



HISTORIES
FROM THE

ANDERSON
AND
MATHIAS

FAMILIES

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The Clock of Life

The clock of life is wound but once
And no man has the power
To tell just when the hands will stop
At late or early hour.
Now is the only time you own
Live, love, toil with a will
Place no faith in "tomorrow" for
The clock may then be still.

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* (NOTE: One of the Burbank lines has been traced back to Adam. This research can be found in the Family History Library, also LeAnne and Deon have copies. Each genealogical line eventually ties into Royalty which makes it extremely easy to follow back to the Bible where who begat who is listed.)

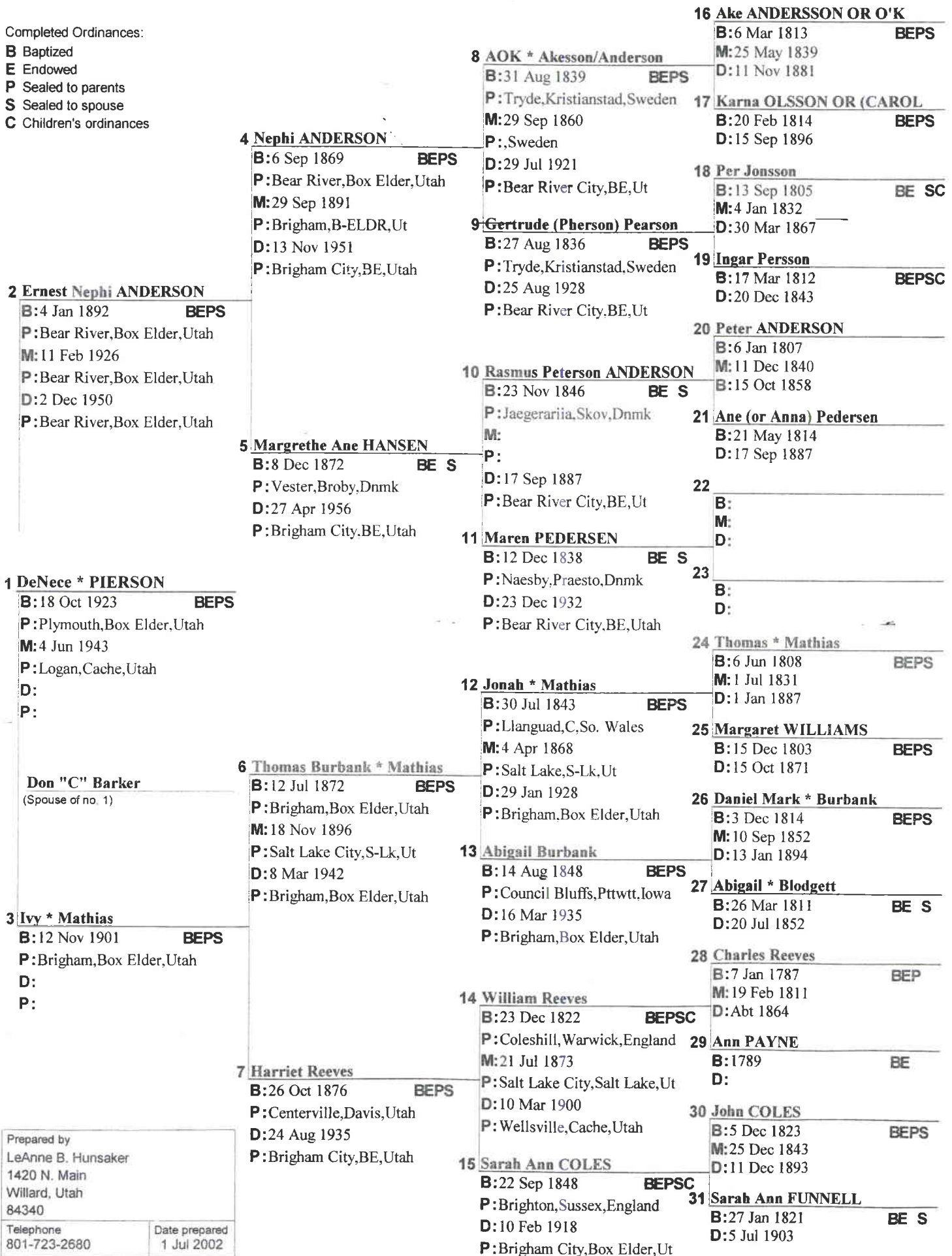
SPECIAL NOTE: An interesting book to read is "Our Welsh Heritage; The Thomas Mathias Family (1808-1887)." A copy is in the possession of Grandma Barker, Deon, and LeAnne.

Pedigree Chart

Chart no. 1

Completed Ordinances:

- B** Baptized
- E** Endowed
- P** Sealed to parents
- S** Sealed to spouse
- C** Children's ordinances



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DeNece Pierson Barker

I was born on the 18 of October 1923 the daughter of Fry Mathias and Gilbert Russell Pierson in Plymouth, Utah. My parents separated when I was really young and I spent a lot of my younger years in Brigham City with my Grandmother (Harriet Reeves Mathias) and Grandfather (Thomas Burbank Mathias). They live on 200 South 500 East. Grandmother was a semi-invalid. When I was older, I did housework and baby-sitting for spending money and in the summer I picked bush beans and pole beans and sour cherries for the farmers. A big truck would drive through town and pick up all of the town kids and take us to the fields. Sometimes our lunch cost more than we earned. But it was fun.

My mother moved to Bear River City and married Ernest Nephi Anderson. They had five children: Ernest Ardell, Donald, Jean, Robert and Byron. Bear River City is where I went to school. My elementary teachers were:

Kindergarten	Miss Comb
1 st grade	Alene Hansen Ward
2 nd grade	Verda Stewart
3 rd grade	Wanda Jensen
4 th grade	Leala Jensen
5 th grade	Bill Linford
6 th grade	Lorin Petersen
7 th grade	Mr. Miller
8 th grade	Glen Taylor

I attended High School which was located in Brigham City on about 600 East. We had a very good softball team in grade school and were always playing the different grade schools in the county. We had a lot of good times growing up. Mother use to pack a lunch and we would go up to what we called the "slue bend." It was down where there used to be a slaughter house on the edge of the Bear River and we would play there while mother did the mending.

Summers and weekends I spent with Grandpa and Grandma Mathias and I have a lot of fond memories with. Since Grandmother had very poor health, Grandfather would get up in the mornings and fix breakfast and then go out and milk the cows. Then we would heard them to what is now the Lindsey Park housing area. When I was older, I would pick currants, or strawberries or cherries and then go back to my grandparents home for dinner and go back in the afternoon. One day while playing on the Bear River we saw a motor boat coming down the river and we thought that was something great that as we'd never seen one before.

I was baptized by Dennis Hassing in Brigham City. I'll never forget coming up out of the water thinking I was surely drowning for sure and was not sure what I was going to find when I opened my eyes. I'll never forget that.

Sacrament meetings were held at 2:00 p.m. on Sunday unless there was a funeral and there were funerals very often on Sunday afternoons. Funerals were held on Sundays in those days and I remember when they changed it to the weekdays so it would not interfere with Sacrament meetings. It was very hard for the people to get use to.

Mutual (MIA), I remember, was a time that we were always putting on plays. It seemed like we were always doing that.

I don't remember any broken bones when small or illnesses except a lot of ear ache. Ernie (my stepfather) use to blow cigarette smoke in my ear for the pain. It was supposed to help. I do remember getting hit with a swing in the temple and figured I would die because mother always said if you got hit there you would surely die.

After four years of High School, I went to Salt Lake and lived with my Uncle Wayne and his wife. She was an invalid who needed care and she had a baby that also needed care. I spent about a year there and then moved back home to Brigham City. I worked at "People's Drug on the westside of Main Street where the Brigham arch and the pedestrian walkway are located. I lived with my Aunt Laura and Aunt Sarah Mathias in the old Jonah Mathias home. Aunt Sarah and Aunt Laura never married and so they simply continued to live in their father's home. I paid \$7.00 a week rent and occasionally bringing a pound of butter to help take care of my board and room. It was fun living with them.

Aunt Sarah worked at Horsley's Seed store. We would get up in the mornings and have breakfast and then walk to work together and come home together.

In March of 1943, I got a telephone call at the drug store. It was a lady that wanted to talk to the girl that worked there. I just figured it was for the other girl. I gave her the phone. It was a blind date with a fellow, but she already had a date so she just hung up. The next day my girl friend that worked at Glen's Drug, came in and said that the wrong girl had answered the phone and the when they called again I was to answer as the blind date was for me. The call came and it was Sister Edith Harding ~~Bentley~~ of Willard. She wanted to know if I wanted to go with a return missionary who was a very nice man. You would have to know Edith to know how she told it all. I did not know this man, but evidently he had been in the store and seen me. I accepted and that evening we went down to the White City in Ogden. I went with him a couple of times after that. He called on a Sunday night to ask me to go to the show the next night. I went home after work and got ready for my date, but he did not show up. I figured I had been stood up, so I went to the show with a bunch of girls. When I got home, Aunt Laura and Aunt Sarah were very mad at me because he had been in an accident and injured his leg

and would not go to the hospital until he had come up to tell me what had happened. He did not want me to think that I had been stood up.

The guy was Don C. Barker of Willard, Utah. So, anyway I wanted to go to the Green and Gold Ball dance very badly and I knew he could not go on crutches, so I accepted a date with someone else. Don went anyway with another date. They sat up in the balcony and watched. This made me very uncomfortable. The next week he came up to see me, again. He gave me a diamond on the 27th of April. Aunt Sarah was very leery as she had been jilted by Don's uncle. We were married in the Logan Temple on June 7, 1943. Our first date was on about March 25th, a little fast but he was 26 years old — he was old enough.

At the time of our marriage, mother could not go through the temple with me, but she rode over and sat in the car while we went through and were married.

After the marriage we headed for Pocatello, Idaho. Don had an aunt there (this aunt had married Don's Uncle Ed who had jilted Aunt Sarah.) Now this aunt had alerted the police to give us a little chivvory to the jail, but we arrived there an hour earlier, thank heaven! Then we went to Rigby, Idaho and visited Don's sister, La Vern.

When we arrived back at Don's home, (he had lost his parents and was living in their home.), well — what a mess. There were pans of water sitting around and goats on the back porch. The water had been mixed with hose polish which made it look like it might be milk. I guess that they thought we would come home and drink it. Don's friends that had done all this, and that was not all. The goats had tipped the pans over and made such a mess. The bed had horse hair in it which was cut in about 1/2 - inch long pieces. The next morning we decided that we had better check things out in case there were more tricks. We found horse hair all over the carpet, the couch set, in drawers where the sheets were kept and the drawers where Don's wool sweaters were kept. We are still picking some of the horse hair out of his sweaters. They had also put the hair in empty quart jars. It was just scattered all over. The next morning, when Don went out to milk the cows, he found that his favorite horse's tail had been cut off to the bone. He was mad! He was more upset over the horse than the house.

He would not let me clean the mess up. That evening as we were eating supper, Lewis Harding (one of Don's friends) stopped in. I knew him because we had double dated with him. When he walked in the door, Don let him have it with both barrels. He told him in no uncertain terms. So, Lewis went home and got Helen Jane and Roy Lemon and they all worked hard hauling hot water in 10 gal. cans and scrubbing the back porch. I was embarrassed that I hardly dared come out of the living room. I did not even know Helen Jane and Roy. They scrubbed that white shoe polish off the walls and floor and that was a mess because the goats had been shut in the back porch over night. It broke Don's heart about the horse and we were not very good friends with Lewis or Roy and Helen Jane after that.

Don was in the superintendency of the Sunday School at the time. My first assignment in the ward was Mutual (MGA) secretary. That summer I went with the young girls to the Girl's Home in Mantua for three days. We farmed with horses that first year in Willard. We had potatoes to the side of the house and were just breaking up the ground above the city ditch where we had a young orchard started.

Then the family came along. We had many spiritual and fun experiences with the children. You can read about the children in their own histories. I'll just tell a few things. Deon's name was always picked out because we figured if it was a girl with "De" - Nece and D - "on" made it natural to call her Deon. She was born February 16, 1945. LeAnne was February 7, 1947. We did not have a name picked out, but just a few days before she was born, my brother, Ardell's sister-in-law came down for fruit and her name was LeAnne. We both like that name.

Pamela came along on March 6, 1950. When she was born, they said that you could not leave the hospital until a name was chosen for the child. Dr. W.R. Merrill helped to pick her name out. I had mentioned a couple of names and he said, "I don't know what's wrong with Pamela. Just call her Pamela and it will be all right." So, that's her name. We moved to our new house across the street in 1951. We did most of the finishing work ourselves so it was a long time getting enough rooms liveable.

Colleen was born on the 16th of September 1953. She was born during peach season and it has been a hectic birthday for her every year. Fred was born just before Christmas on December 21, 1954. He was given the middle name of Don, after his father. Don was serving as counselor in the Bishopric at the time. William Kunzler was Bishop and Gerald Larkin the other counselor. Four years later, the week that Don was called to be Bishop of the Willard First Ward, Tyler was born. Tyler was given the middle name of Ray after Don's brother. By the way, Don was set apart as Bishop by Elder LeGrand Richards. Ivy Marie came last on May 18, 1963, the year that Deon graduated from High School. Don's said that we should name her "enough." Ivy Marie has been a special blessing to us, especially as the other children grew up and left home.

We have not had anything too exciting. In August 1956, LeAnne took sick with Bulbar Polio. She had participated in the trial shots for this disease earlier that spring. This was a very terrifying humbling experience and a real education. I was always afraid of Catholics and LeAnne was sent to a Catholic Hospital - St. Benedict's in Ogden. I thought that to go to St. Benedict's was far beyond, but everything turned out all right. For the first three weeks the doctors continually told us she was still in the woods. The disease had affected her respiratory area and a tracheotomy was performed to allow her to breathe and speak. During this time she had around the clock nurses. Every evening her father would administer to her, assuring her a good night's rest. Her "night nurse" was catholic and she stated that she did not understand what LeAnne's father did each night, but to tell him not to miss one night. Her name was Mrs. Barbara Keller. Mrs. Keller felt the spirit and the help that she needed

in caring for LeAnne. Her recovery was a testimony for our family on prayer and the power of the Priesthood. We feel she had a special purpose on this earth and we all gained much spiritually from the experience.

Tyler had many health problems with his allergies and asthma. We have spent many anxious years getting him stabilized on food and medications. We have exercised faith and prayer in his behalf and feel he, too, has a very special purpose in life. He certainly helped us with our education of doctors.

All the children have worked hard on the farm and have all sought a vocation. Deon attended a year at Brigham Young University after graduating from high school. She worked as a dental assistant and is now married and has four boys. LeAnne attended Weber State College and became a secretary at Thiokol. She is now married and has three children. Pamela graduated from beauty school and is now married with three children.

After high school, Fred attended one semester at Utah State University. He is now married and works for Robinson Drilling Company and on the farm with his Dad. Tyler is a Junior in High School and Ivy Marie is in the 7th grade.

I have served as a Primary teacher, President of the Primary from 1966 - 1968, 1st Counselor in the Relief Society with Arlene Kunzler as President and Sally Goodell as 2nd Counselor. I also served as Primary Inservice leader and continue serving as a visiting teacher.

I have always felt very fortunate to have my mother, who married Earl Graser some years after Ernie's death, living in Willard. She is always there for help, advice, and just fun, like shopping and family get-togethers. Mother has always been my very good friend. I appreciate her more than I can express.

I am truly grateful to my Heavenly Father to all that he has blessed me with. Most of all that He did not give Don and I more than we could handle.



FUNERAL SERVICES OF ERNEST NEPHI ANDERSON

December 5, 1950

Bear River City Ward Chapel

Bishop Vernon L. Johnson

We gather here today to pay our last respects to a brother who has been called home and the program we give here today will be according to the wishes of the family who have arranged the program. Some of you, or most of you, may have received programs, but for the benefit of those who have not, I will read it. There are, however, some changes that will take place. The program is as follows:

Family Prayer		Don C. Barker
Prelude & Postlude		W. Johnson & R. Gardner
Choir		"Sometime We'll Understand"
Invocation		Leon Jensen
Song	"Calvary"	LeRon Johnson
Remarks		Melvin Johnson
Remarks		Albert Holmgren
Duet	"Father"	Norman & Herman Andreason
Remarks		Albert Thorson
Song & Obligato.		D. Jeppson & R. Gardner
Resolutions		Legionaire A. J. Taylor
Remarks		Bp. Johnson
Choir		I Know That My Redeemer Lives
Benediction		Charles Checketts
Dedication		Carlos Jensen

Choir "Sometime We'll Understand"

Invocation: Leon Jensen

Our Father who dwells in Heaven, we thy children have assembled together this day to pay respect and love to a family who will be left with the loss of a son, a husband, a father, and a friend, Ernest Anderson. Our Father in Heaven, we pray that thou will look down upon this assembly with thy peace and blessings that we may have consolation at this time for those who have met here today to pay their last respect to one of our loved ones. We thank thee