

gave Dee a cookie jar full of cookies for Christmas. Incidentally, I don't know anyone who enjoyed cookies more than Dee did. A couple of months later, Kathleen asked him how he was enjoying the cookie jar. He replied that it was no good. Kathleen asked what was wrong with it. He said, "The lid won't stay on and it is always empty." MERVIN

SHANNAH was quite small when Dee was married and gone. However the thing that she always noticed about him was the way he was with small children. When they wouldn't go to others, they would always go to Dee. He had a way with children, and always had them around him.

Uncle Dee will be dearly missed by all of us. He touched the hearts of everyone he came in contact with. We will cherish the memories that we have.

Our prayers will be with Aunt Thyra, Kathleen, Rhea, Dennis, and the family of Uncle Dee.

DIARY OF GEORGE BRYANT GARDNER

In May 1841 I and my wife moved to Peterborough, New Hampshire, bought a house and some land of Mr. Peneman, a Methodist Deacon, built me a good blacksmith shop and started business again. Attended meetings very regularly, and was chorister, clap leader and Sabbath School teacher for about six months at that place at the Methodist meeting house and in good standing with society. One Sabbath about the first of July 1841 while sitting and listening to our Methodist Priest, it being warm weather and the windows all opened, my ears caught the sound of some men preaching in the Town House, just across a narrow lane which sounded like music in my ears. On

inquiry after meeting, I learned it was a man by the name of Eli P. Migim, a Mormon Elder from Nauvoo, Illinois. I was determined to know more about him and accordingly, the next time he preached I made arrangements with my Methodist brethren in regards to their singing and went to hear him preach, and I was satisfied that he was called of God and I should not resist.

He did not preach often but when he did I made it in my way to hear him. I concluded to be baptized. Accordingly the day was set when he should visit me and attend to the ordinance. I was working in my shop when I saw him coming. I took off my blacksmith apron and laid my hammer on my anvil and went with him to the water, left my wife a crying, old Father Peneman a threatening to dispose me, he having a mortgage on my property. And some neighbors a prophesying that I should lose all my customers. but I burst those bands and he baptized me on Monday November 20, 1841, in the Cantodock River. While this was going on, the Methodist Sisters gathered around my wife a telling her that she had got to give up her husband for he had joined a poor, deluded people and would go off and leave her. I was about the first one that was baptized in that place, but after this the Church began to increase very fast, and in January 1842 my wife was baptized.

After I joined the Mormons, the Methodists held a council over my case and concluded to disfellowship me, saying I never was any benefit to them, which made me think of the old Negro that caught a rabbit alive. He got his under his arm and praised him up a saying, "What a fine fat fellow he was to fry, good to roast, good to bake, good to boil, good most any way." when suddenly the rabbit gave a spring and got away. Then he cried out, "Go along with you, you long-legged, gamboled, thank'd long-eared, big eyed, cotton-tailed, son of a bitch, it would take more butter to cook you than you are worth."

I was ordained an Elder under the hands of John E. Page, then one of the

Twelve Apostles, in
February 1843. I soon got the spirit of gathering and directed my
course accordingly by selling
out my property, what I had, cancelling all my debts, so I was beholding
to no man. I preached
some in the neighboring towns with tolerable success and baptized a
few. The Church in this
place had now been organized into a branch and many of the Elders from
Nauvoo visited us.
Erastus Snow, Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, Parley P. Pratt, Wilford
Woodruff, Brigham Young,
Hyrum Smith and many others which gave us good instructions and cheered
us up. I started to
gather with the Saints at Nauvoo, September 2, 1845, in company with my
wife, Mary V. Morse,
Rebecca Chapin and Sister Pierce, hired our passage to Worcester,
Massachusetts, and there we
took the railroad to Albany, New York, then the canal for Buffalo, where
we stopped a few days
and I went to see my brother Able, being the second time I ever saw
him. He was a large fleshy
man weighing some over two hundred pounds, about fifty more than myself.

We then went aboard of a steam boat and started across the Lakes to
Chicago, the distance of
about eleven hundred miles. Across Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, Lake
Huron, through the straits of
Mackinaw into Lake Michigan. We had some seven gales of wind and storm
on the Lakes, but
arrived safe to Chicago, where we took a private conveyance across on
the Missouri River. Took
passage on a steam boat called the "War Eagle", proceeded down the river
some fifty miles. The
boat ran on a rock, and stuck fast. The current of the river carried
the stern down stream and
bored a hole through her keel and stuck fast on the rock, but to our
great joy Capt. William H.
Hooper came floating down the river on a steam boat called the "time",
and took us to Nauvoo
where we landed Oct. 5, 1845, 9 O'clock P. M. at the Stone House, kept
by Brother Ludington.

The first we heard spoken by the citizens was the Saints had made a
treaty to leave their dear
earned homes the next spring. The saints at that time were very poor,
without teams, wagons,

clothing or provisions.

After retiring to bed and having a good nights rest we arose in the morning of the sixth, the first day of conference to behold the beautiful Temple of the Lord in all its glory, as the ark of day lent its rays of light to alume the bronze work of this beautiful building. My first business was to settle and pay my tithing for which I hold receipt in full as the following receipt will show.

This my certify that George B. Gardner is entitled to the privilege of the baptismal fount, having paid his tithing in full to Oct. 12, 1845.

After paying up I had sixteen dollars left and some clothing. The Saints soon organized into companies of 100, 50, and 10's. I was in Brother E. Snow's company to emigrate to we knew not where. I was superintendent of the wagon department and clerk of the company. We started men across the river to cut wagon timber and start a wagon shop, and to season the timber the best we could, consequently many of our wagons had to be repaired before we reached our destination. After fitting up Brother Snow's and many other's and they were ready to cross the river we broke up our shop and I received for my winter's work, the timber in its rough state and lumber for a wagon. Money gone for my living the while.

A brother by the name of Harmer, a wagon-maker in the same fix as myself, after working hard all winter and getting not much for it joined me in company and we cooperated together, he made two wagon woods and I put the iron on them, which we bought by selling a stove and some things we had left. got them fitted up ready for a start, the Lord blessing us all the time, when one day while gone to dinner we both sold our wagons for \$65.00 in gold each. We then went to work and made two more and I bought the iron and put it on while he was making the wagons. I worked for John Taylor half the night and half the day ironing wagons for him for which I

received one dollar a day in silver. Now we both had money, we went to the country and bought oxen and we soon had a fit out. While in Nauvoo myself and wife received our endowments in the Temple of the Lord, and I was ordained a Seventy in the Temple the day I got my endowments, 12 Feb. 1846.

June 16th, 1846 we crossed the river in company with Brother Leonard Hill and family, Brother John Ney and family. Came to the town of Farmington on the Desmoine River, and there we, Hill, Ney and myself took jobs of work to swell our fit out. My not being used to that climate and sultry sun, I took the ague, which prostrated me completely for 14 months. Brother Hill and family and myself started from the Desmoine River in August and went as far as Fox River where we camped under a large oak, and the whole of us sick, unable to help ourselves, when one Mr. Miller, Universalist by profession saw our condition and invited us to his place helping us to find our cattle, and driving us to his place where he gave us the use of his smoke house to stop in. By making a bunk across one end of the room where we put down our beds and all crawled into it, men, women, and children. There Brother Hill died and one child. I was so sick that I could not get out of bed but laid there with the dead man.

After getting to Winter Quarters Sister Hill died and their son aged 15 with the ague. I wish to remember and have my children remember the kindness of Mr. Miller. While at his place he did everything he could for our comfort without charge, urging us to stop with him all winter, but the Spirit of God said to me no. We must go on. One day when he was from home we packed up as well as we could and started out and was picked up on the road by Brother O. M. Allen, who was sent back from Winter Quarters to hunt up the needy. We arrived in Winter Quarters, now Florence, the last of November, sick and weary, destitute of shelter except our wagons and some sod houses that the Saints who proceeded us had constructed.

For four months I could not turn over in bed. My shoulders and hips of both sides were worn through the skin. Being destitute of the necessities of life it took me a long time to recover but by the blessings of God and the prayers of the Saints I commenced to recover. It was a long time before I recovered sufficiently to walk around any. Everything I could spare was sold for something to eat except my oxen and wagon. My wife was almost as sick as myself. We had no children at that time. We lived part of the winter in a sod house, very cold and miserable. While there Brigham Young and Orson Pratt came and administered to me, they said that I should get well and I believed it. One day William Rice looked in upon us and saw our condition, took pity on us and invited us to his log house fitted up quite comfortable. We accepted the invitation. I had to be carried on a sheet. While getting me through the door I really thought my back was broken. The night we left, the old sod house fell in. We were out in time to save being killed which would not have taken much.

In the later part of the summer of 1847, I commenced to get around but unable to perform any labor. It was suggested to me to go down to Missouri to haul wheat on shares. I went to Brother Samuel Mulliner, told him my plan and asked him to lend me two dollars to buy provisions for the trip, which he did. My wife Elizabeth cooked me some food and I started out, hired another yoke of oxen and promised wheat for pay. Crossed the Missouri River into Potterootamie territory among that tribe of Indians, when the Chief saw my green covered wagon and wanted to swap an old one, he gave me forty dollars cash to boot. I went on, bought forty bushels for twenty dollars and had money to buy some comforts with. When I had got my wheat loaded and ready to start I was so weak, I was not able to drive my team. Just at that time Brother Henry L. Cook, the man that drove my team at the time we were picked up on the road from Nauvoo, came to me and said he had a son 18 years old that wanted to go to Winter Quarters and would drive my team if I

would feed him on the road, which I gladly accepted. Arrived safe at home, paid Brother Mulliner his two dollars and for the use of the oxen and had money left. I acknowledged the hand of the Lord in all this.

I now began to recover very fast, commenced work one hour per day and soon till I could do a days work in blacksmith shop for Brother William A. Beebe who then was carrying on a shop in that place.

While in this place I was called with a number more to go on a mission to the States, but it was reconsidered because my services were needed to fit out wagons, and horse shoes, etc., for the emigration to Salt Lake City. There I was serviceable again in assisting my Brethren on their journey to the far off west.

On the 12th of May 1848, I took to wife Betsy Ann Bird, daughter of Charles and Mary Ann Bird, who was born in Tompkins County, New York, Oct. 30, 1829. She had been married to a man by the name of Bliss, had one child by him by the name of Mary Ann. To me was born by her, Emily Amanda, born in Patawatamie County, Iowa, July 19, 1849. Also while living with me, Mary Sedella, born in Salt Lake City, 12 Ward, March 1851, George Able born in Salt Lake city January 3, 1853. She left me on the 16th September 1853 and married a man by the name of Kimball Hardy and went to California.

After finishing my work and assisting the Saints in the Spring of 1848, I moved with my family across the Missouri to what was called the Bluffs in Pottawatamie County, took me up some land and built two log cabins and blacksmith shop, corral, pens and etc. Fenced eight acres of good land and commenced to make me a home in the winter of 1848, and went to Missouri to work, bought me a yoke of two-year-old steers and some clothing, etc. I prospered in everything I undertook, got me a fit out and in the Spring of 1850 I sold my possessions all planted and up for

twelve dollars. Started with my family consisting of four now, to go to Salt Lake City. During this time there was many incidents transpired interesting that I that I shall not attempt to relate. Recrossed the river on June 16 arrived in Salt Lake City on Oct. 14th.

While crossing the plains many incidents occurred. We traveled in Brother Wilford Woodruff's company hundred, Edson Whipple's fifty, I was captain of the first ten in Whipple's fifty. We traveled the road on the south side of the Platte River. After being out a few days the cholera made its appearance in our train. There had been a train of gold hunters ahead of us bound for California, which had the cholera bad, we could count from 20 to 100 graves in a days travel, many graves were robbed by the wolves and skeletons of the poor victims were scattered on the ground. We lost by cholera in our train 16 but not much damage. The day we passed the Fort one man was killed by lightening, and one child died. That night while we was mourning and weeping there was a family a little distance from our camp by the name of Graham, gambling, swearing, and drinking, that then belonged to the Church traveling with us, was turned out of the company next morning, and since then while in the vicinity of Ogden, three of them have been killed for cattle stealing. It seemed that all the power of hell combined to stop our progress, cholera, stampedes, thunder and lightening, storms and rain, and tempest of wind and false Brethren and etc.

When the man was killed by lightening it came to my mind that it was the last of our troubles on our journey, which I prophesied to my friends. We had no more incidents worth naming except herds of buffalo and one day we were surrounded with about five hundred Indians, all mounted with good arms, it looked rather scarry for a time but trusting the Lord with stout hearts the Puite captain reached out his hand for a shake, and peace and friendship soon gladdened our hearts.

I started from the Bluffs with good fit out but being delayed in the

mountains by snow, many got short and I divided with them, so that when I got to the Salt Lake I had not a mouthful to eat, but by the kindness of Brother Johnathan Pugmire Jr. that knew what hunger was, being in the Mormon Battalion, took us in and gave us something to eat for which we felt very thankful.

After resting a few days I went in Mill Creek Canyon to fit up and run a shingle machine for the winter of 1850 and 1851, for which I made good pay. I sawed the first shingles used in the city. I stayed on Mill Creek, lumbering for about three years, and then I was called by President Brigham Young to come to Salt Lake City to work in the public blacksmith shop. I drew my living for about seven years from the tithing office. While working for the Church, Oct. 16, 1852 I took to wife Harriet Mariah Beebe, daughter of William A. Beebe and Louise Newton, her mother's maiden name.

I worked in the public blacksmith shop about two years, when I was released. I then went to work for myself. I worked for California emigrants, made sometimes fifty dollars per week in gold, clear of expenses, built me a comfortable house and barn, fenced my lot, etc., and was called to consecrate all my property as follows:

Lot G.S.L. City with improvements, being lot 5 block 121

In the fall of 1855 I was wanted to go to Big Cottonwood to take charge of a saw mill with two saws, upright and circular, for President Brigham Young and Co. I worked there four seasons, about eight months in each year, so much snow in winter we left the mill in December for Salt Lake City on Friday, the next Sunday a snow slide came down the mountain with a tremendous crash, carried away our very strong double log house and all our property we had left for the next spring and broke in the end of the mill. Again I can see the hand of the Lord in my deliverance twice having been saved from the falling of my habitation.

In the spring of 1858, in consequence of persecution from the government of the United States, the Church was counseled to leave the hard earned homes in Salt Lake City and go south one and all, consequently I prepared to make a start. I had one small yoke of oxen and one old wagon to move my now large family, but with a determination to do as I was told. I made the trip to Spanish Fork in Utah County by going several times. Put in crops then peace was made and I was called to go back in the canyon to saw lumber again, fitted up a blacksmith shop for Hugh Moon in the First Ward in Salt Lake City, worked about one year in the shop, then in March 1890, I was called to go to Farmington, Davis, County to build a blacksmith shop for the estate of Dr. Willard Richards, worked in Farmington till I was called at the semi-annual conference Oct. 6, 1862 to go on a mission to the Cotton Country in Dixie, Kane County, southern Utah.

When I was called to go to Dixie, I was carrying on a big business blacksmithing in company with a brother by the name of Hamachus Rodgers. I was without a team or a wagon, debts and dues all over Davis County. I went to work with my might and in a few weeks I was on the road with my family, except my first wife who stayed behind till the next August. I landed in Virgin City, Kane County, southern Utah, Dec. 6, 1862. Bought a lot for a yoke of oxen of James A. Day. Fixed up a shop and went to work. That winter it rained almost incessantly for four months.

Stayed in Virgin City, Kane County, Utah on the Rio Virgin River for about seventeen years, or until the year 1877, made good improvements in orchards and vineyards, and went through many privations too numerous to mention, in that the hard country with my family. And was called in the spring of 1877 to go to Arizona, which I accordingly performed in the fall of the same year.

Here I am in Woodruff battling with hard times, have helped to put this noted dam five times, it has kept my nose to the grindstone, but thanks to the good Lord, myself