



*Taggart Grist Mill
Richville, Utah*

Taggart Family Newsletter

Volume I, Number 2

April 1981

The Cover. This issue's cover is a drawing in black ink by Edward L. Taggart. It is of the grist mill in Richville, Utah, which was built by George Washington Taggart with the help of the Hinman Brothers. A professional artist and art teacher at Logan Jr. High, Ed is especially well known throughout the Intermountain West for his subtle and sensitive landscapes. He is married to Elizabeth Burrows, a Gloucester, Massachusetts native and teacher in the Cache County School District. They have a son Billy, five years old.

The Cover for our first issue was done about 1928-30 by Velma Taggart Bayles. The verse was transcribed by Verla Taggart Olson, author unknown. The drawing came from Valeria Ann Laird Taggart's Gleaner's Treasures of Truth Book.

We would like to request that those of you who have artistic abilities let us have your own drawings on appropriate family themes for use on future covers. With your cooperation the covers could become not only a highlight of the Newsletter but also a precious record of family talent as they accumulate over the years. We also encourage the younger family members to submit their drawings. Please use the format and size that we have adopted; and to enable good reproduction, do your drawings in black ink.

Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary! On December 15, 1980 Scott and Nida Allen Taggart celebrated their sixty years of marriage with family and close friends. He is eighty-eight and as the oldest living descendant of George Washington Taggart is the patriarch of the Taggart Family. Nida will be eight-four this August 11th. Both are loved and highly esteemed for their example, wisdom, sensitivity, humor and humaneness, and their tolerance and understanding for others. Scott has outlived all of his fifteen brothers and sisters. "Although I miss them," he observed, "I am so pleased that their sons and daughters have continued their interest in me."

Scott's and Nida's five children have given them a great posterity. "We still have 29 of our 30 grandchildren," Scott continued, "and of the greats, 33 are boys and 22 are girls. We have four in layaway. We may live to see our own family grow to 100 or more." We hope so! Our love and best wishes!!

THE WOMEN IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART

(This article will appear in two installments - the first on Fannie Parks, his second wife, as more is known about her - the second on Harriet Atkins Bruce, his first wife, and Clarissa Marina Rogers, his third wife.)

Fannie Parks. The Taggart Family is fortunate to have a short autobiography of Grandmother Fannie Parks. As provided by Walter and Hazel Hilbig at the Taggart Reunion in Salt Lake City (August 5, 1978), this is an inspiring account and a valuable part of Taggartiana.

She married George Washington Taggart July 12, 1845 at Nauvoo. She mothered George's little Eliza Ann during his absence of almost two years while he was helping to prepare for the trek of the Saints westward and serving in the Mormon Battalion. After his return she gave birth to their three children - Harriet Maria, George Henry and Charles Wallace. In 1852 she mothered their four small children in the company of her husband across the plains and mountains to the Salt Lake Valley.

But let us return to Nauvoo and pick up the account as she relates it: ". . . I was left in the care of John Mills with the understanding that he should take me to Council Bluffs with the avails of some property we hoped to sell, but there was no sale for anything, but Brother Mills was very kind to me. Then the call came for 500 men to go in the Battalion, my husband was one of them. I was still back there and it seemed awfully hard to me. I had no one to look to and not a penny of my own, but Brother Mills did all in his power to make me comfortable and said for me to stay with his family and if he went I should go, but he had neither team nor wagon and no one to help him as the children were small so it looked very discouraging.

". . . When I married Mr. Taggart he was a widower with one little girl . . . Eliza Ann. Through all the hardships and trials to come I had her with me, but she was a great comfort to me. Consequently when I arrived at Winterquarters I was alone, but I was blessed with kind friends and never was without food and raiment nor shelter, although sometimes I had to live on hulled corn for several days together, for there was no mill nearer than Missouri and our cattle all poor and if one was killed to eat it was too poor to be good meat and in consequence of being without vegetables, many of the people had the land scurvy and many died. I had a touch of it but was not prostrated. When my husband left me in Nauvoo I was sick with the chills and fever, but as the weather got warmer I got better and my health was good the most of the time while he was gone which I considered a great blessing.

"Brother Mills took his family into Iowa opposite Nauvoo and went to work to get ready to go to the Bluffs as that was the stopping place for the time being, but he had no team and there seemed to be no way opened for him to get one and as he was a wagon maker he made himself a good wagon . . . that projected out wide enough to make beds in very comfortably, but as I have said there was no

sale for anything and the team was still lacking. One day Sister Mills and myself were talking on the subject and she mentioned that her father lived below there in Illinois and belonged to the church and that he had plenty of teams and maybe he would take a notion to come out and help them to a team also, and I felt as though that might be the way that might open for us to come, so accordingly we concluded to write to her father at once and it fell to my lot to do the writing for her and it seems as if I was inspired. I wrote quite a long letter telling him of our situation and asked him to come and go with us. He soon answered the letter saying he would come and bring teams for us all and thus the way was opened for us to come as far as Winter Quarters, for that is near the Bluffs. But the old gentleman never unpacked his things but turned around and went back to his old home, so he was moved upon to bring us out . . . in this I can see the hand of the Lord in bringing me thus far on my journey to the valleys of the mountains. . . . When I arrived at Winter Quarters I was looking for the families of the Battalion to be assisted, but everyone had to do the best they could and as I had no relatives there I did not know how to act nor what to do, so I went to President Brigham Young and asked him what I had better do and he told me to hunt up some acquaintances and get in with them until I could get myself a house. On my hearing this the tears came in my eyes and I felt like having a good cry, and to hide my tears I turned quickly away and said nothing. Well thought I, this will never do, I must do something, then wiping my eyes looked up and saw a tent and in the door stood one of the sisters. I went to her and inquired if she could tell me where Father Asa Davis lived. She showed me his house and I went there and was made welcome to such accommodations as they had. Their house was a small log one with no floor nor window, but a piece had been sawed out of one of the logs for the light to enter. When it was not too cold I slept in their wagon, then made my bed on the floor and in the day put it on another bed . . .

"While living there one of the brethren living near by the name of Cook wished me to come and take care of his children as they had lost their mother and two of the children were sick. I went and did the best I could for them, the boy died and the girl got well. In the spring I left there and went in with sister Amy Ann Babcock who had been laid up with the scurvy two months and her limbs were so drawn and the muscles and cords so contracted that she could not stand on her feet nor walk a step. I got some vinegar and pepper and rubbed on them, also some relaxing oil and a pair of crutches and she soon began to get around then. Her husband was also in the Battalion and she was on the hands of the Bishop, so he asked if I would go in with her and care for her and in that way my house and wood would cost me nothing, I accepted this offer and we each furnished our share of provisions which consisted mostly of corn boiled in weak lye water to take off the husks, then washed and boiled until tender. I can remember of thinking it quite a treat when a child, but come to live on it for months it was quite another thing.

"When spring opened sufficient for vegetation to show itself women and children and sometimes men were seen in all directions hunting wild

potatoes, onion greens or anything bordering on vegetables for they were starving for vegetable food and few had bread. . . My husband sent me some money through the winter and so I was able to get the necessary articles of clothing and such food as we could get, but we were living on Indian land and so far from our settlements and our cattle so poor that there were only a few who could travel to town for food and that was of the very plainest kind, no fruit, no meat or vegetables and as for butter, we seldom saw any. During the summer, the house we lived in was sold and we were obliged to leave it. I was wondering what I should do, but the way opened for us. Charles Lambert's family lived near and he was at work in Missouri and sent for his family and sister Lambert gave me the privilege of occupying her house. I accordingly accepted the offer and the sister that I had taken care of went with me and stayed until her husband came home late in the fall, then I was left alone, but in a few days an old acquaintance of my husband's called to see me and wished to stop with me awhile and I was glad to have her stay for company. Her name was Mary Moss.

The little girl, Eliza, had forgotten her father though she was two years old. My husband got home on the 17th of December, 1847 while I was living in this house of Brother Lambert's. Early in the spring of 1848 the saints had to leave there and we crossed the river on the ice and went 30 miles above Kanessville to a place called Harris grove, Pottawattama Co., Iowa Territory, and my husband in the company of John Ney settled there. There my three children were born. . . Here we stayed until July 1852, then we started on our journey to the valley of the mountains, and arrived in Salt Lake City in the month of October 17th, 1852.

". . . Most of the money that was sent to the wives of the soldiers was sent to Missouri and laid out for goods. I had the chance of trading some articles of store pay for wool and by getting it corded into rolls, I had the good fortune to pay for the warp and weaving and spinning and thus I made enough for my husband two pairs of pants and myself a linsy dress.

"My husband brought home a span of mules and a horse. These he traded for young stock, some cows and a yoke of oxen and immediately went to work on a farm preparing all the time to come to the valley just as soon as possible. In the fall of 1850 he went down to Missouri to work and earn means necessary to make the journey. Came home in the spring, planted his crops, made his own wagon, and we started for the valley. The journey was anything but pleasant. Some new roads, many mud holes, mountains to climb, bad water, and sometimes none at all. The cholera was in our midst and many died but as we came nearer to the mountains it left us and we enjoyed fairly good health. My own youngest child was now about four months old and when I walked, I had to carry him. At one time I walked five miles up a canyon and there we found snow that lay from one year to another. The fact seemed very strange to us. We traveled in companies of ten and assisted one another through the bad places and got along without any serious trouble, only occasionally the oxen would give out or a tire would come off. When the men would stop to repair the wagons the women would bake and wash but we did not iron because we were not prepared for this. But we were glad to get the chance to wash our clothes. In many places there was no fuel except buffalo chips and I baked many times with them and the men set tires with them. I used to make what the southerners called corn pone and baked beans.

"When we first landed in Salt Lake we camped for a few days in the first ward near the Brine Tannery. My husband went to President Young for council as to what he best do and he set him to work for him on a grist mill. He gave us a house to live in, in the 12th ward but we had no stove, bed, table, nor chairs, and the house leaked and with our beds and all on the floor it was very hard. Thus we lived for a year and they were very anxious to finish the mill for the convenience of the people. My husband improved all his time and finally got one bed stead made but we still had one on the floor. He finally made a table and in the fall of 1853, bought a stove from Heber C. Kimball. About this time he went to work for Brother Kimball and built him a grist mill and Brother Kimball sold him a lot on the hill a little below the Old Arsenell. Here he built a house and in the fall of 1854, we moved into it and here we lived until the fall of 1865, then came to Richville, Morgan County, Utah."

With respect to the house in the 12th ward, Fannie's first child, Harriet Maria, recalled that they had a small garden: "I well remember having weeded onions one morning, we were in the house for dinner and a little rest, when a terrific storm suddenly arose, seemingly a cloud burst above the 20th ward. Water rushed down the street in torrents, taking our garden and cutting gulches on both sides of our house, which we could not cross until they were bridged. The water also ran through our house, it being of logs and we could keep dry only by getting up on the beds.

"Of course these conditions looked discouraging to father when he returned that night from work and we soon moved to a lot one block north of the Temple, which my father purchased from President Kimball. This entire lot he planted to peach trees." (Life Sketch of Harriet Maria Taggart, Wife of George Albert Goodrich. No date.)

Concluding with Fannie's own account: ". . . I am still living in Richville April 11, 1877. April 25, 1877 I was chosen to act as President of the Relief Society, also to act as Treasurer for the same . . . March 15, 1884. Am still living in Richville, acting in my appointed place to the best of my ability. . . I held the position as Relief Society President of the Richville Ward until I was sixty-nine years old and as my health was failing I resigned my position after serving for thirteen years. I had been able to gather some of the names of my dead ancestors and in 1885 I went to the Logan Temple and labored a few days. The next year I went again and labored for more of my dead. . ."

In a patriarchal blessing given to Fannie by her father William Parks in 1843, while still in Nauvoo, she was promised: "Thou shalt be numbered among the virtuous and thy mind stored with understanding, and in the due time of the Lord thou shalt have a companion. He shall be a mighty man of God and thou shalt raise up posterity endowed with the holy Priesthood that shall go forth to carry the gospel to nations yet unborn. . . ."

Fannie's autobiography also contained a number of her own verses. This one written for C. W. Lindsay is an example:

Ever may your path be peaceful
Duty is the road to fame
Great and glorious things await you
As you strive a crown to gain
Right and truth be ere your motto
May you true and faithful be
On your God rely in trouble
Never fail to bow the knee.
Right and truth will always conquer
Of your father now take care
Ever listen to his council
Love and cherish him while here.

Fannie ends her autobiography with an eye-witness testimony of the Prophet Joseph Smith: "I often think of the many happy hours I have spent listening to the words of life that flowed from the lips of the Prophet. No one could help but like him for he was kind and good. I have heard him reprove men for their wrong doings and talk pretty sharp but it was always in such a good spirit that it appeared to me that no one could be offended. I have heard him talk a great many times and can bear testimony that I always felt benefited and I know he was a prophet of God and that the Lord called him in his own due time to lay the foundations of his latter day work."

GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART'S DAY BOOK

Spencer L. Taggart

This document was found among my father's (James Taggart, son of Clarissa) papers following his death in 1962. The original has been deposited in the Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City.

The document consists of two parts: a record of work done by George Washington Taggart between 1837-1841; a record of his membership in the Church. He wrote the latter at the back of the book, as seems to have been his custom, by turning the book over as if he were starting from its front. We have reproduced this part in both facsimile and transcription. It is undated.

Dates of baptism Ordinations &c
of Geo^W Taggart as near as I can recollect

Baptised into the Church of Jesus Christ
of Latterday Saints Dec^r 1841 in the
town of Peterborough N^W by Ely P Maginn
Ordained to the office of Deacon June 11th/42
under the hands of Elder E P Maginn

Gathered up to Nauvoo June 1843

Ordained under the hands of Pres Henry
Jacobs Sen & ^{Brother Miller} two others names not recollectd
and organised into the 13th Quorum of Seventys
in Nauvoo Nov 1844

Left Nauvoo Feb 1846 & in July started for
California in the Mormon Battalion returned
to Winterquarters in Dec 1847

July 4th 1852 Started from Iowa for Great
Salt Lake Valley & arrived in Salt Lake City
about the middle of Oct

April 10th 1855 received by the authority and Seal
of the Priesthood through the administration of

President Brigham Young, Harriet A
Beuce My first Wife deceased and Fanny
Darks 2d living Fanny standing proxy
for the first

Monday Evening April 16th 1855
I was Ordained as one of the Council or
Presidency of the 21st Quorum of Seventys
by President Joseph Young under his hands
and Pres^{ts} Becks & David Wilkin

Feb 8th 1856
 Received to Wife by the Authority and
 Seal of the Holy Priesthood Clarisa Marina
 Rogers Who was Born March 27th 1836
 in ~~Shelsville~~ Portage Co Ohio

July 10th 1879 Clarrisa M R Taggart
 recd Endowments (and resealing by Pres^t H
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 June 11th/42 under the hand of Elder E P Maginn
 Gathered up to Nauvoo June 1843
 Ordained under the hands of Pres^t Henry Jacobs Sen & two others ("Brother
 Miles" written in space above and lined out) Names not recollected and
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According to George Abbot Morison, History of Peterborough, New Hampshire, Richard R. Smith Publisher, Inc., Rindge, New Hampshire, 2 vols., 1954, pp. 186-196) Eli P. Maginn, an Englishman converted to Mormonism, came to Peterborough in 1841. He was reported to have been a lively, fascinating speaker with a thorough knowledge of the Bible. Partly by his message and partly by his own magnetic personality, Maginn attracted people from far and near to hear his message on Mormonism.

As the churches would have none of him, he was obliged to hold his meetings in a little hall on Main Street. They were so well attended that the speakers stood at the windows and addressed the larger overflow crowds waiting outside as much as they did the people who filled the hall. Listeners came from all about Peterborough. Four-horse coaches came from towns in the neighborhood, "arousing unprecedented enthusiasm and, consequently, making many converts to Mormonism."

In the next few years others, in addition to Eli P. Maginn, held meetings in Peterborough. Among them Erastus Snow, Parley P. Pratt, Hyrum Smith, Orson Pratt and Brigham Young. In fact, Brigham Young was in Peterborough when he heard of the death of Joseph and Hyrum in Carthage Jail on June 27, 1844.

"Altogether . . . it was reported that a total of two hundred thirty joined the church at the meetings held in Peterborough."

Jesse C. Little who had a store in Peterborough was one of the City's prominent citizens who joined the Mormons. Later, as a representative of the Church in Washington, D.C. he was the one who submitted the proposal to President Polk, at the time of the Mexican War, to form a regiment of Mormons which eventuated in the Mormon Battalion. Another prominent citizen who joined was Naamah Kendall Carter who later married Brigham Young.

More importantly, of course, from the point of view of our own family, as Grandfather George Washington Taggart has recorded, this was the same period when he and his wife Harriet Atkins Bruce, as well as his parents and his brother Oliver, joined the Church.

To continue with the Day Book: Its first entry at the front is dated "Mont Vernon, May 10, 1837 . . . David Dutton to dressing and molding \$1.50 to makeing 7 frames with banding ,45" The remainder of the page records other employers, kinds and quantity of work done, and costs through the remainder of May, as well as June and July. Altogether, the Book contains seventeen pages of recorded work covering the period from May 10, 1837 to May 21, 1841. The kinds of work included carpentry (planning and milling), sawing timber, repairing wagons, carding wool, carding and spinning wool. Most of the entries record the date and number of days of work, e.g., 4-1/2 days work, 6 days work, etc. An entry dated November 20, 1840 records pay for 106 days in the amount of \$91.38. An entry for June, 1840 stated that he had commenced working for L. Read Company in Peterborough at \$18 per month. An entry for October 9, 1840 refers to a balance of \$6 due from G. B. Gardner for a violin and trunk, presumably that Grandfather had made. The Day Book also contains entries pertaining to purchases, e.g., 10 yds of cloth \$2.50, 2-3/4 yds of satin \$1.72, coat trimings 28¢, one pair of drawers \$1.00, 4-1/2 yds of cashmere \$5.06.

FEELINGS ON LEAVING HAWAII

Ruth Pingree Smith

(Last November Ruth wrote thanking us for the Newsletter and sending the names and addresses of her eight children. She also enclosed a copy of a letter which she had sent to a number of close friends sharing a trip taken with her daughter Pauline in October to Hawaii where they joined another daughter Ida. "How I wish all the folks I know" Ruth wrote, "could have the experience of our two weeks in Hawaii! Every day we were there we felt like V.I.P.'s because the people are so full of friendship and love! To see old friends and find them living in their same houses, being true to themselves, maintaining the same integrity as they did years ago, gave us a real feeling of stability, and a hope we, too, will 'endure to the end' -- be worthy of such friends.

"To tell you about our trip would be as difficult for me to describe as it would be for me to recreate for you last night's sunset which was unbelievably beautiful. You would need to be there to smell the flowers, feel the breezes, taste the food, and be emotionally moved by renewing friendships. You need to be there. . ."

We asked Ruth to do an article -- "Reflections on My Twenty-Seven Years in Hawaii". We received this article that her Stake newspaper had asked her to write in January 1975 when she was preparing to leave Hawaii. In her letter to us, Ruth commented: "In the school where I taught - Hanahauoli - we used to repeat St. Francis's 'Canticle to the Sun' every morning at 8:00 A.M. before school started and after flag salute. Over the years (20), I came to love the words and appreciate the great message of them."

"Praised be my Lord with all his creatures,
especially our brother the sun, who brings
us the day and who brings us the light and
shines with a very great splendor."

so said St. Francis eons ago (1182-1226), but . . .

So said I with our Hanahauoli children during a period of twenty years,
many mornings at flag salute:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United
States of America, and to the republic for
which it stands, (statehood, at last, 1959--
our eyes sparkled and our voices were strong)
one nation, under God, indivisible, with
liberty and justice for all,"

and the sun blessed every day.

Family prayers really started the day where we knelt before breakfast at six a.m. For nine years we had eligible sons or daughters attending seminary at 6:45 a.m. Precious years--so much to share at dinnertime!

Three o'clock--time to hurry home, or to Primary. Beautiful children came tired from sometimes difficult days in school, or enthusiastic to share what they had learned, but they were always quietly reverent as they sang"

"I am a child of God
And He has sent me here,
Has given me an earthly home
With parents kind and dear.
Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do
To live with Him some day."

--Naomi W. Randall
Mildred Pettit

"Oh, I hope the teachers are well prepared today,
So much depends on us. Please, Lord, help us
teach these little ones well so that they will
not depart from Thy plans for them."

So prayed I that we might all keep His commandments.

Dinner! This mother has never recovered from the five p.m. urge to be home to prepare dinner for the family. It was not uncommon to sit at the table two hours. From Papa Joe to Pauline, so much to share, except on Tuesdays when we had to cut short our chatter to dash to M.I.A.

"M.I.A., we hail thee,
Loud thy praise we sing;
For thy loving guidance
We our homage bring;
Founded by a prophet
On the rock of truth,
May thy light and glory
Diadem our youth."

--Ruth May Fox

Scouts learning the "Scout Oath"; Beehives repeating the "Symbol of the Hive"; Mother directing the meeting.

"Please, dear Lord, may the teachers be well
prepared. Your brother is doing all he can
to lead our youth astray,"

prayed I.

How can I ever pay for the help I have had in rearing seven children in Hawaii? Seminary, Primary, M.I.A., Sunday School, and all the attendant experiences helped to mold our family into grateful members of the Church.

Home at last every evening--and we all had school work to finish.

"Praised be my Lord, for our sister the moon
and for stars, the which He has set clear and
lovely in heaven."

One can never forget the nights in Honolulu or the sounds it brought;
ukelele's, chants, hulas, music--oh, the music!

Saturday--blessed day! How we would clean house, and yard, and car, and clothes. I'm not forgetting the baking. Such tantalizing aromas from the windowless kitchen wafted on the breezes to the boys raking mango leaves or mowing the lawn.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind;
and for air and cloud, calms and all weather,
by the which Thou upholdst life in all creatures."

Oh, the feeling of accomplishment when home was clean inside and out!
Then on went the sprinklers, the showers, and the tub.

"Praised be my Lord, for our sister water
who is very serviceable unto us and humble
and precious, and clean."

Mango season! A bowl of mangos had to be kept full for hungry paper boys to empty before their routes, a bowl to fill for midnight snacks, and a bowl to fill to start a new day. Dear tree,--tons of fruit you have given us, hundreds of quarts of puree for us and friends and to send to children away at school to bring Hawaiian sunshine into BYU winter weather.

"Praised be my Lord for our Mother the Earth
the which doth sustain us and keep us and
bringeth forth fruits and flowers of many
colours and grass."

Coconut water, frozen, I took in my school bag to drink after morning classes at C.C.H. while reading thoughts written laboriously in English by great spirits from all around the Pacific Rim. Bad grammar couldn't spoil the fine ideas, and, oh, the joy to see compositions improve in all the ways an English teacher prays they will.

"Please, dear Lord, help us to teach well this
day,--so great is our responsibility."

Assemblies: clubs Chinese, Japanese, Tongan, Samoan, Figian, Tahitian, Hawaiian! Who can say which one was best?

Devotionals--many memorable. And who can forget Brother Featherstone's "Miracles!"

For twenty-seven years there was always something after the last bell. In 1971 calls came from Oahu Stake M.I.A. and Laie 2nd Ward Relief Society for Cultural Refinement lessons.

I'm not forgetting the blessings of Stake Primary, or of Stake speech in M.I.A. or of rummage sales and egg machines, chicken harvests in Waikiki Relief Society years ago, or the parents' class in Sunday School.

"Please Lord help me teach well today. Parents are here wanting to work miracles in the lives of their children. How well I know!"

To crown it all came the temple call. What a privilege to be in the temple two days each week, working with dedicated men and women, none expecting remuneration, doing work for dead, long gone even centuries ago.

You know how it is, three ways we work for our brothers: first to please ourselves, second to please ones near us that we may see their joy, third to help someone we do not know who may be very far away. This last really measures our maturity.

No, I haven't mentioned the sunny weather, the sandy beaches, the constant warm temperature. All that is for the tourists. To me the heart and soul of Hawaii is in its people. How I do love you all! As Jack Frost works his wonders on my windows, I am warm thinking of you.

"Praise God and give thanks unto Him and serve Him with great humility."

/s/ Ruth P. Smith

REUNIONS

FREDERICK AND EULALIE TAGGART FAMILY REUNION will be at Bear Lake the end of July - first of August. This family has met every year for the past five years. Frederick was George Washington Taggart's youngest child.

LLOYD AND LOUISE TAGGART FAMILY REUNION will be held in Cody, Wyoming, June 29--July 2, 1981. Their last such "ho-down" was in 1977. The family is compiling a history of Lloyd and Louise. As she carried on a prolific correspondence with members of the larger George Washington Taggart Family, those of you who may have letters of value in compiling this history are requested to send copies to Harriet Byrtus, 5292 Elizabeth Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

FAMILY MEMBERSHIP - \$5 PER YEAR

Last August 9th we decided at our Reunion to levy a Family Membership of \$5 per year for each family unit.

Hal S. Taggart
P.O. Box 798
Powell, Wyoming 82435

was assigned Family Treasurer. Undoubtedly most of you must have overlooked this item as the response was very disappointing -- only \$102.50. As a major portion of this sum was in the form of donation, very few families contributed.

Please send your checks to Hal.

Ours is a great family! But to have an effective Family Organization with accomplishments befitting greatness requires your support. With most of the work being contributed in putting out our Family Newsletter, relatively modest monies are needed for it. But this present issue will cost more as it is larger, postal rates are higher, and it will be published in 600 copies. Our first issue cost \$216.79! We sent out almost 500 copies.

Our bi-annual Taggart Reunion is essentially on a cost-per-attendance basis, although it would be of great help to the Chairman to have advance funding from the Family.

But where we need greater pooling of Family support is in obtaining the services of professional genealogists to assist with family research and in compiling and publishing family histories.

Further, it could be a worthy Family effort to enable a member to go on a mission who would otherwise be unable to go.

In short, the possibilities are many.

Our sincere thanks to all members who have sent in the names and addresses of their children with families of their own. The response has been most gratifying. Letters sent to the following members were returned. Would someone please send us their correct addresses:

Mary Lee Taggart & Willard (Wid) Warner
Ralph Vaughn Smith
Mr. & Mrs. George Kruitbosch
Dr. & Mrs. Guy Whitney Fenex

YOUR NEWSLETTER: Let us have your suggestions, news items, and contributions!!