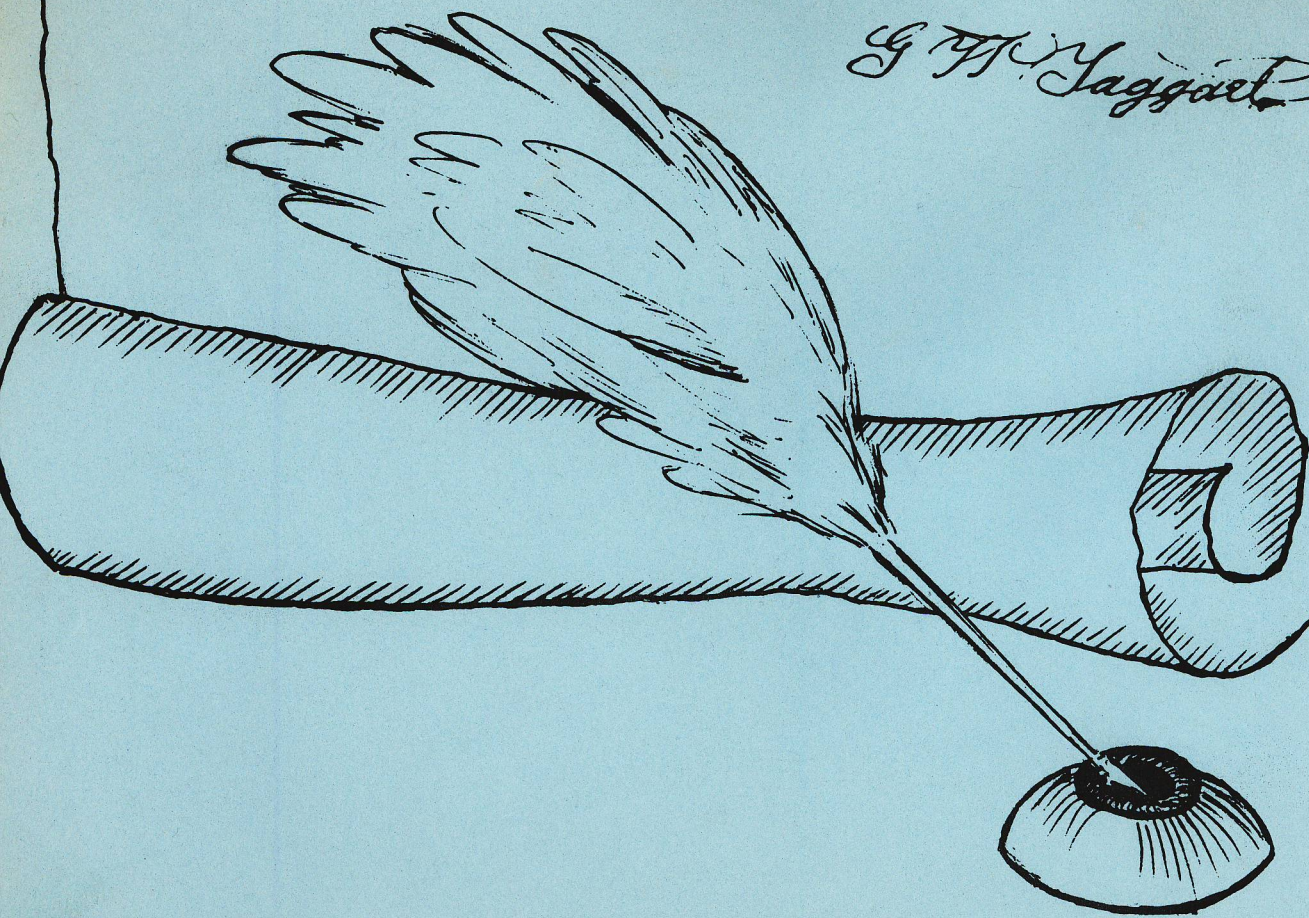


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which comes out of his mouth and it is not in big words either
but that which any one can understand, no more of the People
at this time, since the etc. I have been looking over the

G. W. Yaggard



THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

The following description of the Prophet Joseph Smith is from the pen of George Washington Taggart, my Grandfather. It is from a letter, dated Nauvoo, September 6, 1843, to his three brothers who remained in New Hampshire. Grandfather and his new bride, Harriet Atkins Bruce, as well as his parents and brother Oliver, joined the L.D.S. Church while living in Peterborough, New Hampshire, and in June, 1843, "gathered up" to Nauvoo, Illinois.

Spencer L. Taggart
August 23, 1991

Now something concerning Old Jo, so called. He is a young looking man of his age, which is near 38 years (GWT was nearly 27), and one of the finest looking men there is in the country. And he does not pretend to be a man without failings and follies. He is a man that you could not help liking as a man, setting aside the religious prejudice which the world has raised against him. He is one of the warmest patriots and friends to his country and laws that you ever heard speak on the subject. Neither is he puffed up with greatness, as many suppose, but on the contrary is familiar with any decent man and is ready to talk upon any subject that any one wishes. And I assure you, it would make you wonder to hear him talk and see the information which comes out of his mouth and it is not in big words either but that which any one can understand. No more of the Prophet at this time.

Taggart Family Newsletter

Volume IV, Number 1

December 1983

Published by the George Washington Taggart Family Organization
Mailing Address: 1430 Maple Drive - Logan UT 84321 Editor: Spencer L. Taggart

Format and Typing - Ethel Taggart Christensen

Family Membership and Treasurer:

Lloyd W. Taggart - P. O. Box 15287 - Las Vegas NV 89114

Reunion Chairman: Paul L. Taggart - 2254 N. Mountain Road - Ogden UT 84404

Genealogical Representatives:

Jeanette Taggart Holmes - 3815 Happy Valley Road - Lafayette CA 94549

Lawrence C. Taggart - 3512 West Fenchurch Road - West Jordan UT 84084

The Cover: This description of the Prophet Joseph Smith is from George Washington Taggart's letter to his brothers, Samuel and Henry, in Peterborough, NH. It was written in Nauvoo, IL, Sunday, September 10, 1843, as an appendage to his mother's letter of September 6th. A typescript of the full text of these letters is published in the lead article of this issue.

Grandmother Fannie Parks has also given us an eye-witness account of the Prophet. Although it was published earlier in the Newsletter (Volume I, Number 2, p. 6), we would like to repeat it as a companion witness to that of her husband's:

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

The Art Work: The art work is by Juanita Eddy Taggart, wife of Paul L. Taggart (Frederick), a life-long resident of Ogden, Utah. She has studied under Farrell Collett, Weber State College; Robert A. Call, Ogden; Kent R. Wallace, Logan; Harrison Groutage of Utah State University; and has displayed her art work in various exhibits throughout the Ogden area. She and Paul have three children and five grandchildren.

Taggart Family Fund: We appreciate the support that we have received from family members. Your contributions help to keep us afloat financially, and also help us as a vote of confidence in the worthwhileness of the Family Newsletter. The following have contributed since we went to press with our last issue: Jay Dee and Adelle Karren, Joseph and Grace Jensen, Jenness W. Barker, Norma Taggart Family, Clarence and Irma Poulson, Paul and LuJean Marsh, E. L. Crosby, Richard and Luana Swade, Lynn T. and Beth Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Martin T. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. Hal S. Taggart, Spencer and Ila Taggart, Glen and Phyllis Taggart, Lowe and Rhea Goodrich, Alvin and Clarissa Beutler, Athlene M. Allred, Charlotte B. Smith, Devere and Faye Taggart, Mr. and Mrs. William Ray Hatch, Foster and Venice Sorensen, Scott Taggart, Sr., Bruce and Frances Brown, Hazel T. and Lillian Fay Field, Paulene and Parry Greenwood, Norean B. Boyce, Joanne McKenna, Delta Lewis Bunker, Jean Taggart Hillstead, and Ruth Pingree Smith.

NEW ADDITIONS TO TAGGART FAMILY HISTORY

(Letters of George Washington Taggart and his Mother and Brothers)

We are pleased to publish these letters, a priceless Family Treasure. They speak to us as voices out of the past, providing new information and insights about our forebears. The writers become real people to us.

We are indebted to Robert and Sarah Close of Vandalia, Ohio, for the letters. Having come across Glen's (Glen L. Taggart) name as a prominent Mormon, they called him (May 27, 1983) to inquire if he should happen to know anything about a G. W. Taggart who had lived in Nauvoo and had been on a long military march. Glen confirmed, of course, that his grandfather would fit that description. Subsequent calls back and forth led to a meeting in Salt Lake City (June 30, 1983) where Bob - accompanied by his wife Sarah - was on business. We spent the day getting acquainted and having the letters copied in the Church Historian's Office.

Bob, a native of New York, and Sarah, a native of Alabama, had found the letters in a small trunk bearing Albert Taggart's (GWT's brother) name. Bob, a great great grandson of Albert, and Sarah came into possession of the trunk at the time Bob's parents moved to Florida. It has been stored within a large wooden trunk - with the date of 1807 on it - in the attic of their home in Larchmont NY. In addition to the letters, Bob and Sarah found the complete works of Shakespeare, with exception of "Romeo and Juliet", in the trunk. They were in a beautiful black leather binding.

Bob and Sarah, a very personable and attractive couple in their thirties, readily agreed to let us have copies of the letters. We gave them copies of the Washington Taggart Family Genealogy, a typescript copy of George Washington Taggart's Mormon Battalion Journal, and a set of our Taggart Family Newsletter. We are most fortunate to find Bob and Sarah and to be able to welcome them into our Taggart Family, our common ancestors being Washington and Susanna Law Taggart. We happily add Bob and Sarah to our family mailing list, which now numbers around 700 different families. Bob is Division Marketing Development Manager, Motor Division, TRW Electronic Components Group, which has its headquarters in Dayton, Ohio.

In this Newsletter we are publishing twelve letters written between 1842 to 1860 to and from members of the Washington Taggart Family. Bob and Sarah have given these twelve letters to the G. W. Taggart Family, and we have placed them in the Church Historian's Office where they will be in the permanent collection of the Church.

By way of background, George Washington Taggart and his new bride, Harriet Atkins Bruce, as well as his parents and brother Oliver, joined the Mormon Church while living in Peterborough, New Hampshire, and in June 1843, moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. George was the eldest in a family of six sons. Albert, Samuel, and Henry, who did not join the Mormon Church, remained in New Hampshire. Reuben, the youngest, died in infancy. How Mormonism was introduced to the citizens of Peterborough was outlined briefly in the Newsletter, Volume I, Number 2, p. 9.

To facilitate reading these twelve letters, I have corrected misspelling (not all) and added punctuation, capitalization and paragraphing. I have left untouched style, grammar, and wording.

The letters were written in ink on varying sized sheets, each of which was folded in such a way as to make its own envelope. In the upper-left corner of each letter, I have written the addressee as written on the face of the envelope.

Spencer L. Taggart

To: Albert Taggart
Wilton, N. H.

Peterborough
May 31, 1842

Dear Brother,

I received your letter and am glad to hear that you are well.

There will be Mormon preaching in Peterborough next Sunday at the Townhouse. You mentioned about my finding out whether there would be preaching more than one Sunday. But you must excuse me for the Mormons are so full of new revelations that they don't dare to promise more than one week beforehand for fear that they shall have revelation to go somewhere else and then they could not fulfil their contract. So if you (word blotted out) (can) not come up next Sunday, I will send you (word)(most of word blotted out with only "d) remaining) when they have preaching again.

Let mormonism be forgotten
And' never brought to mind.
Let mormonism be forgotton
In the days of old Moigin.

As I am in something of a hurry, I shall wind up by saying that I am well.

Yours with respect,

G. W. Taggart

(According to George's Day Book (Newsletter, Volume I, Number 2, pp. 7-8), he was baptized a member of the Mormon Church in December 1841. In view of this date of membership and the date of this letter, this is a puzzling letter, to say the least. Was he being serious? Tongue-in-cheek? Or what?)

To: Albert Taggart
Wilton, N. H.

Peterborough
July 20, 1842

Mr. Taggart the Shoemaker Sir,

I now take the opportunity to inform you that I am well and I hope these few lines will find you the same.

I was at home yesterday. The Folks were all well and full of Mormonism as you please and I have not a little something to tell you that will make you swear, I guess, for it did me. The old Man is a going into the Drink next Friday. He was pretty damned well cocked Sunday. Any way I suppose he thought he would have a damned good spree for a winding off.

I don't see but what you and Sam and I are likely to have to take it alone. And we are able I suppose, but by God I don't work out to get money to give to Joe Smith no how. It makes me swear to think of it.

I should like to have you write soon. If you can't, come up and see your affectionate brother.

Henry

Excuse the writing for it is bad and I am mad!

(Henry had just turned sixteen in April and was understandably upset at the prospect of this new religion splitting up his family. Albert was twenty-four. As July 20, 1843 (the date of this letter) was on Wednesday, the date of Washington's planned baptism would have been Friday, July 22, 1842.)

To: Albert Taggart
Wilton, N.H.

Peterboro
November 9, 1843

Dear Brother:

I take this opportunity to inform you that I am well and all the rest of the folks was last Sunday and I hope these few lines will find you the same.

There is not any news that I know of. Mormonism is flourishing at the present time. I don't know as I shall stay here another year. I have had some talk with them and they think that they can't raise my wages more than to 7 or 7-1/2 dollars and I think that is small pay for the second year. And I think if I can get anything else I shall leave them in the suds this Fall and I thought I would write to you and see what you thought about it. You don't want a new hand in your shop do you? Or ain't that a good trade?

You write to me and let me know what you think about it. You are older than I am and more experienced. If I was to ask the Old Man, he would send me to Nauvoo right off. I hope I shall hear from you soon.

Henry

To: Samuel W. or
Henry C. Taggart
Peterborough, N.H.

Nauvoo
September 6, 1843

Dear Children,

I now take my pen in hand to write you a line to inform you of my health which is pretty good. But the subject upon which I must write makes the task a painful one, for I must tell you, my Children, you are fatherless. Your Father was taken with the bowel complaint before we got here and he never was well of it while he lived. Although he kept about till about a week before he died, I don't think he felt able to do any work and I (think) if he could have got along without (working) it would have been better for his health, but he could not.

Oliver was taken with the fever and ague about the twenty-fifth of July and we thought was getting better but the bowel complaint set in which caused his death. Oliver (19 years old) died the first day of September five oclock in the afternoon and your father (57) about the same time the next day. You may judge what my feelings must be, situated as I am in land of strangers, though the neighbors are very kind, and the people, as far as I have any acquaintance, are good.

George and Harriet come before Oliver died to help me take care of your father and him and they are here yet. How long they will stay I don't know. Your father had bought a house lot and dug a cellar and got it mostly stoned and

made calculations for building this fall, but sickness and death has frustrated this, his design, and whether George will come on and put up a house and live with me, I dont know.

But I would say to you all I want to see you very much. I hope you will in consequence of this dispensation of providence be led to consider of the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, and the uncertainty (this word partly blurred) as to the time when, and be prepared for the same. And now my children, I must conclude by wishing you health and prosperity and by saying my heart's desire and prayer to God is that you may be saved.

Susan Taggart

(Following her signature Susan added the names of her sons -- Albert Taggart, Samuel W. Taggart, and Henry C. Taggart. This letter is very touching for its directness and brevity as well as its expression of faith. Even one hundred and forty years later, one can sense the depth of her sorrow and aloneness.

The date for Oliver's death is as we have it recorded in our Family Records. Washington's, however, is different - September 20, 1843, whereas it should be September 2, 1843, as given in this letter.)

Beloved Brothers,

As Mother has not filled out this sheet and considering that you would have to pay as much for one page as you would for four, I therefore sit down to employ my pen for a few moments thinking that it will be for your satisfaction. And it is with peculiar feelings that I sit down to the task. It is hardly necessary for me to make any remarks upon what Mother has written for what she has written is even so. Our Father and our brother Oliver is dead. Our Mother is as well as common. My wife and myself are as well as usual. It has been rather sickly here through the month of August, not more so however than would be expected, considering the number of inhabitants and the great emigration which has been going on this season.

Our Father bought an acre lot within the precincts of the city and paid twenty dollars. He also had got a cellar dug and stoned and the most of the lumber for a house, the walls of which he was agoing to build of brick. The brick he had not bought. He has left, after paying out all expenses, something like ten dollars as near as I can guess. He also made his will by which he gave each of us one dollar and the rest to Mother with the request that I should be his executor. How we shall get along I do not know but I am afraid that we shall not be able to go on and build the house. But I shall do what is in my power to get up a house for Mother this fall. But I expect it will be rather a hard case for it is almost impossible for a man here to get a dollar in money for work. For money is scarce and there is but little confidence to be placed in many of the people, and those that have money will not put it in circulation. This perhaps you will wonder at seeing this is called the land of Saints, but let me tell you that the people are not all Saints that profess to be.

Sunday, Sept. 10th.

I now sit down to finish this letter, not having an oportunity since the 6th. I still find myself in good health and my Wife and Mother the same. I like the place very much but there is many inconveniences which we will have to undergo in consequence of not having money, but those that have money can live here just as easy as they please. There is a great deal of building a going on here this Summer, and the place is growing fast. The most of

the people are industrious and honest, but poor. But there is many, as might be supposed, that are not honest, and many that belong to the Church which are not to be depended upon. This I expected before I came here, therefore I am not disappointed.

Now something concerning Old Jo, so called. He is a young looking man of his age, which is near 38 years (GWT was nearly 27), and one of the finest looking men there is in the country. And he does not pretend to be a man without failings and follies. He is a man that you could not help liking as a man, setting aside the religious prejudice which the world has raised against him. He is one of the warmest patriots and friends to his country and laws that you ever heard speak on the subject. Neither is he puffed up with his greatness, as many suppose, but on the contrary is familiar with any decent man and is ready to talk upon any subject that any one wishes. And I assure you, it would make you wonder to hear him talk and see the information which comes out of his mouth and it is not in big words either but that which any one can understand. No more of the Prophet at this time.

Since the 6th I have been looking over the situation of things as Father has left them and I find that there is not more than from 3 to 6 dollars in money that Father has left besides clothes and what has been done on the house.

One thing more and I must close. We are now expecting trouble from Missouri and that before long, in consequence of Gov Ford refusing to send out a Military force for the purpose of taking Joseph Smith again (to protect him) which our gov (national government) has refused to do. For particulars concerning Ford's answer to the Gov of Missouri, in relation to this matter, you will find Ford's letter in the Nauvoo Neighbour of Wednesday, Aug. 30th, 1843, which I think Livingstone & Devors takes.

Now concerning public reports and stories that are abroad in the world concerning Joseph Smith and the Mormons, so called, as a people they are as false (as) the Devil or those that make such stories. I say this as a fact, knowing it to be so. Therefore, if you ever believed me to be one of truth, (I) am still the same.

I wish to hear from each one of you and would like to see you, but the latter I shall not expect this Fall. But I am in hopes that I shall see all of you here some day. I wish you to write, all of you, and when you do, fill up a whole sheet. And if you can't each of you fill a sheet, take a good big one and all write in it, and it will not cost but 25 cts., whereas if you send 3 by mail it will cost 75 cts, and I could raise 5 dollars in the east quicker from my work easier than I can raise 75 cts here.

Luther Read & his Wife are sick with the chills and fever. Milton (name not clear) has been attacked with the fever but I have not heard from him for 3 or 4 days and do not know how he now is. The rest of the Peterboro folks I think are all well. This from your friend and brother,

G. W. Taggart

Give my respects to all inquiring friends and the old neighbors and tell them I like the place very well and I dont know but my health is as good as when I left Peterborough. Write and let us know how you do.

Brother Henry, Father told (word blurred) (me) since we came here that cousin James Taggart owed him (word blurred) bushel of rye which he came away and forgot. Also the grain hooks were left at Nichols old house. This account

you may look to if you choose. And the hooks you may get if you can & if you come out here, throw them into a chest for they will be very handy here & such things cost 3 times as much here as it would cost to bring or send them here. Give my respects to all inquiring. Please tell Father Bruce's folks that Harriet and myself are in good health.

Good bye Henry, my respects to y(something drawn in).

GWT

To: Albert Taggart
Hopkinton, Mass.

Peterboro
Feb. 24, 1844

Dear Brother,

I now sit down to write a few lines to you to inform you that I am well and I hope this will find you the same. I was very sorry to hear that you have been out of health. I hope you will get better soon.

I haven't done anything for almost 2 months. I can't get anything to do. I expect to go to work for Abner Mooren Hileers soon as there comes a thaw. The Lord only knows when that will be. I have got the ringdingles like damnation - theres no mistake. I wish you would get me into some kind of business in the Spring. If I can't get much pay, I don't care. You try won't you Birt? Anything, I don't care a dam what.

The folks are all well that I know of. Pevy had a letter from Nauvoo last night and he told me that our folks was well. Please write to me soon. I was glad that Sam paid you that money. Accept of this from your affectionate brother,

Henry

Come up this way if you ain't able to work.

To: Albert Taggart
Holliston, Mass.

Peterboro
August 21, 1844

Dear Brother,

I now sit down to write a few lines to you to inform you that I am well, and Sam is the same. We rec'd your letter yesterday and I was glad to hear that you was well and that (you) was agoin to start for Nauvoo so soon.

I don't know as I have any news to write. I have nothing to do and enough to help do it. I expect to either go into the Furnace or in Pevy's Shop and I don't know which. I have worked 33 days haying this season and I think I have done well. If you go to Nauvoo, I want you to fetch Mother back with you and I want you to write as soon as you get there and let us know how you prosper. You must be careful and not let them put a knife into you.

We buried Lieutenant Russell under arms day before yesterday. He wasn't sick but about a week. Sam said he should not write as it would be useless to both write. I don't think of anything more at present. So please to accept this from you affectionate brother,

Henry C. Taggart

To: Mr. Albert Taggart
St. Louis, Mo
Corner of Main & Vine Sts.

Nauvoo
March 5, 1845

Beloved Brother Albert,

Your of the 16th of Feb came to hand the 23d. We were very much gratified to hear that you were yet in existence, and so near at hand. My health is now pretty good, Mother also and my little daughter Eliza Ann are in comfortable health, although they have both been sick 3 months each the past winter.

My wife (Harriet) has ceased to live. She now lies in the grave by the side of Father and Oliver. She died Feb 19th, after a lingering illness of 6 months. I think my lot has been one of sorrow and tribulation since I come to Nauvoo but I do not feel like complaining for sorrow and perplexity is the common lot of mankind here in this life.

I am glad that you are intending to come to Nauvoo for I want to see you very much. As you intend coming up in the month of April, don't fail to be here by the 6th, for there is to be a general Conference to commence on the 6th, and if you will be here at that time, it will be the greatest treat that you ever had.

Concerning the shirts, Mother says she will make them and have them ready if nothing happens. I have not heard from the East of late. Our folks were all well when I heard last. I think I will now close for if you come to Nauvoo the first of April I can talk all the news and I would rather talk than write. Now don't fail to come at the time.

When you land at N(auvoo), go directly to the Temple, which you can see after going on to the hill above the landing. On the southeast corner of the Temple Square you will find Adams Shoe Shop, about 12 feet square. There they will inform you of my whereabouts. This from your brother,

George

(The date for Harriet's death (February 19, 1845) is identical to that carried in our Family Records.)

To: Albert Taggart
Nauvoo, Ill.

(Place omitted - probably
Peterborough - April 11, 1845

Dear Brother,

I received your letter and I was very glad to hear from you and to hear that you was all well and I hope that this will find you the same.

You mentioned about my sending out some money by Sanders or Gooderich but Sanders had gone before I received your letter and Gooderich I didn't think would go till the Saturday before he started and I hadn't the money without borrowing it. And if I had the money, I should as soon trust it to go in the mail as to trust it with him, for he has so much licker in his head that he don't know what he is about one half of the time. But if Mother should conclude to come back, I think that you can get money enough of Gooderich or Page and so pay them when they come back.

Tell Mother and George that I should be very glad to see them and I hope that I shall see them some time. I was at Bruce's today and they told me that if

I wrote to send their best respects to George and all other inquiring friends.

Rigdomism (Ridgonism) is a raging here the hardest kind. We had one of them here last Spring and there is two here now. I went to hear one of them this forenoon and he raired and pitched strangely.

I have nothing interesting or new to write only that it is very sickley in this place for a few months past. There has been twenty-four deaths in this place since the first of January. Henry is well as common. He is to work at painting now for Clark. I shall close by saying that my health is not very good, nor it has not been very good for two or three months but it is so that I keep at work most of the time.

This much from your

Brother Samuel

To: Mr. Samuel W. Taggart
Peterborough

Nauvoo Illinois
October 2, 1845

Dear Son,

I gladly embrace the opportunity of writing to you to let you know that I have not forgotten you, and likewise to inform you concerning my health, which is not as good as I could wish at this time, although I am better than I have been for six weeks past. I have had a little touch of the ague and it has run me pritty low but I am on the gain now. George and his wife have both got the ague but so they keep about. The babe is quite unwell, so you see I have a poor account to give as far as health is concerned.

We have not heard any thing particular from you since Mr. Goodrich was there, although we have heard from Peterborough several times by way of letters that others have received. We have never heard from Albert since he left here til last week George got a paper from him. I have no news to write except we have been surrounded by mobs for three or four weeks past. What the result will be, God only knows.

George sends his respects to you to remind you that he has not forgotten you and likewise bids me tell you if you conclude to come out here to go to Oregon with (word blotted out), to bring drilling (see note) enough to make a tent of. I want you to write as soon as convenient and let me know how you get along in the world. For surely I have many anxious thoughts on your account, not only for your present welfare but likewise of your future happiness, but that is something you must see to (word blotted out) (for) yourself. Give my respects to Catherine and tell her I remember her and would be very glad to see her. Give my respects to Uncle Livingston and Aunt. Tell them I well remember them, although it seems they have forgotten me. But it is an old saying and I believe a true one, the rich have many friends but the poor are forgotten by their neighbors. Give my love to Uncle James Law and his father, to Uncle Josep and Uncle White. Tell them all I want to see them. They don't know how bad. This much from your Mother,

Susan Jolley

(This signature indicates that Susan had remarried. Confirmation of this can be found in George's letter of April 2, 1848 in which he gave an account of trying to reach a settlement with "Father Jolley". This marriage of Susan's is entirely new information in our Taggart Family.

George married Fannie Parks July 6, 1845. The "babe" was Eliza Ann who was born on January 28, 1844 in Nauvoo to George and his first wife Harriet.

Susan's reference to Catherine suggests that Samuel had written to his Mother about his intention to marry Catherine. According to our Taggart Family records, Samuel married Catherine Turner on November 16, 1845.

Drilling was a cloth of coarse linen or cotton with a diagonal weave and woven of three threads.)

To: Albert Taggart
Wilton, N.H.

(Place omitted - postmarked
Peterboro) - December 15, 1845

Dear Brother,

I take this opportunity to write you a few lines to let you know that I and my wife is well and hope that this will find you the same.

Mother, I suppose, is dead. I haven't had any letter from there (Nauvoo), but Susan Carter had a letter from Amy last week and said in her letter that Aunt died about a fortnight before. I don't know that she has any other aunt here, so I suppose that it must be Mother.

Henry and his wife is well. As I have no more news to write, I shall close by saying that I should be very happy to have you ballup and see us.

This much from your brother,

Samuel

(The Amy referred to in this letter was Naamah Carter, daughter of Elizabeth Law (Susan's sister) and Billings Carter. Naamah was baptized on April 3, 1842, and with her husband John Sanders Twiss went to Nauvoo in March 1845. He died there about six months later and she married Brigham Young (his 14th wife) the following year (January 26, 1846) and moved to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848.

Our Taggart Family records show that Susan died October 31, 1845. Our records also show that Henry married Fidelia F. Twitchell on November 13, 1845. As a member of Company K, 6th New Hampshire Regiment, Henry was later killed (August 29, 1862) in the Second Battle of Bull Run.)

Two additional letters of George's will be published in the next issue.)

In Memory of Frank O. Beverstock

Frank was a great grandson of Samuel (brother of George Washington Taggart) and Catherine Turner Taggart. When we met him (Peterborough, N.H., June 11, 1972), Frank said he was the "last Mohican" - the last living descendant of these Taggarts. Ila and I had gone to Peterborough in search of footprints of long-gone Taggarts. Frank died there this past August 29th.

While our sense of loss is deep, we have many cherished memories of him and his wife Elinor. We are grateful for his help in piecing together our Taggart past. Frank showed us the farm in nearby Sharon that had been owned and cleared by the original Captain John Taggart. It was an impressive property with lush green meadows and old stone walls, including a commanding view of the surrounding countryside. A bronze marker fronting the farm designated

the location of Fort Ritchie that Captain John and other early Peterborough settlers had built for protection from Indian raids. Frank said the original property had comprised "half a square".

We also visited old Peterborough cemeteries with Frank. We are indebted to him for his on-the-spot supervision, stretched over three years, in carrying out our plans to have a marker for Captain John placed beside the marker for his wife Barbara (Volume III, Number 2, p. 3).

When Frank appeared at our motel in response to our invitation, Ila greeted him - "You look like a Taggart". "Really, do I? There aren't any Taggarts left here. But one of them joined that Mormon Church and I understand there are lots of them out in Utah and Wyoming." "Yes, we know. We are from there too, but we have been away 36 years and are moving back to Utah next month."

Frank elaborated that his Aunt Maudy (Alice Maude Taggart) had done a great deal of work on Taggart genealogy and that after her death he had sent all of her files to Ethel Taggart Christensen in Salt Lake City. We thanked Frank for this information and assured him that although we didn't know Ethel, we would look her up when we got to Utah.

Following our visit with Frank, we exchanged letters, Christmas greetings, etc., with him and Elinor. Included were invitations to our Taggart reunions and to come visit the "promised land" - as Frank called Utah at that first visit, adding that it must be "quite a place" if people would leave "a place as beautiful as this" (N.H.) to go there.

To our great pleasure, we received a letter from Frank and Elinor dated March 4, 1978 informing us that they had made flight reservations to arrive in Salt Lake City on Monday, April 10th.

"Although the cancer therapy is apparently working I do get very tired" Frank confided, ". . . and figure that if we are going to see 'your promised land' we should make the move soon." They planned to stay only one week and we wanted them to meet as many Taggarts as possible in that time.

Scott Taggart Sr. and Ethel welcomed them at the airport, and along with Grant Taggart and Ren and Luana Taggart, they helped to entertain and show them the most interesting and important places in Salt Lake City. This also included a trip to Morgan, the Family seat, and to other areas nearby. This was all topped-off with an open house at Sandra's and Jim Bayles' at which relatives in the Salt Lake area were able to meet Frank and Elinor. The next few days were spent in Logan where they were guests at our home. This portion of their visit included tours of the University of Utah, Weber State College, and Utah State University. At the latter, they were guests at a dinner at the President's house, hosted by Phyllis and Glen (still President), and the Old Main Society's annual installation dinner. Elizabeth and Ed Taggart took them on a scenic tour of Logan Canyon and Bear Lake. Frank and Elinor were also hosted at a gathering of relatives at the home of Mary and Edis Taggart in Lewiston. This was preceded by luncheon at Valeria Taggart Pond's in Logan. Early Sunday morning, Ila and I took them to the Tabernacle Choir telecast on Temple Square, and then to the Hotel Utah for brunch. Ethel met us there and entertained Frank and Elinor the remainder of the day, including attendance at her Ward's sacrament meeting. Monday morning she saw them off at the airport on their return flight home.

April 21st we received this letter from Frank and Elinor:

"We sure had a wonderful time. I am afraid I had forgotten how nice the Taggart side of the family is. Grandfather died when I was small and although I lived with Maude for a while, she was always Aunt Maude!"

We certainly appreciate all the planning and work that went into our visit which we enjoyed so much. We feel that all of us have come closer together and are able to understand a little better what 'The Family' means."

We feel that Frank's and Elinor's visit had a unifying effect on the Taggart Family and we are grateful for the opportunity we had of becoming better acquainted with them. We appreciate the effort they made to come to Utah.

Spencer L. Taggart

Note from Ethel: You may all be interested to know how these records came to my attention. In my studies at the Genealogical Library I found a notice that the little town of Sharon, N.H. had an annual reunion the last Sunday of August. I sent a letter with 12 stamped return-addressed envelopes requesting information from those attending the reunion who might be related to or know relatives of Captain John Taggart. I received six replies, one of which was from Frank Beverstock! You can imagine the excitement when subsequent correspondence revealed that he had his Aunt Maude's records, and further that she was THE Alice Maude Taggart so frequently quoted as a source of information in my searches. Immediately upon receipt, Charles Welch Taggart paid to have these records microfilmed. Copies of the film went to Frank Beverstock, the Church Library, and to the Wyoming Taggarts, as I recall. The original records are still in my possession, xerox copies of which have been made available to Spence. There is a great deal of work to be done getting all of this material on to family group sheets and fully documented. It is something I look forward to devoting more time to as soon as I retire.

Ethel Taggart Christensen

IN MEMORIUM

Norma Josephine Christensen Taggart, widow of Bruce Taggart (George Henry), born March 2, 1896 - Salt Lake City, Utah - died July 10, 1983 - Salt Lake City, Utah.

Karin Dalby Taggart, wife of Larry Boyde Taggart (Jasper - Charles Wallace), born August 24, 1936 - Oslo, Norway - died August 10, 1983 - Woodland Hills, Utah.

Shirley Ann Smith Hodges (Charlotte - Mary Amanda - Charles Wallace), born February 29, 1944 - American Falls Idaho - died May 5, 1983 - Idaho Falls, Idaho.

William Ray Hatch, husband of Beulah Taggart (James) Hatch, born November 18, 1910 - Heber City, Utah - died October 24, 1983 - Idaho Falls, Idaho.

HAPPENINGS

The Deseret News (August 11, 1983) reported that DORIS TAGGART, former wife of Wallace Taggart (Jerome - Charles Wallace) had been elected President of the Board, Junior Achievement of Greater Salt Lake Inc. An earlier article in the Salt Lake Tribune (June 19, 1983) highlighted Doris' work with the Women's Council, Salt Lake Area Chamber of Commerce. When the Council began in 1970 Doris was its first President and she gathered 12 women to join her. Today there are 250. Membership is made up of women who own their own businesses, or who are in either middle or top management positions in businesses affiliated with the Chamber. Doris is Vice President and Public Relations Officer for Zions First National Bank.

SCOTT A. TAGGART (Scott-George Henry) was presented a Special Award of Merit for 31 years of service to the Utah Heart Association at the annual Board of Directors meeting of the Utah Heart Association held June 3, 1983. Among his various positions with the Association, Scott has been Chairman of the Board, and a Director on it for 24 years of his service. At the meeting, Gold Heart Awards were presented to the heart team of the University of Utah who developed the artificial heart that was implanted in Barney B. Clark. His wife, Una Loy Clark, received a Gold Heart Award, posthumously, for her husband. Gold Heart Awards were also presented to Dr. William C. DeVries, Dr. Robert Jarvik, Dr. Willem Kolff and Dr. Donald B. Olsen. Prior to this time, Scott was the only Utahn ever to receive a Gold Heart Award of Merit. His award was presented by the American Heart Association at its Annual Assembly in Dallas, Texas, in November 1978, and was for 13 years of service to the national organization.

LYLE R. TAGGART (Walter-Frederick) has recently been named second Vice President and Assistant Manager of the Broadway Office of Valley Bank in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Lyle has had 23 years of banking experience in all its phases. He has also been active in a number of civic organizations, including President of the Kiwanis Club and Chairman of the March of Dimes. At present he is Chairman of the Eastern Idaho BYU Alumni Association.

JESSE McNIVEN "MAC" TAGGART (Lloyd-George Henry) was honored with one of the highest awards in Scouting at the annual meeting of the North Central Region of the Boy Scouts of America in Kansas City, Missouri, this last May. This was the Silver Antelope Award which is given in recognition of noteworthy service of exceptional character to boyhood. The North Central Region, which includes eleven states in the midwest, is entitled to select one nominee for the award for every 30,000 registered adult scouters. Mac and Janet, who have their home in Cody, both travelled to Kansas City when he received this award. Mac is the fourth Scouter in the Cody area to receive the award, and the fifth in Wyoming. He has been an active leader in the Boy Scout program for the past thirty years.

The Church News (June 19, 1983) featured the gift to the Church of the sixteen-volume diaries of Carl Christian Anton Christensen (the only 19th Century Mormon artist to be nationally recognized) by NORMA CHRISTENSEN TAGGART, widow of Bruce (George Henry), and by Norma's daughter Ethel Taggart Christensen and Norma's niece Geniel Hansen Jensen. The diaries are primarily about Christensen's missionary work in Denmark and Norway, on three different missions during the period 1853 to 1889. While on these missions, he began recording the history of the Church in art, and showing it to members and investigators. About 70 of his paintings will be shown at the opening of the new Museum of Church History and Art. What a satisfying and fulfilling experience this was for Norma in presenting these diaries to the Church. She did so only a few months before her death.

MILT TAGGART (Henry Milton) was remembered in the column "Remember When" 50 years ago, May 11, 1933 (Ogden Standard-Examiner, May 11, 1983). Dancers at the Berthana voted Milt, leader of the Vagabonds of the Air, as the most popular man in the hall. Mr. Taggart, an "internationally known" orchestra leader, was a native Utahn and "introducer" of the popular "Springtime In The Rockies". - Personal note to Dick: Come on, please give us a write-up on your Father!

New Member - TRISHA ELAINE TAGGART - born August 5, 1983 - daughter of Elizabeth Burrow and Edward L. (Glen-James) Taggart.

MARVA BRIGHT (ALICE) TIBBITTS KARREN - Congratulations on becoming eighty-one on September 29, 1983. Marva enjoys good health and leads an active full life.

SCOTT TAGGART SR. (George Henry), our Family Patriarch, will be 91 on January 18, 1984. Congratulations, Scott!!! May you continue to enjoy good health! The 14th child in a family of 16, Scott recently underwent surgery for a pacemaker. Asking how long it would last, he was advised: "Come back in 2005 and I'll implant another."

J. WENDELL (Velma-James) and SANDRA BALES and family have moved to Topeka, Kansas, where J. Wendell is Professor of Law in the Law School, Washburn University. He will also retain his affiliation with Bayles and Evans in Salt Lake City.

BRIGHT FAMILY REUNION: The descendants of John Wesley and Alice Taggart Bright held their reunion on October 2, 1983 in Smithfield, Utah. Approximately 90 attended. They had a great day renewing family ties, singing, reading family histories, sharing handicrafts and works of art by family members, playing games, and enjoying good food. Altogether Wesley and Alice Bright have 221 descendants.

THE FREDERICK AND EULALIE LEAVITT TAGGART FAMILY held their reunion July 23, 1983 at Downey, Idaho. They had an excellent program with presentations of 10 to 15 minutes from each of the eight families. Frederick and Eulalie have seven children living and all of them were able to attend the reunion. There were 136 in attendance.

MARRIAGES

Janice Jaynes and Val Hardcastle (Alice-Norean-Alice) - June 2, 1983 - Logan Temple.

Teresa Nelson and Scott Boyce (Sherman-Norean-Alice) April 29, 1983 - Salt Lake Temple.

Ann Greager and Rodney R. Taggart (Paul-Frederick) - August 12, 1983 - Ogden Temple.

Sherrie Lynne Maughn and Jon Gilbert McKenna (Joanne-Fannie-Mary Augusta-Eliza Ann) - August 12, 1983 - Logan Temple.

Jan Boyce (Sherman-Norean-Alice) and Randall Jay Thomas - August 19, 1983 - Idaho Falls Temple

MISSIONARIES

Joanne Todd McKenna of Hyde Park, Utah and her family of eight (7 sons, 1 daughter) were featured in the Herald Journal (Logan, Utah - July 29, 1983) as a missionary family. Joanne's husband Earl, who was on the faculty of the LDS Institute at Utah State University, died in 1979. Of Joanne's 7 sons, Todd (27) has filled a mission in Chile, Richard (25) in Japan, Reed (23) in Taiwan, Jon (21) in Guatemala, and Quinn (20) is now serving in the Houston Texas Spanish Mission. Sheri Joanne (15) is enthusiastic about missionary work but hasn't decided yet if she will go on a mission. Russel (12) and Robert (10) are preparing to go on missions. Joanne, a great granddaughter of Eliza Ann Taggart Goodrich, in addition to single-

parenting her large family, works as fulltime secretary at the Ellis Elementary School in Logan.

Wally and Lavella Taggart (Henry Milton) Burt are on a mission at the Mormon Battalion Memorial Visitors Center, San Diego, California.

James Antczak (Lexie Summerville-Norean-Alice) is in Columbia, South America. His Grandmother Norean reports that his letters indicate that he is enjoying the work very much, the work is going well, and that he is used to the food.

Ron James Halverson (Jacqueline-George-Rebecca-George Henry) is serving in Japan. He is the eldest son of Jackie and Paul J. Halverson.

Todd Sappington (Charles-Charlotte-Mary Amanda-Charles Wallace) is also on a mission in Japan. His Grandmother Charlotte reports that he is the first of her family to go on a mission, that he loves it, and that the Japanese are very friendly.

Alan Kay Barlow (Becky-Ethel-Bruce-George Henry) is serving in the Chile Santiago South Mission. The Church is progressing well there, the people seem to be waiting for the missionaries. Alan is enthused about the work, the happy Chilean people, and the good bread!!

FOOTBALL FEVER

By Charles Taggart Mills

(We received this letter from Charlie (Rhoda-Lucinda-Charles Wallace) dated November 23, 1983, and happily share it with you.)

Ever since I can remember first seeing a football, 1973, when we moved from Bothwell to Brigham City . . . ever since I remember playing as a kid on gravelled streets . . . or on the beautiful grass at the church yard in defiance of the custodian's stern rebuke . . . or playing touch football under the streetcorner light . . . or captaining my high school football team to an untied, undefeated state championship in 1945 . . . or quarterbacking our 8th Cavalry team in Japan after World War II, the football season has had a special feeling about it. The feeling returns every September, just as surely as the ducks and geese fly south for the winter.

My bones feel differently. My pot belly flattens out and firms up. My legs become muscled and hardened for speed and strength. I become as swift as a deer, as quick as a fox. I dodge hordes of tacklers. I never miss a block. I kick the pigskin a country mile. I become a vicious tackler that opposing backs fear. I can suddenly pass as far, as fast and as accurately as a Jim McMahon or a Steve Young. I can suddenly coach better than Alonzo Stagg, Knute Rockne, Bear Bryant, ~~Tam~~ Landry and Lavell Edwards combined. It is absolutely wonderful to 'come alive' with football fever.

I go to bed after watching the football news. I wake up a half hour early, stagger to the front door, peek out to see if anybody is stirring in the blackness of early morning, trot barefooted and BVD'd to the steps of the porch or to the frosted bush and quickly dart back into the warmth of the bathroom to start the day right by catching up on the football news . . .

My real estate sales suffer, but my spirits go up. I watch raggedy neighborhood kids passing and kicking big footballs with little hands and small feet. If there's a game I'll be standing on the sideline watching.

I kill time on Saturday mornings waiting to listen on the radio or waiting to leave for Provo to watch BYU's exciting Cougars explode on the gridiron. I feel as if I'd crawl, walk, run, leap, bounce, vault or fly to every game. If I had my way I'd forget food, work, man and payday and go to the game. I'd be a first class football bum. I love football. If they'd bottle it, I'd drink it to excess . . . and Alcoholics Anonymous would not be able to help out.

I have written about it . . . A line came to me on a Saturday morning about eighteen months ago . . . and then another . . . and then another . . . and then another. It came like a fire in the night. In an hour and forty five minutes, it was finished. It felt good. I hope you like it.

It's Saturday morning, pushin' quarter to eight.
Gotta get up early for the ticket gate.
It's football fever in my hometown.
Been a long time waiting . . . leaves yellow and brown.

It's the feeling in the fall when the air is crisp and clear.
It's the feeling of football to the inner ear.
Makes you wake up early, makes you lay and dream,
When you're middle-aged fifty . . still a part of the team.

It's the Green Machine, it's the Purple People Eater.
It's the hotdogs, it's the popcorn, it's the lost child greeter.
It's the blankets, it's hot chocolate, it's the tailgate bunch.
It's the great hooray! It's the football crunch.

End of summer, start of autumn, it's the yellow, it's the red.
It's the blue, it's the white, it's the winner, it's tired dead.
It's a loss, dropped a pass. It's the pits, it's the gloom.
It's a football widow on a fall afternoon.

It's the coming home, the bonfires, it's the floats and pretty girls.
It's the bass drum, it's the trombone while the trumpet sound unfurls.
It's the mountains, it's the blue sky, it's the traffic, it's the stands.
It's the mamas and the papas, little kids and great big fans.

It's the Southern Cal and Notre Dame, the zis-boom-bah!
It's the Brigham Young and Utah and the rah-rah-rah!
It's the Wolverines, the Buckeyes and the Gophers and the Rams.
It's the Golden Bears, the Aggies, it's the Turkey Day and yams.

It's the Army and the Navy . . . hear the military cheers.
It's the Crimson Tide and Auburn, it's Cornhuskers, Dawgs and Steers.
It's the Texas-Oklahoma, it's the red and it's the white.
It's the run, the kick, the pass to win the game, to win the fight.
It's the Tigers, Panthers, Lions. It's Sun Devils . . . Huskies too.
It's the tumult, it's the shouting, it's the roar at Podunk U.

It's the kick-off time . . . it's the hush . . . it's the still.
It's the long, high kick . . . it's the runback . . . it's the thrill.

It's a first and ten . . . then a second and three.
It's a third down bomb soaring long and free.

It's a neighborhood gang on a big green lawn .
It's a freckle-faced kid sayin' "Throw it to me long".

It's a big, tough fullback hittin' through that line.
 It's a swivel-hipped halfback spinning past and prancing fine.
 It's the zig-zag runback of a sixty-yard punt.
 The safety's quick, pumps his knees. . . he's a 5-8 runt.
 It's a 6-3 sticky-fingered big, blond end
 Runnin' cross the middle and he's cuttin' at the ten.
 It's the pom poms, it's the cheer girls, it's the loud brass bands.
 It's the students, it's alumni cheering in the stands.
 It's the chilling shrill of the referee's whistle.
 It's the wounded thigh . . . or a knee. . . or some gristle.
 It's the clip, it's the hold, it's the back in motion.
 It's the trainer's touch, it's the tape, it's the lotion.
 It's a Paul Bunyan tackle on a big linebacker.
 It's a stock guard, it's a Cougar or a Packer.
 It's the center snap, it's the crack of pads.
 It's the big Goliaths, it's the kids, it's the lads.
 It's the goal line stand, hear the grunts and the groans.
 It's the heat, it's the sweat, it's the fumble, it's the moans.
 It's the week before, it's the day thereafter.
 It's the noise, it's the cheers, it's the gloom, it's the laughter.
 It's the snow for the game, it's the rain and the mud.
 It's the slush, it's the muck, it's the slip, it's the thud.
 It's a quick, smart quarterback . . . a big redhead.
 It's a fifty-yard pass, it's the needle, it's the thread.
 It's a six-point touchdown, it's a thunderous hooray!
 Hit the big tight end on the final big play!
 It's the aches and it's the pains.
 It's the black and sore blue.
 It's the end of the game
 And gladiators are through.
 It's the ace sportscaster with his stats in hand.
 It's the records and the talk show for the non-attending fan.
 It's the sweat in the locker room, it's the post-game talk.
 It's the coach, it's the star, it's the seconds on the clock.
 Yes, it's football fever in my hometown.
 Been a long time comin' . . . leaves yellow and brown.
 From early in September until New Year's Day,
 It's the color, it's the splendor, it's the game, it's the play.
 It's football fever when the game is won.
 It's football fever . . . like a ninety-yard run!

FROM YOUR LETTERS

Just completed reading the last Taggart Family Newsletter and while I have enjoyed and kept them all none has touched me as much as this one (Vol. III, No. 2). Perhaps because it brought back so many happy and wonderful memories --perhaps because reference was made to my mother Becky et al. of the George Henry family . . . We have two returned missionaries, Karlyn's (Brett) sons-- Thomas George from Germany, and Scott Kennedy from Arizona. All of our grandsons thus far have filled or are fulfilling missions. Two others are getting ready.

My whole family is up to their ears in music carrying on a great Taggart tradition. Uncle Scott's comments regarding the Big Horn brought tears to my eyes. What memories. I am so proud to be identified as a Taggart. Wouldn't it be glorious beyond expressing if we became an "Eternal" family.

- George T. Frost - July 1983

* * * * *

Here is a letter from my brother Lowe (Goodrich) and his wife Rhea. They are on an Indian Mission in Wanblee, S.D. A very difficult mission, they say. Rhea writes:

'The work here is trying, but good for both of us. Hardest for Lowe, of course. He has never been confined - farming tied us down but didn't confine - and his hips and back give him a lot of trouble. Contrary to what everyone thinks, the rest doesn't help and sitting is very bad. We are sending a check for \$100 to the Taggart Organization to be used to help out with the histories they have been sending. We enjoy them so much . . . The Indian Mission is just that - an Indian mission. There are lots of problems which we handle the best we can. Getting the children ready for placement (in LDS homes) has top priority now. We have had six baptisms in three months which is way above the mission average, and more are preparing.'

- Lela Goodrich Johnson - Aug. 1983

* * * * *

I have so enjoyed the Family Newsletter and want to thank you for spear-heading this project. Please pass my appreciation along to your wonderful helpers, for I know it takes a team effort to accomplish a task this size, having been involved in more than one project of similar proportions! I also want to express my happiness that you would take time to pen a note to me about the article on MOTHER'S HANDS. I take it that you are as sentimental as I about the precious everyday memories that created the warp and woof of childhood. What treasures are to be had for just the looking!

- Athlene M. Allred - Aug. 1983

* * * * *

Thank you so much for the two Newsletters which I received several days ago. I enjoy reading them very much and I'm looking forward to the next one. There is so much to learn and to find out about our ancestors. I also enjoy the family reunions and I'm looking forward to the one next summer. I've met relatives there that I didn't even know I had and it makes me feel very good to know them.

- Charlotte B. Smith - Oct. 1983

* * * * *

Thought you might find this portion of Mother's (Violet Taggart Brown - George Henry) letter interesting - see the Newsletter, Vol. II, No. 2, pp. 7-11). Just found it among souvenirs:

'Jan. 31, 1966 - Dear Bruce and Fran - Fifty two years ago, two and one half hours from now you were born into this world. Dr. Wolley was the Dr. in charge. He had an awful time to find you. Grandma Brown had so many clothes on me: first the L.D.S. underwear, a night gown and a heavy petticoat. I think Grandma dressed for modesty more than anything else. They weren't the dainty under things like they wear now but warm outing. We lived in a small house in Pocatello, Idaho. Your Dad worked for the R.R. during the winter, and we homesteaded on the place in Idaho during the summer. We took you out there away from every thing and every body. Darn near lost both you and Mary.'

- Bruce T. Brown - Oct. 1983

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GENEALOGICAL NOTES

The ancestral lines of George Washington Taggart, through his mother, Susannah Law, lead back thirteen generations to Robert Rose, who arrived in Colonial America in 1634 on the ship "Francis" from England. This is the same Rose family in whose honor King Henry's flagship "Mary Rose" was named. This flagship capsized in 1545 with 700 men and 91 canon aboard. It is the same flagship which was recently raised from its seabed, an event which was given much publicity in the world press.

The Goodrich and Foote families, both Taggart families, also have lines into the Rose family. A monumental work on the Rose family, "Robert (our Robert) Rose of Wethersfield and Brandford Connecticut" has just been announced. It may be ordered from the Rose Family Association, 1474 Montelegre Drive, San Jose CA 95120. Price \$40.00. The Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City has ordered a copy. This book will comprise about 550 pages and have an index with an estimated 125,000 names.

A reprint of an old book "Family of Rose of Kilravock (Scotland) 1290-1847" is also available at the same address. Price \$26.50 (includes postage).

Elsie Hinkley, 1328 21st Street, Ogden, Utah 84401, has just completed a work of considerable value on the Rose family. It is an 1880 soundex listing of the Roses of Utah. This project required a great deal of time and effort and we wish to express our sincere thanks to her for this fine contribution.

Taggart Research Indexing Project: We need volunteers to assist with indexing the voluminous material we have on the Taggarts. Please contact Jeanette T. Holmes, 3815 Happy Valley Road, Lafayette CA 94549. This is an enormous task for one person and valuable time is being lost in making this material available to all interested Taggarts and to the Gelealogy Library in Salt Lake City. This material includes copies of the research of Maude Taggart (made available through her nephew Frank O. Beverstock), Lloyd W. Taggart, Louise Welch Taggart, Jeanette Taggart, Eulalie Taggart, Mary L. Taggart and others. Jeanette has researched and compiled a vast amount of information and she is now devoting a major share of her time and energy to preparing a publication on the Taggarts. She needs your help!

21ST GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART FAMILY REUNION - AUGUST 4, 1984

Remember the 21st George Washington Taggart Family Reunion 1984 - Logan, Utah.

It will be held in the Glen L. Taggart Student Center on the campus of Utah State University - Saturday, August 4, 1984.

Make plans to attend. Paul L. Taggart, Chairman, will send you full details concerning this important Family gathering.

OURS IS A GREAT FAMILY

To have an effective Family Organization with accomplishments be-
fitting greatness requires YOUR support.



**Beverstocks & Family Members
at the Bagles'**

See Page 11