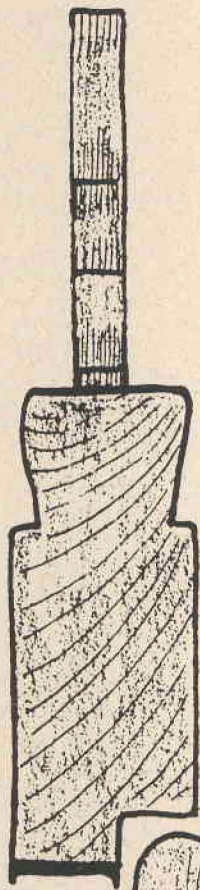


TOOLS OF THE TRADE
FOR
GEO. W. TAGGART

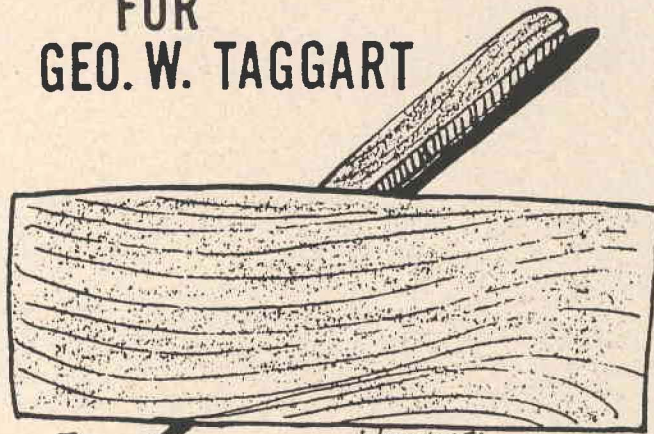


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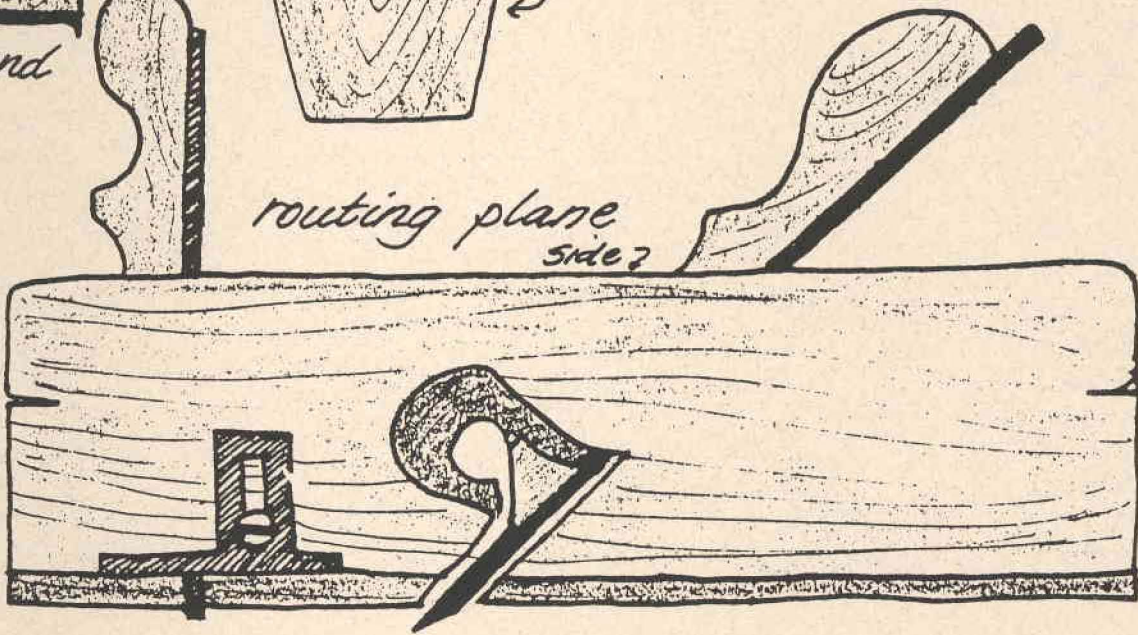


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Taggart Family Newsletter

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IN MEMORIAM

James Albert "Al" Taggart

Born July 8, 1925 - Ogden, Utah --- Died May 24, 1981 - Salt Lake City, Utah
Our deepest sympathies to all in his family.

The Cover. This issue's cover is by B. Jane Hatch Bush. She has portrayed tools that Grandfather George Washington Taggart used in his work. A professional artist, Jane has a B.A. from BYU, and has done advanced study at the National College of Art, Dublin, Ireland, and the University of Oregon. She was graphic artist for KRVM Radio and TV in Eugene, Oregon, where she was also Art Consultant for the Public Schools. She has also taught art at Westminster College in Salt Lake City. She was recently featured in single-artist watercolor shows at American Fork City Hall, and at Squaw Peak Restaurant in Provo Canyon. Jane is married to Vernon E. Bush, whose architectural firm is Bush & Daems, Salt Lake City. They have three young daughters: Sarah, Rachel and Andrea.

Family Artists: Please let us have your drawings on appropriate themes. Our covers are real highlights.

Our First Year: We wish to thank all who have made possible the publication of the Taggart Family Newsletter during its first year. In particular, we thank those who have contributed covers, articles and typing. Also, we wish to thank those who have contributed financially (as of August 12, 1981): Mr. and Mrs. Jay Dee Karren, Walter Grossenbach, Ruth Smith, A. W. Hyde, Charles Bowman, Dorothy Dahle, Hal Taggart and Family, T. Wendell Bayles, J. Wendell Bayles, Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Wilson, Vera Hopkins, Val D. and Wendy Miskin, Ila and Spencer L. Taggart, Samuel T. and Irene R. Francis, Scott Taggart Sr., Valeria Pond, Martin T. and Jeanine Pond, Norean Bright Boyce, Hazel M. Hilbig, Leon and Louise Taggart, Mr. and Mrs. F. Edis Taggart, Gary L. and Karen Graham, Scott Taggart, Cal Taggart, Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Taylor, Emory W. and Judy J. Scott, Joyce and Dennis S. Porter, Marva T. Karren, Foster J. and Venice H. Sorensen, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Crosby, Paul R. and Glenna C. Boyce, Jean Taggart Hillstead, Gary H. and Karol K. Larson, S. R. and Dana T. Cranfill, Christian S. Hinckley, Brent L. and Sheri L. Brown, Devere J. and Faye H. Taggart, Louise T. Heiler, Raymond and Julie Wilson, Gordon and Jeanette Taggart Holmes, Dr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Taggart Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. John Taggart Holmes, Jim Holmes, Charles and Rodonna Bowman, William R. and Beulah T. Hatch, Devere Hinckley, Bill and Josephine Burke, Mr. and Mrs. R. Parry Greenwood, Lloyd W. Taggart, Becky Barlow, Karen Cushing, Norma Blundell, Charles Taggart Christensen, Robert Taggart Christensen, Ethel Taggart Christensen.

Despite this impressive list of contributors, the Newsletter still operates on advance funding and remains in the red.

THE WOMEN IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART

by Spencer L. Taggart

(This second installment is on Harriet Atkins Bruce, his first wife, and Clarissa Marina Rogers, his third wife. The first installment was on Fannie Parks, his second wife.)

Harriet Atkins Bruce. Relatively little is known in the Taggart Family about Grandmother Harriet Atkins Bruce. A principal reason was her death at an early age -- one month before reaching twenty-four. We are indebted to Hazel M. Hilbig for copies of four family group sheets on Harriet's family. Two are attributed to Carol Ivins Collett; two are unattributed. We are also indebted to Lela G. Johnson for additional information. She has also shared her thoughts and ideas as well as shown us priceless mementos of her Great Grandmother Bruce.

In his History of Peterborough, New Hampshire (Richard R. Smith Publisher, Inc., Rindge, New Hampshire, 1954, Vol. I, p. 195), George Abbot Morison included "... George W. Taggart . . and wife Harriet Bruce . . ." among those citizens who were converted to Mormonism in Peterborough.

Harriet, a native of Peterborough, was born March 20, 1821. She was the third child in a family of eleven -- three girls, of whom she was the eldest, and eight boys. All but one of the eleven lived to maturity. It appears that Harriet was the only one in her family to join the Mormon Church, being baptized in 1842 at age twenty-one. The exact date or by whom is not known. George, her future husband, was baptized the previous year in December.

The house in which Harriet was most likely living at that time has become known as the "Bruce house" and is listed among the old houses in Peterborough (Morison, op. cit., Vol. II, pp. 733-781). Built in 1801, it was purchased in 1834 by Harriet's father, Peter Bruce, when she was in her early teens. The Bruce house, when compared with other houses in Peterborough of the same period and earlier, suggests a family of comfortable middle-class means. This was probably the house that George came to when courting Harriet.

As was customary for girls or young women in those days, Harriet had made a "sampler", showing her ability at embroidering. Harriet's included the letters of the alphabet, the numbers 1 to 10, her name -- Harriet Bruce, and an abbreviation for Peterborough.

The introduction of Mormonism to the citizens of Peterborough was outlined briefly in the last issue of the Newsletter (Vol. I, No. 2, p. 9). Harriet was among those attracted to the new religion. Was it at the meetings of those early Mormon missionaries that she first met George? Or had they met previously? Had they separately investigated the new religion? Or was their investigation made jointly? Had he influenced her decision to join? Or she his? Had this new religion brought them closer together? We wish we had answers to these and similar questions, but we do not.

Harriet and George were married May 7, 1843, in Peterborough. Was this - as it seems - a marriage of true romantic love and strong attraction for each other? This is suggested by their wedding portraits, which having survived one hundred forty years are in the possession of Lela G. Johnson. These beautiful portraits, done on porcelain and mounted in delicate glass-covered oval-shaped metal frames, attest to the fact that Harriet and George were a handsome pair, and that they had deep sentimental feelings and cared about preserving the memory of what for them was a very special time.

We can only imagine the trauma Harriet and George must have experienced so soon after their marriage in moving from Peterborough to Nauvoo. Left behind were family and friends and the home they loved, with its wooded mountains and hills and its lush, lake-dotted countryside. Nauvoo indubitably was beautifully situated in a large sweeping bend of the Mississippi, but it was on the frontier, overhung with hatred for the Mormons and mob violence, persecution, and sometimes death. This was the Nauvoo that Harriet and George "gathered up" to in June 1843 in pursuit of their new faith. The Church meant a great deal to them and they were ready to make whatever sacrifice to help it grow and prosper.

Harriet's love for the scriptures was evidenced by the small leather-bound Bible she carried to Nauvoo. It carries her name - H. A. Bruce - inscribed in beautiful penmanship. Many of its pages are water-marked, said to have come from a mishap while crossing the Mississippi. Harriet's Bible and "sampler" are also in the possession of Lela Johnson.

Under less than ideal circumstances, including lack of proper food, Harriet and George became the proud parents of a daughter. She was named Eliza Ann, apparently out of a desire to honor Harriet's mother, Eliza French.

Harriet's and George's life together in Nauvoo, unhappily, was to be short. Baby Eliza was only five months old when Joseph and Hyrum were killed (June 27, 1844). Harriet, in apparent poor health, felt insecure and threatened, as was reflected in her patriarchal blessing by John Smith on February 13, 1845: "I also seal upon thee," he said, "the blessings of health and I rebuke the destroyer which is upon thee from this very time, and I demand the destroyer to depart from thee by the authority of the Holy Priesthood . . . Beloved Sister, dismiss thy fears, believe and live . . ." Harriet died about a month later (March 10, 1845). The specific cause is not known. But the conditions under which she had lived in Nauvoo had obviously taken their toll.

Harriet was promised a large family and posterity in her blessing. Though Eliza Ann was her only child, her descendants number literally in the thousands.

Harriet's father, Peter Bruce, was the second child in a family of seven boys and one girl. Her mother, Eliza French, was an only child. According to Maude Taggart, a New Hampshire relative now deceased, Harriet's father was a soldier in the War of 1812. Her grandfather, Kendall Bruce, a native of Marlborough, Massachusetts, was a practicing physician as early as 1793. He later moved with his family to New Hampshire, thence to Canada, where he engaged in the lumbering business, and then to Vermont where he died. Harriet's widowed Grandmother Bruce died in Peterborough.

Clarissa Marina Rogers. This account draws freely upon the following sources: Noah Rogers' Journal, copy obtained from Mary Lambert Taggart; Sketch of the Life of Noah Rogers and his Wife, Eda Hollister, compiled by Julia Fellows Rogers (no date); Life Sketch of Alice Janett Taggart and Her Husband John Wesley Bright, by Alice Janett Taggart Bright, 1958; Clarissa Marina Rogers Taggart, by Alice Taggart Bright (no date); A Tribute to My Husband's Mother (Clarissa M. R. Taggart), by Valeria Ann Laird Taggart (no date)-these latter two histories were assembled and made available July 1955 by Mary L. Taggart; The Early Life of the Taggart Family in Morgan (taken from "Highlights in the Life of Frederick Taggart"), compiled by Mary Lambert Taggart (no date); Life Sketch of Frederick Taggart and his Wife Eulalie Ardella Leavitt, by Frederick Taggart, September 1954; Life's History of Bishop Henry Milton Taggart, dictated by Henry Milton Taggart to Sister Iva Brind, January-April 1932. Retyped from the original in September 1973.

The eighth child in a family of nine, Clarissa was seven years old when her father, Noah Rogers, was set apart by Brigham Young to be the presiding elder in establishing the Society Islands Mission (since 1907 known as the Tahitian Mission). After much hardship and loneliness, including burying one of his three companions at sea, and having met with only moderate success, Noah returned two-and-a-half years later. His mission, travelling without purse or scrip and requiring many long months on sailing ships between destinations, had taken him completely around the world, thus gaining him the distinction of being the first Mormon missionary to do so.

On his return to Nauvoo on December 29, 1845, he found his family, along with the body of the Saints, out of the city and living on the outskirts. One can imagine his profound disappointment on finding his family as well as the Saints thus driven from Nauvoo, "the beautiful", of which he was one of its founders. Noah and his wife, Eda Hollister, had joined the Church in 1837, at which time he had given up his practice as a physician, or country doctor, so he could devote all his time to furthering the gospel.

With the Rogers family again reunited, they moved on to Mount Pisgah (now Talmadge) Iowa, a gathering place of the Saints. Here Noah began making preparations for the trek westward, but he fell ill with pneumonia and died on May 31, 1846 - only five months after returning from his mission.

Eda held her family together and continued where her husband had left off. Her youngest child was now eight, and Clarissa ten. With the exception of her oldest son who was married, Eda's sons all remained at home. In the Spring of 1848, sons Theodore and Washington went ahead to the Salt Lake Valley to prepare a place for the rest of the family. Eda with her remaining six children followed in 1849.

Influenced by her restless, venturesome sons, Eda and her family remained only a brief period in the Salt Lake Valley. They moved first to Brigham City, then to Cache Valley where - in the vicinity of what became Logan - there were only a few people living in their wagons, then to Bloomington, Bear Lake County, Idaho. When her son, Elisha, married in 1871, Eda moved with him and his wife to Richmond, Utah. She died there six years later.

What had happened meantime to Clarissa - the subject of our inquiry? We have little information, unfortunately, with which to fill in the blanks. So far as we have been able to determine within the Taggart and Rogers families, she left nothing whatever in the way of a written record. She did leave a record, however, as reflected in the lives and reminiscences of her children. For this we are most grateful as it will help us to gain some insight into her life and character. In sum, hers was a life of meager means and hard work, coupled with much love for and devotion to her family, and steadfastness in her religious beliefs.

According to Alice, her daughter, Clarissa ". . . had no opportunity for schooling and education. Her mother was a widow with a large family, and the children had to earn their own way".

Valeria Ann Laird, wife of son James, recalled hearing Clarissa bear her testimony to the Richville Sunday School that she remembered as a child ". . . the terrible gloom and sorrow that swept over . . . the Saints when the Prophet and his brother were killed . . . She remembered passing through the Prophet's mansion house and viewing their dead bodies . . . She went to the meeting afterwards and saw the mantle of the Prophet Joseph Smith fall upon Brigham Young as he was speaking".

Clarissa was thirteen when she first came to the Salt Lake Valley. Seven years later she married George Washington Taggart, becoming his second wife in a polygamous marriage. According to Alice, they had first met in Brigham City where Clarissa was living. He was twenty years older; her youth and beauty and firmness in the gospel must have been very appealing to him.

They began their married life in Salt Lake City, where George did carpentry work for Heber C. Kimball and President Brigham Young. Their first four children were born there. They had eight additional children after moving to Richville. Of their twelve children, nine lived to maturity and had large families of their own.

One of Fred's earliest recollections - their last child, born when his father was sixty - was seeing his father, with the help of Brother Morgan and Henry Hinman, shingle their log house. Prior to this, when it had a sod roof, son Henry recalled, "I shall never forget when it would rain, how my mother would get the pots and pans to catch the rain as it came thru the roof".

Fred described the house as having three rooms. In the living room there was a "very large fireplace made of sandstone" which his mother often used to smoke meat. The center room was a bedroom, while the south room combined to serve both as his father's carpenter shop and the boys' bedroom. The bed springs were made of one-fourth inch rope run lengthwise and crosswise, with sheepskins for a

mattress and buffalo robes as covers. Later, when Fred was about twelve, he helped his brother, Mark, build a cellar with a concrete foundation to give their parents a better home.

The house was located in the mouth of a canyon that was called "Taggart Hollow". Close by, down the hill, was the Taggart grist mill. Also close by was the schoolhouse. School was held only three or four months of the year, the teacher often boarding at the Taggart's.

Henry recalled getting up early every morning to fetch water for house use during the day. Fred also recalled having this job. Sometimes a steer harnessed to a sleigh was used to haul the water in a forty-five gallon barrel. Their mother always insisted that water left over be poured out and fresh obtained each day. As the water was from a small stream, it had to be taken before the cattle fouled it up when turned out in the morning.

Despite their humble circumstances, the Taggarts had plenty to eat. They had cows and sheep which grazed on the hillsides, as did those of their neighbors. The small boys herded them to prevent damage to the crops.

A favorite pastime of the children was roaming the hills digging sego roots, gathering chokecherries, wild flowers, and pretty rocks. Henry remembered how they used bows and arrows to hunt birds, squirrels and chipmunks, which they cooked along with roasting potatoes. Fred related how he and his brother Mark would go fishing in Canyon Creek three or four times a week, usually returning with a large string of trout. In summer it was swimming in the streams and in winter sleigh riding down the hills.

Alice gives us this revealing insight into how Grandmother Fannie Parks helped with this large family: "When I was small," Alice relates, "Aunt Fanny taught me to tell the time, to knit socks and stockings, and how to make a bed, neatly; how to wash dishes and sweep the floor. She was very precise in all she did, and as a child, I often went over to spend the night with her. It was such a pleasure to sleep with her in her lovely, soft feather bed, made up so smooth and straight. Each morning when she made her bed, everything had to come off and hang to air before it was made up again".

This picture of Clarissa attending to her family's needs is poignant: "I can see her now," Alice related, "out by the little creek that ran past the house . . . bending over the wash tubs, washing wool from the little flock of sheep my father always kept. Then she would make the wool into yarn, weave it into cloth for our clothes. Father died in a suit made from cloth woven by Mother".

Alice further described her mother as willingly sharing her "last blanket" or "last morsel" of food. She was ". . . jovial and kind . . . noted for giving

cheer and good advice to her many friends when they were in trouble or downcast in spirit".

A relaxed family atmosphere of congeniality and cohesiveness is suggested by Fred's account of sitting on his father's knee listening to Mormon Battalion stories. We can see Clarissa knitting stockings while gathered with her children in the warm embrace of the large fireplace as these stories were told. Fred remembered how the Battalion went without water until their tongues became swollen; how his father walked until his feet bled, meanwhile leading his mules to preserve them.

As a small boy, Fred would walk the three miles to Morgan to sell his mother's "Sunday eggs" for fifteen cents a dozen. This money was given to the Relief Society as a donation to the Salt Lake Temple.

Jim related how he would go looking for his mother, often finding her kneeling in her bedroom pouring out her soul to her Heavenly Father for guidance and protection for her children that they might grow up to be honorable men and women. Alice and Henry told of having similar experiences when looking for her.

Henry gave this account of how his mother encouraged and supported him on his first mission. He had met and fallen in love with Mary Laird and they had set their wedding date for November 1898. Meantime a letter for him from the Church headquarters - "Box B" - which had been sent to Star Valley (where Henry had been living) finally reached his brother, Jim, and his mother in Richville. Surmising its importance, they lost little time in carrying it to Henry in Salt Lake City. As expected, it was a call from President Joseph F. Smith to go on a mission to the Southern States.

As none of the three had any money, Henry did not see how he could go at that particular time. Finally, they decided to discuss the matter with Miss Laird's parents who advised them to get married, but make plans for Henry to leave the following Spring. They offered Henry employment for the winter on their Mountain Dell Ranch in Parley's Canyon. This enabled Henry and his new bride to save \$125 to start him on his mission. During this time she went home to her parents, and while there gave birth to her first son, who became affectionately known as "Milt".

Henry's mother and brother, Jim, were very desirous of having Henry go on this mission and promised to give him all possible assistance. His mother was receiving a pension of twelve dollars a month from the Government - presumably for her husband's service in the War with Mexico (Mormon Battalion). She shared this with Henry during his mission. When he went to bid his aging mother goodbye, she was staying with her daughter, Jane, in Morgan. With tears

streaming down her cheeks as well as Henry's, she counseled: "Be a good boy and the Lord will help you and you will succeed". He returned upon completion of his mission the day after she was buried.

An account of Clarissa would be incomplete without some reference to the Taggart grist mill. After all, it must have been central to her family's life as their primary means of earning a living. Fred described his father as being "a first class mill and wheelwright". His mill was "a stone burr" flour mill. Fred described its large timbers, which were hewn with a broad ax, as being ten by ten inches. All of the mill's cogs were of oak; only a few nails were used in the mill's construction.

"I can remember . . . (watching) my brother, George Henry, making flour" Fred reminisced. "At times there were so many grists to be made into flour that the sacks had to be stacked outside. People came from all the surrounding settlements, and even as far as Ogden, to get their flour milled there".

As a point of current interest, part of one burr, as well as one full size standing burr from the mill are memorialized on the tabernacle grounds in Morgan.

When Grandmother Fannie died (May 6, 1891), she and George had had forty-six years (lacking two months) together. When George died two years later (June 3, 1893), he and Grandmother Clarissa had had over thirty-six years together. The high esteem in which these three Grandparents were held, together with their children and their spouses, may be exemplified in the expression of love and friendship for them at the time of George's funeral. Fred, who was sixteen, remembered the funeral in Richville "with a very large congregation attending". "Eighty-four teams", Fred continued, "followed the hearse to the cemetery at South Morgan".

Clarissa lived almost another eight years. She spent her last few years with Alice and Fred and Jim in Lewiston, Utah, where she died on April 19, 1901. Her body was returned to Morgan and buried next to George and Fannie.

Addendum

As an interesting bit of Taggartiana, we would like to share this information provided by Louise Heiner Anderson. George and Clarissa were married in a civil ceremony May 9, 1893, at Richville, twenty-four days before his death. Why? We recall that the Church's Manifesto was issued in 1890 banning polygamy. Did George and Clarissa feel that it was now necessary to legitimize their marriage in the eyes of the civil authority? Was it that George realized he had only a short time to live and wanted to assure the transfer of his Government pension to his widow?

According to the marriage license, Sarah Jane Heiner and Jessie Taggart stood as witnesses. James B. Stuart was the Justice of the Peace who performed the ceremony. The signatures of the newlyweds were affixed as George W. Taggart and Clarissa Rogers. As a final note - this signature is the only example of Clarissa's handwriting we know of or have ever seen. Based on it, she had a good hand.

MY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES OF MORGAN, UTAH

By Scott Taggart Sr.

Morgan was my birthplace as well as that of all but two of my nine brothers and six sisters. I rarely mention this unusual and unusually large family without also mentioning that on my parents' (George Henry and Jessie McNiven Taggart) fiftieth wedding anniversary, fifteen of us with our spouses shared with them the festive wedding dinner, musical program, and dance.

Morgan is divided by the railroad into North Morgan and South Morgan. Our home was on the southeast corner of the block on which the LDS Stake House now stands—a masonry building then, built of native stone, with the floor tipping theatre-wise toward the pulpit.

Father and Mother had built their first home in Richville, a short distance south of Morgan, where their first two children, James and George, were born. It has always been my understanding that nearly all of us were delivered by a midwife, none other than our Grandmother, Janett McNiven Hogg. By the time I came along on January 18, 1893, Jim and George had married and were living in their own homes.

As to the Morgan home, as I remember it, there were three rooms, besides a kitchen and pantry and a ladder reaching to the attic where a number of us children slept. Now I wonder how many of us were accommodatd at any one time in that small home. I remember the long strings of yellow squash strips that hung for drying in the attic. I also remember quite clearly the day that sister Maggie and her beloved Walter E. Francis left amid much crying and hand waving to go with team and buggy to be married. She had a large black ostrich plume in her hat. That was in November 1898, and two years later they bought our home when we left to help colonize the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming. And it is interesting to note that after their death the old home passed on to Walter's nephew, who still occupies it. Only two title changes in nearly a hundred years!

I have no memory of our owning a farm, though I presume we did, for we had horses and cows, a stable and large barn with a hay loft. I should mention that there was a well near the south entrance of our home and a cellar under the northeast corner of it. Of course, there was the outside privy, a simple,

run-of-the mill-two-holer. The most modern ones had three holes with different heights and breadths, ample to accommodate all ends, meaning of course hind ends.

Father was a millwright and carpenter, having learned the first of these by assisting his father in operating the first grist mill in the valley, built by grandfather and the two Hinman brothers (see Newsletter, Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 2). When Spackman built a mill in Morgan, my father was employed to operate it and they accommodated farmers as far away as Ogden and Coalville. I remember Father coming home one day carrying a seamless bag full of germade, the makings of a delicious cooked cereal. He was an excellent hunter, too. Deer, rabbits and other wild game were plentiful in the area and always provided us with an ample supply of meat.

Father made coffins for the people, charging ten dollars for the material and labor, including "dressing" the coffin by mother and my sisters. A side light - one day a child died and Father was quite sure he would be asked to make the coffin and that the chances of being paid for it were just about zero. So he shouldered his 45/60 rifle and made for the hills east of town. He killed five deer, stashed them in a lime kiln until his boys could hitch the team to a wagon and bring them in. When he returned the father of the child was waiting to ask him to make the coffin!

There was a creamery not far from our home. Buttermilk was a byproduct and was disposed of by piping it through the wall to the outside. We kids sometimes enjoyed drinking it. Another fun was snaring suckers from the only bridge that crossed the river that ran through town. Father outfitted us with a fish pole with a copper loop fastened to the end of it, and we would snare them just behind the gills and haul them in. And we ate them, which I think is not often done these days.

I do not remember ever having gone to school in Morgan, though I was seven years old when we left for the Big Horn in 1900. Neither do I remember anything about Lake Como, which later became a very popular pleasure resort, particularly because of its warm water.

The business section of the town was on our side of the railroad tracks, but Doc Wadsworth had a little store just across the street from the present City and County Building. I found a dime once and was permitted to walk to Wadsworth's store and spend every nickel of it for whatever I wanted that could be had for a nickel.

Wandering Indians were a common sight, but we saw more of Indian Jim and Indian Mary than of any of the others. They all would go from house to house begging, and occasionally if we kids didn't behave, Mother would threaten to give us to Indian Mary. I think my older brothers were not impressed.

I was always intrigued by the horse-powered threshing machines. Mother told us that on one occasion she outfitted me with a clean pair of pants and a beautiful blue waist (shirt today) with large white dots, and let me go to watch a nearby threshing. I had gone as far as the front gate when she called me to wait until she could bring me a handkerchief. I am supposed to have said: "Oh that's all right, I can wipe my nothe on my thleeve".

Some time before we left for Wyoming, they were building a dam across East Canyon. My brother Jack was one of those hired to haul the asphalt to the site. He would park his wagon in the street in front of our home over night and we kids would scrape the asphalt that oozed out of the containers and use it for chewing gum. Many are the wads of that goo have I stuck under the table at meal time.

The Fourth and Twenty-Fourth of July parades were always exciting. The things that impressed me most were the bandwagon and band; also, one fellow who contrived to cook pancakes on a buffalo-chip fire and was an expert in tossing the cakes in the air, turning them over and deftly catching them in the frypan. After the parade we would make for the bandwagon and gather handfuls of nuts and candy that the musicians had spilled on the floor.

There must have been much talk in those days about our people preparing for what I interpreted as the end of the world and threatening famine. I used to play with Sister Vilate Welch's little boy. One day she gave each of us a double sandwich and I buried half of mine where I was sure I could find it when the famine came. I was further reminded of this after we reached the Big Horn country and visited my Uncle Jim McNiven, then living on his farm about forty miles from our community. He had stored one year's supply of flour, a year's supply of wheat and sufficient meat, smoked and in brine, to see his family through the first year of the famine.

Let me finish with a clarifying paragraph regarding the call to go to Wyoming. The State of Wyoming had encouraged the Church to establish a colony and to develop approximately 22,000 acres of State land. The Church sent a committee of about fifteen men, of which Father was a member, to examine the land, to determine the water rights, etc., and to make a report to the Brethren. Their report was favorable, so the call went out to families as far north as Montpelier, Idaho, and as far south as towns in southern Utah, to participate in this venture. I believe it was the last successful Church-sponsored colonization effort. The wagon trek and selection of townsites would be under the general direction of a relatively new apostle, Owen Woodruff. He established his headquarters at Hams Fork, Wyoming, to which the wagons from all the communities participating would gather to be organized into companies for the approximately thirty-days' drive to the sagebrush flats of northern Wyoming. I mention this

because I can remember that by the time Father, with twenty-year-old son Jack, ten-year-old Bruce, and daughters Rebecca, seventeen, and Nettie, sixteen, was ready to move, there had developed a considerable wagon train at Morgan, preparatory to travelling together up the Weber to Echo and through that canyon into Wyoming. They were given a tremendous sendoff by the townspeople and the local merchants.

It would be early Spring when Mother and the children still living at home in Morgan boarded the train to join the others in Wyoming. She had packed sufficient food for the two-day trip to Butte, thence East to Laurel, and south to the end of the line at Bridger, Montana. There probably were other mothers and children with us. We were met at Bridger by Father with the team and wagon.

I remember how thrilled I was as we came over the rise approaching Butte and could see the lights of the city. We arrived in Bridger too late to undertake the forty-mile trek to the tent settlement. Our oldest sister, Jessie, was ill and father fixed a bed for her and mother in the wagon, while the rest of us slept on the ground.

I still cry when I think of what a heart-breaking experience it must have been for Mother, within hours after leaving a comfortable home in the beautiful Morgan Valley, to make that long, tedious wagon trip through desolate country to a tent camp on Sage Creek, just south of where Cowley now is. The camp was later moved to the north bank of the Creek, where we remained until logs could be brought from the mountains and converted into cabins. It was while here in the tent camp that we were plagued by an epidemic of small pox, seven of our family being stricken. It is also where I and a few other children were baptized. But that is another story, isn't it?

(We received this reminiscence of Scott's on June 15, 1981. He described our request for it as a "difficult assignment". We earnestly hope he will continue with Wyoming.)

THE L.D.S. VISITORS' CENTER - NEW YORK CITY
By Paulene Boyce Greenwood

As we (R. Parry and Paulene Greenwood) received our call from our dear President Spencer W. Kimball, our hearts jumped within us, especially when we saw that we were to serve in the New York City Mission, Parry being called as Director of the Mormon Visitors' Center. Our thoughts turned to our sons who also served in New York in the Rochester Mission. We know that our family has been called by the Lord to serve Him in New York.

When first we arrived here, we could not believe all the tall buildings we saw and to learn that over a million and a half people live on this 32-1/2 square mile island of Manhattan! Parry has been all over the world while in the service and has seen many large cities, but this is the first time that I have been in a city such as this.

It was a joy to see the Statue of Liberty for the first time. My heart swelled with pride and many thoughts came to my mind about the history of America. How grateful I am to be an American! I also realize as we sing the song about America, "give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free", just how important our freedoms are and that through these freedoms, others come here and learn about the Gospel.

Our Visitors' Center is an oasis in a concrete jungle. It is a light to all the world. President Kimball said, when he dedicated this Center in 1975, it would be like a beacon unto all the world. This surely has come true. New York is the gateway to our nation and many people come here from all over the world. There are many different languages spoken here by our missionaries. Among them are Korean, Spanish, Greek, Italian, German, Portuguese and others. The Church is growing in New York as it is elsewhere. There are over 25,000 members within the State.

People from all walks of life come into the Visitors' Center. We give the message of the Gospel in our testimonies and through the many motion pictures we show, and we see their hearts and lives change as they are touched by the Spirit. Many Jewish and Black people come into the Center. We see the prophesy fulfilled in 2 Nephi 26:33:

"And he inviteth them all to come unto
Him and partake of His goodness; and He
denieth none that come unto him, black
and white, bond and free, male and female;
and he remembereth the heathen and all are
alike unto God, both Jew and Gentile."

We had a special fast a few weeks ago because many accidents had occurred in the Mission and also because we had had one of the lowest months on record for baptisms. Our Mission President's wife and I were both on crutches due to accidents, with broken bones in our feet. Several Elders were laid up with injured legs; one had been shoved into a parked truck while riding his bicycle, ending up with both wrists broken and his bike demolished. Several Sisters were in the hospital for various reasons. Our President called for the fast, and all 200 missionaries joined him in this 24-hour fast. We all ended it at the same time with prayer. It was a choice experience to see the effect it has had over our entire Mission. Baptisms began to increase and the Spirit of the work began to go forth.

It is such a thrill to see people come into the waters of Baptism and receive the Holy Ghost. Their whole beings change; their countenances light up and they are happier and have such peace of mind.

It is a choice experience to be on a mission with my husband. I know that our ancestors were great missionaries. My grandfather, John Wesley Bright, who married Alice Janett Taggart, served two missions after he was married. It was a great sacrifice for him and for my grandmother, but they loved the Lord more than self. I love my ancestors and I rejoice with you to be a part of this great family.

We send our love and testimonies that this is the true Church and the Kingdom of God on earth. It is worth every sacrifice. We pray that we will always emulate the righteousness and goodness of this great family.

ADMINISTRATION

Corrections:

Ruth P. Smith is the mother of seven children - not eight as stated in Volume I, No. 2, p. 10.

Leona Goodrich Manwaring died April 4, 1980 - not April 5, 1980 as reported in Volume I, No. 1, p. 7.

Change of Address: Please keep us posted when you change your mailing address. We need assistance in getting correct addresses for the following: Roger Brent Ashment, Steven M. Bird, Larry Brown, Colette and Ronnel Call, Bonnie Ann and Carly L. Doerr, Guy Whitney Fenex, Kerma and Gordon Greaves, Sunemer Hillstead, Roland William Knowles, Robert D. Lancaster, Mark Kunz, Noble Lindberg, Teresa and Jim Mayhew, Gerald Rock, Ralph Vaughn Smith, Dewey Shane Taggart, Fern Taggart, Philip Taylor, Curtis P. Wilson.

HAPPENINGS

Jeff Taylor and Family (wife Judy, and children Kristy, Nathan, Heather and Jenny), son of Alice and Earl Taylor and grandson of Nida and Scott Taggart. Living in Omaha at the time, Jeff and Judy and family were cast in the central role of a Church production - "Mormons in the Midlands". Its setting was the Omaha-Council Bluffs area, at present in which five thousand Mormons live. The scene a family picnic - the Taylors in family conversation retold the saga of the Mormons at Winter Quarters, including the personal saga of Grandparents George Washington Taggart and Fannie Parks Taggart. Being direct descendants, the Taylors were able to give their performance added credibility.

Chris (Christine) Taggart Greenwood. Fourteen. Lives in Salt Lake City, daughter of Pamela and David Greenwood and granddaughter of Phyllis and Glen L. Taggart. Now a freshman at East High, Chris is a graduate of Bryant Intermediate, where she received awards for being Science Club President, Editor of the school's literary magazine, Editor of the school newspaper, maintaining a high grade point average, and achieving a high level of citizenship. She also received special awards in English and Science. Her favorite subjects are Math, Science and English. Her favorite sports are tennis and downhill skiing.

Jeffrey Taggart and Annette Holmes and two children have moved to Stanford, California. A graduate of Harvard Medical School, Jeff is taking his residency in surgery at the Stanford University Medical School.

David and Sheila Taggart Lewis and two sons have moved to St. Louis, Missouri. A graduate of the University of Utah Medical School, David is taking his residency in ophthalmology at Barnes Hospital, Washington University.

William and Susan Mellor and daughter have moved to Seattle where he has been accepted in the University of Washington Medical School.

Delwin and Kathryn Pond and ten children were honored by the Utah Community Services Council for their "extraordinary example" of voluntary service. Governor and Mrs. Scott M. Matheson presented the award. The Ponds were praised for their assistance to refugee families and to children in need of a home. Delwin has his own law practice in Salt Lake City, and is Bishop of the Butler 28th Ward.

Jay B. Taggart. Superintendent of the Morgan County School System, was recently made President of the Morgan Utah Stake. In this calling, Jay is following in the footsteps of his Great Grandfather Daniel Heiner, an early President of this same Stake. Jay and his wife, Nadine Carver, have nine children.

Returned Missionaries:

Kelly Maughan Pond, Massachusetts-Boston Mission
Douglas Martin Pond, Vancouver-British Columbia Mission
Wendell T. and Velma Taggart Bayles, Chicago South Mission
David Crapo, Mexico-Veracruz Mission

Reunions

The Frederick and Eulalie Taggart Family Reunion - July 31-August 1, 1981. At St. Charles, Idaho, near Bear Lake. A great success! The highlight was a presentation of the life story of "Uncle Fred" in drama and song. It was attended by 78 family members. There was food galore, camping, recreation to suit every taste, and T-shirts imprinted with Fred's and Eulalie's photos and "Families are Forever".

The Lloyd and Louise Taggart Family Reunion - June 29-July 1, 1981. At Cody, Wyoming. Featured "Christmas in July" - yes, with 96 handmade Christmas stockings stuffed with "specials and meaningfuls" to family only, presentation of "The Birth of Jesus" by the grandchildren, talks and reminiscences to help the Second and Third Generations know Lloyd and Louise as they were in their prime. Family members wore caps and T-shirts, in colors identifying each of the nine families, with the "Lloyd-Louise" Family logo and the names of their ninety-five descendants printed in Family Order on the back! There was plenty of food recreation, and family singing. To top it all off, a big BASH was held the last night: approximately 350 feasted on Mexican food, visited and sang, i.e., the family sang and sang!

The George Heiner Family Reunion. July 11, 1981, at the Peary Barker Family Park in Pleasant View. They have been meeting annually for the past ten years. The only surviving child of George Heiner and Sarah Jane Taggart, Viola Heiner Wright Telford, now 90, was honored at this year's reunion. A record book of this family with documents, photographs, histories and family group sheets is being compiled.

Weddings

Douglas Martin Pond married Karen Dee Hudlow
August 13, 1981 - Washington, D. C. Temple
Marsha Deanne Mellor was married to David Gifford Graesser
August 27, 1981 - Seattle Temple.

Golden Wedding Anniversaries

Cecil and Janett Taggart Hodges, Preston, Idaho
Orlo and Joyce Lewis Jones, San Leandro, California
David and Moletta Taggart Roberts, Lewiston, Utah
Amasa and Ruey Taggart Hyde, Lewiston, Utah
Hazen and Leah Merrill Bright, Lewiston, Utah
(Hazen now deceased)

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

THE PEOPLE OF THE TERRITORY OF UTAH, Morgan COUNTY,

Do hereby authorize to solemnize Marriage, GREETING:

That any Person legally authorized to join in Holy Matrimony, Mr. George W. Taggart of Richville in the County of Morgan and Territory of Utah of the age of twenty years, and Miss Clara Rogers of Richville in the County of Morgan and Territory of Utah of the age of twenty years, in the County of Morgan and Territory of Utah

WITNESS my hand as Clerk of the Probate Court, and the seal of said Court hereto affixed, at my office in Morgan City, in said County, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1893.

By James R. Stuart, Justice ~~Deputy~~ Clerk of the Probate Court.

TERRITORY OF UTAH.

County of } ss.

I HEREBY CERTIFY, That on the 13th day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety three at Richville in said County; I, the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace did join in the HOLY BONDS OF MATRIMONY, according to the Laws of this Territory, George W. Taggart and Clara Rogers of the County of Morgan Territory of Utah, and Clara Rogers of the County of Morgan Territory of Utah

Signed, George W. Taggart GROOM.

Signed, Clara Rogers BRIDE.

IN PRESENCE OF

Sarah Jane Keiser Witness

George W. Taggart

Filed for Record this 13th day of May, A. D. 1893

By Charles G. Welch Deputy Clerk of the Probate Court.