



*Autobiography of
Sarah Drucilla Sears Howard
(1874 - 1951)*

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June 1949 - 75 years old

I was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 20-1874, the daughter of Sarah Jane Gailey and Isaac Sears. I was the fourth in a family of 12 children, six boys and six girls. Three of the boys died in infancy.



Isaac and Sarah Jane (Gailey) Sears and Children. Drucilla standing in back on far left

The family home at this time consisted of two rooms of adobe, one upstairs and one downstairs with a small lean-to at the back, which was used for a kitchen in the summer. Mother and Father had lived in Kaysville after their marriage but in 1872 they, with the two eldest children moved to the 11th Ward on 2nd South in Salt Lake City, and it was here that the rest of the children were born and grew up. As the family increased, the house was “added upon” until at last in 1886 there were nine rooms.

I started to school when I was five years old. I wanted so much to go and the teacher told mother to let me go as I would soon get tired of it and be willing to wait until I was six—the age at which I was supposed to start. But I kept on going until I was thirteen to the old 11th Ward Meeting House which was used for school and church, dances and concerts and all other activities of the ward.

When I was thirteen, I attended L.D.S. Church School in the old Social hall on State Street for three years. Bro. J. E. Talmage was principal of this school, and it was a rare privilege to receive instruction from him.

I had a very happy childhood as father and mother always saw to it that we had good times along with the work we were expected to do. Everyone had to help as there were so many of us and keeping house was real work in those days. To wash the clothes we must build a fire in the kitchen stove to heat the water, then we had to scrub the clothes on a washboard and boil them in soapy water, then rub them again and rinse them. To iron them we had flat irons, each weighing seven or eight pounds which must be heated on top of the stove.

Every spring we took up the carpets and cleaned them and took up the old straw under them and put new straw down and stretched and tacked the carpets down again. Mother and Father had a feather bed, but we children

slept on a straw mattress, which also had to be emptied and filled with new straw each spring. But we had a lot of fun doing it and I don't even remember feeling sad about it.

As far back as I can remember Father had a store downtown where he sold hay and straw and grain and all kinds of seeds. Also he and his partner Thos. E. Jeremy (another fine man) owned a large herd of sheep. In the winter the sheep would be out on the desert west of the city but in the spring they would be driven up Parley's Canyon into East Canyon for the summer. At shearing time we would all go up in the canyon and live in tents for a couple of weeks or more and would we have fun! Watching the men shear the sheep, hiking up on the mountains, wading in the canyon stream, and best of all sitting around a big bon-fire at night and listening to the shearers play their guitars and banjos and sing songs. Mother always had a hard time persuading us to go to bed those nights.

Then when the circus came to town was another rare treat. There would be at least one and sometimes two circuses a year. And we always went. Father generally had free tickets as the circus people bought hay and grain for the horses and elephants from his store. But the circus parades were almost as good as the circus. Father always stood and held the horses on our buggy by their bridles when the parade was going on so that they wouldn't be afraid of the elephants and the noise of the steam calliope. Besides the circus we always went to the lake several times in the summer and enjoyed the salt water bathing.

There were always six or eight horses in our big adobe barn, also we had a cow and chickens and for several years even a pig! Right in the city. Mother had a horse of her own for to drive down town or to Kaysville to see her relatives or anywhere else she wished to go. My brother Will had a pony to ride and we also had a couple of Shetland ponies for a while. But they weren't so good—they would sometimes go and oftener not. I could hitch up a horse and drive or ride as well as most of the others and sometimes Will and I would even try riding the sheep. But they never seemed to enjoy it for some reason or other. When sometimes about 30 or 40 of them would be in the corral in the back of our lot, where they had been put before they were sent to market, we would go in and grab one for each of us and see how long we could stay on. Generally it wasn't long—they'd run up against a tree or fence and scrape us off. (Also some of the skin on our legs).



Isaac and Sarah Jane (Gailey) Sears and Children. Drucilla on far right, sitting.

In the winter we had lots of fun sleigh riding and having parties when we had popcorn and molasses candy for refreshments. We used to have cottage meetings about once a week for quite a long time and the young people of the neighborhood came—mostly I am inclined to believe because afterwards we would push the table back against the wall in mother’s dining-room and dance the pattern off the linoleum while father played the accordion.

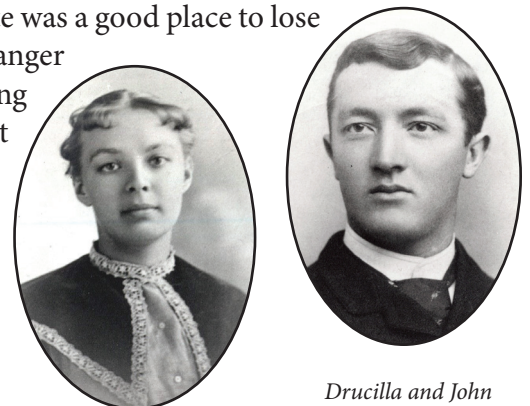
I used to love to go down in the cellar just to smell (and taste) some of the things down there. Always in the fall there were shelves of fruit in jars—vegetables in the bins and tubs of mincemeat, a barrel of cider and one of molasses. (I like the mince-meat best and often helped to make it.) Also there were apples and winter pears.

But the years sped by and pretty soon some of us were grown up. I had always been to the concerts and plays in the ward and later to the old Salt Lake Theatre. That was real enchantment as we had some of the country’s finest talent displayed there. I used to go with some of my girl friends to matinees and occasionally at night with brother Will.



Isaac Sears with three wives and all their children. Drucilla standing in back on far right

Then when I began having dates we also went to the Theatre and to dances. One of the ward boys who asked me to go to the dance in the ward began talking so seriously on the way home that I decided definitely never to go out with him again. That was too much on a first date. Another one used to walk home from church with me but he never asked me to go anywhere except for a walk so I decided that the gate was a good place to lose him. Then one Sunday morning a tall good-looking young fellow, a stranger in the ward, came to Sunday School. I was up in the choir that morning and looked up just in time to see him looking at me. And right then it seemed that we both knew. Three days later I met him at a small party and although I had gone there with Will, he (who happened to be John Howard) walked home with us. Next Sunday he walked home with me after Sunday School and also after meeting in the evening and when we reached our gate he asked me if I would go with him to a dance the next Friday night in the 21st Ward. So I went and that’s how it started.



Drucilla and John

From that time on he came every Sunday and at least once a week we went to the Theatre or a dance or in summers to the lake or the canyon, for the next two years. Except when he was on the road for Z.C.M.I. where he was employed, then it was letters. Those were happy days and I recall them without a single regret. This part is rather funny though. He had a buggy but had sold his horse. We had Will's horse and Will was on a mission to Samoa. So - John would come and put the harness on our horse and then drive the horse up to 4th Ave. to his home and hitch up the horse to the buggy and drive back to our house for me. Or sometimes he would get between the buggy shafts himself and pull the buggy down to our house. The neighbors used to get a good deal of amusement out of that as often he also had a large bouquet of flowers in his hand.

And so the time came when he was called to go on a mission to Switzerland. He brought me the letter he had received from church headquarters and when I had read it I looked up and he said, "O I'll go." So that was that. And a short time afterwards when we were almost home from a ride it happened—he asked me if I'd marry him. Of course I'd have been very much disappointed if he hadn't but anyway it's a big question and I wasn't quite ready for the next request—that we be married before he left for his mission. I expected to wait until his return but after all what was the use? I was studying shorthand and typewriting and had a chance to work in a law office as stenographer for John M. Cannon. His sister Nora who was my friend had been working for him but she wanted to take a course at University for a year. So I said I'd try and for nearly three years I held down the position—all the time I was a missionary's wife. John came home in July 1898, and I went to Denver to meet him.



Do you know what time it is now? Well it's June 1949—nearly fifty-one years since then. And I'm at my daughter Lucie's home in Provo and she insisted that I sit down and write some of my history. Like my mother I had twelve children – nine of whom grew to maturity but now there are just five of them left. And I've ridden about 2600 miles in an airplane and have seen both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. (They look quite a bit alike). I've seen three ugly wars come and go and even now, four years after the close of the 2nd World War, there is still strife and warfare over a large part of the world.

Also there has been amazing progress. When I was young airplanes and radio and automobiles were unheard of and the telephone was very new. Father had one of the first telephones to be installed in the residence district of Salt Lake in our home and people came for blocks around to use it—generally in cases of emergency. We used to do a lot more walking than people do now when autos are so common. Reminds me of the story of an old pioneer, who, when he saw his grandson get in the family car to go two or three blocks on an errand, said "Why don't you walk? When I was young I thought nothing of walking ten or even twenty miles," and the boy answered, "Well I don't think anything of it either."



To go back to 1898. When John was returning from his mission he called on an Aunt of his in England and she gave him a present of \$2500.00 besides a collection of table linens, cutlery and other things which she no longer needed.

So we bought 160 acres of land about a mile east of Sandy, Utah, which used to belong to his father and built a five room pressed brick house on it and started in the chicken business. Here our first two children, Gordon and Lucie, were born. But we didn't do so well in the chicken business (mostly I suppose because we didn't know much about it) and after about three years we turned the place over to his father (who had always considered it his anyway) and we went back to Salt Lake and lived for awhile in the old Howard home at 515 4th Ave. which we had taken in exchange for our place. I was back at mother's home when Jessie was born soon after we moved. In the spring of 1902 we went to Farmington where John worked all summer for my father who also was engaged in the refining and sale of salt from the lake.

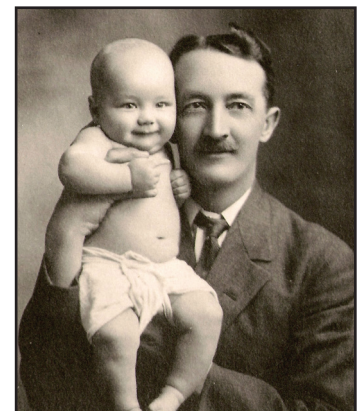
The next fall we bought six acres of land in Bountiful and built a small house on it. Here Jack was born in Feb. 1903. When he was two years old we became acquainted with the Ellis family, a couple about the same age as we were and with just the same number of children. They lived up on the hill above Bountiful and we became very good friends. Mrs. Ellis was lonesome for a neighbor and she told us of a house near them which her father owned and which had been empty for years as the folks had moved down in the town after their children were gone. She wanted us to buy it and come up there to live. (And I wanted to, as I liked her very much). So we arranged with her father to buy the place. The house was built of cement and had five rooms. There were 80 acres of land and we paid \$700.00 for it all! (In the fall we sold it for \$1100.00).

That summer was certainly a happy one. The children—theirs and ours—roamed over the hillside all day and we ate dinner together every day either at her house or ours. And we sewed clothes for the children and were together every day. Her husband worked in the brick yard and came home at night but John came only over the week-end as by this time he was working in a Sanitarium in Salt Lake and could not get home except for Sunday when he came up on the Bamberger—(Dummy line we called it then and it made two trips a day to Salt Lake and back.)

In the fall of that year John decided to go east to Davenport, Iowa to study Chiropractic. So he moved us back to Page's Lane in Bountiful and in December he left for the East. I stayed with the children in Bountiful until two months later when we boarded the train for Davenport in Feb. 1906. Mark was born there on June 4th of that year. We lived in Davenport until Nov. 1907 when we moved to Chicago. We had an eight room flat of Fulton St. and Winnie was born here in Aug. 1908. From there we moved when Winnie was 12 days old to 1732 Congress St. where we lived until the spring of 1911. Alan was born here in June 1910. Then in May 1911 we moved to Maywood, (about 10 miles west of Chicago). We had bought an acre of ground in a new sub-division and built a two story stucco house. It was good to be out of the city and in our own home again and we lived here for fifteen years. Lora and Lloyd were born here—also three boys who died at or soon after birth. D.S.H. (Drucilla Sears Howard)



*Drucilla with Jack and
Jessie*



John with Alan



*John and Drucilla (Sears) Howard and Family in 1917
 Back: Mark, Lucie, Jessie, Gordon, Jack
 Middle: Alan, Drucilla, John
 Front: Winnie, Lloyd, Lora*



*Howard Children - Back: Jessie, Gordon, Lucie
 Front: Mark, Winnie, Jack*

Note: (added by Lucie Howard James - daughter)

Mother's autobiography ends here. From here on she had many trials and tribulations. She could never stand to talk of Alan who had been such a fine boy to her and to everyone, nor of Winnie so pretty, or of her golden girl Lora, all of whom died in young manhood and womanhood. Nor could she talk of Jack who died at the peak of his career of a ruptured appendix. Her dark hours she had alone, and as she grew older she spent much time visiting her other children. We loved to have mother come. She was always such a lift. To quote her, "If you want a thrill, you have to go out after it." I am including some of Mother's poems.

ALAN

Soon the Spring will come again,
 With leaves unfolding on the trees,
 With flowers blooming everywhere
 And on the air a warm South breeze,

How can I bear to welcome it
 Enjoy its beauty and its cheer
 When my brave lad who loved it too
 Has gone away and left me here?

Soon the Spring will come again
 With lovers walking down the lane
 Thrilled with the endless dreams of youth,
 Repeating still the old refrain.

Help me, dear Lord, to understand
 Cleanse me from bitterness and woe,
 Remembering that Thou leads me,
 Smiling and hopeful, let me go.



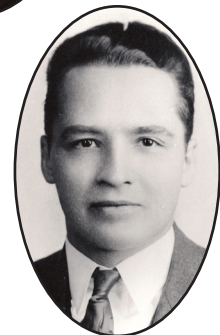
Alan Howard - 1910-1933



Winnie Howard - 1908-1934



Lora Howard - 1913-1935



Jack Howard - 1903-1942

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

“Going home for Christmas,”
just a year ago he wrote,
How these words had stirred fond memories
of family and of folk.
How he longed once more to mingle
to see, to hear, to touch
Each member of his family and those
he loved so much

“Going home for Christmas,”
when the bells rang out again,
Their message of “Goodwill
and Peace on Earth” to men
God took his hand and led him
to his heavenly home above,
Where freed from pain he waits
to welcome us with love.

(Drucilla S. Howard - 1933)



Lora, Alan, Winnie

(Lora was only twenty-three years old when she died. In the drawer of her dresser, Drucilla found this poem by Eleanor Graham)

REQUEST

All you who know me well, when I am dead
Look upon my quiet face that laughed the while it lived.
Restrain your tears and give instead
A gentle word, an understanding smile.
Oh, if you really love me,

Do not cry

To see me lying there, my laughter stilled.
Surely you know that I can never die;
I, for whom every day is strangely filled
With some sweet happiness.

Gather me flowers

And pile them high for me to come to see.
They will remind my spirit of the hours
Of joy I spent on earth. Think of me free
Of body's pain, and you will find your grief
Changed to an overwhelming sweet relief.



Lora



Drucilla with Lora

Seven years after losing Lora followed yet another death. Drucilla's son Jack, who was thirty-nine years old with a son of his own, died of a ruptured appendix. Jack was named John Richards after his Grandfather, and he named his own son John after his Father. Jack looked a lot like his father, but had so many of the qualities of his mother that he might have said:

Lord, make me something like my Dad.
Give me a little of his will;
That good old stubbornness he had
That helped him up the hardest hill,
Content to work and wait and fight,
Believing always he was right.

Lord, make me like my mother, too
Give me a little of her song.
She laughed at life and saw things through
And never walked with sorrow long,
Yet saw a thousand islands fade
For every port she ever made.

Lord, make me strong and make me glad
With hands to work and heart to sing,
In labor always like my Dad
And yet like her in everything.
With changeless oath
Lord, make me something like them both.

(Anonymous)

“There will be sorrows waiting on all roads,
Long heartbreak ‘ere we reach the high abodes,
Still we must snatch from these a certain gain,
No heart can comfort ‘til it has known pain.

Press a rich honey from the bitter years,
No heart can see ‘til they have known tears.”

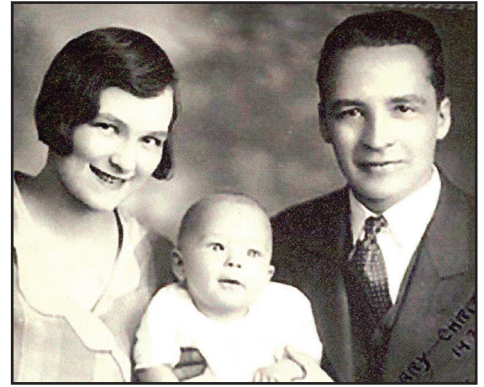
(Drucilla S. Howard - 1939)

THE STARS

Brave, patient watchers of the night
Mysterious, constant, true,
Your course unchanged through all the years,
So old, yet ever new.
You watched the ages come and go
And keep your secrets still.
Shrouded in mystery, while man
Looks up with wonder till
He knows you're part of some great plan
Of things that were and are,
And that when the great message came,
God's witness was a star. (Drucilla S. Howard)



Jack and Drucilla



Mary (Marler), John, and Jack Howard



Winnie

MORNING

Morning marches o'er the mountains,
Clad in robes of peace and light,
Bidding all the world to waken,
Earth rejoices in her might,
Morning burdens all are lighter
Hail, all hail the new born day
Cares are lifted, paths made clearer
And we're ready for the fray.

Morning let your soul be joyous,
Lift your eyes up to the hills,
See them watching, waiting, guarding,
Start again with stronger will.
To be even as the hill tops,
Steadfast, loyal, brave and true,
That when morning leaves the mountains
It may leave its peace with you.



Drucilla and her sister

LITERARY FORECAST

And now that I've reached sixty-five
My children think that I should write
Of the things I can see that have happened to me
Since I came here one cold winter's night.

I might tell of the struggles I've had,
And also of dangers I've met,
And be solemn and wise without any disguise
Though the mood hasn't struck me as yet.

But wait 'til I'm seventy-five
And then if I'm still going strong
I may write with fun of things I have done
And put them in story or song.

For I have observed that the years
Add much to the thrill and the style
The stories get longer, and many times stronger
Until they are really worthwhile.

And maybe if you will just wait
Until I am ninety years old,
I'll turn out a story that's brimful of glory,
And marvelous deeds will unfold.

A masterpiece then I may write
Of memories that sparkle anew
And wonderful facts of remarkable acts,
And you may believe they are true. (Drucilla S. Howard - 1939)



Drucilla



Drucilla, Alan, Winnie, Lucie, Lois, Richard

A PRAYER

I would not ask for thee, O child of mine
That thou be shielded from all grief and strife,
Nor that thy pathway ever smooth should be
Nor that the storms and battles of this life
Should ever pass thee by;

Rather would I implore the Giver of all Good
That help be given to thee to rise and stand
Erect and valiant; Courage in thine eye
And strength to meet each test, And in thy hand
The staff of faith; and knowledge that here lies
The secret of thy growth toward God.

(Drucilla S. Howard - 1935)



Lucie and Jessie

THE CAMEL

The camel at the close of day
 Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
 And rest again.

My soul, thou shouldst to thy knees
 When daylight draweth to a close
And let thy Master lift the load
 And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou tomorrow meet
 With all tomorrow's work to do
If thou the burden all the night
 Doth carry through

The Camel kneels at break of day
 To have the guide replace the load
Then rises up anew to take
 The desert road

So shouldst thou kneel at morning dawn
 That God may give thee daily care,
Assured the He no load too great
 Will make thee bear.

(Drucilla S. Howard)



*Drucilla Sears Howard, Sarah Jane Gailey Sears,
Lucie Howard James*

THE OLD HOME

The old home was torn down today
And bricks and “dobies” hauled away;
It’s almost eighty years, ‘tis true
Since Pa and Ma with children two
Came there from Kaysville one fine day
To make a home and there to stay.
They had a team – a mule and horse,
A cow, and wagon too, of course –
They pitched a tent and there they stayed
And soon they had some ‘dobies made;
And built two rooms – one up – one down –
To help make up the growing town.
They planted fruit trees – dug a well
And did more work than I can tell.

The years passed o’er and after awhile
Not two, but nine rooms rose in style,
And children came, ten girls and boys
To add to all their work and joys.
Barns were built and filled with hay
And children played there every day.
The neighbors came to have a chat
And help make quilts and things like that.
Parties, weddings, death and birth
All came in time to this home’s hearth.

The parlor with marble fireplace and mantel,
Kerosene lamps and tallow candles,
Carpets to take up every Spring,
Bed-ticks to fill and everything,
The cellar filled with things to eat
In wintertime held many a treat;
Mincemeat, cider and molasses
And shelves with fruit and shining glasses.
Pears – hard and green when packed away -
Were ripe and sweet Thanksgiving Day.
The Conference times we kids liked best –
Sometimes there would be forty guests,
And we would sleep down on the floor
Because the beds would not hold more.

The carriage steps there by the lane,
The picket fence so white and plain
With the old green gate and all the trees
Went long ago like a summer breeze.

And still the years keep moving on
And now the children all are gone;
Some rest beside their parents still
In a peaceful place up on the hill,
And only memories today
Are left to those of us who stay.

(Drucilla Sears Howarad - 1950)



The Sears Home in Kaysville, Utah



The Sears Home in Salt Lake City, Utah

THE PIONEER TRAIL

This was the trail the wagons made,
And the teams of horses and oxen staid.
The the feet of women and children small,
And men who had listened to the call.

What was the Cause and what the quest
Of this vast concourse marching west
Over the miles of endless plains,
Fording the streams through sun and rains?

To find a place where all might be
Safe and protected, happy and free
To build their homes and till the sod;
Freedom to serve and to worship God.

Year after year others followed the trail,
Some pushing hand carts o'er hill and dale;
With stout hearts and brave they strove fearlessly,
With unfaltering faith in their destiny.

Can you not see them? The fair young bride
Trudging along by her husband's side,
And children, heedless of trouble and care,
Playing a game on the old trail there,
And the mother soothing a little child
When into the camp rode the Indians wild.

And then when the long day's trek was done
And down in the West sank the blazing sun,
They gave thanks to the Giver of all good
For kind protection and simple food.

Oft 'round the campfires burning bright
They sang their songs in the starry night
And often to a merry tune
They danced in the light of a golden moon.

And along the way in the Earth's broad breast
Are the graves of many who sank to rest;
Whose strength had failed ere they won the race
And heard the welcome, "This is The Place!"

Long has the trail been covered o'er
And the tired feet walk there no more,
But the path they blazed on their journey here
Will live forever in memory dear.

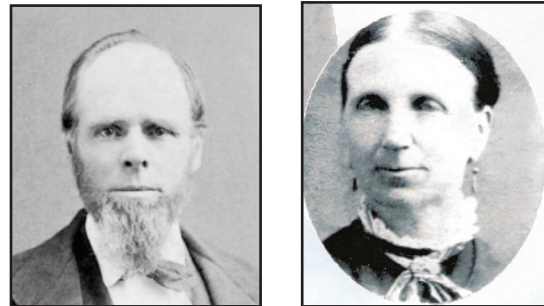
"These are My people and this is My land."
May we catch the vision of that valiant band,
And may we still hear o'er mountain and vale
The marching feet on the Pioneer Trail.

(Drucilla Sears Howarad)

1



John and Ann (Greaves) Gailey - Drucilla's grandparents - came across the plains with the Saints in 1847-48. They buried twins along the way in the winter of 1847



John and Sarah Ann (Wagstaff) Sears - Drucilla's grandparents who came across the plains in 1864 with their children, including Isaac Sears, Drucilla's father.

As a white candle in a holy place
So is the beauty of an aged face.
As the spirit radiance of the winter's sun
So is a woman with her travail done
Her brood gone from her, and her thoughts as still
As the waters under a ruined mill.

(Drucilla Sears Howard)



John and Drucilla Family - February 1913

Back: Marcus, Jack, Lucie, Gordon, Drucilla, Jessie, John Front: Alan, Winnie