



GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART FAMILY

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The Cover. Ruey Taggart Hyde, daughter of Frederick and Eulalie Taggart, did our cover. Without formal training in art, her talent is an inborn gift. She and Amasa are in the 53rd year of their marriage. She is 76, and he will be 90 in September. They have eight children (five by Amasa's first wife), 32 grandchildren, and 36 great grandchildren. They have earned their living in farming, dairying, and ranching. "I'm just a homemaker," Ruey remarked. "I haven't done anything." They have held various positions in the Church and during the past fourteen years have done sealings in the Logan Temple.

GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART FAMILY REUNION

Saturday - August 7, 1982 - 11:00 A.M.

34th Ward Church House

37th Street and Van Buren Avenue
Ogden, Utah

Bring your own lunch and eating utensils - Beverage and Dessert will be available.

An excellent program is being prepared. Bring genealogical and historical materials for family sharing. Send any pictures that can be copied and displayed to the Reunion Chairman who will take the responsibility for them and see that they are returned.

This will be the twentieth GWT Family Reunion! We invite all to attend this most important Family Gathering. It is our opportunity to become acquainted with each other.

The First George Washington Taggart Family Reunion

by Spencer L. Taggart

(We are most grateful to Aunt Eulalie Leavitt Taggart, deceased, for her Minutes of this Reunion.)

Held in Lewiston, Utah, over a two-day period, October 12-13, 1914, this first reunion was packed with activities - two meetings, an impromptu afternoon program, sumptuous meals, and a grand ball in the evening in the Town's Opera House, to which many friends of the Family were invited. According to the Logan Journal (Thursday, October 15, 1914, Vol. XXXVI, No. 46, p. 4), it was "the largest social event that has taken place here for some time".

Meeting in the red brick Relief Society House, James Taggart, Chairman, welcomed the gathering of about one hundred (per the Journal) relatives and friends, as well as set the theme for the occasion by reviewing the main events in his Father's life. Charles Wallace Taggart, Sr. also spoke about his Father in a very personal way - the successes he had achieved and the hard times he had experienced. President William Waddoups and President Brigham A. Hendricks, prominent Church and civic leaders, spoke of their love and friendship for the family as well as of the importance of occasions such as this, and of the need of those present to emulate the teachings and example of George Washington Taggart.

As is customary in any Taggart gathering, music is given a high priority on the program. This illustrious gathering was no exception. They began by singing "We Thank Thee O God For A Prophet", and following Uncle Charlie's prayer, continued with "The Spirit of God Like A Fire Is Burning" - both hymns reminiscent of the Family's deep-rooted Mormon Faith. Uncle John Wesley Bright rendered a vocal solo; his two daughters, Marva and Norean, a vocal duet; Ethelyn and Melba, daughters of Marcus Taggart, a vocal duet accompanied on the flute by their brother, Lindsay; Blanche Taggart, daughter of James, a recitation; benediction by Joseph W. Leavitt.

The afternoon impromptu, according to the Journal, included a song by Uncle Charlie, a talk by Uncle Wesley Bright, stories by Horace Heiner and Leland Heiner, comic song by Charles Wallace Taggart Jr., song by Uncle Fred Taggart, violin solo by Albert Taggart Jr., talk by John Eskelson, and congregational singing "Hail to the Man".

Twenty-four members of the Family met the next day in the home of Julia Taggart Lewis. Uncle Charlie serving as Chairman, George Henry Taggart was elected President of the Taggart Family Organization; Charles Wallace Taggart Sr., Vice President, Frederick Taggart, Secretary and Treasurer; Eulalie Leavitt Taggart, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer and Genealogical Recorder.

Henry Milton Taggart was elected to ascertain what Temple work had been done and to collect all possible genealogical records. These Family members were elected to serve as corresponding secretaries in the different areas: George Henry to select his own for the Big Horn, Sarah Maria Kingston Taggart for Star Valley, Susannah Taggart Barlow for Black Pine, George A. Taggart for Morgan, Harriet Taggart Goodrich for the Vernal members, Charles Wallace Taggart Jr. for Ogden and Salt Lake City. These representatives were requested to collect the genealogy of the different families and to send it to the secretary.

Each family was assessed fifty cents for a record book and genealogical expenses. A total of \$4.50 was collected. The group also voted to send absent Family members copies of the Minutes in order to inform them of the Family organization that had been established and of the "good feeling" that had prevailed at the Reunion.

Unhappily, a list was not made of all who attended. The Journal did report, however, the attendance of these members in addition to those already mentioned:

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. (Clarissa Taggart) Parkinson and daughter Alice of Logan; Dr. George Parkinson of Preston, Mrs. Jane Heiner of Morgan, Mrs. Leona Johnson of Logan, Mrs. Hazel McAlister of Logan, Mrs. Dollie Lewis and her mother, Mrs. Isaac Smith, and Leora Worley of Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Collett of Smithfield

The First Reunion -- A Reminiscence

By Marva Bright Tibbits Karren

(Marva has four children, 20 grandchildren, and 18 great grandchildren. She was a member of the Utah State University staff for fourteen years. She has served in various capacities in the Church, including Logan Temple worker for twelve years. Throughout her life she has generously shared her talent in music on the piano and organ.)

It was during the beautiful autumn season of October 12-13, 1914 the Taggart family planned to assemble for their first family reunion at Lewiston, Utah. It was here that my mother (formerly Alice Janett Taggart), her sister Julia, and three brothers James, Mark and Fred had all established their homes.

I shall never forget the joyous anticipation of these family members as they made preparation for this happy event. We children shared with Mother in her enthusiasm by helping with washing and cleaning everything throughout the house, as we eagerly looked forward to seeing all these fine relatives we had heard so much about, while Mother cooked, baked and concocted food for the guests.

When the day arrived for their gathering, it was interesting to see such a happy group as they embraced, and greeted each other. The closeness of this family has always impressed me tremendously. The loyalty, love and consideration they have shown for each other is remarkable. There were no half brothers and sisters to them, just one big, happy family.

Some of the people who attended the reunion I remember well. Aunt Harriet Goodrich, a dear, comely, petite lady, with other members of the Goodrich family, came from Vernal.

Uncle George Taggart from Cowley, Wyoming, who stayed at our home, I could never forget. His wife Aunt Jessie was not with him; however, she had apparently expressed her desire that he dress properly for the occasion. As all were preparing to get to the reunion at the appointed time, I remember Uncle George struggling with his necktie, and finally disgustedly came into the living-room and said to Aunt Julia, "Jul, come and tie this damn rag on my neck my wife insisted I wear". He was the type of person one never forgets, and his fine family bears evidence of his stability along with that of his dear companion, Aunt Jessie.

One of their daughters came from Salt Lake City, Pauline Pingree, a very striking, well-poised lady. Her brother, George and wife came from Morgan, and another brother, James H. from Ogden.

Uncle Charlie and wife Aunt Mary with some members of their family were among those attending. Uncle Charlie always carried his violin when he came to visit. He was an old time fiddler, and I loved to hear him play those old tunes. The Taggart family loved to dance and Uncle Charlie could really stimulate a desire to swing into the rhythm of these old time dances. They were a fun-loving family.

Uncle Dick and some of his family from Smoot, Wyoming were also in attendance, as were also Uncle Henry and Aunt Mae of Salt Lake City.

All in all it was a successful, gala affair and how happy they were to be together.

I do not recall what the program consisted of, or if anything was accomplished pertaining to genealogy and record keeping, but it was the beginning of what has developed into the interest and accumulation of the records we now have, for which we are indeed grateful.

Through the years our family has enjoyed the association with these Taggart relatives. We have had wonderful times with the Uncles, Aunts, and cousins we lived in the same community with. It has also given me much pleasure to meet, and enjoy the association of other fine members of this family living in other places, as we have attended the reunions.

We have a great heritage, I am grateful to these ancestors for their integrity and example. It is my sincere desire that we will all honor their name by following their example, and living the gospel principles as they did, that they can be proud to own us as part of the great family in the hereafter.

New Item: Lloyd W. Taggart has suggested that we begin future reunions with the same hymn with which our forebears began the first reunion: "We Thank The O God For A Prophet". He suggested that we do this as a symbol of our binding love and commitment to those same high ideals and values as espoused by them.

TAGGARTS IN THE SETTLEMENT OF THE BIG HORN BASIN, WYOMING

By Scott Taggart, Sr.

(Our Family Patriarch, Scott, became 89 this year on January 18th. He and Nida have a round 100 Decendants!)

In writing about the LDS Church-sponsored colonization of a part of the Big Horn Basin in northern Wyoming, in which effort our family played an important role, I shall add to my own memory of events gleanings from the written works of Charles A. Welch, David J. Wasden, and Mark N. Partridge. I am aware of the fact that we were not the first LDS people to settle in that general area. In 1893-4 a number of LDS families, for example, had settled along the Grey Bull River, approximately 35 miles from our proposed settlement. They were not an organized group under Church sponsorship, but individuals and families seeking a place where they could improve their

economic situation. They were mostly from Ashley Valley, near Vernal, Utah - some twenty-two families from that area. Among them was my Mother's brother, James Scott McNiven and his wife Lydia. They had met failure in a previous settlement and like others were released by the Church of any obligation to stay.

These people created the town of Burlington, first referred to as Mormon Bend. In 1896 only 75 votes were cast there. It is here that we first pick up the name of Woodruff, for David P. Woodruff was one of them, young, personable, and a son of President Wilford Woodruff. The settlers accepted him as the logical leader until a Church Branch was organized. Though he did not stay there, he may have been one of the first to suggest to the Church, at least to his brother Owen, that the Basin offered attractive possibilities for successful colonization, still an important part of the Church expansion program.

In July 1899 Apostle Abraham Owen Woodruff and Joseph W. McMurrin of the First Quorum of the Seventy visited the Basin as emissaries of President Lorenzo Snow. David Wasden, in his book From Beaver to Oil, stated that their purpose was two-fold, first to complete a Church Ward organization for the people of Burlington, which they did on July 30, and second to "look over the country with a view to colonization, for the Church was looking for new locations for homes for its ever increasing membership".

It is claimed by some that William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody was the first to suggest to Wyoming's governor and secretary of state that they encourage the Mormon Church to establish a colony in the Big Horn Basin. I want to believe that, for it is certain that he was vitally interested in the development of the Basin and that he had a high regard for Brigham Young and the Mormons. He had founded the town of Cody and with others had begun the development of a very extensive agricultural area, but had failed. In early January 1900 Governor DeForest Richards and Secretary of State Fenimore Chatterton went to Salt Lake City where they held several conferences with President Snow and other Church officials. As a result the Church on January 11, 1900 filed an application with the Wyoming State Land Board for a tract of land that was embodied in a previous grant to the Cincinnati Canal Company, of which Colonel Cody was a part.

The Church was sufficiently interested to appoint Apostle Woodruff to continue his efforts, but hesitating to rely alone on his judgment, he asked others to be named to accompany him on a second visit to the Basin. The following were called to join him: Byron Sessions of Woodruff, Rich County; George Henry Taggart, John Simmons, William G. Simmons, and Charles A. Welch, all of Morgan; H. K. North of Salt Lake County; John Croft of Enterprise; Brigham L. Tippetts and William B. Graham of Bennington, Idaho; John Stevens and S. P. Sorenson of Montpelier, Idaho; Bishop N. P. Larson and a Mr. Guernsey of Thomas Fork, Bear Lake County.

Before leaving, an arrangement was made for a meeting with Colonel Cody during which he agreed to relinquish without cost certain of his water rights for which they could then apply. This is what he said: "I have secured a

permit to irrigate nearly all of the lands on the north side of the Shoshone River, from Eagles Nest to the Big Horn River, but if the Mormons want to build a canal and irrigate the land down lower on the river, I will relinquish both land and water to them, for if they will do this, I know they are the kind of people who will do what they agree to do". (Welch, History of the Big Horn Basin)

When Cody's associate, Nate Salisbury, criticized him, saying he should have got at least \$20,000 from the Mormons, Cody replied: "Now my dream will be realized, for I have thought that I should live to see this country developed into a great agricultural region and now the Mormons will fulfill my dream". Then to Salisbury: "When you die it will be said of you 'here lies Nate Salisbury, who made a million dollars in the show business and kept it. But when I die people will say 'Here lies Bill Cody who made a million dollars in the show business and distributed it among his friends.'"

Woodruff's committee held one or two meetings with the people of Burlington, much to their pleasure, for it was most encouraging to them to know that they were soon to have a colony of LDS neighbors. Their assignment completed, Apostle Woodruff et al. were taken back to Bridger and their train by Uncle Jim McNiven, Thomas Hibert and William Clark.

Welch in his book states that it was while in Bridger that Apostle Woodruff and his committee members agreed to make a positive report to President Snow and the Church officials, and being sure of the results, they placed an order with the local hardware dealer, Mr. Haskins, for a carload of plows, scrapers, crowbars, picks, shovels, etc., that would be needed by the colonists when they arrived. And these implements were there awaiting the colonists when they needed them.

Following the acceptance of the report by the Church General Authorities, an organization was effected under the state laws of Wyoming on April 9, 1900, to be known as the Big Horn Basin Colonization Company. Officers chosen were Abraham O. Woodruff, President; Byron Sessions, Vice President; Charles Kingston, Secretary; Charles A. Welch, Treasurer; Jesse W. Crosby Jr., Hyrum K. North, William B. Graham and Brigham Tippets, members of the Board. The company was incorporated with a capitalization of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, the stock being divided into ten thousand shares with a par value of ten dollars each.

Some have raised the question as to what extent the families who were to occupy that land and utilize the water were called by the Church. Wasden, cited above, points out that the Church did advertise to some extent for volunteers and that many responded. For instance, a considerable number came from the Bear Lake region in Idaho, where in addition to a general economic depression at the time, the area was plagued by a scourge of ground squirrels that resisted every effort to eradicate them. For several years it had been almost impossible to harvest a good crop. The call also drew heavily from southern Utah communities. I go along with Wasden's statement - "those who migrated to the Big Horn Basin in 1900 seriously regarded the venture as a Divine call".

Then began the gathering. Elder Woodruff, still in charge, set up camp at Hams Fork near Kemmerer, Wyoming, the last of April 1900. Those responding to the call were instructed to meet there. I clearly remember that a number of wagons had

reached Morgan, where they were joined by others, and that the local people and businessmen gave them a great sendoff as they left to travel up the Weber River to Echo, then east through Echo Canyon and to Hams Fork.

Father, with two teams and two wagons, took with him his two sons Jack (age 22), Bruce (10) and daughters Rebecca (18) and Nettie (16). At Hams Fork they were organized into companies for the trek of about 400 miles. Each company had a captain and a chaplain. Father was made captain of the Second Company, made up of people from Morgan, Parowan and Davis County. In Father's Company there were sixteen wagons, twenty-two men, six women, twenty-seven children and thirty-six horses - quite typical of the makeup of the other companies. Welch, in his book, writes this of Father's Company upon arriving at Hams Fork: "They went up on the side of the mountain and sang 'For The Strength of the Hills, We Bless Thee' and 'High on the Mountain Top.'"

All of the companies appear to have reached their final destination by the end of May, for on May 27th a special meeting was called and an ecclesiastical organization was effected. I shall not mention the names of all who were chosen for various positions, but Fred Kohler was chosen as Branch President, with Heber W. Perry and J. T. Berry as Counselors, and Joseph H. Neville as Clerk. It would be a Branch in the Woodruff Stake, headquartered in Evanston.

What now? Fewer than five hundred men, women and children living in tents and covered wagons and looking at about 20,000 acres of parched-sagebrush land. Land waiting to be wetted by water from a thirty-seven mile canal still to be dug through that thirsty soil where the average annual rainfall had been less than three inches. I quote Welch again: "Imagine, if you can, several hundred people camped like our Lamanitish friends, the Indians, with no doctor, no hospital, no shelter from the blazing sun except the tents, with no railroad, no mail service to the camp, with the hot sands for the tired feet of the workers. There were rattlesnakes and hot winds for company."

No Federal Government handouts for them! Though the Church had instructed the settlers to take enough money with them to support themselves for one year, some were without funds by the time they arrived.

(To be continued in the next Newsletter.)

* * *

VIOLET TAGGART AND ANDREW JOHN BROWN

By Mary Brown Lawyer

(Mary is the daughter of Violet and Andrew. She and her husband Harry spent most of their 46 years of marriage in California. She has worked most of her adult years, principally as secretary and accountant. Widowed in July 1980, Mary has since retired and is now in Salem, Oregon, where she manages an apartment complex and is a neighbor of her brother Bruce and his wife Fran. Mary is a proud mother and grandmother of two sons and two grandsons.)

Mother wasn't one to "blow her own horn", in fact, she talked very little about her past. Fran and Bruce installed a recorder one time hoping she would

recall some incidents for us to keep and eventually pass on to her grandchildren, but she was too self-conscious to use it. She was just as bright and aware at 88 as she was at 28, only more interesting. She kept well informed current events wise, as well as family and friends wise. All her cohorts where she lived came to her with their troubles and pains. She was a wonderful listener and the only reason anyone knew she was hurting was an occasional "ouch" interspersed in conversation when an arthritic pain struck.

Living on the riverbank in tents when the Taggart family first went to the Big Horn was a great hardship, and for Violet, diphtheria was one of the side effects. She suffered no lasting trauma, but remembered how sick she was.

She said her biggest job and the one about which she complained the most was ironing white starched shirts for all those brothers! Five of them were younger than she, you will recall.

One of her favorite stories has to do with her cooking for grandpa's construction gang. Weather was so cold that ice had to be broken before any cooking could be done. One day she had the evening meal ready, table all set, waiting for the men. A band of gypsies came into camp, sat down and insisted she serve them the meal. This she did, naturally, since there didn't seem much else she could do, then went to her canned goods and storage stock to hurriedly cook a substitute meal for the men. An experience a bit traumatic she remembered. I have thought she should have been made a partner in Taggart Construction Company - after all, men travel and work on their stomachs, they say.

She sang in the choir, and sometimes giggles were almost impossible to control when Brother Snell, in the congregation, had difficulty finding a place for his "chaw".

She played the piano for many occasions, and once again the giggles almost overwhelmed when one Sunday there was no regular organist, and the brother presiding asked Violet to come up and start "Little Drops of Water"!

She and Aunt Jessie Taggart were "best friends" as they grew up - and Jessie's marriage to Uncle Charles only cemented this friendship. They always enjoyed each other.

She recalled and passed on her father's "remember who you are", an admonition to anyone who left home for extracurricular activities.

I have a lovely gold bracelet given to her by Dad before they were married. He bought it, she refused it in a fit of pique, and he carried it around in his work shirt pocket for several weeks before she condescended to accept it.

When Violet and Andy were married, they travelled by train to the Temple, and their first night as married folks was spent at sister Maggie's in Morgan. Jack Francis (nephew) insisted on sleeping with them. He says he has never lived it down.

She installed a proper set of values in her own family, but certainly they were individuals. Seems strange to remember that Clair was the feisty one as a child, often involved in physical arguments with friends and acquaintances. This role

Bruce assumed as they got older. Ed was first and foremost the baby of the family, and Bruce and Clair "fetched" him up - threw him in the river and told him to swim, threw baseballs at him - he had to catch them or be hit, etc. Bruce refused to let him be a little boy in little boy's clothing, bought him a suit with a vest and long trousers with the little money he earned working on a farm.

Mother swore she always had a "stinky" fry pan from small single fish caught in the creek that ran through Smithfield, but she always complied when one was presented for cooking. Clair was the most avid fisherman.

One of her fondest memories concerning her own family was our trip from Smithfield when we travelled in the old Whippet to join Dad in Torrington, Wyoming, where he had gone to work for Holly Sugar. Bruce was pretty young to be responsible for a family and car when weather was impossible and roads almost impassable. Mother had to try most of the outhouses along the way - and we would go into fits of laughter when we could see her legs dangling. I'm sure other motorists thought the Whippet was full of nitwits - especially one time when we accidentally slid into a barrow pit, came up a little further on - laughing as if we had something to laugh about! We stayed in Laramie, waked in the morning to a flat tire. This was almost more than Bruce could face after all we had been through on bad roads and in stormy weather. We were to meet Dad on a certain corner in Cheyenne - naturally we missed him, and when he finally decided what had happened, went on to Torrington and was re-united with his family.

Grandchildren, nieces and nephews, brothers and sisters-in-law were frequent visitors in her various homes (sisters and brothers-in-law not so frequent). I'm sure they felt the "lift" she gave them was worth any inconvenience or extra miles of travel.

She loved the out of doors, including picnics and barbeques with Enid and Clair and their children and families, and she had 65 rose bushes to enjoy and care for - with Dad's complaint ever present. They bothered his hay fever. She chose a spot in the cemetery for both of them when Dad died - with a lovely view!

Being close to her family in her later years was a blessing for her and for us. She was happily preparing for a visit from Bruce and Fran when she fell into a coma. At the hospital I warned the doctor that we promised nothing would be done to keep her artificially alive. The doctor said "don't worry, I already promised her that". She didn't gain consciousness. She had for sometime been getting sort of listless and several times had put her head on my shoulder and said "I'm so tired of hurting".

My father was always there, always dependable, very quiet, and I loved him very much, but the excitement and whatever controversy there was, sort of revolved around Violet. She had a great sense of humor, and she got a "bang" out of their family, past and present. If Mother didn't talk much about her past, Dad was almost silent! In fact he didn't talk much at all - only when necessary.

His mother, Mary, (for whom I was named) was a second wife and when polygamy was outlawed, she was the one who had to leave and make her own way. She had quite a sad, hard life - was an excellent tailor - and made her and her family's

living that way. I adored my grandmother and spent all the time possible with her. She in later years lived among her children, and would spend several weeks at a time with us. She and I would knit and sew. I sat by her chair in my own little rocker, and we really accomplished things, including wash cloths (knitted) for the soldiers!

Dad was born in Bear Lake - migrated to Big Horn to visit his sister, Dr. Croft's wife Nell. He introduced basketball to that part of the country, and several of Mother's brothers were on his introductory team.

He was a stonecutter - cut marble columns for one of the buildings in the square in Cowley - and the building is still there, at least it was my last visit there. At that time one of my cousins took me to see the cemetery and a number of tombstones which were his art work - little lambs, flowers, etc. - very beautiful. I understand Jim Frost has some pieces that were Dad's work. He had to give up this field of endeavor when he was afflicted with hay fever from the marble dust. This happened the year I was born - coincidental I suppose? I don't think I had anything to do with it - since I've always had a suspicion that I was Dad's favorite member of the family. Course, being the only girl probably had a lot to do with that.

Dad's most memorable experience, at least the one he talked about the most, was a trip through Yellowstone with a group of men - by horse and wagon. He apparently enjoyed the camping, the outdoor cooking, the sights and the company. This would seem an unusual thing for him to do. I don't know who was responsible for "talking him into it".

My earliest and most vivid recollections came from living on the dry farm (homestead) on the Snake River. I was only four, but I remember going with Dad in the buggy to pick up groceries. He carried a big club to prevent the coyotes from jumping into the buggy. There were lots of them and many of them were rabid. Dad would shoot as many as were in sight as he stood at the corner of the house (tent with a wooden floor). Bruce was two and Clair just a baby. What a life that was for a while! Too bad they gave up the land. It would be valuable property today!

I was supposed to start school in Cowley, but refused to go when they didn't furnish desks - only long tables and little chairs. I was ready to study and that was only play! So - I started school in Butte - and got an extra education just going to and coming from school. What a town that was!

We lived on Uncle Charles' ranch in Deaver and Bruce and I went to school via horseback. When the weather was bad Dad would take us and then come back to pick us up. We ice skated while we waited. Almost daily that old horse shied when he passed a car, and Bruce and I ended up on the ground. Almost daily Bruce got on him and rode him hard as a punishment - but the next day he apparently forgot the punishment because he would land on the road again.

One would never have pegged Andy as a high hurdler, but one day he showed his talent. We were skating on the wash behind the house on the ranch in Deaver, and Bruce and I decided it would be fun to frighten our parents - and both yelled "help". Dad pictured us falling through the ice into the wash and hurdled every fence from the house to where we were. Then - it was trouble for us! He never forgot that incident, and neither did we!

Dad taught us all to be good drivers - allowed us to go along with him on his farm rounds - would walk from field to field while we drove on to meet him. He was good about taking over the kids to give Mother an occasional break.

Dad was frustrated by the grandchildren at times - they messed up his yard. But he was always willing to haul them with him on his Holly Sugar rounds, and never objected to taking them to Santa Cruz to play on the beach. He loved the ocean and could sit and look at it just as long as the children were happy. This was a bit strange when he had never even seen the ocean until they moved to California in their later years.

Their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary was a very lovely affair. We had it in summer rather than in December so we could take advantage of the beautiful yard in San Jose. All their family was there - and her brothers and wives showed their love for them by making the necessary effort to be a part of the celebration.

I'm afraid we have been remiss in not keeping sufficient track of Dad's family. Bruce's son Brent is very interested in genealogy, and I am sure he has some names and addresses I can use. Some day when Brent is all relocated (to Phoenix) and has some time I shall ask him to help me get in contact with them. Uncle Bert has a daughter in the Bay Area, and Mother and I called on her a couple of times, but I don't even know if she is still there.

TRIBUTE TO MARCUS TAGGART

(By Dow Lewis, nephew, at Uncle Mark's funeral, March 23, 1939, Lewiston, Utah. Dow, now deceased, was a son of Julia Maria Taggart Lewis and William Hendricks Lewis. Uncle Mark was the sixth child of George Washington Taggart and Clarissa Marina Rogers Taggart.)

If I could speak today as my heart has resounded to the life of Uncle Mark, I should surely be happy. It is wonderful to have known Uncle Mark. It is wonderful to have acquaintances and friends like this man - the influence for good that such an uncle and friend can give one in life. Those who have had that privilege have been blessed exceptionally; those who have not known him have been deprived of a big blessing.

It was stated by someone that we need only speak the truth of him. I should like to talk to you about Uncle Mark as I have known him When I was informed that Uncle Mark had died, I was deeply touched and had a good homely cry. I think I was selfish in this, and felt that one of my very best friends and advisors had passed on. I was selfish enough to want him to remain with me.

Uncle Mark was a wonderful man - a most ordinary, and the most extra-ordinary man I have ever seen. I knew him better than I had known my own father. He lived in our home for many years when I was a boy. He gave me my first haircut, and my brother his. He built me the first hand sleigh I ever owned. He built my brother one, too, and he built them just alike. He sawed the runners out of hard wood he got from the canyon. He tried to do everything the right way.

He was an artist. . . . As a little boy, as far as I can remember back, I can see him with his easel, painting the scenes that nature put before him. Even in the winter he would set up his easel and paint the beautiful things of life. He would put the tubes of paint on so easily and they would harmonize so well that I was fascinated as I sat and watched him. I have a painting home that he spent a full winter in making for my mother forty-five years ago, and I really prize that picture. He was an artist in his thoughts. He was an artist in many ways - in his life and behavior. He was not a perfect man, but he never did a mean or malicious thing in his life. He made much of the simple little things of life. He carried all these small things to their fullest extent. He had wisdom as few men have.

He was theatrical in his makeup. He made many people happy in the shows that he helped to produce. . . . He travelled through the different towns in this valley and neighboring valleys putting on shows. I can see him walking up and down the floor of my mother's home learning his parts. Once he was a villain and although he was far from a villain, he took the part very well. He could see deeper into life than most men ever knew. He was wrapped with life's understanding. He understood everything and could see it in its true light. He never stepped from his house into the sunshine but what the makeup of the scenery responded to the beauty he had of life within him. I am sure that this probably was one of the things that created the use of his paintbrush. That is why he painted.

He had a philosophy of life and religion big enough to let other people make their mistakes. He said to me one time, "You've got to let other people make their mistakes. I have a lovely family and I think a great deal of them, but they are no better than others. They are set apart from me just as if they belonged to you or someone else. They are here to get their own experiences and if they make mistakes, they will be better for them. Don't love your family too much. Let them make their mistakes and profit by them. Set them a good example and that is as far as you can go". That philosophy is good enough for me.

He was a builder. He always constructed things and did it in an artistic manner. He built the house I live in, the one his brother lives in, and many others years and years ago, but they stand well and show the fruits of good workmanship. He never cheapened his work by trying to cover up with something cheaper, and he cheerfully took his losses. He never wanted something for nothing. He was honest to the letter. He had one virtue, the greatest of all virtues, that very few people enjoy to the same extent: he didn't know what covetousness was. I have never seen a man like him. He lived to see his neighbors prosper and he was never jealous or envious of them. If they got a new car or some other luxury, he often told them how pleased he was to see them doing well. . . .

He was an artist in raising his family and providing for them. He raised a family of seven and did well. Today he is out of debt and always has been. We pride ourselves on being successful, but we don't know what success is to the same measure. How many of us are artistic enough to raise a family of seven on a small farm income? He had the best understanding of this life and of why he was here, where he came from, and where he was going. He had a reason for all things. You could ask him any question on a subject and he could answer it. He was very well-versed, read a lot and remembered it well. . . . He was as gentle as a woman and as inoffensive as a child. I have never seen a man so gentle.

I should like to say that one of the best things he had was a living testimony of The Church of Jesus Christ, but he never thrust (it) upon anyone. You never got this testimony unless you asked for it. He and I worked together for two winters and we would sometimes discuss the purpose of living, and I opened my heart and told him lots of things, and his advice was always good. He was a man who could modestly tell you the truth and the value of the Church, regardless of who you were or what you were. He said, "Dowey", as he often called me, "I want you to know this. There is something to this Church. When I was on my mission, I was under trying circumstances. I traveled without purse or scrip. I asked the Lord to reveal some things that I might know for myself that this was the truth. The Lord showed me so much that I had to pray for Him to withhold more. I prayed that I might hold the faith. When I was a young man, I thought I wanted to do big things, but the biggest thing I can do is to hold on and remember my testimony. I think it wouldn't be a detriment to pray for worthy things. The Lord has given me the essentials in life in helping to keep me clean and wholesome".

Uncle Mark was liked by everyone who knew him. He has a lovely wife (Sarah Florence Bright) who also has a keen sense of the beautiful things of life. She is artistic too, just as much as he was. They worked in close harmony together. They have raised a wonderful family. I just love them all. I hope we all live lives that may be spent as well as Uncle Mark's has been, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

SILVER DEWDROPS ON A SPIDER'S WEB

By Eileen Taggart Manwaring

(We wish to share this piece of creative writing. Eileen, daughter of Spencer and Ila Taggart, is the mother of three children and is at present taking a Master's Degree in Library Science at the Brigham Young University. She hopes eventually to have more time for writing.)

You are having trouble sleeping. "Dance me, Mommy." Little, freckled child of two, I hold you, smell the scent of Johnson's shampoo in your shiny, copper hair, see we didn't quite wash all the sand out. We dance in the living room of our apartment, mellow in lamplight. You try to fit your body against mine. Your legs and arms cling around my waist and neck as though you were a young chimp. Instrumentals of old songs on the radio flip me back and forth to other scenes in other times like flipping stations on a TV.

I am in seventh grade and on the island of Saipan in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Christmas nears and I long for a chimpanzee. I don't get one, of course, but I wanted one so I could hold him and him me just as we are now . . .

You place a tentative hand over my breast - an intimacy we yet share before this moment in time gives way to another. Looking at your square, sunburned hand on which two warts sprout like mushrooms and embryo freckles multiply in the sun

like tiny seeds in fertile soil, I think forward to the time when your hand will be man-sized, larger than mine, strong enough to grip an axe handle, gentle as it caresses a young love. Full-grown freckles, red-gold hair, toughened skin - will it be the hand of an artist? a farmer?

I think back - to my fascination with your tiny, newborn hand closing snugly around my finger . . . my cat, Martha, would open and close a pussywillow paw around my finger . . .

Dear child, continually evolving, ever changing - I remember carrying you the nine months before we met, guessing about your personality from your lively movements, trying to imagine what living inside me would be like. A goldfish in a black bowl? If I uncovered my belly in bright sunlight, could you see dimly? Was my voice low, too often angry? You knew the rhythms of my heart, the rumblings of my stomach, protested bumping against my backbone if I lay on my back. You jumped every time the screendoor in the living room banged shut. Sometimes your hiccoughs resounded through the walls - yours - mine -

At nine a.m., Monday morning, October 2, 1978 my preoccupation with physical pain slipped away like darkness with the rising sun when first I saw your chubby body, blue skinned and frothy, your wet, red hair, your first wide-eyed look at the outside.

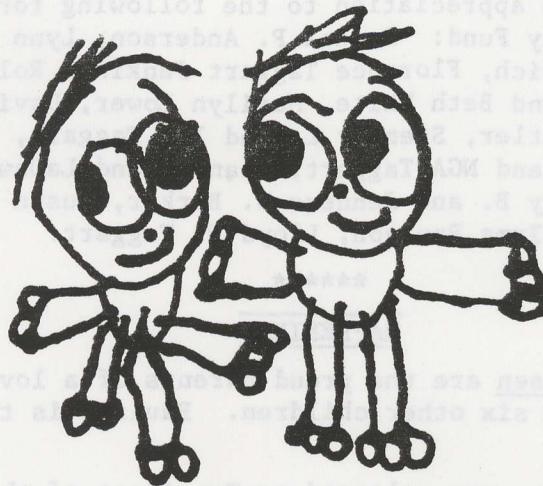
You would scream in hunger and I would cradle you with my body, nurse you on an orange bed in a pink-walled room, pink and orange flowers dancing on sheer curtains in the autumn breeze, red maple leaves waving outside the window. Your body tense, eager, you would grip my bra with your hand, suction cup your mouth around the nipple of a breast as large as your head. Once the thin, sweet milk began to flow you no longer needed to suck, only swallow. I would watch as I felt juices flow out of me into you, watch your tenseness disappear as you turned into a limp, pink doll with orange hair fitting the curve of me.

My feelings for you run deep, they course from happiness to pain and back again. Moments of closeness must be but moments, but I want to hold them though they slip away. A butterfly lands on my finger, I hold my breath and marvel at his fuzzy body, sensitive antennae, black and orange wings. If I wall him in a sweaty, cupped hand he panics, loses his delicate, flying dust. Let him free, he lives forever - a part of me in memory. Hold too tight, he dies.

Today you collected red berries and gray pebbles by the lake, brought them for me to see before tossing them upon the water. I know the time will come when you will no longer wish me to hold you. You will need to fly free.

Special moments, silver dewdrops on a spider's web, come and are gone. Is it the sense of loss, or of a heart too full? Sleep, my baby, sleep -

(We invite family members to submit their own original pieces. Because of space limitations, they should be relatively short. We also welcome original poems.)



BROTHERS - Chris and Ryan Lewis -

GG Grandsons of GWT -

By Ryan, are 3½ years

ADMINISTRATION

Correction: In Volume II, Number 1, pg. 3, we listed Grandmother Harriet Atkins Bruce's death as occurring on March 10, 1845. The correct date is February 19, 1845.

Lost: One family Bible - black binding - from top shelf in closet in the apartment of Violet Taggart Brown after she died. Births, baptisms, marriages, etc., all recorded therein in Andy Brown's handwriting. Anyone knowing anything of its whereabouts, please get in touch with Mary Brown Lawyer, 6502 -#1, Wheatland Road, No. Salem, Oregon 97303.

Need Correct Addresses for the Following: Elaine B. Moncur, Mrs. Don Hadley, Christopher Taggart, Mike Cederholm, Rich Romney, John Paul Meeks, Val G. Taggart, Dirk Gold, Douglas A. Taggart.

Acknowledgements: Our grateful appreciation to the following for their recent contributions to the Taggart Family Fund: Rachel P. Anderson, Lynn and Linda Taggart, Mary B. Lawyer, Robert J. Wuthrich, Florence Taggart Jenkins, Roland and Susan Fiedel, Dorothy Dahle, Dallas and Beth White, Marilyn Lower, David and Moletta Roberts, Alvin and Clarissa Beutler, Spencer L. and Ila Taggart, LaRee T. Scott, Stephen and Maurine Cole, Jack and NGA Taggart, Stanley and LaDawn Schuback, Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Lewis, Peary B. and Jenness W. Barker, Susan Randall, George and Myrtle Frost, Clarence and Irma Poulson, Lloyd W. Taggart.

HAPPENINGS

Pauline Smith and Rex B. Jensen are the proud parents of a lovely baby girl born on October 11, 1981. They have six other children. Pauline is the daughter of Ruth Pingree Smith.

Hyrum Wayne Smith, Ruth's son, was released as President of the California Ventura Mission on July 1, 1981, over which he had presided since it was organized on July 1, 1978. He and his wife and six children have fallen in love with California and have decided to stay in Simi Valley. Wayne is in business for himself - "Golden Eagle Motivation, Inc." Hyrum and his sister Ida, Director of the Women's Research Institute, Brigham Young University, conducted a day-long seminar in Salt Lake City at the Airport Hilton. "Women In A World of Hurt" - timely topics treated in a unique and exciting manner by two talented cousins!!

Christopher Jameson Taggart, son of Hal and Phyllis Taggart and grandson of Grant and Fern Snell Taggart, was married in the Washington, D.C. Temple to Elizabeth Stoddard of Birmingham, Michigan. They now reside in Orem, Utah where Christopher is completing his schooling.

Jeffrey Taggart and his wife Shan recently moved to Billings, Montana and live at 1134 Nutter. Jeff has followed the footsteps of his grandfather and his father and is in life insurance representing California Western States Life Insurance Company. His first year in the business he qualified for the Million Dollar Round Table and passed all of his tests for charter life underwriters. He is married to Shan Moss, a former Miss Oregon in the Miss America Pageant. Shan won the talent contest in Atlantic City when she played a flute solo. Her talents are sought by church organizations and other groups who enjoy her ability to render beautiful music on the flute. They are the parents of two children, Jessica and Alexander. Her father Don Moss plays trumpet and played with the Milt Taggart orchestra many years ago.

Ruth Ann Beutler, daughter of Clarissa M. and Alvin Beutler, was married in the Salt Lake Temple on December 28, 1981 to John Robson.

Glen L. Taggart was appointed to the State Board of Regents on March 9, 1982, by Governor Scott M. Matheson. Glen was President of Utah State University from 1968 to 1979.

Kent Hart Roberts, grandson of Moletta Taggart and David Roberts, moved with his family to St. Louis to practice law after graduating from the University of Missouri Law School last May. He is married to Lois Richardson of Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Last October 7th their home was blessed with the arrival of Seka Christine Roberts. They are members of the St. Louis Sixth Ward.

See the Ensign (January 1982, pg. 35) for Kent's short article "Swearing Off on Swear Words".

S. James and Cindy Zabel Taggart are featured in Alaska (February 1982, pp. T6-T7 and T49). Their primary work is management of Round Island in northern Bristol Bay about sixty miles southwest of Dillingham, the State's wild-life sanctuary, mainly for walrus. Jim is also doing research on the island's walrus, while Cindy is doing research on its red fox. Both are working on PhD degrees at the University of California at Santa Cruz, where Cindy was recently awarded the "Women in Science" fellowship. Jim and Cindy will soon be leaving for their sixth summer on the Island as its only inhabitants. Jim is the son of Ila and Spencer.

Norma Christensen Taggart, wife of Bruce, was among those honored in connection with Women's Week activities "Legacy, Remembered and Renewed". Television news featured a photograph of her and her associates in the famous Ladies Mountain Echo Band made up of a group of talented and beautiful young women from San Pete County. Her photograph of this group is part of the current display in the Church Office Building.

FROM OUR REUNION CHAIRMAN

"Myrtle and I are very happy doing a great deal of Temple work. She is a supervisor over her group of workers in the Temple and spends two to three days a week doing her thing. I also am there two or three days a week doing sealing work for both the living and the dead. I will seal about five hundred each week, plus a number of live marriages. As you know, I served in the Temple Presidency until they reorganized. I am now a Patriarch, besides, and teach the gospel doctrine class in Sunday School. So I keep myself busy, besides a number of speaking engagements and singing. We are so blessed, and I owe it all to the Lord. I can't imagine anything more delightful and important than to spend the rest of my life trying in some small way to repay Him for extending my life and giving me the opportunities He has to serve. Our family are all well; all strong in the gospel; all active; all married in the Temple thus far; all on missions thus far, and in very good health. Who could ask for anything more? We have them scattered from Kansas City to Seattle. By March we will have celebrated our Golden Wedding and be great grandparents for the 8th time. You can see I am very proud and happy about my family."

George Taggart Frost - Ogden, Utah