

and family have enjoyed
good health, I consider myself on a mission for the last thirty years,
striving against the hardships
of frontier life. Have been teacher of singing and leader of choirs
where ever I have lived a good
choir in the place.

Received my second anointing in the St. George Temple, Oct. 1879, was at
the laying of the
corner stone in Salt Lake City of the Temple, on the 6th of April 1853,
and was at the dedication
of same in 1893 forty years after. Many years, many scenes I have lived
through in the last years
which I cannot mention in this sketch.

George Bryant Gardner was born 4 Apr. 1813, in New Ipswich,
Hillsboro, New Hampshire and died 13 Mar. 1898 at Woodruff,
Apache, Arizona.

(The spelling and wording are from George Bryant Gardner's diary)

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF SARAH CHASE GARDNER Compiled by Her Children

Sarah Chase Gardner was born July 3, 1867 in Moroni, Sanpete County, to
John
Darwin and Almira Higgins Chase. Her mother died when she was six years
old and she
went to live with her oldest sister, Almira Caldwell.
She lived with her sister until she was about sixteen years of age. At
this time the

family moved to Huntington, Emery County, Utah, to help settle this community. They were the third or fourth family to come into the area.

Soon after, in October 1884, Albert Clifton Gardner migrated to Huntington. He and Sarah met, fell in love, and were married August 6, 1885 in Nephi, by Bishop Udell.

On November 13, 1885, their marriage was solemnized in the Logan Temple.

They had nine children, Sarah Elmeda, Myrtle Almira, George Albert, Loran Farr, Mary Mindwell, Ruth Ada, Kate Elizabeth, James Erastus, and Clarice Gean.

Eight of these children have been married in the Temple. Loran Farr died at the age of 22, unmarried. His Temple work was done four years later.

In the spring of 1886, Albert Clifton bought a house near the center of town, from Chris Johnson, and moved into it. Sarah Elmeda was born there, May 9, 1886. Later they purchased an 80 acre farm.

In 1905 Dr. Elias Ship, of Salt Lake City, was sent to Huntington, by the Church, to give a course in nursing. Sarah was one of fourteen to take the class, passing the requirements with a high score.

After completion of the course, she was called to attend the sick, sometimes staying four or five days with very little sleep or rest. She never refused to go when called, day or night, summer or winter, in all kinds of weather. She helped everyone, whether they were rich or poor, more often than not her pay was small or nothing at all.

She was always kind and generous, being paid many times over, by the love and kindness showered upon her by those she had helped. She was a very good registered nurse.

At that time there were many epidemics of various diseases and families were quarantined. A flag would be prominently displayed on the house and its color would indicate the nature of the disease. There were no hospitals to take these patients to, so Mother would go into the home and be quarantined with the family. These were pioneer

homes and from our point of view, they had few conveniences.

When Mother returned home from one of these assignments, regardless of the time,

day or night, Father would have fresh clothing and fumigation materials ready for her out

in the granary. If it was cold weather he also had warm rocks to keep her clothing warm

and lanterns were lightened to give added warmth and comfort for her.

Along with the toil and drudgery, there were happy occasions too.

Father did a lot

of peddling in the coal camps and Mother would frequently go with him.

He tried to make

the wagon comfortable for her in both summer and winter. He also put in a cot and a

rocking chair, so she could sit and do her handwork and lie down and rest.

Father also did a lot of work in the mountains, getting out logs or building roads.

Mother would go and camp with him, doing the cooking or anything else that would help

him.

She was terrified when there was thunder and lightening. One day while she was

alone in camp, an electrical storm came up. She began gathering all the metal things or

anything else that she thought might draw lightening and hid them under the bedding.

She noticed the ax lying on the ground, so she grabbed it, but didn't dare hold onto it long

enough to get it under cover, so she threw it down the hill. She was so frightened at the

time she couldn't even remember which direction she had thrown it. It was several days

before Father found it down the canyon. He teased her about this incident to her dying

day.

Father bought an eighty acre farm that lay between the Cleveland and Price

highways and it was about three miles from Huntington. He built a log cabin on it and

Uncle Edd Mangum, who had married Mother's sister Miriam, also built one on his farm

just across the road from ours. Mother and Aunt Miriam shared many happy hours, as

well as hardships, that were a part of pioneering in those days.

At this time Father and Sam Grange discovered and opened the mine, that

later

became known as Mohrland. Ulysis Grange and Uncle Edd helped in this project, and later bought stock in it. This work kept the men away from home except on Sundays.

There were no canals to get water to the many scattered ranches. To help with the water supply, large blocks of ice were cut and stacked on the north side of the house and then melted as the water was needed.

In those days there were many tramps and prowlers, passing through the country.

Because of this both Mother and Aunt Mariam were very timid about staying alone at night. To combat this fear they took turns sleeping at each other's house.

One warm spring evening as Aunt Miriam was about to say Amen to their evening prayers, there was a loud crash and the house shook and the windows rattled. This was caused by the melting blocks of ice giving away and banging against the house. Aunt Mariam was so frightened she screamed, "Amen, you son of a bitch." This did not sound a bit funny or out of place to them at the time, but when they found out what had made the noise, they had a good laugh and went to bed for a restless night. It was so seldom that our aunt ever used slang, let alone profanity, these words were shocking, to say the least.

Father was set apart November 16, 1908 to fill a mission in the eastern states. This left Mother to run the farm, provided for her nine children and keep Father on his mission.

Although she had very poor health, which included a bad heart, she managed to do this.

For the family this was a time of hardship and sacrifice.

At one time Father sent home for an extra \$50 for some new clothes.

When Mother

received the letter, she had \$30 saved up from produce she had sold.

She also owed this

amount in tithing. Her problem was whether to pay her tithing or keep the \$30 and trust

in her Heavenly Father to help her get the remaining \$20.

She put the \$30 in her purse and started for town knowing she had to make up her

mind about what to do.

She decided to send it to Father so she passed the tithing office gate in route to the post-office, but some unseen power or force directed her back to the tithing office where she paid her tithing. From there she proceeded to the Co Op-Store, operated by William Leonard, intending to ask for credit for some badly needed groceries. As she entered the store she was greeted by William Howard, who owned controlling interest of the Co Op. He inquired about her health and Father, then placed a \$20 bill in her hand as he shook it. She thanked him for the gift and stepped to the counter and asked Brother Leonard for some groceries on credit which he kindly consented to. As she gathered up her groceries to leave, Brother Howard once more befriended her. He paid for the items and handed her the bill marked paid in full. From here she went to the post-office and mailed a letter to Father she had written the day before. She started home and on the way she met John Brasher. He also asked how she was and how Father was getting along. While he was speaking he opened his wallet and handed her \$10 to use where she needed it most. She had left home with \$30, paid \$30 tithing and had returned home with \$30 and a supply of groceries.

The next day John Killpack came to our home as a ward teacher, and gave Mother \$10 to send to Father. That same evening she went to Brother Grange and asked him if he would buy a pig or some chickens. She still needed \$10 more. He suspected why she was trying to sell something she really needed so he gave her \$10 and told her to keep her chickens and pig.

Mother said she had never before or since experienced such a great reward in such a short time, and she knew it was the Lord working through the hearts of these kind men, who had reimbursed her so quickly for the money she had paid for tithing. Father got his \$50.

Mother was a very fine seamstress, making all our clothes, as well as sewing for other people. She was also a very good cook and one of her specialties was salt-raising bread. James said when she was baking it the smell reached the four corners of town. He was always glad when someone showed up on purpose or otherwise to get his share.

One day when our washing was on the line a neighbor lady said, "Well, my washing isn't exactly lily-white like yours, but it's clean." This became a by-word around our house. Of course these washings were done on the board or a hand turned washing machine.

A semi-annual affair we always looked forward to was changing the straw in our bed ticks. What a delight to sleep on that nice clean straw.

Another chore that required all hands on deck was taking up the rag carpets, and putting them on the line, where they were beaten and swept repeatedly. Then they were relayed over a thick layer of clean straw.

Threshing was done by horse powered machines that required up to 14 head of horses and about the same number of men. These outfits moved onto the farms, where both animals and men were cared for until the threshing was finished. In good weather this took about two days at our place. Plans were made long in advance to have food prepared for them. The men always heaped compliments on Mother for her wonderful meals. There was one draw-back for the children, we had to "shoo flies" and starve until the threshers were all fed.

These are just a few of the memories we have of our wonderful mother. She was a talented, courageous woman, going to an early grave, because she was so willing to give of herself for others. She died on January 22, 1922, at the age of 56.