



GLIMPSE—TAGGART PAST
(Big Horn)

TAGGART FAMILY NEWSLETTER

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The Cover. Our artist is Cheryl Taggart (Paul-Frederick) Van Wagoner, a graduate of Weber State College. She was selected the outstanding art student for 1982 at Weber in the category of illustration and graphic arts. Her husband Rick is a first-year law student at the University of Utah.

The Family Treasurer. Hal S. Taggart has been released as Family Treasurer. He has served with great effectiveness and love for the Family despite trying and difficult times with his health. Our deep-felt love and thanks to him as well as our prayers and best wishes for his return to good health.

Lloyd W. Taggart has agreed to serve as Family Treasurer. Please send your contributions to him. He suggests that you contribute with the thought of supporting more than one project, i.e., the Family Newsletter. Lloyd would like us to think of the entire package, e.g., the Newsletter, Genealogical Committee projects, Family members who need assistance to go on missions, as well as Family members who are simply in need of some material help. Ours is a great Family! To have an effective Family Organization with accomplishments befitting greatness requires your support.

ADMINISTRATION

Identification of Contributors. We have had requests to identify more fully how those who contribute articles, covers, and so forth fit in the Family. Unless otherwise identified, we have decided to try a system of keying back to the children of George Washington Taggart. Please see the cover of Volume II, Number 2, for a graphic presentation of his thirteen children from whom we have all descended. The system works this way -- in this issue, for example, our cover artist Cheryl is shown parenthetically as being the daughter of Paul Taggart and the granddaughter of Frederick Taggart. Using this system, contributors to previous issues are identified as follows: Spencer L. Taggart (James), Lloyd W. Taggart (Lloyd-George Henry), Hal S. Taggart (Grant-George Henry), Ethel Taggart Christensen (Bruce-George Henry), Edward L. Taggart (Glen-James), Ruth Pingree Smith (Pauline-George Henry), B. Jane Hatch Bush (Beulah-James),

Scott Taggart Sr. (George Henry), Paulene Boyce Greenwood (Norean-Alice), Ruey Taggart Hyde (Frederick), Marva Bright Tibbitts Karren (Alice), Mary Brown Lawyer (Violet-George Henry), Eileen Taggart Manwaring (Spencer-James), Ryan Lewis (Sheila-Spencer-James).

Taggart Family Fund. Our sincere thanks to the following who have recently made contributions to the Fund: June Taggart Hillstead, Alice B. Hardcastle, Lela Goodrich Johnson, Mrs. Byron Goodrich, Elaine and Hollis Hullinger, Pat and Clyde Braegger, Rey and Anne Johnson, Sherma and Milo Andrus, Wayne and Dora Johnson, Wyoma and Hank Lund, Charles and Rodonna Bowman, Paulene Greenwood, Norean Boyce, Marva T. Karren, Nat M. and Bernice A. Taggart, Linda T. Meiser, Suzanne T. Scott, Robert J. Taggart, Colleen T. Jaussi, Ila and Spencer Taggart, Bruce T. and Frances Brown, Glen and Phyllis Taggart, Alexandra Hinckley Cramer, Royal and Jane M. Poll, Hessie H. Grimmitt, Sherman B. Boyce, and Scott Taggart St.

Family Newsletter. We have about 650 families and individuals on our mailing list. We anticipate that we may eventually have close to a thousand. Our first issue was published in 500 copies; the next three in 600 copies each. These are now out of print. The cost for printing and mailing (postage) these four issues was \$1,455.38. This current issue will be published in 700 copies and will about \$500.

We thank all who have contributed covers, articles, and Family news items. We have enjoyed sharing them with you. The Newsletter is your publication. Let us have your suggestions and materials. We welcome family histories, stories, reminiscences, documents, original writings, poetry, covers, accounts of Family happenings--births, marriages, missionaries, high callings in the Church, special honors and accomplishments. Please keep us current on changes of address. Maintaining a current mailing list is our most onerous task. Letters undeliverable are returned at first-class postal rates. More importantly the individual or family is lost to us.

GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART FAMILY REUNION

Held in Ogden at the 34th Ward Chapel August 7, 1982, with George T. Frost in charge of the day's activities. He welcomed the 100 to 125 who attended this 20th GWT Family Reunion, and spoke of our "wonderful heritage -- we should be proud of it and cherish it." Lloyd Taggart talked about his Grandparents George Henry and Jessie McNiven Taggart. Lloyd was in Cowley over the 24th of July and went over to the old home and shop. He would like to restore the shop as he remembered it when watching his Grandfather work there among the "curls of aromatic" wood. A collector of tools, Lloyd has his Grandfather's tool chest and a few of his tools. He also spoke of his Grandmother's admonition: "Always remember who you are."

Cleone Frost Crosby also spoke fondly of these Grandparents. "Oh, Grandfather was such a nice man! As a little girl I sat on his lap and brushed his bald head with a wire brush until my arms ached. I loved him so much. He was a wonderfully talented man.

He was the leader of the first band in Cowley and could play almost any instrument. He made guitars and violins. Grandmother always said: 'Keep your chin up, you haven't a thing to be ashamed of!' She got my chin up so high people thought I was pretty cocky, but I had to listen as you always did what Grandmother told you to do. My Grandparents were beloved by everyone in the Big Horn Basin. They were original pioneers in the Basin."

Edis Taggart spoke of his Father, Frederick, the youngest of George Washington Taggart's children. In sketching his Father's life, Edis stressed the close ties and camaraderie among him and his brothers and sisters in Lewiston (James, Marcus, Julia, Alice). Edis reported that there are 224 members in his Father's Family and that they have given a combined total of 84 years in missionary service. The final talk was by Spencer L. Taggart who spoke briefly about our Forebears and the Family Newsletter.

As is customary and expected at a Taggart Reunion, the music was outstanding. George Frost and his daughter LuAnn Campbell, with daughter Karlyn Brett at the piano, sang "Oh Divine Redeemer" and "To Thee, O Lord," -- words and music to the latter by Thomas George Brett and piano accompaniment arranged by his mother Karlyn. She also played a piano solo. Sharon Olson and Sandra Larson with Robert Taggart Christensen at the piano sang "A Family is Forever" and "I'm Glad I'm One of You," -- words to the latter by Sharon and Sandra. Norean Bright Boyce with Marva Bright Karren at the piano sang "Those Songs My Mother Used to Sing" and "God Bless America." Norean invited all to join in the chorus of the latter -- sounded like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Norean was 9 and Marva 12 when they sang a duet at the first George Washington Taggart Reunion in 1914. We finished with that charming and talented duo Rulon and June Crosby playing a medley of country music on the guitar and violin.

Paul L. Taggart was named chairman of the next George Washington Taggart Reunion which will be held in Logan, Utah, the 1st Saturday in August, 1984. He is pleased to announce this Reunion will be held in the Taggart Student Center on the campus of Utah State University. It will overlap with the University's national-award winning Festival of the West. More detailed information will be provided later.

Renold L. Taggart, the youngest and only living son of Henry Milton and Mary Laird Taggart, celebrated his seventy-third birthday at the Reunion in Ogden. Sharing him with us were his wife Luana and several members of their Family as well as his sister and her husband, LaVella and Wally Burt.

Jay B. Taggart on October 1, 1982 became the Superintendent of the Weber School District, the position he had held the past seven years in the Morgan School District. The Ogden Standard-Examiner (Sept. 25, 1982) characterized Jay's new assignment as "the frosting on an-already successful career in education."

IN MEMORIUM

Ray H. Taggart (James H. - George Henry), husband of Lavon Pickett (deceased), born November 19, 1903 in Morgan, Utah -- Died April 12, 1982 Ogden, Utah.

James Wallace Johnson, husband of Lela Mary Goodrich (Byron-Eliza Ann), born May 6, 1907 in Cleveland, Utah --Died May 4, 1982 Providence, Utah.

Terry Lavelle Crapo, husband of Valeria Hatch (Beulah-James), born July 2, 1939 in Idaho Falls, Idaho -- Died September 1, 1982 -- Salt Lake City, Utah.

Alice Nida Allen Taggart, wife of Scott Taggart Sr (George Henry), born August 11, 1897 in Coalville, Utah -- Died Sept. 4, 1982 Salt Lake City, Utah.

"To Thee, O Lord"

Words and music by Thomas G. Brett

To Thee -- my heart given to bind me forever.
 For Thee -- my Soul -- To work Thy Righteousness,
 Oh -- my Lord.
 My Song -- of Love -- Heralds its voice throughout
 ages.
 The words -- that I will serve Thee -- makes ready
 paths to -- Eternal Life -- with Thee.

TAGGARTS IN THE SETTLEMENT OF THE BIG HORN BASIN, WYOMING

By Scott Taggart Sr

(This is the second installment of Scott's reminiscence of his Parents George Henry and Jessie McNiven Taggart and his brothers and sisters and the part they played in the settlement of the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming.)

There was a job to be done and this is the way they tackled it. On May 28, 1900 at 11:20 AM about two hundred people gathered at a point some distance from what was to become the head of the canal. As there were no seats they stood while this program was presented: congregational singing "Come, Come Ye Saints" and "Hark, Listen to the Trumpeters! They sound for volunteers. On Zion's bright and flowery mount Behold the officers. We want no cowards in our bands who will our colors fly. We call for valiant hearted men who're not afraid to die." Dedication of the canal and the lands under it. Elder Abraham Owen Woodruff outlined the great task that was before them.

"The canal will be 37 miles long and must be large enough to carry the water to irrigate from twelve to fifteen thousand acres of land. The work has not begun, but it will start tomorrow at the head, some distance from where we are holding this meeting. It will take a united effort to perform this gigantic task for we are few in number. I urge you to keep the Word of

Wisdom, pay your tithes and offerings. Do not profane the name of Diety. Be honest with all men, Honor the Sabbath Day and if you do these things this will be a land of Zion unto you and your children and children's children throughout the generations that are to come. And that you may be united, I now, as an Apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ, call each and every one of you upon a mission to help build up this country, and if you will do this, the Lord will bless you forever."

The workers were organized into gangs under supervisors and it was agreed that regardless of the nature of the work done all would receive the same salary: \$4.00 a day for man and team, and \$2.25 a day for a man only. Payment would be in stock in the canal company, bought and paid for in labor. Father was charged with the construction of the flumes and head gates. The camp would be moved along as the work progressed and four or five teams and wagons were kept constantly on the road between camp Bridger, delivering the equipment previously ordered, oats for the horses and supplies for the commissary, a general store under the management of Brother Welch. Personal charge accounts had already accumulated in an amount of more than \$4,000.00.

The leaders were fully aware of their financial difficulties and of the absolute necessity of completing the canal, and appear to have had pretty good ideas as to where to go for help. No, not to the Government. Their supplications to God were not in vain, for in the fall of 1900 the C. B. & Q. (Chicago, Burlington and Quincy) railroad company representative and engineer visited the community and offered them a job building a part of the grade for an extension of their lines into Wyoming. Contracts were set and a number of men and teams were withdrawn from canal work to the building of about twenty-three miles of grade. It was estimated that the income from this work would be about \$80,000.00. Wages here would be half in cash and half in canal stock, and when the job was finished the total returns amounted to \$90,000.00.

In addition to those who lived in the camps along the canal and railroad, there was a camp for others on Sage Creek, a short distance south of where the town of Cowley stands. It was to this tent-camp on Sage Creek that Mother, daughter Jessie and we smaller children would go, and I suppose other women and children, who came out by train during the summer, traveling north from Utah to Butte, Montana, thence east to near Billings and south to the end of the line at Bridger. Father met us in his late model John Deere wagon. I remember his lifting me out of the train window. As Jessie was ill, he made a bed in the wagon for her and mother, while the rest of us slept on the ground. It was here and during the next day that the tears could no longer be stayed. Before we would reach our haven, such as it was, we had to make an uncomfortable forty-mile drive through desolate, unpeopled country to a tent-camp on Sage Creek. To this day tears come to my eyes when I think of my Mother leaving her comfortable home in Morgan to start all over again under such primitive circumstances.

I remember the kids already there pulling the flaps of our tent back, curious to see the new arrivals, and Sunday School the next morning in the largest tent in the camp. We subsequently moved our tents to the left bank of the river just above where the bridge now is. We had two tents, one with a board floor and boarded up to a height of about four feet. Once a rattle snake slithered into the main tent and one of our faithful hens chose to lay her eggs on the bed. Our pesky rooster would crow us all awake much too early in the morning.

There were some berries and wild currents out of which Mother made jam and jelly, and mushrooms were to be had. It was here that I, dressed in my bib overalls, was baptized in the river, the "Stinkin River" to the Indians because of the odor from the mineral water springs near Cody. And it was here that the camp experienced an epidemic of small pox. Seven of our family were stricken, but only one seriously, Pauline, and we all survived. We were hindered from swimming for a time, but fishing was good and we caught good sized trout and white fish. Once I caught an eel about two and a half feet long. Yes, I skinned it and mother cooked and served its delicious white meat.

A number of men were called off the railroad job because they were urgently needed to help build some houses on the town-site before winter. Mark Partridge in his "With Book and Plow," has it that seventeen log houses had been built on the Cowley town-site in 1900, and a hundred and seventeen by 1905. The town was laid out in blocks of five acres and divided into four lots. Families drew for their lots, as well as for the farms, and Father drew his right in the center of the community, with Jesse W. Crosby, Niels Mortensen and Joe Meeks sharing the block with us. Father drew two eighty acre farms, one just southeast of the town, and other east of town, an area called Copenhagen because of the Adzheads who came from Denmark. All of the early homes were built of rough logs, but ours was different from most of the others because Father and Jack squared the inside and outside of the logs with an adz. Our first two rooms were among the first log houses built and we later added a third room built of sawed logs from the Schow mill. It could have been finished as early as 1903 or 1904. I know we were using that third room as early as 1905 as a combination "parlor" and bed room. We had a wooden floor. In the center of the block we and our neighbors built our corrals and outbuildings --stables, granery and in some cases an ice house, in which each winter we would stash away large blocks of ice packed in saw dust when available or in chips and bark from the woodpile or straw. Father later built a large cistern lined with concrete which we filled with ice each winter and from which we could pump ice water during the summer.

Our three rooms were not enough to provide sleeping space for all of us so we had a couple of beds in the granery. On the bitter cold winter nights we would unlace our shoes, unbutton our shirts in the house, then make a run for it to the granery and those home-made quilts and heavy blankets.

It would be June 1902 before the canal was finished and water would fill the ditches that were made on both sides of the north-south streets. In the meantime we would load four or five large barrels into a wagon, drive out into the river and dip them full, fasten a canvas cover over them with a barrel hoop, drive back to town and drop one barrel off in front of each participating family. Only during the summer would we forego our Saturday night baths in a wash tub, for then we would go swimming in the river.

Sister Black, our first school teacher wrote this in her story of those early days: "My, this home was grand to me, walls to keep off storms, a place to hang things, a rug from our Utah home for the floor, a cupboard on the wall, a frame for the bed springs. My cook stove kept it warm.Home!"

On May 26, 1901, just one year after the arrival of the settlers, Elder Woodruff had organized the Big Horn Stake in a conference held in a bowery built on the bank of the river. Byron Sessions was sustained as Stake President, with Jesse W. Crosby and Charles A. Welch as counselors, and J.M. Grant as Stake clerk. Father was a member of the High Council for several years. The previously organized branch became the Cowley ward on July 19, 1901, with William C. Partridge as our first Bishop. He was a grandson of the first presiding bishop of the Church. Later when the ward was completely organized he was given as counselors Lemuel J. Willis and John S. Carlton. Burlington was made a ward and Uncle Jim McNiven was made bishop, an office he held for about twenty years. He was known as the swearing bishop; not profane, mind you, but damn and hell were quite frequently used.

He and Aunt Lydia were among the most hospitable people in the world and they were proud to have on occasion one of the general authorities of the Church as their guest, including on one occasion George Albert Smith to whom Uncle Jim presented a ten gallon can of honey. I can't imagine a greater brother-sister love than existed between my Mother and her brother Jim. He regularly drove his team the forty odd miles from Burlington to the stake conferences held in Cowley, Lovell or Byron. They would always bring some of Aunt Lydia's delicious butter and a bag of peppermint candy for us kids. We called them conference drops. Conference visitors didn't sleep when he was called upon to speak.

Our stake conferences were held in Byron, Cowley or Lovell, and since there were no hotels the visitors from other communities were made welcome in the homes of the local members. We children would wait for the second setting of the table, and how well I remember watching fearfully and wondering if there would be any pie left for me.

We gradually settled into something approaching a normal way of life, doing the things that needed to be done. Our first concern as we moved from our tent camps to our log homes was to provide a meeting place for church services and other public needs and to get our children into school. There was no thought at first of building a school house, but to use whatever was available. That happened to be a one room rough log house built by W. W. Willis, but soon vacated by him and his family when they moved into the Lovell area. It was furnished with a long home-made table, on both sides of which was a bench made of slabs, the sawed side up. Mrs. Black was the first teacher. She had taught in Utah and on the basis of her Utah teacher's certificate she was provided with one in Wyoming. As many books as possible were gathered from the homes, a roll book was retrieved from the Eagles Nest school which was closed when the people moved away. Gilbert Marchant made a black board and many of the twenty-eight pupils used slates. Mrs. Black was "paid enough to pay a girl for looking after her children and other considerations." School was moved then to a larger house and finally into the church.

(To be continued)

LYNN TAGGART BRIGHT

By Spencer L. Taggart

(Son of Alice Janette Taggart and Wesley Bright.)

Each of us walks a separate path through life. Blessed indeed is the person who has a loving and devoted companion to accompany, to sustain, and to encourage along the way. Lynn has not always been thus blessed. He has had wearisome and lonely times but he has stayed on course steadfast ahead.

After a late first marriage, five children, and a divorce, Lynn refused the advice of family members and friends to place his children (two boys and three girls ages five to fourteen) in foster homes. Choosing instead to be both father and mother, Lynn earned a living and maintained a home for them, keeping them together and meanwhile guiding and gently nudging them to maturity and self-sufficiency. Four are now married and have blessed him with seven grandchildren.

Central to Lynn's life has been his gift of music and faith which he has from both his father and mother. One cannot imagine Lynn without his trombone, which he taught himself to play when in the 4th grade. Lynn's music, trombone playing, and self-taught piano have been his livelihood and artistic sustenance. Giving lessons and playing at dances earned his way to a Masters' in music at the University of Utah. Thirty years of Music and Band Director in Utah's public schools found Lynn retired and in a less demanding job with Summerhay's Music Company. Promise of another job brought him back to his native Cache Valley. Although seventy-two this last June 19th, Lynn is Director of the Cache Community Band which gives freely of its time in presenting concerts. He also plays his trombone in a fourteen-piece dance band two nights each week.

Through the years Lynn has been faithful to his Church. He has been choir director in every ward he has lived, and has held several positions at the stake level. He has also served two years as a stake missionary in Ogden. At present he is organist for the priesthood and is a high priest in the Smithfield (Utah) Fourth Ward. But nowhere was his Church affiliation more dear to him than during his World War II years in the Army. He read the Bible from cover to cover and was known in jest as the Biblical maniac. The Book of Mormon was his constant companion and he received great strength and courage from it. Crossing the Atlantic on a troopship in April 1945, he had a personal witness that everything would be alright. He was awakened one night with the explosion of three depth charges, which he later learned had accounted for a German U-boat lurking in the ship's wake three days.

Following the Battle of the Bulge, Lynn and all Special Services men were screened for six weeks intensive warfare training and eventual overseas combat duty. Having earned his stripes as a buck sergeant for being first-chair in both the concert and dance bands at an Army Air Force base, it was a new and disquieting experience for him to be in charge of a squad of men. Going into battle as an individual didn't seem quite so bad as being responsible for others when he had had so little training.

Landing at Liverpool, Lynn and his buddies were loaded on a trooptrain for Southampton. Here they loaded onto a British troopship for Le Havre. Breakfast was beans with no seasoning -- in marked contrast to food in the U. S. Army. Le Havre reminded of the forebodings of war with its protruding masts and sunken ships and demolished and shell-pock-marked buildings. Travel in France to the front was in box cars, with sardine-packed troops attempting sleep with heads to the outside and feet to the center.

After a night at the first rest camp, Lynn with a few others found themselves on artillery tanks headed for Nuremberg in Germany. Here the Field Artillery was taking care of a prisoner of war camp. During the seventeen days of fighting that remained, Lynn stood sergeant of the guard a few times. But more importantly, the artillery battalions being in need of entertainment, Lynn was sent into the Hungarian prison compound with orders to come out with an entertainment group. Unable to speak Hungarian and with the prisoners lined up before him, Lynn asked if anyone spoke English. A captain stepped forward who spoke perfect English. In about ten minutes eight Hungarians followed Lynn out of the compound -- three violinists, a pianist, an accordionist, a drummer, a guitarist, and the captain who played the clarinet and saxophone. They played Viennese and Gypsy waltzes with great finesse. Lynn and the Hungarians became good friends but none were interested in his accounts of the Gospel as they had come from strong Catholic backgrounds.

When Lynn was transferred to South Germany, he was allowed to take his Hungarians. In the Bavarian Alps about twenty miles from Munich, at another prisoner of war camp, he was given custody of a German group of musicians who were playing American swing music. They were all from Vienna and had been forced into the war and didn't like it any better than the Americans.

From here Lynn was able to make periodic trips to Munich where he listened to the Munich Symphony Orchestra rehearse and attended meetings with other L. D. S. servicemen. At the U.S.O. he met Elsa Rindt who told him how impressed she had been with the Mormons and inquired as to the word's meaning. She was well-educated with fluency in five languages, including English. She wanted to know if Lynn had any literature. He was able to give her several missionary tracts which he had carried for more than three years. He also gave her the Book of Mormon. After Lynn's transfer to France for shipment home, he heard from Elsa: "She was so happy. She had been baptized . . . She thanked me for bringing the Gospel message to her. I have always felt that this was my mission to Europe. It was reported to me later by President Sonne and other missionaries . . . that she became a strong influence in the Church and brought quite a number of people into it."

During his senior-citizen years, Lynn despite serious medical problems -- an earlier heart attack and a continuing fight against cancer -- has come to a full measure of faith and happiness. "One can get help from somewhere else if he seeks it," he testified. On January 20, 1979, he married Beth McCann Lamb, a former high school classmate and friend. In sharing their love and companionship, they have renewed themselves and rejoiced in grandparenting their combined families.

TWO GENERATIONS OF TAGGART VIOLINS

The First. By Jessie Holt Grimmer
(Daughter of Mary Janette Taggart and Jess Holt.)

The violin (undated) in my possession was made by George Washington Taggart. Grandpa (George Seaman Taggart) always said if one of his children, grandchildren, or great grandchildren learned to play "a tune" on a violin he or she could have it. As my daughter Kerrie learned to play, we inherited it.

This violin was given to Grandpa by his father Charles Wallace Taggart, and it was always one of Grandpa's most treasured possessions. This violin always played a very important part in our lives. Grandpa used to play and we would all sing whenever any of us got together. We were allowed to look at and gently touch it, but were never allowed to play with it. Grandpa played it until a few years before his death.

In 1901 while Grandpa and his family were moving from Utah to a farm near Aberdeen, Idaho, they were crossing the Snake River near the Fort Hall Indian Reservation when one of the wagons tipped, resulting in most of the contents being lost and the horses being drowned. The violin floated about a half mile down stream where it became lodged in a few bushes and was later recovered with no damage to it. It is still in good condition but the wood needs to be re-conditioned, but I am reluctant to trust it to just anyone. We feel very lucky to have such an important part of all our heritage in our family and will treasure it always.

The Second. By Norma Christensen Taggart

Because of the interest shown at the recent Taggart Family Reunion in Ogden, I would like to relate the story of the violin that George Henry Taggart made in 1890. That was the year my husband Bruce was born. Father Taggart told his wife Jessie that the violin was to be given to Bruce in commemoration of his birth. Bruce grew up knowing this and was always extremely proud of it. Bruce frequently related the story and circumstances of its gift. I particularly recall one such incident which took place at Mother and Father Taggart's home in Cowley, Wyoming, shortly after my marriage to Bruce. Asking his Mother the whereabouts of his violin, she brought it to him. Bruce proudly showed it to me and related the story of its being given to him. Father Taggart added a few remarks about how he had constructed it and marked the "1890" on the inside.

Many years later, after Mother Taggart's death, Bruce came home to Salt Lake City from Cowley and showed me the violin and a gun Father Taggart had made out of the wood of an old wagon tongue, saying: "Here's my inheritance." The violin is owned at present by Charles Bruce Taggart, the only son Bruce and I had. He plays it and with his family attaches great love and respect to this priceless heirloom. My entire family has always felt deep feelings of love and regard for this violin. They admire it as an example of George Henry Taggart's fine craftsmanship and very special talent. They prize this violin even more knowing the very special circumstances of its gift to their Father. Believe me, it is owned by an appreciative and caring Grandson!

MOTHER'S HANDS

By Athlene M. Allred

(About her Mother Rhoda Lucinda Taggart, wife of Samuel Mills and daughter of Charles Wallace and Mary Susannah Seaman Taggart)

Far from elegant, mother's hands could be rather simply summed up in a detached word or two such as 'useful,' 'utilitarian,' 'adequate.' And they were all of these. But there was more, much more.

Rather wide of palm, the fingers neither tapered into slender, manicured tips, nor did they move with particular grace. Yet, to me, Mother's hands bespoke all the lady-like qualities of a queen.

Watching them swish the sudsy water in the dishpan, douse the clothes in the rinse water, hold the handle of the pump, hang the snowy clothes on the line, change the baby and pat the little powdered bottom, massage the udder of a sick cow, tug at the lines of a team of horses, or gently stroke the fevered brow of a little child, no one would ever think to question their purpose.

Leading the singing in church, playing for the absent organist, accompanying a soloist, directing an operetta, the music of her soul seemed to flow from her finger tips as if she were wedded to the piano or baton.

I watched with interest as she demonstrated how we girls should gently but firmly push back the cuticle while the skin was still soft (after washing the dishes or taking a bath) so that the half moons would show. And she hoped we would always remember to pinch the tips often so the fingernails would have a better chance to shape up nicely. Then, the lesson and demonstration completed, her hands would resume some busy task and gradually, the cuticle would grow up over the half moons, a split nail would snag her only good pair of silk stockings, and a hang-nail would bleed as it tore backward at an unexpected moment.

Occasionally some unforeseen accident would bend a nail backward, breaking it off at 'the quick,' and Mother would gasp with pain, trim the sharp corners, perhaps bandage it for an hour or two, but because the life of a farm mother does not allow time out for illness, much less a bent fingernail, she went on about her daily tasks, favoring the sore finger for a few days, but never fussing over it.

I remember her hands best in the fine things she did--sketching a pink and white clown on a piece of brown wrapping paper, transposing music for Seaman's trombone, the fine black notes forming evenly under the pen strokes, smoothing and fitting the paper pattern she had made over the pieces of gray wool (ripped apart, hand-washed, and steam-pressed) to judge how best to cut it to avoid the worn parts. I recall the extra caress she seemed to have for brand-new material as she examined the texture, the weave, the filler, the weight. How carefully she laid a batt on the quilt! How gently she separated the fluffy wool and patted it here and there.

She had a certain way of pinning things just right, a certain way of holding the needle, a certain way of going in and out in even, tiny stitches. Then, when the needle was 'full,' she pushed it through with her mother's silver thimble -- sometimes wincing if the needle's eye happened to go through the infinitesimal hole worn by Grandma over the years.

And I guess, of all the things mother did with her hands, I remember the sewing best. Late at night after the family was in bed, mother's hands flew in and out, in and out, as her feet peddled up and down, up and down, with incessant stitching for her growing family of seven girls and two boys. Costumes, prom dresses, winter coats, summer hats, knee pants for our darling baby brother, buttonholes --oh, what masterful buttonholes! I used to dream of being able to make them as fine as mother, but I never could.

Waking up at night and seeing the kitchen light still on, I would creep up behind her to watch some beautiful thing take shape. Sometimes her head was bent over a piece of work, but other times it had dropped onto her arms as she stopped "for just a minute to rest," and I was a bit remorseful that I had awakened her with a soft kiss, for she was so tired! Even knowing that, I could not resist that small way of saying "I love you, Mother."

It was then, in her moment of solitude that I remember her thimble finger best. With right arm crossed over left arm, head resting and at ease, eyes closed to steal a quiet moment from the hub-bub of the day, it was then, when the ever-present thimble was on the third finger ready to resume its work upon the moment of awakening, that I remember Mama.

Near the end of the day, and especially as she grew older, the veins on her hands stood out more and more, often reminding me of Grandma Taggart's. I pondered this often, for Grandma was old, old, old!

In 1941 I stood by the casket, gazing at her, elegant in the robes of the temple. So quiet and still, so free from the agonizing pain and distress, her rich, beautiful, useful, and all-too-short life had been drawn to a close by the soft entrance into the 'other' room. It was there, in the old semi-shabby front room in Brigham City, that my eye rested on the right hand lying quietly over the left, and I was a little girl again watching the dainty, even stitches of childhood pass by.

I saw the third finger of her right hand, encased in Grandma's silver thimble, hurrying to finish the hem of a coat, basting the collars and cuffs on a dress, sewing on a lost button, turning the fine edge of a linen handkerchief, tailor-tacking, quilting, embroidering tiny rosebuds, tailoring buttonholes, gathering lace, threading elastic, shaping a jabot, piping, trimming, letting down or taking up trousers, and love, appreciation, gratitude welled strong within me.

Now I see my own --my Taggart hands -- and only hope they will have served as well and usefully as my own dear mother's dedicated, loving, talented hands have done!

MORMON BATTALION TRAIL MARKER DEDICATION

By F. Farel Tibbitts

(Grandson of Wesley and Alice Taggart Bright (deceased) and son of Floyd Tibbitts (deceased) and Marva Bright Tibbitts Karren, Farel is a successful insurance executive who has held several positions in the Church, his latest being patriarch of the Wichita Stake.

By way of background, the 500 men in the Mormon Battalion were assembled in 1846 at Fort Leavenworth in response to a call from President Polk to join the Army of the West as the United States was at war with Mexico. The Battalion members, among them George Washington Taggart, were to march from Fort Leavenworth to California to assist in securing the western territories for the United States.)

On September 18, 1981 the L.D.S. Church with the Kansas State Historical Society placed a marker at Fort Leavenworth as a tribute to the Mormon Battalion. The three to four hundred people attending were mainly from the Independence, Liberty, Kansas City, Missouri, and Wichita Stakes. Elder David B. Haight of the quorum of the Twelve presided and gave the dedicatory prayer. Regional Representative Martell A. Balnap conducted and the Liberty Stake Choir provided the music. Lieutenant General Howard E. Stone, Commander of Fort Leavenworth, paid tribute to the Mormon Battalion for their exemplary service to their Country and to the many L.D.S. men he had served with in the U.S. Army. Stephen M. Studdard, a Church member serving as special assistant to President Reagan, read a message from the President which expressed appreciation for the great service of the Mormon Battalion and the early Mormons in colonizing and settling the West.

Jerry Jacobs of the Wichita Stake, a former bishop and high councilman, active in public relations for the Church in the Wichita area, was largely responsible for bringing about this commemorative occasion. He is working on having the Mormon Battalion's trail marked through Kansas. Having knowledge of George Washington Taggart's diary of the Battalion's march, he invited me as a representative of the Taggart Family to present a copy at a special luncheon following the dedicatory program. It was my privilege to present Spencer L. Taggart's transcript of it. I feel very grateful for having had the opportunity of presenting copies to both the Kansas State Historical Society and the Leavenworth Historical Library -- where it has become a part of the official record. I was particularly pleased to attend, I was proud to represent my Great Grandfather and the Taggart Family, and I am especially grateful to be a member of the Church.

HAPPENINGS

Taggart Street, Las Vegas. Douglas Ray and Julia (Judy) Taggart Lewis Pike purchased some property for an investment on YUCCA Street, Las Vegas, Nevada. Not being particularly fond of YUCCA, they applied to the Clark County Planning Commission for a change of the street's name to either ENSIGN or TAGGART St., the maiden names of Judy's grandmothers. At a public hearing before the Commission on November 5, 1981, with little discussion and perhaps an understanding display of amusement YUCCA was renamed TAGGART Street. Judy, a granddaughter of Julia Taggart Lewis, is a legal secretary. Douglas, her husband, is an attorney. Next time you visit Las Vegas be sure to drive down Taggart Street, lovingly named in honor of our Family.

R. Parry and Paulene (Norean-Alice) Greenwood have been released from their New York City Mission where Parry was Director of the Mormon's Visitors Center (Volume II, Number 1, pp 12-123). Parry, a retired Air Force Brigadier General, is now President of the South Dakota Rapid City Mission. Paulene and Parry report finding Family relatives Dixie and Briant Davis in Rapid City. Dixie is a G Granddaughter of Julia Taggart Lewis and president of her ward's Relief Society; Briant a teacher at the College of Mines and a former Stake president.

Julie Little Taggart was featured in the L.D.S. Church News (Week Ending May 1, 1982) as one of eleven L.D.S. women representing their states at the 1982 American Mothers Inc. National Convention. Julie, Mother of the year for Nevada, and Lloyd M. "Tag" Taggart (Lloyd W.-Lloyd-George Henry) are the parents of six children and live in the Las Vegas 27th Ward. Julie is an early-morning seminary teacher and Sunday School teacher. Tag is running for Lieutenant Governor of Nevada along with Governor List who is seeking re-election. Tag is president of Taggart Trust, a firm that acquires and places art works.

Richard Taggart (Milton "Milt"-Henry Milton) and George Welch (Mary Whitney-Nettie-George Henry) are President and Director respectively of the Salt Lake Symphonic Choir. The 120-voice choir completed a successful tour April 10-26th this year through the midwest and south to Florida. They presented 14 concerts and travelled 6,900 miles. Richard reports their group is the only non-professional choir that travels the concert circuit. Their repertoire is wide-ranging -- from classical to modern. The Choir began in 1949 as a South High School (Salt Lake City) alumni chorus.

Note from Neita (Oneta) Lewis Van Noy (Julia). "We all love the Gospel and are active in the Church. I just recently retired from working in the Temple (Oakland, CA), having served in it with my dear Herb (deceased) since its opening. Our daughter Joyce's husband E. S. Hilton is our Temple Recorder. My son Don with his wife Eddie and family of five are now back in California. Their son Layne is home from a mission in the Philippines and daughter Vicki was just married to Brother Mark Kidd..... Thad is at the Stake Center, his wife Beryl in genealogy, Joyce and I working in the Relief Society. I am still in music. I am blessed with 11 grandchildren and 23 great grandchildren."

Jess L. Christensen (Ruby-Stella-Noah Albert) is the Director of the L.D.S. Institute at Utah State University.

Missionaries

Roy and Ruby (Stella-Noah Albert) Christensen have filled two missions in the last three years -- 18 months in the Columbus Ohio Mission and 6 months in the Baton Rouge Louisiana Mission.

Chris Langeveld (Jayne-Ruby-Stella-Noah Albert) is serving in the Chile Concepcion Mission.

Valeria Taggart (James) Pond has four grandsons in the mission field--Derle H. Pond, Bristol-England Mission; Troy Pond, New Zealand Mission; Michael Pond, Melbourne Australia Mission (Mike will proselyte in the Greek language); Gregory M. Pond, Micronesia Guam Mission. The proud Pond parents are Delwin and Kathryn, James and LuDean, Martin and Jeanine. Valeria, her three sons, and daughter-in-law Jeanine have also filled missions.

Ruston J. Bayles (Velma-James) has a received a call to the New Zealand Auckland Mission. He will be assigned to the island of Roratomga where he will proselyte in the Maori language. His mother Sandra is a ten-year member of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir; his father Jim an attorney in Salt Lake City.

Marriages

Teresa Lynn Call to David John Crapo (Valeria-Beulah-James)
-- June 25, 1982 -- Idaho Falls Temple

Eileen Taggart (Spencer-James) to Jeffery Lynch Robinson
-- April 16, 1982 -- Provo, Utah. Eileen and Jeff met at BYU and both received their Master of Library Science degrees at that University's August Commencement.

New Members

Mark (Hazen-Alice) and Clides Bright, son Allen Delbert,
August 27, 1982.
Jay Dee and Adelle (Spencer-James) Karren, son Spencer Jay,
April 7, 1982.
Blaine and Pat (Beulah-James) Nelson, dau Rebecca Lynne,
April 9, 1982.
Richard A. and Cheryl (Paul-Frederick) Van Wagoner, a baby
girl, October 15, 1982.

I'M GLAD I'M ONE OF YOU

Music - I Enjoy Being a Girl

Words by Sharon Olson and Sandra Larson

I'm a Taggart and by me that's only Great,
I am proud that I'm here at this reunion,
With my family, friends and relatives this day.
We are thankful for the Heritage we claim!

When we get our clans together
With our talents and stories new,
We learn more about each other.
I am glad I'm one of you.

When George Washington Taggart came here
He had plans for his future too.
He lived as a righteous man should,
He was paving the way here for you.

He marched in the Mormon Battalion.
He cheered up the troops with his flute,
He built the first flour mill in Morgan,
And he did it all with 16 kids to boot!

Someday when I get to meet him,
I'll shake hands with him and I'll say,
"George Washington Taggart, THANK YOU!
You're our leader; we're your troops,
Yes, we are glad we're with you!"