a miracle in itself. Be as it is, I will try. The first ten years of my life I will quote most from my mother's Life History that she wrote for me. Beginning from birth, now I will quote from that writing in her own hand.

(Quotes from Lola May Peppers' own writings.)

Ernest Andrew Clevenger was born 10:45 Christmas Day, Dec 25, 1919. What a beautiful Christmas present. His mother and his Father Andrew Benton Clevenger were so proud of him, especially his father. We lived on West Creamery Road, Mesa, Arizona (Now called Broadway Road.) The house was of adobe and wood, located on eight acres of good farm land that we grew vegetables, chickens and hogs, cured, sold at the stores in Mesa, sometimes just traded for other food.

Ernest was a sweet baby just as good as could be. His father sure did think so. He would set for hours and rock him back and forth in his buggy or cradle. His father felt sure he would never raise him, because his other boys all died when little. He prayed for his health every night at family prayer.

Ernest was a beautiful child and we all just loved him. He had pretty white skin, big blue eyes and bold head. His hair seemed not to grow but finally did. Ernest walked at one year old, from then on he was everywhere. At about 18 months it was time for weaning. His father said "No. He will get sick and die." But he was weaned and he did live and grew to manhood and very little sickness.

At five years old Ernest started to school at Alma School. Lola his sister went there, but every day his father would go to meet him and walk him home. He bought Lola her first bicycle and built a seat on behind for him to ride on and she pumped him to and from school.

Ernest was baptized Dec 31, 1927. Graduated from Alma School and from Mesa High School, where he met and finally married a pretty young girl by the name of Dorothy Shill. Ernest's father got to see her and know her just before he died and was happy he had finally raised a boy.

(End of quotes from Lola May Peppers' writings.)

By Ernest from this point on:

I will refer to Mother's book at times as she tells of all the family: Mr. O'Barr's family, brothers and sisters on both sides, places and happenings at places they lived: Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Utah, Arizona, which all happened before my time. So to conclude her writings, I will touch only in part.

My own life as I recall it:

I remember my father as very strict, but still a very gentle man. A very caring man who loved his family very much and did what he felt he had to do regardless.

At the age of ten, about the time a child starts to test their parents, I was caught talking back to mother by Dad. I'm not sure if that was a mistake or blessing, for he grasped me by the collar and said, "come with me", and headed for the barn. As he passed through the door, he took a pair of bridle reins from the wall and did what a father felt he had to do. At that time I thought he told the big lie of the century because he said, "Boy, this hurts me more than it does you." I think he forgot about those iron snaps on the ends of the reins.

I was left crying in the barn. Father went out of the barn crying. Later I ask mother, "How come Dad was crying? I am the one that got the works." She held me in her arms and said your father loves you more than life and you caused him to do what he did not want to do, but felt he had to do it. I am sure this is all very true, so I've called this action a blessing all my life, for as I write now with tears flowing I know my father loved me more than life itself.

Father named me "Ernest" but all the years we were together he never called me Ernest. It was "boy." "Boy" this and "boy" that. I think there is reason for the boy name, for my sister Lola and I think dad was between 65 and 68 years old when I was born. Wow! Boy! Oh boy! It's a boy. Father and I had an excellent relationship and I'm very proud he was my father. Mother and I talked of him a lot.

About this time dad bought his second car. His first didn't work out very well so he sold it. This second car was a 1924 model "T" Ford truck with Ruxcell Axles, a power wagon of that time. Always before to travel we went by wagon, buggy, surrey or horse back. I remember going to Phoenix to state fair in the surrey. It was really something. Two seats, top with fringe, two kerosene lamps in front, one in back. This surrey and buggy was pulled by little Babe, a sorrel mare, four stocking feet and blocked for head. She was a trotter or pacer and supper fast. Go for hours, she seemed to love it.

She was the favorite of all the horses, but she would run through any gate left open for a minute. One day she did that, and slipped through a cattle guard and broke her leg. What a bad day, every one was in tears for she had to be put away. The death of little Babe ended our horse and Buggy days for the O'Barr Clevenger families, but not forgotten.

Camping trips were many. Mother insisted on camping trips every year. The long trip to St. George, Utah, is a book length story in itself, but long before my time. Some day I hope to see the story of that journey in print for all to read and enjoy. No question, it was a highlight in our family history. So now I leave the covered wagon days and back to the model "T's."

The truck that Dad bought was my first driving experience. I could make it go forward and backward and knew where the brake was. That's about all. At this time mother wanted another camping trip so we loaded up and took off. We went East of

Mesa to the end of Superstition Mountains at a place called Weeks Station. It was a station where the stage coaches changed horses. It isn't used for that now.

We made camp and settled in for the night. Next day Dad shot quail and rabbits. He loved to hunt and fish. That evening Mother cooked the game in Dutch ovens on the open fire with biscuits and gravy. Mother was a good cook in any place. We all ate our fill. Dad loved canned sardines so to finish off his supper he decided to have a can. That night, a little before midnight, Mother woke me saying, "We have to pack up and leave immediately. Dad is poisoned. We must get him to a doctor and you are going to drive the truck to town."

Mother never learned to drive and Dad could not. He was awful sick. I don't know if I were scared for him or more scared of the truck, but things like this makes a little boy grow up real quick. I drove that truck back down the highway to Mesa with Mother praying all the way. We passed no other cars on the road, thank heaven. I needed it all as I was going from side to side. We stopped at old South Side Hospital. Dad was checked out and given medicine. The sardines had poisoned him. He was well soon a few days latter. Dad told Mother, "We don't have a little boy anymore."

Dad was skilled in many trades, especially Black Smithing. He taught me Iron Work that I am using today. He liked music; sang songs of old. One of his favorites was, "Sally."

"Sally in the Summer time, Sally in the Fall time.
You be good to Sally, Or you won't see Sally at all."

and several other verses. I learned to sing along with him for accompanying. He played a five string Banjo that he made out of a cat hide on Bodock wood. Mother was always around to cheer us on. She loved music but didn't care to sing..

At age twelve I got my first job, a paper route carrying the Republic and Gazette. Eighteen miles morning and night on a 24 inch wheel bicycle, 36 miles a day developing a pair of strong legs which are still going good. At this time I experienced my first buying on time. If you can recall Monrad's Bicycle Shop on South McDonald, Mesa. Well, he had in the front window the most beautiful Bicycle ever. A blue streamliner Schwinn, big 28" wheels, battery powered head and tail lights. Pure speed. I asked the price. \$37.50. But he said I could buy on time because you are a paper carrier, you have a job, you are working. Pay what you can until its paid for and its yours.

I paid every week. But I only had \$20.00 paid when on a Saturday afternoon I went to make another payment. Mr. Monrad went over to my old bike, removed my paper bag and put it on the new one, and said, "There's your bike. Take it home and pay balance later", which I did faithfully. That 36 miles a day route was easy on that new bicycle.

In my second year at Mesa High School, still carrying the paper after school, one day I went to the bicycle rack. No bicycle! My first experience of something being taken. I was mad, mad. Mad at the whole world and everyone in it. No one

could do that to me. But one did and that was the end of the paper route. Another lesson in life, a little more growing up.

But I didn't stay mad very long. I was walking across the street from old Mesa High to seminary one afternoon. There was the prettiest black haired, black eyed girl I had ever seen. She had just put lip stick on. A bright fire engine red. I walked up along side, and said, "Where did you get those red lips?" She dropped her books in the middle of the street. As we picked them up we looked at each other and laughed.

I guess we liked what we looked at because we have been looking and laughing at each other for the past 61 years, a relationship I would love to relive again and again. Thus, Dorothy Shill, an experience at first and lasting love, my companion for this life and Eternity.

In the Summer time vacations from school, I worked on farms, putting up hay, milking cows, cowboying, irrigating. Any of the many things that's to be done on a farm, I did. I recall a friend and I got a job milking cows. Eighty head all by hand in an open corral, 40 cows each. The first morning started 3 a.m., finished at 11 a.m. Started again at 2 p.m., finished, 9 p.m.

The next morning my hands were so swollen I couldn't close them, much less milk a cow. I woke Mother to ask what to do. She looked at the hands and says, "You can't milk." I said "I have to." She gave me a bucket of hot water with epsom salts to soak them in. My friend drove the car. I set the bucket on the floor board and soaked my hands. My friend rounded up the cows. I was still soaking. The first few cows were pure torture. But we did it and staid at it for the Summer.

At these jobs I made enough money to buy my own car, a 1925 Model "T" for \$12.50. The body was in bad shape. Although I wasn't allowed to drive it, I went to work on it with help of other neighbor boys. We removed everything possible. A strip down model. I left the engine, steering wheel, gas tank and four wheels. I sat on the gas tank to drive it. A wild looking machine. It ran good and served a purpose.

After the paper route I still had two years of High School to go, so I played football, baseball and track, earning letters in all. Dorothy and I graduated from Mesa High in the same year. Our courtship was very much in bloom. This was in 1937. The country was in recession. Lots of people out of work. There were no jobs anywhere, but I took work from anyone that would hire me. Thus my work career began. I had joined the National Guard. Money from there helped.

I was still living at home with Mother. Because of that, I qualified for Government work and staid on it until the economy picked up. I learned to drive big trucks, mechanics and carpentry. The latter I worked at and still do.

I had bought several cars during that period and in 1937 I bought a 1934 Model B Ford. That classy little car heated up the romance a bunch. Dorothy and I went everywhere in it. On Oct 13, 1939, under the grape arbor at her home place, with full moon glowing, the all important question was asked. She said yes. The 14th of Oct we were married in Prescott, Arizona, by Bishop A.R. Allen in his office. Then to

Sedona, and Flagstaff, and to the Grand Canyon. We staid four nights, 6 days, on our Honeymoon. We spent less than \$37.00. We had to, for that was the total bank roll. We came home with some money. A short time back we made close to the same trip and spent \$600.00. Times have changed.

We set up house keeping with mother at South Alma School Road and lived with her the next 12 years. During those 12 years the entire world was in a turmoil leading into World War II. The U.S.A. was rapidly building up armed forces and military bases nation wide. All men and women capable of working were ask to work and most all did.

One of these military bases was Ft Huachuca in Southern Arizona. I went there to work. And our first home of our own consisted of two tents, one to cook and eat, the other a bed room. We were upper class for most people had only one.

We were married about two years, and still very much in love and very happy, although war clouds were closing in. We came home for Christmas that year. Mother was sure glad to have us home, but she cried when we left. When we arrived at our tent home, our tents were all smashed flat with 16 to 18 inches of snow. Everything was soaking wet. I shoveled off the snow, put up the tents, built a fire in our wood cook stove, hung up bedding, spent a miserable night, and survived.

My work was 10-12 hours a day, seven days a week, so Dorothy was chief everything. Fire wood was most important. She gathered wood on the desert. I was allowed to take scrap wood from the job. So again we managed.

One Saturday afternoon I took off work early and we went to Bisbee for supplies and recreation. At a restaurant that night, Dorothy ordered a big plate of fried chicken. She took one long look, and turned pale, almost white. I asked what was wrong, are you sick, do we need a doctor? She said yes I'm sick, but I don't need a doctor. Maybe a doctor in about seven months. I guess I looked at her with a blank stare, so finally she said I'm almost sure I'm pregnant. I said boy! Oh boy. She said you all take what you get, boy or girl.

On Sept 8, 1941, Ernest Andrew Clevenger Jr. was born. We left tent city at Ft. Huachuca for a job closer to home. Defence projects going everywhere, at high wages. "Parker dam and power house" was very high in priority, so I went there. Workers there were held in high esteem: Free meals, free rooms. But the long trip home every 2 weeks was not good.

The Bush family of Arizona owned a house and apple orchard just under the dam on the Arizona side. I called Mrs. Nellie Bush to rent the house. She said yes. Your rent will be to irrigate the orchard every two weeks. Dorothy and baby moved there, I could walk to work, no argument.

War clouds were getting darker and darker. On Dec 7, 1941, they exploded. I was at work and at about 10 a.m., all the sirens on the entire project went off. They only sounded in an emergency. All men stopped work wondering what happened. We soon found out. Pearl Harbor was bombed. Most of the workers wanted to quit immediately and head for the recruiting office in their home towns. The project

supervisor called several meetings saying the Dam and power plant was more essential to the war effort than ever, which was true. I elected to stay.

War was declared on Japan and Germany. The war brought on rationing (food, gasoline, and tires) and 45 miles per hour speed limits. Many items vanished from store shelves. The U.S.A. was not prepared for all out war.

The draft system was put in force, 17 to 28 old men registered. The Federal, State and city governments soon mobilized themselves, and prepared for war. The entire population of America tightened their belts and said we will do it. We will win this war. History tells at what price.

About this time, David Benton, our second boy was born Sept 22, 1942. So now I had a wife and two sons plus a war that was demanding more and more men. To go or not go was a question on my mind constantly. I staid home and served my country the best I could. The U.S. railroad system became number one priority, moving troops and war machinery. The R.R. needed more men to better serve the war effort. I went to work for the Southern Pacific R.R. Stationed in Yuma, Arizona, and remained there until I volunteered for the Navy on June 17, 1944.

I was assigned for basic training at San Diego Training Base. At this point I was switched from regular Navy to the Sea Bees which was part of the Navy. I was thinking maybe the C.B.'s might be less dangerous and see less action. I was a happy dreamer for I went to the South Pacific. The war with Japan was a horrible thing. I prefer not to write about it but very little.

I did have some fun. The Pacific Island has good fishing, and snorkel diving. I had a two-man rubber raft for fishing and long rides out in the ocean. On one occasion, too far to fish, I would drift with the tide. This one time I paid no attention to the horizon and I let a heavy cruiser slip up on me. The first thing I knew someone on board the ship was calling me on a bull horn. They gave instruction to run my raft to a Jacob's ladder that was over the side and to come aboard. It was a U.S. ship, but no way was I going to get on that ship, because I would be AWOL from my outfit.

I finally convinced them that I was not ship wrecked, or lost at sea, at least I thought I had, and started rowing away from the ship towards my island. There could easily have been three to four hundred sailors looking over the side at me. I got a loud blast on the ship's horn. That speeded up the rowing back to my base in good shape. If you hear the question, "How do you stop a battle ship in the middle of the ocean?", just answer, "You don't!"

The Pacific Islands were beautiful even under battle conditions. I was on Mahjuro, Guam, Marshalls, Perry, Okinawa, then back to Marshalls. My mail all went to P.O. Enewetak, main Island of the Marshalls.

How come a Sea Bee was in so many places under fire, I don't know. There was a saying in the C.B. Battalions like this: The Marines have landed and situation well in hand, and the C.B. built what they landed on. That was more true than fiction. Several times I was with the Marines. I still think the construction battalions (the C.B's) got assignments that no one else wanted.

I credit my National Guard training (7 years of it) for my survival. My Captain, Albert Huber of the 158th Field Artillery, N.G., insisted all men receive extensive hand-to-hand combat training. My final base was Eniwetok in the Marshalls and actually building buildings and doing C.B. work. The landing strip was the length of the island, built along one side.

One morning the Tokyo Special landed, a B-29. We had the only strip long enough for it. All flights were cancelled. All airways cleared. After landing, about four hundred Marines circled around it. That was as close as anyone else got. The crew was picked up and delivered to special quarters and more Marines cordoned them off. No one talked to the crew. Our fighter planes up, back, refueled, and up again. If a plane could fly, it was up. Aircraft carriers 100 miles out circled the island. Their planes were up. We refueled a lot of them.

I talked to pilots that I knew, and asked, "what was up?" They would say, "I don't know, but it is all connected to that big bird sitting out there." One said, "We are flying 500 miles reconnaissance flights, and ships are all the way." I ask my Captain what was going on. "I'm not sure, but you can bet your life, its big. Real big." It was big alright. The largest assembly of troops, ships, and planes ever put together. And in that B-29 setting out there was the most destructive device known to the civilized world, the A bomb, with Hiroshima's name on it. It was delivered and the huge invasion force was not needed. The U.S.-Japan war was over.

I was discharged several months later and received four bronze stars and one silver star and one medal. But most important, not even a scratch. I sincerely thank my Father-In-Heaven for a safe trip, but if He doesn't mind, I'll not do it again.

Dorothy, Andy and David spent all this time home with Mother. I was most happy to be with them again. I feel a man's family, his own brothers and sisters, Aunts, Uncles, everyone connected to it should be the most important thing in life. It is in mine.

As a veteran I received several benefits for school. I used all I could. The land on the home place I farmed, and worked for E.G. White (Lola's husband) building homes in and around Mesa. E.G. was an excellent builder and very much in demand. Busy all the time, so I had all the work I wanted. There was all sorts of material and machinery available to veterans. War surplus it was called. I bought a two ton truck from them near new at very little cost. I built in spare time a cattle rack on it. I just finished up, all hardwood painted, etc. I drove it under a low bridge and wiped it out. Nothing but splinters. I've done some not so smart things in my life and that was one. It was rebuilt, and with a little more caution, I used it for several years.

At this time, May 5, 1948, Jack Eldon Clevenger was born. He was a good healthy little guy and took his place in the family.

In 1948, Dorothy's father and brother, Ralph, bought a resort at Mormon Lake called Bass Point. It was located 30 miles South of Flagstaff, Arizona. The building was not in too good of condition. I trucked in lumber, paint, what ever necessary to recondition it. Then Dorothy and I was elected to run the business. We trucked our

cows, chickens, dogs each year for the Summers. We sold milk, butter, and eggs in the resort. Much activity, not much money. But we had lots of fun. Lots of good hunting and fishing. Mr. Shill built 15 boats and we rented them to fishermen and boaters.

June 15, 1949, a storm came and blew all the water out of Mormon lake. Completely. Mormon Lake was very shallow. Once the wind got under the water, it just rolled the water up into a big meadow and went into the ground. A fantastic sight. I watched all this from the shelter of a cliff beside the lake. When it quieted down, I checked the family. All O.K., but considerable damage to the buildings. Repairs could come later. I got one wheelbarrow and went fishing. One could not believe the tons of fish stranded on land. Catfish 10-12 pounds flopping all over. We skinned and flayed cat fish for days. Mr. Shill and mom Shill was there to help. He built a smoker to dry the fish. We ate fish, froze fish, smoked and dried fish. Coyotes, bears and crows took care of the tons of dead fish. We could watch them from our back porch.

A fishing resort doesn't function too well without water, so the business came to a near halt. Spring of 1949, came back to Mormon Lake. The past winter, Mr. Shill and I bought 120 acres east of Flagstaff: 80 acres of farmland, rest in forest. We trucked tractor and equipment, prepared it and planted it into beans. We had a perfect harvest of 15 hundred lbs. per acre. A supper crop. Trucked the beans to Phoenix and collected enough money to pay for the farm. Bought a new pickup, with several thousand left over.

I'm thinking what a gold mine this is. The three following years I planted Beans, but never harvested a bean. No gold mine. The following spring we sold the farm, trucked everything back to Mesa. In 1950 I built a dairy farm on the Shill home place and milked up to 60 head of cows. This project was an all family job. We would have never made it otherwise. I went back to work for E. G. White. I put 8 hrs. on the job, milked cows and farmed. Once in awhile, a little sleep. This went on for five years. The cows had very high production. Things looked good. I was selected as board member to the Arizona Dairy Association, but I was beginning to feel tired all the time.

At this time our daughter Judith Ann Clevenger was born, March 7, 1951. A beautiful baby. As I looked at her and the rest of the kids thinking, at this pace I am going, I'll never live to raise them. I let it be known that I would sell the cows. Cows were high priced. Some old Mexico buyers came by on Saturday morning. I handed them the record books and said to pick 45 cows at \$800.00 each. They picked 48. We shook hands. And said we'll have trucks and a check Wednesday. I went to the house to tell Dorothy. I said no more dairy. She said no. Yes, I've just sold the entire herd. She started to cry. We both worked so hard with them. A sad but happy day.

In 1957, after selling the dairy, I started construction again, acquiring my own contractors licenses class B2 and two specialty licenses. Sept. 22, 1958, Linda Sue

Clevenger was born. A beautiful and a pleasant surprise. There is 7 years between her and Judith Ann.

As a contractor I built houses, swimming pools, and store fronts, remodeling. Barry Goldwater wanted a swimming pool. I wrote up the contract. He looked at it, then he look at me and said, "Do you know what the hell you're doing?" I said, "By dam if I don't I'll get help." He said, "Well at least we talked the same language", and signed the contract. We built one of our few clover leaf pools. Had to blast and Jack Hammer into solid rock, with all copper plumbing. Goldwater said, "By dam, this is Arizona, use copper." The Senator is still going strong, and hasn't changed a bit as of Dec. 1995.

The 20th of July, 1963, David was married and on his own. In 1964, Andrew completed his mission and married same year and working. Jack was married Nov. 24, 1967, but didn't go very far away. Bought the house across the Street. He liked farming and cattle. We rented land close by and both worked our jobs and farmed. In 1971 Jack found a much better job at the paper mill in Taylor, Arizona. Sold his home and moved and is still there a working.

Judith Ann was married in Aug 8, 1971, to Gary Rolland. Lived in Mesa a short time and moved to Knights Town, Indiana, Gary's home town. Linda Sue, our last daughter, married Nov 15, 1986, and lives in Payson, Arizona.

This type of livelyhood continued until 1969. The years was slipping past rapidly. I felt I needed a more secured retirement plan. Arizona State seemed the best offering. My application at Mesa Schools was accepted July, 1966. Dorothy had been employed there since 1963, and happy with the system. We still had the Lehi home place, 16 acres. Dorothy and I bought the place from her parents in 1960. Excellent vegetable land, so planted large gardens. Cantaloupes, tomatoes, corn, pumpkins, anything the public wanted. The business went over big with the locals. Home grown vegies, walk through the field, pick their own if they wished. Lots of customers, even creating traffic problems. We hired lots of pickers. Anyone that would work. Most didn't stay long. Too hard, it was back breaking hard work. Here again I seem to take on just a tab more than possible. We would start the "pickens" at daylight, go to work for 8 hours, come home to mt. of cantaloupe, and pack them sometimes until midnight. Put them in Refer for trucks. Pick up next morning. Then do the same the next day. This went on until 1976. Dorothy and I decided for a long delayed vacation.

We left Linda and Jack's family to finish up the Summer crops and headed north fishing along the way. We drove that truck as far north as possible all over northern states, Canada to the north end of North West Territory. That trip to write of it is a Book itself.

But I will tell of the longest day. The sun never went down, just skipped along on the northern horizon, then backup in the east. Took pictures. 12:00 a.m. Gold Tournament Tee off at midnight. A marvelous natural thing to see. We were gone from home over 2 months. Followed the Canadian border east, going to Indiana to

visit Judy and family. Then to northern Ark. where we visited Gus and Edith. They were on their mission. Visited just a few days, as they were very busy. Then home to Mesa. this trip report may sound speedy. Not so. We stayed away from freeways, traveled many back roads as possible. Never hurried. Talked to people, took pictures of places and things. Came home happy and rested.

Dorothy and I stayed with Mesa School system until retirement, still gardening and doing side jobs. Dorothy retired in June 1980. I retired Dec. 1982 at 62. Health Insurance costs were high. The school had a part time program that paid our insurance until 65 so stayed on working 2 days a month.

In 1983 we sold the bottom 8 acres of our farm to the Sand and Gravel Co. The land joined the Salt River. From the sale we invested most of the dollars. Bought a second home in Egar, Arizona, took several long vacations, bought land in Grace, Idaho along side of Andrew's home. We are enjoying our retirement. We have good health although it takes a lot of doing and effort to stay that way. Can't believe how the years have slipped by as my brother Joe O'Barr use to say, "Enjoy your selves, its better than you think." How true.

Dorothy and I have just celebrated our 56th wedding anniversary. For those years I am very grateful and if I could I would not change very little. But I am still making plans for trips, and work projects and looking to the future.

Dorothy said a few days ago you'd have to live another 50 years to do all that. I said beautiful, if you are there with me. We have had good times, bad times and shared both with love and appreciation, plus a sincere line of communications. I always felt if we can't talk about a problem and form a joint opinion we need more divine guidance. It's no question, a family that prays together stays together. Our spiritual progression is all we take with us.

I feel life's most important achievement is the family togetherness. Love and appreciation for each other will solve all problems, and a base for a happy life.

When a Father, adult children greets or parts or says, goodbye or phone, and say, "I love you Dad", I just don't know how to measure than kind of wealth. Also a feeling that perhaps I may have done something right. In conclusion, to my family, I love you all. To my many friends, thank you for being my friend.

In summary, I have on purpose left out statistics, and wrote of personal accounts and left out many of those.

To Gerald O'Barr, the son of my very close brother, my sincere thank you, for the collection and compiling of our Family History.

God Bless and keep you all.

With Love,

Ernest Andrew Clevenger Sr.

Appendix A. The O'Barr Family Flag.

(In the 13th Ward, San Diego CA North Stake, Bishop Glen Hunsaker held a Family Flag Contest. In June, 1974, we were notified that our family flag would be published in the Ensign.)



The O'Barr family flag consists of an "O" and a "bar." The "O" stands for the circle of perfection or the circle that represents eternity. It is our Family Circle. The "bar" stands for the judgement bar of God or the iron rod. It provides stability and direction to life, a symbol of truth, fairness, and balance.

This flag is a simple two element or two color flag, reflecting the simplicity of our own reality. In 2 Nephi 2, verse 11, is expressed the principle that all things exist as simple compounds of opposites. So it is with reality itself. Pure matter and pure space make up our basic existence. They are the most opposite of opposites, a something-nothing compound. Thus, mass and space (or kingdom and space) give existence to each other, one cannot exist without the other. Therefore do the scriptures say, "...for there is no space in which there is no kingdom, and there is no kingdom in which there is no space..." (D&C 88:37)

The upper rising ramp represents our eternal progression. We must climb to reach the top. There is a balance in the colors of this flag, representing the importance of balance and moderation in our lives. The inversion between the two colors represents the inversion that occurs when pure matter collides with pure matter, and is the origin of our free motion through space.

The actual colors can be varied to express the feelings or the events of the day, or even the seasons of the year: Blue and gold for Summer, red and gold for Fall, black and gold for Winter, and green and gold for Spring. The gold represents the sun, which makes all our seasons. The blue represents the Summer sky, the red the Autumn leaves, the black the Winter skies, and the green the new growth of Spring.

White and blue for education, red and black for war, purple and gold for events of royalty, white and gold for joy: Each set of colors would be chosen as desired by the one flying the flag. One could fly one or more sets of colors if he were so inclined. For the glory and the power and the honor of God, flags of all colors would be flown. Variety is one of the grand achievements of God. He has brought forth variety even though reality is composed of only one simple compound of opposites.

Appendix B. The Church

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is exactly what it is named. This is the Church of Jesus Christ, as He has given it to us in these the latter days. To fully understand the Church, or to "know" the church, requires one to know the Savior.

How do you come to know the Savior? He has told us how: by doing the things that He does. He loves us. If we would love one another, as He loves, then we would come to know the things that He knows, and we would soon come to know the Savior.

The Church is true. As with all truth, all truth supports all other truth. Therefore, if you have any truth, if there is any knowledge that you know that you have, then that truth that you have will be found to be in support of the Church and the principles that it teaches. Are you a scientist? Do you have extensive knowledge of health, or of government, or of social needs, or of any other expertise? Then you will find that the position of the church on those issues will be correct and acceptable to you. This is the power of truth.

This Church is guided by revelation. This is the only Church which is guided by revelation. Any Church can claim to be guided by revelation, but this Church, by its fruit, is thus guided. Scripture (our Doctrine and Covenants) is being written today just as it was in the Old Testament days and in the New Testament days. God has not changed.

Now even though the Church is the only church that is guided by revelation, it does not mean that revelation does not exist outside the Church. All men, as men, receive revelations from God. These revelations (thoughts sent by God which enters into one's mind) are not often recognized as being from Him, but these blessings do occur quite often. We are always free to respond to these thoughts as we will. We are even free to claim these thoughts as our own, or we can give thanks to God for them. But if we reject these good thoughts, then we judge ourselves: We bring judgement upon ourselves for having turned away from the good. Therefore, revelation is a true principle, it is present upon the earth, and it is in full used by those who lead the Church.

We have said a few things about truth. One thing that must be stated is that this truth is not the "way" into the Church. It is a matter of the heart. The truth will never work to keep one out of the Church, but our heart is the key to our acts. The question that must be asked, do you care about God and the things of God? Do you love others because you really love them, or because you think that God, or someone else, wants you to love them? These are the kinds of questions that one must ask themselves, and they will determine what one does, especially when one has no other knowledge to do otherwise.

This life is a test. The test is what do you do when you do not have full knowledge. What one does, when one does not have reasons to do one thing or another, is a real test of what kind of a person they are or what they might want to be. This is a good test. It is often said to be a test of faith. And so it is. One's faith is anything in which they have hope. If we hope for fairness, and hope for goodness, then in that thing it will be easy for us to exercise our faith, for that is what we really want, and we would be willing to act in that thing even if no proof exists. And so we pass the test. Isn't it neat!

The Church provides a framework in which we can grow and develop all the attributes that are desired by God. If we individually seek for the same things that God desires, then we will find them in the Church. The question is never "proof" or a "convince me" attitude. It is pure and simple love and the enjoyment of the blessings of God. They are available to all. All are invited in. None are turned away except those that are not willing to keep the simple commandments of God.

Appendix C. I believe in America!

When someone says they "believe in America," what do they mean? Do they mean, in a 4th of July parade, that their hearts jump for joy when the American flag passes by? Does it mean that they have a special attitude and respect for people, and how they should live and treat one another? Is it about the importance of justice and freedom, and the proper government? To believe in America is a most powerful and important concept! No person should ever misunderstand what it is to believe in America, and to know the power that is in this belief.

To a scientist, to believe in America means: Yes, I visited a country South of Canada, and they say they live in America, so therefore it is a correct belief. To scientists, the correctness of a belief in something rest merely with the proof of the existence of the object of the belief.

This same approach is used with their belief in God. To a scientist, to determine if a belief in God is correct is merely determining if His existence is known. What a loss of understanding. Even if you died this minute and instantly stood in the presence of God, your belief in Him could not be any more or less than it is now. The question is not if you believe in God's existence, but do you believe in Him like you believe in America? This belief would not change with any change in knowledge of His existence.

I believe in America. I would believe in America, or the American way, even if America did not exist. I thrill over the truths held in the belief. These truths are "measured" without any reference to the existence of America. Our glory is in the truths of the beliefs. May we all believe in America, and understand the power that is in these beliefs.

Gerald L. O'Barr (1995)

Appendix D. The At Theory

The At Theory is a very important theory. It will one day be accepted as the foundations of our physics. A more correct statement would be that the principles that are elucidated in the At Theory will one day be the base for all of our physics. The actual name that they will use might be another name.

The At Theory was first contemplated in late 1954. I was in my teens, out of High school, and attending West Point. My concern (totally private) was that of space reaching forces such as gravity. How could the earth affect the moon with vacuum (nothing) in between? I was sure that it had to be particles that were "too small" to be seen. (I was not the first on this score.) I had a firm understanding (High School Physics from Mr. Lillywhite) that "bounces" made between colliding bodies were very complicated. I could not allow myself to consider such complicated interactions to be involved at our most fundamental levels. (Here is where I differed from all others.)

If you did not have "bounce," then what was it? Having been a kid that lived through World War II, I knew a little about guns and bullets and tanks. I knew about "spalls" and how they could defeat armor. We specifically studied these things at West Point in our Ordnance Course. I had all this understanding before I had mathematical proof. I just knew that it was the way it was. There just could not be any other way. And so the At Theory uses spalls. This opened up a new approach which included a new variable (changes in mass of the interacting particles) and a new way to transfer momentum that could include attraction as well as repulsive "forces."

Before I went to BYU (1962-64) I had the mathematics well developed. But I never wrote much down until a Bro. Alton Moody (1970-71) encouraged it. So in 1971 I wrote my first "article" where all the assumptions and math were fully examined and presented. In this 1971 article, I was more concerned with the beauty of this theory. It had the ring of truth. In those ancient days, we did not have computers in our homes (at least not in my home.) The only way that I could prove my theory was by mathematical approximations (taking the approximate values of relationships) or by doing one set of velocity interactions and observing the changes.

Today, with computers, thousands of interactions can easily be "observed" and the actual paths that are followed by interacting particles can be examined to prove specific relationships. What a great blessing it has been to me to have computers. I am going to include the 1971 At article, and then a later article written with the help of a computer. Over the years, I have written at least ten articles on the At Theory.

I give thanks to a loving Father-in-Heaven. I have been blessed to "know" many things. I have conceptualized an infinitely variable, positive drive transmission system. It was notarized for me by a U.S Army Officer while I was stationed at Davis-Monthan AFB, 1960-1962. It is now being used on the most advanced GD battle tank, but with no credit to me, and maybe no credit is due, I just do not know. The so called inventor of this system would never return any of my communications.

I know much about surface tension, and how a thin film is mechanically formed and maintained. (It takes more than attractive forces.) I know about hollow ball bearings and manufacturing in space and the exact shape that can be formed by liquids under "Zero" gravity.

Once NASA was using hollow ball bearings as a reason to have Congress fund their space efforts. I showed one of our GD "German Scientists" who was working with NASA that they could not do this with what they had. Once their experts were convinced that I was right, they felt a little embarrassed and had to stop what they were doing. In just a little time, I came up with a way for them to do what they wanted to do, but they were then afraid to reconsider again a third position. This would make them appear to not know what they were doing.

I know how to make a viewing screen reproduce the electromagnetic fields that are produced by real objects. This would give real 3-D viewing, with no eye strains or headaches or needs for special glasses or any other problems. I have a fairly complete knowledge of Special Relativity, and I know that Special Relativity requires an absolute reference frame to work.

Some of these ideas are important, some are not, but it has been a joy to be with people and to see how they react to these "new" ideas. Back in the days of Newton, Newton would be wrong if he heard any of my ideas and did not act. But today, you can be a good scientist, and still not be criticized for ignoring any of my good ideas, because in our world today, there are just too many good ideas being brought forth. No man can keep up with all of it. And so, we must pick and choose. The fact that no one will pick my ideas to verify or check is not my fault, but it also is no one else's fault. It is just the way it is.

I do hope that some of you will read these two At articles. It would be even greater if you would take the time to understand them. And then it would be heaven to me if you would be able to appreciate them.

Sincerely: Gerald L. O'Barr (1995)

THE AT THEORY (PART 1) 1971

+This is a retyping of the first At article I wrote in 1971. I will try to be exact and type it exactly as the original. If I make any additional comments not in the original, I will start them on a separate line, and I'll use a "+" sign to begin and end each set. The comments now being made are following this format. A portion of the title page is given below, and the next page was the dedication page for this article, which included a reference to an ancient prophet of God.+

THE AT THEORY

(PART 1)

1971

Gerald L. O'Barr

All that is good comes from MAN
Even the Lord, being the son of MAN
Therefore, this is dedicated to MAN
Father of the SON of MAN
Who is Father to us all, for He Is
And He is our Father, the Perfect MAN

Upon American shores, some 2550 years ago, a man named
Lehi (who had been raised in Jerusalem) expressed our law of
existence - the law of reality -

Unless reality is as simple as indicated herein, what
hope can one have who has a mind as the author's?

+(See note 1.)+

THE AT THEORY (Part 1, 1971)

"For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things.... Wherefore, all things must be a compound in one...." ¹

INTRODUCTION (Preliminary Postulates)

- U There is an existence.
- V It is, at least partially, an observable existence.
- W No thing can be simpler than its parts.
- X Therefore, ultimate reality must be as simple or simpler than all observable things.

+(See note 2.)+

The author is aware of the reasons and fears expressed by many that ultimate reality may be extremely complicated and so unnatural that it may be beyond the comprehension of man. However, the above thoughts do not indicate such a direction. Indeed, a direction of utmost simplicity is strongly indicated. Until there is reason to do otherwise, let it be postulated that:

- X' Ultimate simplicity is indistinguishable from ultimate reality.

The power of simplicity has been noted and utilized before. Little did we realize that its power may be basic. Under these conditions there is the strongest hope that:

- Y Ultimate reality is comprehensible to the human mind.

It should be clear that the position taken is not one that assumes something magical in "simplicity." It is merely a simple recognition that ultimate simplicity is itself determined by ultimate reality. Ultimate reality determines what ultimate simplicity was, is or ever will be. Once ultimate simplicity is defined or discovered, the bounds of ultimate reality will be very strongly defined if not entirely naked before us.

What is ultimate simplicity? Isn't ultimate simplicity absolutely nothing? If so, there would be no existence, which contradicts the very first statement made, the most basic of all other concepts. Does this mean that we now have reason to reject "X' "?

Before this is done, let's ask the above question in a slightly different way. What is the ultimate simplicity in which an existence could occur?

- Z No object can exist except it be differentiable from its background.

Therefore, ultimate simplicity (ultimate reality), within and consistent with this principle of existence, must at least consist of a minimum of two different things (e.g. an object and its background.)

It can be noted that the law of existence, "Z", is identical to the first law of observability:

Z' No object can be observed except it be
differentiable from its background.

Therefore, to this extent, reality and observability are one and the same. It is at this point that we may now restate the preliminary postulates to the At Theory in slightly more emphatic terms:

A There is an existence.
B It is an observable existence.
C No thing can be simpler than its parts.
D Therefore, ultimate reality must be the simplest
of all observable things.
E No object can exist or be observed except it be
differentiable from its background.
F Therefore, ultimate reality must consist of at
least two different things.

"C" and "D" have placed a limit on the maximum complexity of ultimate reality. "B," "E" and "F" have placed a limit on the minimum simplicity of ultimate reality. There is reason sufficient to conclude that these limits may have one and only one common result. However, for ease and for future use, let our guide be used and restated:

G The simplest possibility will always be assumed
unless reason exists to do otherwise.

Therefore,

H' Ultimate reality is a single, simple compound
of two different things.

I Ultimate reality is comprehensible to the human
mind.

Before concluding this introduction, let's again review and add to these basic thoughts. How simple can ultimate reality be? If there be but one continuous body, forming as it were a uniform and continuous medium, without any observable boundaries, all points identical with no differentiations from place to place, there could be no observable existence. This is true regardless of what that medium might be. In the words of Lehi, "...if it should be one body it must needs remain as dead,

THE AT THEORY (Basic postulates)

1. Ultimate reality is a single, simple compound of opposites. The opposites are the ultimate extremes of opposites: "Something" and "nothing." The names given to these opposites are: "Mass" and "Space." The property associated with mass, which makes it "something," is inertia.

(Since "nothing" is one part of the compound of ultimate reality, we now see the true nature of the apparent problem that existed when we first investigated what ultimate simplicity might be. Thus, when we thought of "nothing" as being absolutely the ultimate of simplicity, we were not wrong. We were only incomplete. "X" is acceptable in a most amazing way.)

2. The mass is found, on the average, randomly distributed within space in particles called "ats." Ats do not have any fixed size or predetermined shape, although groupings do appear in frequency distribution curves. The ats move, again on the average, in random directions with random velocities. All at particles have the same basic property and any part of one must be identical to any of the other parts of itself or any other at. The same is true of any part of space compared to any other part of space.

3. There are no space reaching forces between ats: no magnetic, electrical, nuclear or gravitational forces. Inertia is the one and only basic property. (There is a natural "cleaving" of like to like: mass to mass or space to space, which exists as a pure contact force only, energyless and of no immediate concern.)

4. All interactions between ats occur during and only during direct physical contact (collisions.) (A partial description of the collisional interaction will be given.)

5. Newtonian mechanics, the simplest of all mechanics, operate in all applicable aspects, to include the implied geometrics of space, time and conservation of mass, energy and momentum. (As a very interesting side note, for those interested in the higher criticism of Newton's second law, with the absence of all space reaching forces, the concept of force and acceleration could be, but is not in this presentation, ignored in the At Theory. The true appreciation of this fact, and other possible relationships, are not discussed in this article.)

These are the basic postulates of the At Theory. However, a multitude of possibilities and choices immediately appear, with subsequent and important decisions. The two main areas relate to variances in sizes of ats and the type and nature of the interactions during collisions. All of the possibilities will not be discussed in this article. One type of interaction, however, will be presented, and an example of the results of such interactions will be mathematically described. In many ways, the

mental jump required to conceptualize this particular type of interaction has been one key to the successful development of this theory.

When two billiard balls collide and rebound, as simple as it seems, it is really a very complicated energy exchange requiring particular types of force fields, changes of relative positions of certain atoms within these force fields, and then a forceful return of these atoms to approximately their original positions. However, the At Theory involves collisions in which such complications can not exist and in which mass actually contacts mass. The interaction is much different than what one might directly expect. The interaction is called a perfect or non-perfect, duplicative mass exchange.

The nature of this "new" interaction does have some complications just as the billiard ball collision, but the results of the interaction are also just as simple. Some years have been spent in considering the mechanics of this new interaction, but the details of the mechanics are not really critical to the At Theory. Therefore, only a simple description will be given. As two ats approach each other, no matter how close or fast they come, no influence of one upon the other exists until actual contact is made. At the instant of contact, where pure, solid matter contacts solid matter (something never done in what we see as collisions), an infinite stress instantly appears through each at. Along the lines projected through the points of instantaneous contact, which may progressively change during the interaction, ejection of mass with a projected thickness equal to the projected thickness of the smaller mass will occur upon the side of the larger mass opposite the impact side. The projected thickness of the smaller mass will remain upon the impact side of the larger mass. The mass lost in the ejection will continue to move in the same initial direction as the smaller mass. In this amazing way, not only has the interaction duplicated the mass of the smaller, but also, to some extent, even the shape of the smaller (superimposed upon the compound shape of the larger) has been duplicated. Although most of these details are to some extent modified in the actual mechanics, the essential features are appropriately described. Although the mechanics are certainly not the same, the results are similar to a ballistic interaction where a bullet becomes stuck in a target but a spall from the target continues on in the original direction of the bullet. In a perfect, duplicative mass interaction, the ejected mass is exactly equal to the original smaller at. When this occurs, no change in velocity or energy occurs to either of the re-identified particles. It is where slight changes in mass occurs, the non-perfect, duplicative mass interactions, that will result in important momentum and energy exchanges.

(It should be noted that the finite stress required to shear and or eject these masses are entirely energyless functions and that no energy can be associated with shape or changes in shape during these interactions)

The mathematics of this interaction is much more direct. As was stated before, the details of the mechanics are not really critical to the theory. The important point (and mathematically, the only important point) is that the interaction on the atomic level is different than the interaction we normally work with; and mathematically, there is only one other choice other than the normal one used. If we have a normal, one-dimensional, two body interaction, with conservation of energy and momentum, we can write the following equations:

$$m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 = m_2 V_2 + M_2 U_2 \quad 1)$$

$$\frac{1}{2} m_1 V_1^2 + \frac{1}{2} M_1 U_1^2 = \frac{1}{2} m_2 V_2^2 + \frac{1}{2} M_2 U_2^2 \quad 2)$$

(m and M being the masses of two different bodies, V and U their respective velocities; subscript 1 used before the interaction, subscript 2 used after the interaction.)

Solving these equations for V_2 and U_2 , we have:

$$V_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 \pm (V_1 - U_1) \sqrt{M_1 M_2 m_1 / m_2}}{m_1 + M_1} \quad 3)$$

and

$$U_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 + (V_1 - U_1) \sqrt{m_1 m_2 M_1 / M_2}}{m_1 + M_1} \quad 4)$$

These equations have been solved many times. However, they are seldom written in this form since normally $m_1 = m_2$ and $M_1 = M_2$. Under these conditions, the radical immediately disappears and only a choice in sign remains to be determined. In a normal interaction, the choice in signs is determined in a very obvious and direct way, so obvious and direct that it is very seldom mentioned. The final results normally given are:

$$V_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 - (V_1 - U_1) M_1}{m_1 + M_1} \quad 5)$$

and

$$U_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 + (V_1 - U_1) m_1}{m_1 + M_1} \quad 6)$$

These equations (or slight rearrangements) are found in almost all first year physics courses.

((As a side note, far too many good physics books (no need to mention names, anyone can pull out their own texts and check) follow the simple method below of dividing the gain or loss in momentum of each mass into twice the gain or loss in energy for the respective masses (simple rearrangements of equations 1) and 2) where $m_1 = m_2$ and $M_1 = M_2$, etc.):

$$m_1(V_1^2 - V_2^2) = M_1(U_2^2 - U_1^2) \quad 7)$$

$$m_1(V_1 - V_2) = M_1(U_2 - U_1) \quad 8)$$

Equation 7) divided by 8) results in:

$$V_1 + V_2 = U_2 + U_1 \quad 9)$$

a relationship which can then be most easily used with equations 1) or 8) to solve for V_2 or U_2 as found in equations 5) and 6).

+(The "1" for "equation 1)" above should be a "7." This was certainly a typing error where the 7 must have been seen as a 1.)+

In this approach, the choice in sign is "forced". The "error" of this approach is obvious. Everyone knows how algebra can be "used" to prove that $2=1$:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Let } x &= y \\ \text{therefore, } x^2 &= xy \quad (\text{multiply each side by equals}) \\ x^2 - y^2 &= xy - y^2 \quad (\text{subtract equals from each side}) \\ (x+y)(x-y) &= y(x-y) \quad (\text{factor each side}) \\ (x+y) &= y \quad (\text{cancel out common factors}) \\ (y+y) &= y \quad (\text{substitute equals for equals, } x=y) \\ \text{therefore, } 2 &= 1 \end{aligned}$$

The same error made in proving that $2 = 1$ is the same "error" made in deriving equation 9). Has it been this simple "error", that is repeated over and over in so many physics books, which has caused the at theory relationship to be overlooked?))

The basic equations used in the at theory consists of equations 3) and 4), but choosing the opposite sign than that used in deriving equations 5) and 6). Retaining the possibility that $m_1 \neq m_2$ and $M_1 \neq M_2$, we have:

$$V_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 + (V_1 - U_1) \sqrt{m_1 M_1 (M_1 + d) / (m_1 - d)}}{m_1 + M_1} \quad 10)$$

and

$$U_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 - (V_1 - U_1) \sqrt{m_1 M_1 (m_1 - d) / (M_1 + d)}}{m_1 + M_1} \quad 11)$$

$$\text{where } M_2 = M_1 + d$$

$$\text{and } m_2 = m_1 - d$$

(which maintains conservation of total mass)

(It must be emphasized that these equations are mathematically as correct as 5) and 6) as far as conservation of momentum and energy are concerned, i.e. the sign before the radical is unimportant mathematically)

Equations 10) and 11) are normally difficult to work with (unless $m_1 = m_2$, i.e. $d = 0$; or $m_1 = M_2$, i.e. $d = m_1 - M_1$ etc.) However, if it is assumed that d/m_1 and $d/M_1 \ll 1$, equations 10) and 11) can be approximated, to the second order, as:

$$V_2 = V_1 + \frac{1}{2} (V_1 - U_1) \frac{d}{m_1} \left[1 + \frac{d(3M_1 - m_1)}{4M_1 m_1} + \dots \right] \quad 12)$$

and

$$U_2 = U_1 + \frac{1}{2} (V_1 - U_1) \frac{d}{M_1} \left[1 + \frac{d(M_1 - 3m_1)}{4M_1 m_1} + \dots \right] \quad 13)$$

Equations 12) and 13) indicates two important relationships. First, no changes in velocity occurs for either object if $d = 0$. This result is much different than normal (billiard ball type) interactions, and allows much greater flexibility in the physical relationships that can be established. Second, the change in velocities are directly proportional to their relative or initial difference in velocity, but is non-linear with respect to "d." This non-linearity, with differences between "+" and "-" d's, can effectively result in apparent forces between various interacting bodies over multiple interactions, even when no net changes in mass occurs.

Using equations 10) and 11), a very simple example will now be given to show a type of relationship that can be established by these interactions. The interactions in this example will all be one dimensional interactions. Two identical masses, MA and MB, will be placed on a line, each with zero initial velocity. The smaller masses, m_1 and m_2 , will each be sent, one at a time, from the same direction along this line, to interact first with MA, then MB. The two smaller masses will each have, initially, identical masses and velocities. The first interaction, m_1 with MA and MB, will give "+d" mass to MA and then obtain back "+d" mass from MB. The second series of interactions, m_2 with MA and MB, will take "+d" from MA and give it back to MB. At the end of these four interactions, all particles will have been returned back to their original mass size. Their resulting velocities, however, will have been changed. The accompanying table shows initially assumed mass values and velocities for each particle and the results of each interaction.

Observing the final states of MA and MB, they can be seen moving towards each other. Each time the four interaction cycle is repeated, even if m_1 and m_2 came from the other direction, MA and MB would in every case move faster towards each other. These two objects, MA and MB, could be said to be attracting each other. In a three dimensional field, with m_1 and m_2 moving randomly in all directions, the attraction would appear to be a $1/r^2$ function, similar in some ways to the force fields of gravity or electrostatic charges. It has thus been shown, that such interactions as have been described, can result in apparent "force fields" or force relationships between objects placed in an otherwise symmetrical background. This can be done even without any progressive loss or gain in masses of the interacting particles, with complete conservation of energies and momentum in each individual interaction. The establishment of force fields by the use of masses (such as billiard balls on a billiard table) have been attempted before. But these have usually failed due to certain features which were initially overlooked - such as multiple hits or reflections between the subject masses or conservation of energy relationship, etc.. In the At Theory, multiple hits or reflections are not possible since atoms pass "through" each other. There are possibilities that in the one simple example given, something may have been overlooked. However, all considerations that have so far been applied have not changed the basic relationships as described.

Even though we started with what was to be ultimate simplicity, the following potential complications of our world (as we know it) may already begin to appear. First, an effective "force field" has been found without loss of energy or momentum. Second, the interactional exchanges of masses, $\pm d$, may be considered to be in some ways matter, +d, and anti-matter, -d, particles! Third, the large intermediate, random motions of the particles, "M", superimposed upon their general drift or average directed motion, can give a rise to certain aspects of

TABLE I.
 INTERACTIONS OF FOUR AT PARTICLES
 RESULTING IN ATTRACTIVE FORCES

INTERACTING PARTICLES AND THEIR RESPECTIVE PARAMETERS									
	NO. 1		NO. 2		NO. 3		NO. 4		
INITIAL STARTING VALUES	m_1	V_1	m_2	V_2	MA	UA	MB	UB	
	100	1000	100	1000	500	0	500	0	
INTERACTIONS									
NO. 1 BEFORE	100	1000	"	"	500	0	"	"	
AFTER	99	1005.04	"	"	501	1.001	"	"	
NO. 2 BEFORE	99	1005.04	"	"	"	"	500	0	
AFTER	100	999.99	"	"	"	"	499	-1.004	
NO. 3 BEFORE	"	"	100	1000	501	1.001	"	"	
AFTER	"	"	101	995.04	500	.005	"	"	
NO. 4 BEFORE	"	"	101	995.04	"	"	499	-1.004	
AFTER	"	"	100	1000.01	"	"	500	-0.005	
FINAL RESULTS	100	999.99	100	1000.01	500	+.005	500	-0.005	

the uncertainty principle. Fourth, the relationship between change in mass and the apparent "force fields" can result in a relationship between mass and energy. Any at that began to continuously lose or gain mass during every interaction (rather than oscillating back and forth around some average size would drastically affect its surroundings.

This completes the presentation for this article. Depending upon the readers responses to this article, and the goodness of the publishers, additional articles will be presented after the first responses have been heard and assessed. Depending upon the above, the next article (at least four months from now) will explore certain kinds (size distributions) of ats, their potential relative force relationships, and the first "at" compound with indication that a maximum velocity is associated with certain relationships. This will be the first hint for the entry of relativistic effects.

There is only one warning to be given. Although the start of many relationships will readily appear to be seen (as related to the world that we know), there will eventually be found another world of intermediate particles that will have to be built first before we actually enter our presently known atomic world. The author does not contend that this has been done, and anyone (everyone) has an opportunity to be first with any point that they may wish to present. No one should miss the fun, it has just begun.

You can not have something lovely
Unless there is something ugly

You cannot have an influence upward
Unless there is an influence downward

You can not even have something
Unless there is nothing

Thus, no matter what we might be
We each play a part in eternity

References:

1) Words of Lehi, given some 2550 years ago, English translation by Joseph Smith, Jun., first published in English in 1830 and now found in 2 Nephi 2, verse 11, of the Book of Mormon.

2) Ibid.

+Note 1. I could have been more complete with these thoughts. The law of reality is given at the top of the next page, but I should have stated it here also, that all things are a simple compound of opposites. Also, just to be more than clear, I should have said "... a mind as weak as the author's"+

+Note 2. Ultimate reality can be defined as the most basic thing or things from which all other things are made. At one time, certain elements were thought to be our "ultimate reality." Then atoms were thought to be the basic building blocks, then protons and electrons, and now quarks. Eventually, we must come to the limit where there is an end to finding things within things. This limit is what I am calling "ultimate reality." The statement "W" could be improved. To be a little more clear, it could be stated that: No thing, as a whole, can be simpler than any of its individual parts. Thus follows "X": the simplest object we can find must be composed of portions of ultimate reality. Thus, ultimate reality must be as simple or simpler than the simplest object that can be found.+

+There is no note for this comment, but it is good to repeat these basic concepts: ultimate reality cannot be more complicated than the simplest object that can be observed. Ultimate reality cannot be simpler than consisting of at least two different things. It seems reasonable that these two limits are the same since one either is or at least determines the other. If they are the same or not, assuming that they are the same is at least a good starting point, and any efforts we put forth to make them the same should quickly let us know how correct we might be in this assumption.+

(This page and those that follow is an example of the At Theory as can be presented in the 1990's, with the use of computers. This page includes a portion of the title and abstract page, and the rest of this appendix includes the body of this article as it was written in 1994.)

The At Theory

Gerald L. O'Barr

6 April 1994

ABSTRACT

A simple means of exchanging mass on a Newtonian level between spatially separated bodies results in the appearance of force fields. Symmetry, and the three conservational laws of mass, momentum and energy, are completely maintained. These force fields include both attractive and repulsive components. The nature of these fields automatically produce several quantum mechanical characteristics to include the uncertainty principle for all appropriate characteristics of these particles. This approach is believed to contain the key that will establish unification between Newtonian physics and quantum mechanics.

The At Theory (as presented in the 1990's.)

INTRODUCTION

Today, we use a "kinetic interaction" force theory. It is called the "ideal gas law." By making the assumption that gases are composed of atoms, and making assumptions about the collisions of these atoms, we can obtain the " $P \cdot v = n \cdot R \cdot T$ " function. This tells us how "P," the pressure, which results in a force upon any exposed surface, is established due to simple, conservative, Newtonian collisions.

This theory was (and still is) extremely successful. The atomic theory of matter, and that atomic collisions obeyed the conservational laws, have acted as a guide that can not be equaled. It was especially valuable when the complete understanding of atoms did not exist. But today we have gone much beyond atoms. We are now down to the parts that make up the atoms, and to space reaching forces that are not yet explainable by Newtonian physics. Newtonian physics, as understood today, cannot explain such forces as gravity, or electrical forces, or any of the long or short range nuclear forces.

The At theory is a new "kinetic interaction" force theory which will help us explain these additional forces. It is Newtonian. It deals with a particle concept for our reality clear down to the lowest level of our reality. In future research efforts, it will play a similar role now played by the atomic theory of matter and the ideal gas law. It will establish the overall characteristics of all forces that can exist. This article is only a partial introduction to the theory, but it will introduce the basic concepts of forces. Therefore, for this article, the At theory is a proposed explanation of space reaching forces.

Again, the ideal gas law cannot explain all forces: it can only explain "pressure" forces. No Newtonian explanation presently exists for space reaching forces, especially the attractive type of forces such as gravity. The At theory will give to Newtonian physics the power to explain these types of forces.

BASIC ASSUMPTIONS

What is the lowest level of our reality? We of course do not know what the lowest level is. It might be near the lowest level that we now know, or, most likely, it might be many levels deeper. The At theory does take the position that there is a lowest level, and it makes certain assumptions about this lowest level. The lowest level must be as simple or simpler than all systems existing above it, and it must therefore be as simple or simpler than any thing that we can see or observe. Details of this approach will not be given in this article, but the significant results, as relating to forces, are presented.

The At theory takes the view that all of reality is composed of particles. Down on the lowest level of this reality, there are no space reaching forces such as gravity, or electrical forces, or short or long range nuclear forces. These forces,

along with all other space reaching forces, must therefore be ultimately explained as the results of certain interactions of particles. The At theory makes certain assumptions about these particles and the interactions that they can experience.

The only interactions allowed in the At theory are collisions. In all collisions, conservation of mass, momentum and energy are strictly observed. Thus, again, the At theory could be called a "kinetic force" theory. In essence, the At theory claims that there is one grand mechanical system that explains all of our reality.

It is a fact that the basic assumptions of the At theory, up to the collisions of the particles, contain all of the concepts of the "ideal gas law." The ideal gas law actually forms part of the At theory. The At theory can "split" into two or more different theories at the point where collisions occur. The ideal gas law comes from the collisions where the first solution set is used (where particles, in one-dimensional interactions, return or bounce back in the same directions from which they came.) The part of the theory that holds our attention in this article will relate to the second solution set that can be obtained from the collision equations. This will be called the At theory, even though the "ideal gas law" type of interaction, and others, are part of the total theory.

LIMITATIONS

There are many limitations to the At theory. These limitations are similar to the limitations in the atomic theory of matter or the ideal gas law. These present theories tell us something about all atoms and gases, they tell us little about any specific atom or gas. In this same way, the At theory will tell us little about any specific fundamental particle. It will not tell us details about gravitons or gluons. But it will outline some of the general principles and limitations of the actions of all fundamental particles.

The ideal gas law is not always perfect. There are some gases and conditions where deviations from the law occur. These deviations do not invalidate the theory. The deviations can be attributed to limitations in the assumptions, not the mechanics. In the same way, there will be imperfections in the At theory. But again, these limitations will not be in the mechanics.

Even though there are these many limitations, the At theory will eventually explain to us the generality of the uncertainty principle, Planck's constant, particle- anti-particle duality, relativity, the limit to the speed of light, the ether, all on a Newtonian basis. It will one day be the unification theory.

SIMPLIFICATIONS

This article will present the At theory in a very condensed form. We will show the principles of the At theory in a simple, one-dimensional setting. Although there are no theoretical limits as to the number of sizes of particles in our reality, we will use a system of only nine sizes (or mass) of particles. For

this presentation, we will assign these sizes to be 99, 100, 101, 399, 400, 401, 799, 800, and 801 mass units. The unit for their mass remains unspecified. The 99, 100 and 101 mass of particles are classed as a type A, the 399, 400 and 401 are classed as type B, and the 799, 800 and 801 are type C particles. Thus we see that we have three basic sizes of particles. A, B, and C. Each of these three ranges or classes of particles consist of a below average, average and above average size.

The A particles relative to B and C particles are very small. In mechanical systems where collisions are the basic interactions, such as in the ideal gas law, an "equal partitioning of energy" is observed. This exists in the At theory. This results in the lighter A particles having higher kinetic velocities than the higher mass particles. The lighter A particles are used as the "field" particles, and the heavier particles are the ones that are "acted upon" by the field particles. It will be the motions of the heavier particles that will be of interest to us in terms of forces.

If two B particles, or two C particles, exposed to a field of A particles, find themselves being driven together, it will be said that an attractive force exists between them. If any two particles are driven apart, it will be said that they repel each other. This article is this simple. Interactions that can occur between A and B particles, and A and C particles, will be determined and/or specified. Pairs of B and C particles will then be exposed (by computer simulations) to a uniform, symmetrical exposure of type A field particles. The results of their overall motions will then be used to determine if a "force" exists.

If overall accelerated motions between these particles can be established, we will have at least one, and the first, mechanical explanation or understanding of space reaching forces. We will have done this through a mechanical system that follows Newtonian physics. Knowledge of the ideal gas law will be useful, but hardly sufficient. The ideal gas law works through the first set of solutions which result on a "first order" transfer of momentum. This is done by a "bounce" where up to twice the momentum of the incoming particle can theoretically be transferred to the body that is hit. In the system that we will analyze, the momentum transfer is a second order transfer, and the net results must be obtained after a series of interactions have occurred. This makes it more difficult to follow or understand or conceptualize, but it is based upon the same type of mathematics upon which the ideal gas law is established.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Such efforts to create "forces" by mechanical or kinetic interactions have been tried before. Ever since Newton discovered that the earth was applying a force on the moon, almost all great men have tried to explain how this force could be. They have all failed. Not only did they fail to create the right kind of force: They failed to create any force at all. All previous theories, under conditions of symmetry, where

conservation of mass, momentum and energy were followed, resulted in no net forces. No net forces were possible.^{1,2}

One of the best examples of this effort was done by a man who lived in the days of Newton named LeSage.^{1,2} He came close, but it was his belief in God that resulted in his failure. He believed that the particles that he was considering were as eternal as the God who made them, and therefore, these particles were not susceptible to change in their collisions. Everyone else has followed his assumptions, to include us, until today.

THE MATHEMATICS FOR COLLISIONS

Since this is an introduction of a new concept, we will present this new concept in the simplest possible way. We will do a one-dimensional development. With this simplicity, the mathematics can be developed in seven simple equations.

We will assume a simple one-dimensional collision (a direct, central hit with no rotations) and require complete conservation of mass, momentum and energy. A body of mass m_1 , moving to the right (assumed to be the positive direction), with a velocity of V_1 , hits a body of mass M_1 that has a velocity of U_1 . Following this collision, new bodies of mass m_2 and M_2 appear, with velocities of V_2 and U_2 respectively.

For conservation of mass, we can write:

$$m_1 + M_1 = m_2 + M_2 \quad (1)$$

For conservation of momentum:

$$m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 = m_2 V_2 + M_2 U_2 \quad (2)$$

For conservation of energy:

$$\frac{1}{2} m_1 V_1^2 + \frac{1}{2} M_1 U_1^2 = \frac{1}{2} m_2 V_2^2 + \frac{1}{2} M_2 U_2^2 \quad (3)$$

Simultaneously solving these three equations for V_2 and U_2 , we obtain:

$$V_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 \pm (V_1 - U_1) \sqrt{M_1 M_2 \frac{m_1}{m_2}}}{m_1 + M_1} \quad (4)$$

and

$$U_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 \mp (V_1 - U_1) \sqrt{m_1 m_2 \frac{M_1}{M_2}}}{m_1 + M_1} \quad (5)$$

We must now choose a solution. Also, we will introduce the variable "d," that represents the exchange of mass. The chosen solutions are:

$$V_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 + (V_1 - U_1) \sqrt{\frac{M_1 (M_1 + d) m_1}{(m_1 - d)}}}{m_1 + M_1} \quad (6)$$

$$U_2 = \frac{m_1 V_1 + M_1 U_1 - (V_1 - U_1) \sqrt{\frac{m_1 (m_1 - d) M_1}{(M_1 + d)}}}{m_1 + M_1} \quad (7)$$

Here, m_2 has been replaced with " $m_1 - d$ ", and M_2 by " $M_1 + d$." This maintains conservation of mass, but shows that there is really only one new variable being introduced. Also, if "d" is assumed to be small (which we do assume in this presentation), then it is easy to expand these equations in "d/m" and/or "d/M," to obtain approximate solutions if one cared to obtain such solutions.

DISCUSSIONS OF NEW EQUATIONS

Equations 6) and 7) are the equations for which we seek. They are a solution set to equations 1), 2) and 3). Very few texts show the complete solution sets, equations 4) and 5), and fewer yet work with the set of solutions which we have chosen.

It does need to be observed that m_2 has a more positive velocity than M_2 . This means that m_2 , the body that is associated with m_1 because of size (d being small), is now to the right of M_2 . This seems to indicate that m_1 went through M_1 . What really occurs is a "spall." When m_1 hits M_1 , it becomes a part of M_1 , and a piece of M_1 , opposite of the point of hit, breaks off and continues on in the same direction as the original m_1 . Figure 1 shows a collision between two bodies where a spall is produced. On this basic level, there are no losses of energy associated with these spalls.

A spall does not have to be the same amount of mass as the particle that caused the spall. Therefore, the spall concept provides a reasonable means for an exchange of mass between interacting bodies. It allows a solution that provides for a more free movement of bodies through space. It also provides for certain momentum exchanges that will allow Newtonian particles to produce other results found in Quantum Mechanics.

The conservation of mass requires only that the total sum of mass remains equal. By allowing the mass of the individual bodies to change in mass, we have found an additional degree of freedom in our equations. This additional degree of freedom will allow us to do things that could not be done before. It also

presents us with a complete set of solutions, which includes a solution set that has not been used before.

In the old way of collisions, where only a specific, not the general conservation of mass relationship is allowed, where no exchange of mass occurs ($d=0$), the square root function disappears, and a linear equation appears. With linear equations, no net forces are possible in kinetic interactions. When " d " is finite, there exists nonlinear equations, and net forces can now exist. If one wants to get into off-handed comments, you could say that for 400 years we have dealt with only one-half of physics. The other half of the set of solutions will just now begin to be considered.

APPLICATIONS OF EQUATIONS

Having these new equations are meaningless without knowing how to use them. Some general principles will now be established. We will assume that there is a background of particles that are moving throughout space with reasonably random distributions in their directions, speeds, mass, energies, momentums, etc. They are too small to be individually discerned. Existing within this background of particles are larger particles that can be more readily observed. These larger particles are interacting with the background particles. Up to here, we are closely following the thoughts of LeSage.

Some general principles follow from assuming that all interactions are spall type interactions as expressed in equations 6) and 7). These kinds of interactions, where mass can be exchanged (" d " has a finite value), mean that one body must increase in mass, and the other body must decrease in mass. If these are stable bodies, then by necessity, in some following interaction, the exchange of mass must be such that the opposite occurs, where these particles are returned to their original mass values. Now this return does not have to occur at once, or even in every collision, but only within some range of magnitude and numbers of collisions so that there is established some norm to their mass.

If we assume that stability also exists in the background, and the background is the results of spalls, then certain balances must exist between the spalls and the background. Therefore, spalls can only be the type of particles that exist in the background, or saying the same thing, the background can only consist of the particles that are produced by spalls. The mix or ratio of particle types must also be identical.

Using this kind of logic, the following can be said:

1) Every particle that exists must have the same kind of mass as every other particle that exists. This is due to the fact that all particles are constantly exchanging mass directly with each other or with some common set of particles.

2) A "stability of mass" function must exist for all stable particles, which allows the mass of a particle to vary, but within some limited range.

3) In order to have even a minimum kind of an existence, there must be at least two different types of large, stable particles (Our class B and C particles.)

4) If there were two different types of large, stable particles, it would be reasonable to assume (it would be expected) that there would be some kind of difference in the spalls that they produce.

5) If we assume that 4) is true, then "normal" space would consist of a mix of spalls that was being produced from the two different types of large, stable particles.

6) If their mix of spalls makes up normal space, then the space near one type of stable particle would be the opposite of the space around the other type of particle, being opposite in terms of what ever was the difference in their spalls that had previously been assumed.

EXAMPLE OF A FORCE FIELD

A simple example would now be helpful to give us a better understanding of some of these concepts. We will describe a simple, one-dimensional field.

We establish a line with a left boundary at 0 and a right boundary at 4000 unit distance. At the left boundary we will have field particles enter with the following masses, velocities and times:

	mass	velocity	time of entry
1)	100	100,000	0.125
2)	100	100,000	0.250
3)	101	$100,000(100/101)^{1/2}$	0.625
4)	99	$100,000(100/99)^{1/2}$	0.750

The positive velocities mean that they are moving to the right. This cycle of four particles is repeated continuously with a fixed time of one time unit between each repeating particle.

On the right boundary, we have the exact same particles enter except that their velocities are negative (they are moving to the left) and their times of entry are offset by 0.25 time units from each matched particle on the left. Thus, over large time intervals, a very complete symmetry is maintained in the field particles that enter the two boundaries of this line.

It can be noted that the velocities of the 101 and 99 mass particles are slightly different than the 100 mass particles. This is done to give each particle an "equal partitioning of energy." It is known that when free particles are interacting with each other, this is a natural occurrence, and by doing this by assignment, it helps to maintain consistency in the rest of the interactions. If a computer program were written so that the field particles could reach equilibrium velocities, they would approach the ratio of velocities that are being assigned.

One basic assumption for this article is that there are no mass exchanges between any of the field particles among

themselves (d=0). The only mass exchanges are between field particles with the larger, stable particles that exist.

We will now place upon this line two large particles of one or two types. We can then observe their interactions. If they accelerate towards each other, we will say that they attract each other; if they accelerate away from each other, we will say that they repel each other.

The following table shows the masses for one of these large stable particles, and the mass ("d") that is exchanged when a collision occurs with one of the field particles:

		399	400	401	(Mass of stable particle)

Field	101	1	1	1	
Mass	100	0	0	0	
	99	-1	-1	-1	

The other large stable particle has the following exchanges:

		799	800	801	(Mass of stable particle)

Field	101	0	0	0	
Mass	100	1	-1	-1	
	99	0	0	0	

Some time can be spent in considering what all these tables might mean or include. These tables do control the spalls that these particles produce. The medium-mass-range particles (400 mass range) only allow spalls that are exactly a mass of 100. The largest-mass-range particles (800 mass range) allow only 101 or 99 mass spalls. It could be said that one particle decreases the dispersions seen in the background, the other particle increases the dispersions. These tables do allow for at least a form of stability for each of these particles. These tables also collectively reproduce the same mix of field particles that were assumed in the original field, exactly so if we assume that there are an equal number of these two types of particles.

Although we are not going to discuss each of these points in this article, each of these points are important in obtaining the type of response that is desirable. To achieve some of these points, we had to pick some very particular values in these tables. However, just as with the velocities assigned, some of these relationships will be found to be automatic if we had a way of letting certain relationships go to equilibrium. Again, these points, even if important, do not have to be fully discussed in this article in order to observe the results.

RESULTS

Figure 2 shows the results of the computer plot of two 800 mass particles. At time 0, the 800 mass particle on the left was placed on the line at point 1990 with a velocity of 3.6 units. The 800 mass particle on the right was placed at 2010

with a velocity of -3.6. A plot was made of the positions of these two bodies for 25 time units, and shown on a plot that extended from position 1940 to 2060.

It is clearly demonstrated that an attraction appears to exist between these two bodies. Calculations of their average accelerations gave values of approximately 0.3136 ± 0.001 units. Average accelerations were estimated by noting the successive changes in positions in two adjoining time periods, calculating the average velocity for each period, and then dividing the change in velocity by the time period average. Time periods equal to units of field cycle times were used. Forces were estimated by taking the acceleration and multiplying it by the initial particle mass.

Since this is only a one-dimensional interaction, the force between these two bodies is fairly constant and does not vary with distance. In a three-dimensional set-up, the force should approach a force inverse to distance squared if the distance between them were large compared to their diameters.

Figure 3 shows the actions of two 400 mass particles. They are plotted over the same plot boundaries and times as was used in Figure 2. The 400 mass particle on the left was started at position 1946 with a velocity of -8. The 400 mass particle on the right began at point 2052 with a velocity of 8.

These two bodies are repelling each other. Their accelerations were calculated to be close to the values of 0.6230 ± 0.0001 units. Considering that these two repelling bodies are one-half the mass of the two attracting bodies, it can be noted that the forces of attraction and repulsion are fairly equal to each other.

The difficulty of making an exact measurement between these forces is obvious. Since the masses of these particles are constantly changing, some kind of time integration value would have to be sought. Also, since these particles are each moving back and forth on this line from 5 to 10 units, it is difficult to say, with high accuracy, what their acceleration might be. Again, some kind of averaging must be considered. None of these kinds of calculations were used in determining the above figures.

QUANTUM MECHANICS RELATIONSHIPS

The difficulties noted above are interestingly similar to certain quantum mechanical relationships. The 400 mass particles "jump around" more than the 800 mass particles, as would be expected in quantum mechanics. This indicates that they each had the same "h" value. The "h" value can be controlled by the number of impacts experienced per unit time, the velocity of the field particles, and the amount of mass exchanged in these interactions. Simple inspection shows that there are constant changes in the positions and velocities (and therefore momentums and energies) of these particles.

The field particles could be identified as $100+d$, $100+0$, and $100-d$. If one used the mass unit "d" as a particle, the "+d" state and the "-d" state could be seen as a particle, anti-particle relationship. By definition, the +d must be exactly

opposite to $-d$. If one ignored the normal 100 mass units of the field particles, and only considered the "d's," you would have an exchange of "d" particles occurring between your interacting particles. You would then have, as desired, a "+d" mass, a "0" mass, and a "-d" mass particle system.

Therefore, we see an uncertainty in the mass, in the position, in the velocities, momentum and energies for these particles. We can also see how a particle, anti-particle relationship could be conceptualized.

There are many other relationships that can be considered. For example, in Newtonian physics, the linear kinetic energy of a particle, divided by its momentum, is one-half of its velocity. For a photon (a quantum mechanics particle,) its energy divided by its momentum is its velocity, c . This energy/momentum ratio is twice as large as is found in Newtonian physics. In Figure 1, we can take the change in velocity of M_2 , multiply this by its mass, and get the effective momentum that was transferred when the mass "d" was absorbed. If we associate this effective momentum with "d," we will get an energy, momentum ratio for the "d" particles to be the same as for photons.

Also, in the reactions of a 400 mass particle to a 800 mass particle, a mechanism for explaining the spins of subatomic particles or the motions of photons might be shown (Figure 4.)

UNEXPLORED CONCEPTS

No one should think that this is a very complete article. For example, the field particles used in this particular article used only one order of entry. For the four particles that we used in each of two directions, there are 10,080 different ordered combinations that could be used. They do not all produce the same results for both types of large bodies. There is also a choice of a random order, which has almost an unlimited range of combinations. We have only allowed fixed magnitudes of mass changes. What if we allowed the "d" value to vary? There are many ways to achieve stability in masses, and in controlling the spalls, and in establishing differences in the spalls produced by different "size" particles. And of course, we were only working in one-dimension space, without spins or other three-dimensional effects. The full acceptance of such a new theory would want to wait until some of these other aspects are considered.

CONCLUSIONS

As a quick review, the following has been done:

- 1) We have discovered a force field mechanism (a first.)
- 2) This mechanism included both an attractive and a repulsive force field. Examples of each were shown.
- 3) It will eventually be established, under equilibrium conditions, that these forces are automatically opposite and equal to each other. It did occur in the given examples.

- 4) There are mass exchanges involved in the mechanism which provides an uncertainty in particle masses.
- 5) Uncertainties in positions, velocities, momentums and energies automatically result from these mass exchanges.
- 6) A matter/anti-matter concept exists with this mechanism.
- 7) This matter/anti-matter concept includes zero mass particles.
- 8) An energy/momentum ratio the same as for quantum mechanical particles exists.
- 9) A translational mechanism is introduced. (This might eventually provide explanations for certain inherent motions of particles, such as photons, intrinsic particle spins, etc.)

Each of the above, considered singularly by themselves, could be entirely incidental and of no real importance or meaning. But taken as a whole, they cannot be ignored. When a multitude of events are coincidental, occurring as natural and automatic as they are here, with out any force or effort, these are strong indications that there is something fundamental to the approach.

It is obvious that this article is short and many concepts were not explored. It is important, however, to state one particular point. However close or far apart the forces described in this article approaches any known forces, an attractive force and a repulsive force have been demonstrated. If this has really been done, it is a first. This is the first successful description of an attractive force field based upon Newtonian physics with full compliance of symmetry and all the conservational laws. This is an important accomplishment, not only historically, but for our present advancement in certain theories of physics. All are encouraged to begin to consider this new and important concept.

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- 2) Stallo, J. B., "The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics," reprint of the third American edition published in 1888, edited by P. W. Bridgman (Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1960) pp 92-94.

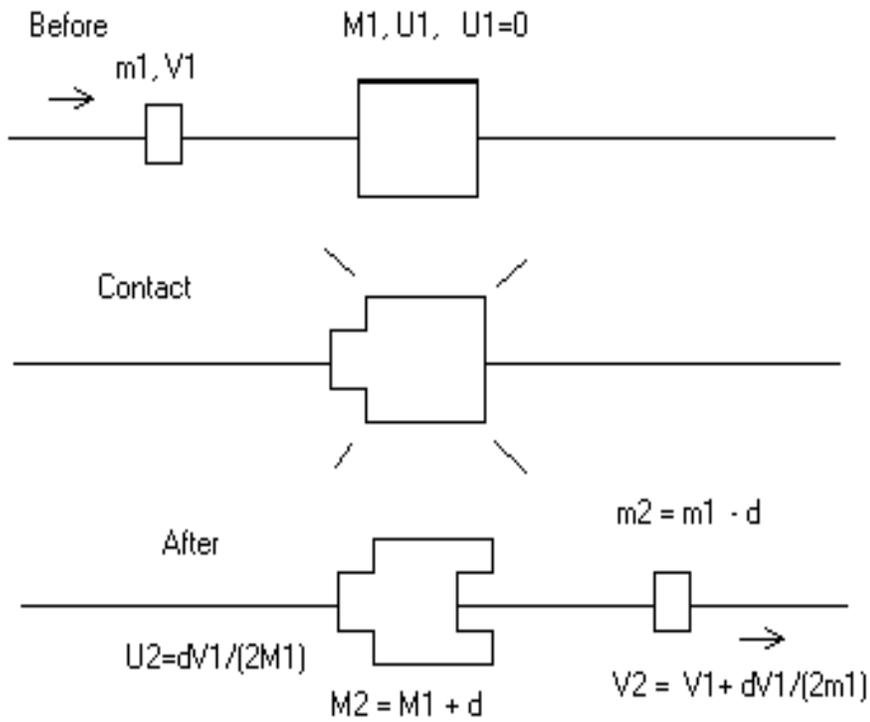


Figure 1. Collision With Spall

25 Version 2.00 , 11 JULY 1991: O'BARR, 15 JULY 1991
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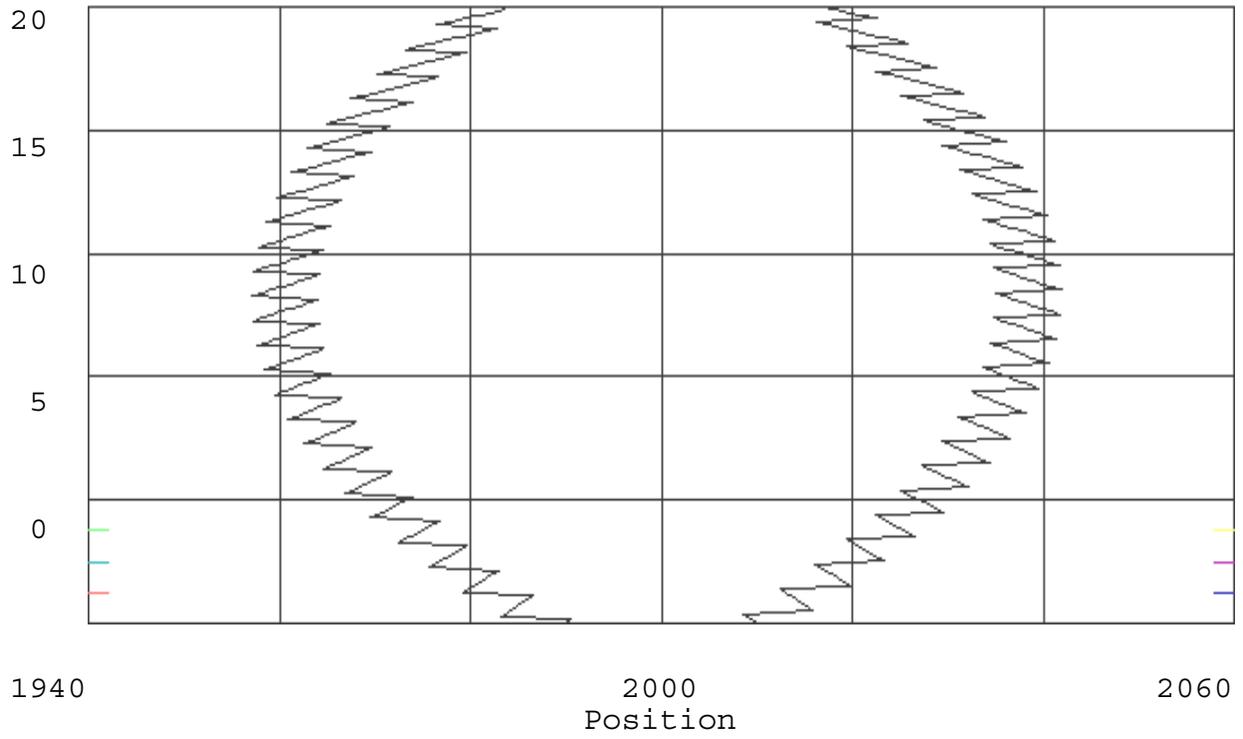


Figure 2. Attractive forces between two 800 mass bodies.

Version 2.00 , 11 JULY 1991: O'BARR,15 JULY 1991
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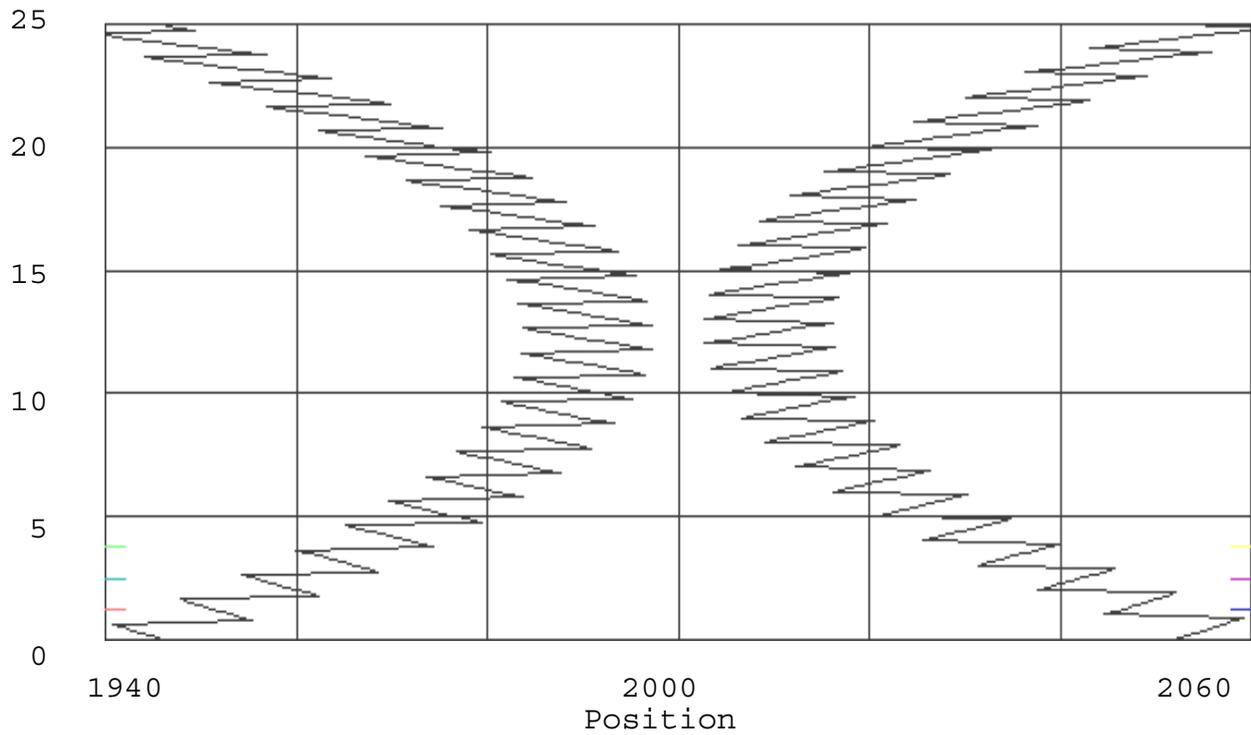


Figure 3. Repulsive forces between two 400 mass bodies.

Version 2.00 , 11 JULY 1991: O'BARR, 15 JULY 1991
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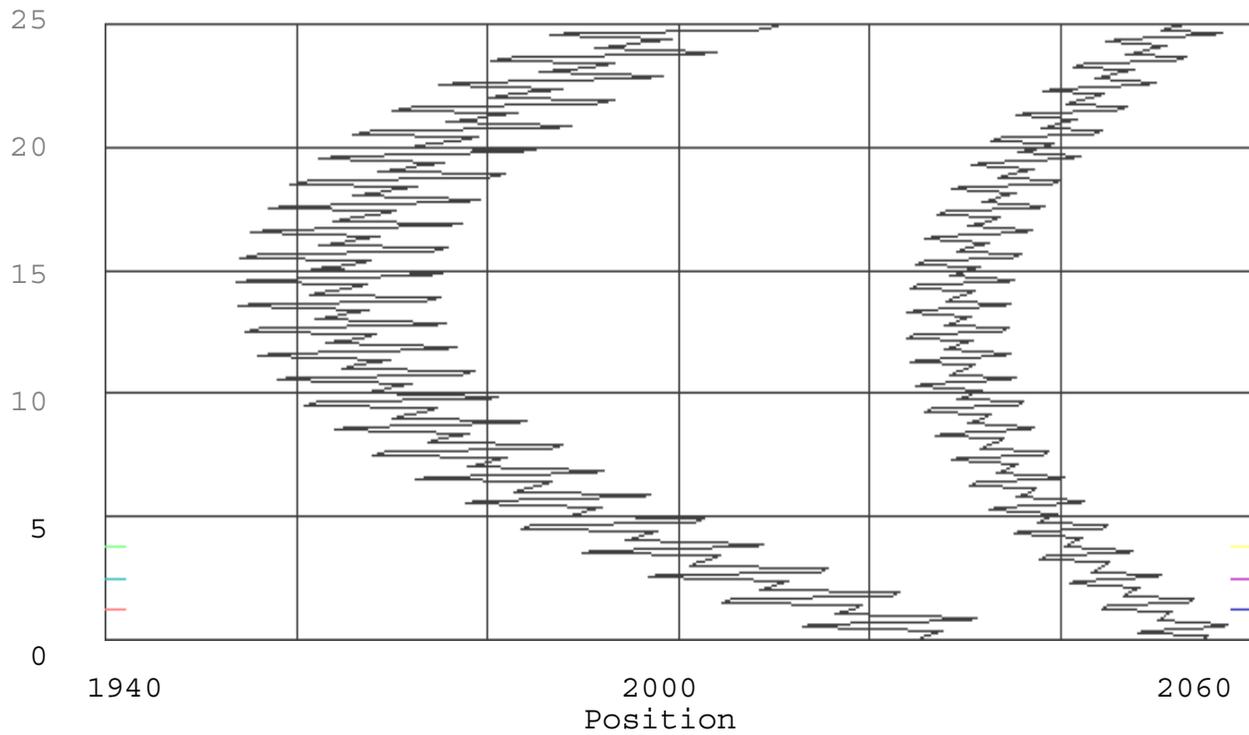


Figure 4. Translational motion, 400 mass body chasing 800 mass body.

Appendix E. Geometric Paradoxes In Special Relativity

There are many paradoxes in Special Relativity (SR.) One of the most famous is the paradox of the twins. Here, one twin moves out into space at a velocity v (v much less than c) for a distance of x , then returns at the same speed to the twin that remained behind. When they rejoin, they are no longer the same age. The one that remained behind will be older by approximately:

$$xv/c^2 .$$

This is not a very large amount, and it is not easy to measure such small values, but with atomic clocks, we can now determine that such differences do appear to be true. (As a side note, the maximum time difference would be if an object traveled at the velocity of c . At this maximum velocity, the time difference would be $2x/c$.)

The paradox is that, being twins, being only two objects, they must at all times be moving exactly at the same identical relative velocities with respect to each other (opposite in signs, but always exactly equal in magnitude.) Since we are taught that in SR, all velocities are relative, there should not (there cannot) be any differences between them. Yet the mathematics of SR says that there will be the difference shown above, and test results seem to support this. If all of this is true, we must eventually understand that not all velocity relationships can be completely relative in SR.

Now the subject of this appendix is not the twin paradox. But we can note that the length function in SR is identical to the rate of clock function. If the mathematics for clocks in SR results in a paradox, then absolutely a paradox must also exist with geometric relationships. They are the identical functions. We will try to present at least one of these geometric paradoxes.

Now before we go too far, we must clearly understand two things: We must know something about superimposition and some differences between space and time. If in a particular reference frame, two objects are held in superimposition, and they exactly match each other point by point, then they are considered to be identical objects. They are considered identical not only in the frame in which they are superimposed, but it is automatically assumed that they can be similarly superimposed in any and all other reference frames. If two objects at relative rest to each other are not a perfect match when superimposed, then they are not identical, neither in their original frame nor in any other frame. These are presently accepted truths.

Second, we note that the properties or characteristics of time and space (distance) are not the same. Time on a clock is not the same as the length of a ruler. The time shown on a clock

will be affected by any and all previous experiences of that clock. It is actually a total integrated result. If a clock slows down at any point in its path, its final reading will be forever affected by that slowing. Length, however, is merely an instantaneous value. Its present length might not be affected by some particular previous experience. Therefore, if we were to find a paradox with the length function, we might have to look for it under conditions where differences from the original conditions are present.

For all situations that I know about for rulers (rulers are one-dimensional objects), they seem to show the exact same length whenever they are superimposed, no matter in what reference frame they are compared. Therefore, it might not be easy to find this paradox in length or geometry for one-dimensional objects.

We will therefore take 2-dimensional objects, and make comparisons with identically shaped 2-dimensional objects after they have taken different paths to some new reference frame. We might think that any pair of identical objects ought to be identical in any other reference frame, just as for rulers. It truly would be a paradox if two identical objects in one reference frame did not remain identical when brought to relative rest and compared in a second reference frame.

Let us consider a perfect square, and then move it along one of its diagonals with velocity v . What is its new shape? (In the rest frame of the square, its shape is still a square, but in the original frame, it will have the shape given below.)



velocity = 0



velocity = v ----->

I have never met a person that did not agree with the above solution. Please note that none of the final sides are parallel to any of the sides before it moved.

We will now consider a set-up that will allow objects to move first in one direction, and then at right angles to that direction. We will use a set of rails laid out East to West. This set of rails is special in that these rails can, as a whole, move perpendicularly to the direction they are laid. They can move from North to South. This allows an object to ride the rails in one direction (to the East), and then to move perpendicularly to that direction (to the North) as the rails

themselves are moved in that direction (to the North.) It is to be noted that in this movement, the rails always remain parallel to the East-West direction.

All measurements will be made in one reference frame only: the initial starting frame before any object moves. In this frame, the rails will always remain parallel to each other. This is a very important point. Everyone should be able to see and understand that parallel rails can be moved in any and all directions in this frame and remain perfectly parallel. This is true because in this original frame, no measurement clock and no measurement ruler is ever accelerated or moved; there are no "relativistic transformations" for any of these measurements. The sides of any box cars on these rails will always remain parallel to the rails on which they ride. All of this cannot be disputed.

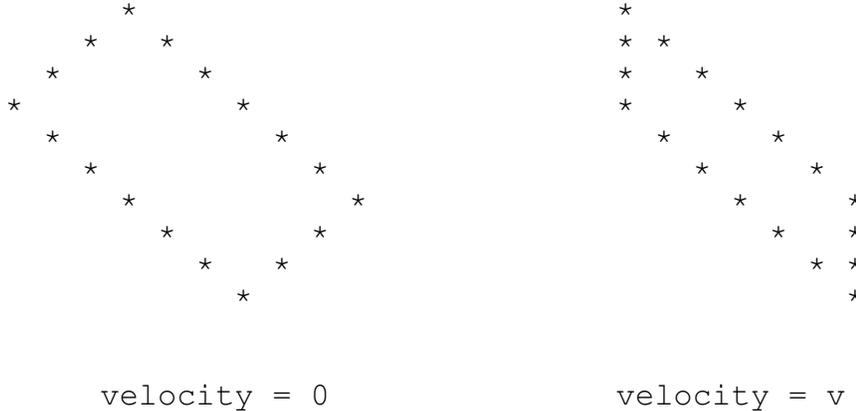
Let us place a square box car on these rails. The square box car is the exact same size as the distance between the rails. If the box car on the rails is given a velocity of v towards the East, then its length will contract in the East-West direction. Its shape will then be a rectangle. Its width dimension will remain the same as the distance between the rails, which has not changed. If the rails are now move side ways, the distance between the rails will contract. The width of the box car will contract the exact same as that of the rails.

If the rails are made to move Northward with velocity v (all this being measured in the initial frame), then the box car will contract along the North-South direction the exact same amount that it contracted in the East-West direction. This box car will now be moving along its original diagonal direction at a velocity of $v \cdot 2^{(.5)}$. The final shape of the box car will have at least two sides parallel to the rails, which have remained in the East-West direction.

Now the interesting thing is that this shape is not the same shape that we first described for a square that was directly moved along its diagonal. The first square did not have any of its sides parallel to any of its starting sides. But on the rails, we have two sides, at least, that remain parallel. Thus we have truly accomplished what was intended.

One point that might be observed here is that even though certain dimensional relationships might remain similar, shapes do not. The final shape of an object is dependent on its initial or starting shape, and its intermediate motions relative to the orientation of that shape. Squares might not remain as squares, and might take the shape of a rectangle, or something else. Therefore, if an object, going from one reference frame to another, can be made to take on different shapes as it follows different paths between any two frames, it could end up with a different final shape. This is what occurred in the above example.

Now let us take something other than a perfect square. Let us take a rectangle. In this case, take the rectangle formed by two squares exactly like the one above, but attached together to make a solid rectangle as shown below:



I am sure that some can see what is going on. If we had stacked several squares one next to another, so that the object became a relative long rectangle orientated at 45 degrees, it would be more obvious. The general over-all 45-degree orientation of the object can not change if the object were simply accelerated along the same line as was done for the single square. The same amount of contraction, however, must occur in the direction of motion. Because of the over-all geometry, for reasons of symmetry, etc, the "sides" that make up the rectangle will not (cannot) maintain the exact same change in directions taken by the sides of the single square. Square by square, the shape is lost as one square is required to maintain contact at every point along the edge of the adjoining square.

Thus, similar shapes are not similarly maintained. The sides of the rectangle do not remain parallel to the sides of the single square, even if the rectangle is "composed" of single squares. The "squares" of the rectangle did not maintain the same shape as single squares would do. This is a similar problem that was created with the rails. Shapes do not seem to "transform" between reference frames in any fixed or absolute sense.

Special note 1. Many people to whom I have shown this problem want to make "transformations" into the moving frame of the box car and/or the rails, etc. As these transforms are done, clocks must be re-adjusted in terms of their simultaneity and changes in lengths of rulers and clock rates must occur. This results in all kinds of apparent changes in angles, lengths and velocities. But by staying in one fixed frame, none of these "transforms" are

allowed. All velocities are directly comparable. All lengths and angles are real. Do not let yourself be confused by people who want to change into these different reference frames and thus give results that are "tainted" by changes in their measurement tools. They are not wrong in what they do, but it then becomes difficult to separate out reality from differences that are due just to changes in the tools being used. Staying in the one frame only approach removes the need to make these separations between real and apparent results.

Special note 2. This is a very good problem when you take two sets of rails, where the other set is laid North and South, and can be moved in the East-West direction. You can then place a square box car going North on these tracks, and then set these tracks moving to the East so that this box car can be eventually superimposed over the first box car. The point where these two sets of tracks intersect will also form a square. At this point, you can have 4 superimposed squares: The two box cars, a square that is directly moved along its diagonal, and the square made up of the two sets of tracks. These four squares were originally exactly equal, but as they end up moving into the exact same new frame, they are no longer equal.

Special note 3. Implicit in SR is the concept that any operating mechanical system must function identically within any reference frame no matter the relative velocity of that reference frame. Thus, a square piston (diameter equal to its height) operating in a rectangular cylinder (length much longer than its diameter) must operate the same in all frames. That is, the sides of the square piston must always remain parallel to the sides of the rectangular cylinder.

Special note 4. The shape that real objects might take when accelerated between frames might ultimately require an understanding of the geometry and orientation of the atomic structure of the object with respect to the direction of the acceleration, and on the point where the force of the acceleration is applied. Some shapes (and/or contractions) might result in unexpected internal stresses. These stresses could result in "distortions" so that the final shape will not be that which would be theoretically expected. I do not believe that this can occur unless the forces are large and the velocity approaches c .

Appendix F. O'Barr's rotating bar!

Take a very large, solid steel cylinder or round bar. Make it three feet in diameter and four feet long. Such a cylinder would be very stiff. How much torque would it take to rotate or twist one end relative to the other by even one second of arc? Using steel, you certainly would have a very stiff bar.

Each end could have an attached flange, slightly larger than three feet in diameter, and these two flanges could each have a small hole or notch near their top outer edge through which a laser could project its beam through one flange and out the hole of the other flange. In fact, two lasers could be lined up, one on each side of the cylinder, so that the beams could project through these holes in two directions at the same time.

If this steel bar were rotated, and the lasers were held on a fixed line in space, the laser beams would pass through these holes only as the holes in the flanges of the bar rotated past the line upon which the lasers were lasing. The faster the bar was rotated, the shorter would be the burst of laser light that would pass through the cylinder.

At the midpoint of the length of the cylinder, on the line of the laser beams, detectors could be placed to detect the presence of each beam that might arrive there. These detectors would not be on the rotating cylinder, but would be fixed in space on the fixed line of the laser beams. These detectors, with very fast, matched rise times, could determine which beam arrived first, and by what time difference.

Certain assumptions could be made about the situation of this bar. It would seem reasonable that there would be a rotation speed that would provide a good, sharp burst of laser light that would allow a good arrival time measurement. The exact time of arrival might be different because the distances between the two paths might differ. After all, we can only make measurements with a limited degree of accuracy. These difference errors ought to be very small, and certainly, very consistent.

Now if the entire test area, the rotating cylinder and the lasers and the detectors were all on one large rotatable platform, they could all be smoothly rotated together so that they were facing different directions in space. In terms of present physics, no changes in laser beam arrival times would be expected due to these changes in orientations.

I propose, however, that if such tests were conducted, there will be unexplained differences or changes in the arrival times. These differences in arrival times will be a function of the direction or orientation of the cylinder. The maximum magnitude of these differences in times will be about $L*v/c^2$, where L is the length of the bar or cylinder, c is the speed of light, and v will be our absolute velocity through space.

Of course we do not know what our absolute velocity might be, but we can guess that it might not be less than the combined velocity that we have in our earth's rotation, our orbit around the sun, and our orbit in our galaxy. These values can be calculated, so minimum requirements that we might need to be able to verify these assumptions can be made. Although such measurements would not be easy, I do believe that they are now possible and they need to be made.

What can go wrong? So far, relativity has prevented us from seeing any absolute reference affects. What might be different here? It depends on the rotating bar, and whether or not it becomes twisted as it rotates.

To understand the situation fully, the rotating cylinder can be considered to be a clock, specifically, the hands of a clock. The uniqueness of the cylinder is that the hands of this clock are very wide. If this clock is accelerated along its length, it enters into a new rest frame. In this new rest frame, local clocks are set to new simultaneities. The ends of the rotating cylinder, as one clock, might not be found to be "set" to the same simultaneity as the local clocks at each end of the bar. This produces some very interesting possibilities.

If the bar physically twists so that the position of rotation of each end automatically picks up a time value that correlates with its new rest frame simultaneity, then a null result will occur. However, it is my belief that a bar, within any inertia frame of reference, begins its rotation in an absolute rest frame of rotation, and as it rotates, it will not see any non-symmetric force that could cause a torque that would cause the ends to differ in the rotating frame. If this is true, we have a means of finding our absolute velocity.

What this means, is that a rotating bar rotates as a single clock. It does not rotate such that it represents thousands of clocks, unique or different clocks at each plane of its existence. Being a single clock, it will have only one simultaneity, and thus, depending upon its length, will differ in its simultaneity of the local clocks that are at its ends. This assumes, of course, that the frame in which this bar is being rotated is a frame that has absolute motion along the axis of rotation of the bar, and thus, the local clocks have simultaneity differences.

To help one to have confidence in such assumptions, several thoughts can be considered:

- 1) The nature of the uniformity of our space. We believe that there are no differences in directions in space. Rulers might contract in one direction and not in another, but only if they have motion in that particular direction. All these concepts seem void of rotational or cross-vector relationships.

2) It seems impossible that the same direction of rotation at one point in space could produce a different effect than the same direction of rotation at another point. How could one end of a bar see a different or opposite force (or torque) than the other end, or see any torque at all? Especially when it is the exact same rotation. (This is really a restatement of 1 above.)

3) The physical transformations of objects (such as clocks) between different reference frames do not always automatically pick up the correct simultaneity. They must usually be re-set. Therefore, there are no reasons for us to assume that clocks would automatically show the correct simultaneity of the space they occupy. If this is true of clocks, then why would the ends of a bar, as clocks, see effects that are not seen by clocks?

4) Rotation seems to be a reference frame independent of all other reference frames. It has absolute characteristics. It might therefore be able to give us help in finding our absolute motion in other reference frames.

Let us consider a rough estimate of the engineering calculations required to make an absolute velocity measurement using a rotating bar. First, the twist, A , in radians, in a solid bar due to any "unbalance" in applied torque, T , is $(TL)/(JG)$. Let $T = 1$ lb-in, $L = 48$ in., $J = 1 * 10^4$ in.⁴, and for steel, $G = 12 * 10^6$ lbs./in.² (psi for us Americans.) Thus, $A = 4 * 10^{-10}$ radians. This "error" must be reasonably less than any equivalent measured value that we hope to achieve.

Second, the expected time difference, t , between the two beams' arrival is Lv/c^2 . Let $c = 3 * 10^8$ m/sec., $v/c = .1$ and $L = 1.2$ m (48 in.) Then $t = .4 * 10^{-9}$ sec.

Third, during this time period, t , the bar will be rotating, and this rotation must be much greater than any errors of twisting, A . Therefore, if the spin of this bar, s , in radians per seconds, is such that $10 * A < s * t$, then we might have a measurement that has an error of less than 10%. An s equal to 10 radians per second would meet this requirement.

Therefore, If we could spin this steel bar at 10 radians per second, with less than a 1 lb-in error in torque balance from end to end, and we can make reliable time measurement differences of .4 nanoseconds or less, then we could measure our absolute velocity down to .1c with less than a 10% error rate.

These are not unreasonable requirements or expectations. As technology in different measurement areas are not always equal or available, one could re-design the set-up so that the best balance in each measurement area was met. Thus the sensitivity and the reliability of the measurement could be maximized. The material properties, length, diameter, spin rate, the point on the cylinder used to apply the torque, the manner the cylinder is supported, over-all geometry, can all affect the final results and range of measurement parameters and errors that will be seen or expected. This test is most reasonable and needs to be done.

Now for a little more honesty, we mentioned some of the thoughts that could possibly indicate success for this approach. Before we leave the subject, let us mention some thoughts that might indicate that it might not work. In doing so, I do not want to infer that anything said above was wrong. But any reading of appendix E should show that transfer of shapes are not real direct, and there might be variables that might not first be seen. Let us look at a few:

Can a rotating bar relativistically be caused to twist? Yes! In fact, I believe that if you took a non-rotating bar, and simultaneously accelerated its spinning and its axial motion so that it sees a resultant acceleration along a proper diagonal of the surface of the cylinder, then this bar will end up with a twist. This would be due to simple dimensional contraction along this diagonal.

The main problem is that the proper twist for a null seems to occur for only a very specifically chosen spin rate, where the velocity of the surface due to spin matches the axial velocity. All other spins will be too much or too little. Even if a correlation between the axial acceleration and the twist acceleration were maintained along a proper diagonal, a basic error around 50% will exist for all reasonable spin magnitudes (spin velocities much less than axial velocities.) Therefore, for all reasonable (i.e., possible) situations, we would see a difference, and any difference at all would allow our absolute frame, in theory, to be determined.

But my sense is that these effects will be very minor in the methods that have been proposed, where a bar at rest in a frame is simply spun while in that frame. The mathematics for some of these relationships are not too difficult, but the math is not the real key to our difficulty. The real problem is the assumptions as to which way shapes are affected in transfers between frames, such as is presented in appendix E. As we reach an understanding or common acceptance of some of the thinking in appendix E, then we can more fully understand the rotating bar situation.

(Some of these "understandings" were stimulated by several very worthy "opponents" on the internet on sci.physics in late 1994 and early 1995, to include jonathan_scott@vnet.ibm.com (Jonathan Scott) and sichase@csa5.lbl.gov (Scott I. Chase.). I certainly appreciated their "expertise" and the stimulation of my thinking that they produced in many of these areas.)