

## **Sketch of the life of Susannah Gaudin Cardon** (My great grandmother)

Susannah Gaudin was born 30 July 1833 at Pinerolla, Piedmont, Italy. She became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1853 at the age of 20 years. At the age of 22 years, in 1855, she began her journey to Utah in a sailing vessel from Liverpool, England on Dec. 12. She was on the water more than three months. After arriving in New York City she took the train to St. Louis, Missouri. From here she started on her way to Utah pulling a handcart in the Edmund Ellsworth Handcart Company. She, with many others endured many hardships. A large number of their company died on the way and were buried along the trail. They ran out of food and for days all they had was one tablespoonful each of flour per day which they stirred in a little water and drank. This was the first Handcart Company, which arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on the 26 Sept. 1856.

After remaining in Salt Lake for a short time she went to Ogden to live. On March 16, 1857 she married John Paul Cardon.

In 1858 with many others she moved South when Johnston's army entered Utah. Within a few months she moved back to Ogden where her husband had stayed to guard or burn possessions and crops if the Army tried to take possession of them.

In 1860 she moved to Logan, Utah where her husband had come the year before and built a home for her. She spent the remainder of her life in Logan and in Cache Valley at Benson Ward.

With her husband they built the first hotel in Logan which they operated for over ten years. It was the largest hotel north of Salt Lake and the only one in Logan for a long time. It was known as the Cache Valley Hotel.

The first few years in this valley were extremely severe and she underwent many hardships. Especially was this the case during the first year as the grasshoppers destroyed all the crops. They used herbs and roots as their principle food. They were very fortunate to occasionally get some game meat such as deer, rabbit, fish, etc.

Grandma Cardon was a natural nurse. She had the gift of knowing how to use different kinds of herbs for the sick and was called to go all over the valley to help the sick.

One very interesting incident in her life happened when the Indians were giving the Saints so much trouble. A detailed account of which to be given later.

Prior to her coming to Utah, Susanna earned her living by working in the Silk industries and naturally she turned to this same kind of work when the opportunity came. She was the first in the Territory to plant Mulberry trees and when they were large enough she gathered the leaves for the silk worms. This resulted in raising a very fine grade of cocoons. She was asked by Brigham Young to Travel south and teach others the trade. She had a small loom made and was the first person here to produce the silk thread.

She served in many positions in the church. She was 2<sup>nd</sup> to join the Relief Society in Logan. She labored in this organization practically all her life as a teacher and councilor. She took pleasure in doing good to others always keeping in mind the happiness and welfare of others.

She was the mother of 11 children, 6 boys and 5 girls. Six of them were still living at the time of her death in 2 Dec 1920. She had 6 grand children and 45 great grand children a total of 116.

Few persons, if any ever has been loved and revered more than Grandmother Cardon. Her faith in God and his glorious work was indeed sublime and radiated the spirit of love in such a wonderful degree as to impress all who ever associated with her. She was 87 years of age at the time of her death on 8 Dec. 1920. Her funeral was held in the Logan Tabernacle on 11 Dec. 1920. She died in the home of her daughter Sarah (Sally) Turner in Logan, Cache, Utah.

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Susanna Gaudin was born 30 July 1833 at Prarustin, Piedmont, Italy, the daughter of Bartlemy Gaudin and Martha Cardon. Her father died when she was 5 years, leaving the family to struggle harder. At 9 years of age she left home and worked to support herself. She picked mulberry leaves and cared for the silk and earned 20 cents a day.

She was the last of her immediate family to join the church and the only one to leave her native land. She was baptized by Jabez Woodward in Piedmont. The Gospel was more precious than all the wealth of the world to her.

Franklin D. Richards told the converts that they should leave for Zion. They left Prarustin for England then to America. The ship "John J. Boyd" sailed from Liverpool on the 12 Dec. 1855 with Knud Peterson in charge. They were 512 souls that arrived at New York. She was in the company with Pierre Chilelain, Madelona Malan, Enrichetta Chalelain and Catherine Godin, all close friends and relatives of Susannah.

They went by train to Nebraska, then remained in Florence, Nebraska for three months. They sought any honorable employment, which would bring the bare necessities of life.

The first handcart Company left Iowa City on 9 June 1856. There were 273 souls. 33 gave up the trip, 12 died. On 26 of Sept. 1856 228 men, women and children arrived in Salt Lake City.

Before leaving her home in Italy, she had become an efficient weaver and had accumulated many very beautiful patterns which she brought with her.

At Florence, all clothing, except those worn or carried in handcarts had to be thrown away. Before entering the valley the Teams became so weak that a sack of flour was put on each of the handcarts. Such clothing as they possessed had to be worn all of the time and in all kinds of weather. When they entered the Valley they had scarcely enough to cover them; no food and no place to go.

The Cardons lived at Bingham's Fort, (Ogden). The Cardons understood how to produce flax and hemp, from which rope and cloth was woven. Susanna made thread which was sold at 25 cents a knot. The demand was so great she could not supply enough. When Johnston's Army came the Saints moved south. Susanna accompanied them carrying a small babe in her arms and wailing much of the way. Six sons and five daughters were born to this marriage.

In the fall of 1859 Paul Cardon was called by President Brigham Young to go to help settle Cache Valley. He returned in the spring of 1860 to bring his family. During the first spring in Logan they sowed 40 bushels of wheat reaped 7 bushels on account of the grasshoppers. In 1861 Cardons built their large beautiful adobe home located ½ block west of Main Street and on 1<sup>st</sup> North. It was used as a hotel and named “The Cache Valley House.” It was the only hotel north of Salt Lake for many years. They continued to operate this hotel for 10 years.

Susannah was an officer and teacher of the Relief Society. She was the 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> member to join in Logan.

Her husband died 12 Feb. 1915 and she passed away on the 8 Dec. 1920 at the home of a daughter in Logan.

I can remember this little white haired lady. I was only 10 when she died. All I can remember about Grandfather Cardon was a little old man with a long white beard. I can remember eating raspberries from their garden.

### GRANDMOTHERS ENCOUNTER WITH AN INDIAN

The air was crisp and fresh with the tang of spring in 1860 as grandfather hitched his team of horses to the wagon that had been carefully packed the night before. Then helping his wife and babe into the wagon, they started for the canyon. Birds were singing in the bushes and willow trees that were strewn along the way as if they were overjoyed at the advent of spring and warmer weather. In fact it seemed as if the whole of Cache Valley had at least come to life after the long bitter cold winter.

John Paul and Susanna Cardon had arrived in the valley just recently and had not yet been able to build themselves a home. Living in a wagon was too rough and dangerous as well as not being warm enough for the mother and child. Grandfather was very desirous of building his family a warm substantial home of their own.

As they traveled along the rough trail they smiled and dreamed aloud of the future possibilities of this new and beautiful valley where they and others might live in peace and harmony and worship their God according to the dictates of their own conscience. There were just two real dangers they needed to look for; and they were Indians and wild animals. The Indians were still very unfriendly and caused much concern. Grandfather had his well-loaded gun by his side and felt reasonably secure. He must get to the canyon for logs and finish his home during the summer months.

Eventually they reached the canyon and found a trail to drive to the desired spot on a gentle knoll where grandfather pitched his tent. He fashioned a crude fireplace with flat rocks while grandmother gathered dry firewood to pile by its side. He shot a wild chicken and left it with her. As he kissed her and the baby he bade her goodbye; leaving a firm warning to look out for Indians and wild animals. If she saw any she was to step outside of the tent and give one of those loud whistles which they used for a warning signal of danger. The best trees for logs were some distance on the mountainside above the camp. Grandmother busied herself about the tent, bringing it to order, preparing the chicken and putting it in the big iron pot to cook for dinner. She bathed and fed her tiny babe, then placed it in the cradle grandfather had made for it. She made noodles to put in the soup, which was filling the tent with its delicious aroma.

All at once she saw an ominous dark shadow pass over the tent. She whirled around to look straight into the face of a huge Indian squaw with a little red-faced papoose on her back. The only opening in the tent was

completely filled by her presence, so it was impossible for her to get outside to summon help. Panic froze her heart as she had never weighed more than 95 pounds and this squaw was about 200 lbs. The Indian sniffed the air, then lurched forward toward grandma, grunting, “We want chicken, We want chicken.”

Grandmother answered, “I can’t give you this chicken. It is all the food I have for my hungry husband.” The angry squaw repeated again, more emphatically and threateningly—“We want chicken, We want chicken.” This time little grandmother was really frightened, but she was just as determined to not let that Indian steal the only food she had for her husband.

By that time even the noodles were blending in with the chicken to emit the most delicious aroma you can ever imagine in the crisp air of the canyon. The squaw sniffed enviously, then looked around the tent area, she spotted for the first time the cradle with the tiny white infant sleeping.

Grandmother could just feel the icy fingers clutching at her heart. The squaw with a wicked grin on her face, waddled over to the cradle and held a sharp knife directly over the child’s head and said, “Give me the chicken or I kill pale face papoose.”

In petite little grandmother’s mind her thoughts were racing like lightning. Had she joined the “Mormon Church and undergone all the tortures and antagonisms of a hated and shunned people, plus pushing a handcart all the way across the plains to lose the most precious possession she owned? Her own beloved first child. She had great faith in the Lord. Hadn’t he brought all of them through these trials safely? Hadn’t he guided them to this beautiful valley where they may worship in peace? She quickly offered a silent prayer to God to deliver her from this danger.

As she opened her eyes, she spied the red-hot poker in the coals of the fire. Instantly she seized it and held it directly over the head of the Indian Papoose on the back of the squaw, shouting “Get our of here right now or I will ram this hot poker right down your papoose.”

Fear spread over the countenance of the squaw and screaming loudly she dashed out of the tent and disappeared down the mountainside.

With a great sigh of relief, grandmother watched her disappear out of sight, then she ran to her precious infant, and threw her arms around its tender form. She dropped on her knees by the crib and thanked her father in heaven for his sudden answer to her prayer.

(Carrie Ricks Salvesen written, 25 Feb 1968)