

- 20 GREAT 23. GARDINER Married about 1230 ?  
 GRAND BORN- about 1200  
 FATHER Where- England  
 Died- about 1270  
 Where- England
- 21 GREAT 24. GARDINER Married about 1200 ?  
 GRAND BORN- about ~~1170~~ 1170  
 FATHER Where- England  
 Died- about 1240  
 Where- England
- 22 GREAT 25. GARDINER Married about 1170 ?  
 GRAND BORN- about 1140-50  
 FATHER Where- England  
 Died- about 1210  
 Where- England
- 23 GREAT 26. (SIR) OSBERN GARDINER Married about 1140 ? \*KNIGHT LORD OF  
 GRAND BORN- ca. 1128 from whom (SIR) THOMAS GARDINER descends THE MANOR OF  
 FATHER from who is located on page 2. ORAL, IN WIGAN,  
 Where- Otley, Lancastershire, England COUNTY PALATINE  
 Died- about 1184-90 (living in the year 1181) OF LANCASTERSHIRE  
 Where- England ENGLAND.®
- Another GARDINER line I connect through begins with:
- CHILD 1. DORGAS GARDINER Married about ~~1750~~ 1750 NICHOLAS GARDINER  
 BORN- 31 Jan 1713-4  
 Where- South Kingstown, Washington, Rhode Island  
 Died- 23 Mar 1775  
 Where- Rhode Island
- FATHER 2. EPHRAIM GARDINER Married 28 Apr 1713 PENELOPE EIDRED  
 BORN- 17 Jan 1693  
 Where- South Kingstown, Washington, Rhode Island  
 Died- 10 Apr 1774  
 Where- North Kingstown, (WASHINGTON) Rhode Island
- GRAND 3. HENRY GARDINER Married about ~~1690~~ 1690 ABIGAIL RICHMOND  
 FATHER BORN- about 1645  
 Where- Newport, Newport, Rhode Island  
 Died- 5 May 1744  
 Where- Kingstown, Washington, Rhode Island
- 1 ~~GREAT~~ 4. GEORGE GARDINER Married 1645-46 HERCULES LONG (SAME AS COUPE # 10, 7th GREAT)  
 GRAND (GRAND PARENTS ON PAGE 1.)  
 FATHER

Can you help me with my lines between my 12th GREAT GRAND FATHER (SIR) THOMAS GARDINER and my ~~23rd~~ 23rd GREAT GRAND FATHER (SIR) OSBERN GARDINER to help with the connections I am searching for, and do ~~you~~ you have any new information you can send me to add into my GARDINER line, and I would like to hear and correspond with you as soon as possible.

(SINCERELY,)

*Marshall Kim Gardner*  
 MARSHALL KIM GARDNER  
 1901 1st Street  
 YUMA, ARIZONA 85364

*Iris Sweet*  
 Orange Co. Gen. Society

In searching for material for this issue's column, I turned once again to "The American Woman's Home", by Catherine E. Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. This book, printed in 1869, is dedicated "To The Women of America, in Whose Hands Rest the Real Destinies of the Republic, as Moulded by the Early and Preserved Amid the Maturer Influences of Home, This Volume is Affectionately Inscribed". The book was in my mother's library, and, while I am sure she read it, I doubt if she had much opportunity to put the suggestions to use, living as she did in a log cabin in Wyoming, with only the most primitive of facilities.

I was interested in the chapter of the book devoted to "good cooking". In this chapter, a number of paragraphs are based on the cooking of vegetables. It is in the opinion of the authors that vegetables, because of their native excellence, are hard to serve any way but tastily. They note, however, one exception. "Our staunch old friend, the potato, is to other vegetables what bread is to the table. . . it may be made invariably palatable by a little care in a few plain particulars, through neglect of which it often becomes intolerable. The soggy, waxy, indigestible viand that often appears in the potato-dish is a downright sacrifice of the better nature of this vegetable. The potato, nutritive and harmless as it appears, belongs to a family suspected of very dangerous traits. It is a family connection of the deadly nightshade and other ill-reputed gentry, and sometimes shows strange proclivities to evil - now breaking out uproariously, as in the noted potato-rot, and now more covertly, in various evil affections. For this reason scientific directors bid us beware of the water in which potatoes are boiled - into which, it appears, the evil principle is drawn off; and they caution us not to shred them into stews without previously suffering the slices to lie for an hour or so in salt and water. These cautions are worth attention". So much for the genealogy of the potato.

Throughout "The American Woman's Home" can be found articles on the care of plants, both house and garden. The authors strongly endorse the use of ferns and other growing plants in the home, stating that "one need never feel a disinherited child of nature". This desire for green, growing plants in a home seems nearly universal, except for the author of this column, who was definitely born minus a green thumb. Everything I have ever attempted to grow has shriveled up and turned brown, setting records for the demise of plants. I think I kill them with kindness - I water them until they think they are in a rice paddy.

This need of women to have some flowering plant in their environment was brought home to me on a recent trip by car through Western Colorado while enroute to Salt Lake City, Utah. The route from Denver progresses through some of the most breath-taking mountain scenery in the

West. The absolute glory of the mountains on a clear summer morning defies description, but certainly affirms one's belief in God. From the mountains one drops down only slightly to the high plains - really a desert, with acres upon acres of sagebrush and rock. This country has its own splendors, though less spectacular than the mountains to the east. The bleak landscape is broken by an abundance of wild flowers, and if one watches carefully, antelope stand not far from the highway - sometimes just one or two, other times great numbers of them.

This country, for all its peaceful appearance, is wild and unpredictable. Hot beyond reason in the summer, it can be mercilessly cold in the winter. Howling blizzards sweep down from the northwest, paralyzing all in their path. The land can shimmer under water after summer rains, and choke with dust a few days later.

The combination of heat and cold, wind, dust, snow and rain has taken a heavy toll. Visible signs of destruction are found throughout the area. I have made this trip for years, and have watched abandoned homesteads and farms gradually lose their struggle with nature and crumble into the desert. One such homestead in particular has always fascinated me. It shows that it was carefully planned, and probably much loved by the family who settled there. The outbuildings have disintegrated into piles of rubble, but the house still stands - a somewhat larger house than normally built by homesteaders. The picket fence, once white, still wobbles unevenly around the perimeter of the yard. The front door hangs by one hinge. Windows have long since been broken out, and whole sections of the roof are gone. Yet, one symbol of loving care still stands. Beside the broken door stands one lone yellow rose bush - now wild and tangled, but still valiantly producing its magnificent yellow flowers each spring.

Who lived here, and built the fence? Was it built to protect small children from the wilderness beyond? Why did they move away, leaving their home to gradually fade into the landscape, and remain unnoticed and unneeded? Wiser people than I blame the lack of water - a dry year could cause the ruin of homesteaders in this section and force them to abandon their claim - for there was not such a thing as irrigation in this country a few years ago.

In the semi-hypnotic stage I reach when driving long hours, I am given to weave fantasies about the country as I travel. I visualize a woman - a mother - with her long skirts and white apron, carefully setting out the rose bush, and delegating to it what water could be spared. I hear her warning the children not to step on the fledgling plant, and telling them of the wondrous blooms that would one day appear, to make their home cheerful and fragrant. I imagine her sitting on the step at the end of the day, receiving

*Gardiner  
Jan*

# OBITUARIES

The following obituary was contributed by Allen C. Gardiner, of 1123 Taylor, Apt. B, Topeka, Kansas 66612. The obituary was printed in the Winchester "Argus", Winchester, Kansas. Mr. Gardiner took pains to copy the obituary verbatim, without changing spelling or obvious grammatical errors.

In our modern newspapers, obituaries usually are a short account of the person's life, with perhaps a short passage to the effect that he 'died after a short illness'. Contrast these with the flowery and very descriptive language in the notice below. Perhaps our current method of reporting is more efficient and more considerate of the feelings of both reader and relative - but we must admit that they are not nearly so interesting!

## JAMES THOMAS GARDINER

DIED. At his residence, three miles south of Winchester, on Monday night, September 15, 1879, Jas. T. Gardiner, of internal hemorrhage, aged forty-eight years, seven months and sixteen days. He leaves a wife and six small children, all boys, and a large circle of relatives to mourn his sudden and unexpected death.

Sadly we pen these lines which chronicle again the departure of another friend. Friend after friend departs. Who hath not lost a friend? Surely as time rolls around one by one they are dropping off. Whose time is next? The suddenness of his death is startling. Last Sunday evening he had occasion to call at the residence of Mrs. W.M. Gardiner, leaving home well as usual. Just before reaching the house he was taken deathly sick, and vomited large quantities of blood. Recovering in a short time, he managed to reach the yard gate, when he again sickened and vomited blood. No one could account for the peculiar attack. He was taken into the house and cared for. This was late in the evening. The physician sent for failed to come. He remained overnight, and next morning felt better, but very much exhausted. Feeling able, he mounted his horse and went home. After resting he felt no worse and seemed cheerful. In the afternoon he rode down to his hogs and fed them. At supper he ate a little, and talked some, but seemed a little flighty at times, and was very pale and weak. His condition remained unchanged til about bedtime, when he had another attack. The hemorrhage was very prostrating. Soon he would feel very well. All retired for the night. About ten o'clock his wife called for help, and shortly afterward he breathed his last - from strangulation of blood. No physician saw him. What produced the hemorrhage is unknown.

Jas. T. Gardiner was born Jan. 30, 1831 in Ralls County, Missouri, and was the third son of James Gardiner. In 1849, just thirty years ago in company with his brother, John T., he made a trip to Santa Fe, New Mexico. When only about twenty years of age he went to California, and was absent about three or four years. While on his way he was attacked with the cholera. He was thought to be dying, and his grave was dug. Kind, but hasty friends were about to bury him; but he recovered and saw the grave prepared for him.

Returning from the Pacific coast, he came to Kans. in

1854 with his parents who settled on the claim which he owned at his death. His claim was what is now owned by J.C. Cambell and Clarkson Havens. He sold it to Darnell, and purchased the parental home, for which he paid \$1,800 in gold, more than twenty years ago.

In 1859 he again went to California and thence to Oregon, where he remained until the summer of 1868, when he again came home with considerable money. During his last sojourn in Oregon he became an interested reader in the works of Thomas Paine and other infidel writers, and finally a doubter of the orthodox views of religion, and never was an adherent of any church, though in his youth he was taught the way he should go. He admired the teaching of Christ, independent of their theological connections.

In the fall of 1869 he was married to Miss Mary Gwortney, of Easton, Kansas by a Catholic priest, she being schooled in that faith, and settled down on the "old place" to try the realities of a farm life in Kansas.

He was doing very well, mated with a sterling wife, who were proud of a family growing up - all fine, bright boys - around them, and looked forward to the sweet bye-and-bye when in old age there would be enough for days without toil and all would be well.

But suddenly he has been taken from our midst, and is now a traveler in the bourn beyond, with a home- let us hope- in the beautiful land of the Leal."

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