



GEORGE HENRY TAGGART

1850 - 1924

Taggart Family Newsletter

Volume VII, Number 1

March 1988

Published by the George Washington Taggart Family Organization
Mailing Address: 1430 Maple Drive — Logan, UT 84321 — Editor: Spencer L. Taggart
Family Membership and Treasurer:
Lloyd W. Taggart — 1343 Salisbury — Cody, Wyoming 82414

Genealogical Representatives:
Jeanette Taggart Holmes — Box 1836 — Tahoe City, CA 95730
Lawrence C. Taggart — 3512 West Fenchurch Road — West Jordan, UT 84084
Jane Poll — 2555 East 78th South — South Weber, UT 84405

Editor's Note

Our last Family Newsletter was Volume VI, Number 1, February, 1986. The present Newsletter gives an account of our Family Reunion in Cody, Wyoming, August 1-3, 1986, as well as announces the upcoming Reunion this August.

THE 23RD GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART FAMILY REUNION

August 6-7, 1988

Our 23rd Reunion will be held on the campus of Utah State University, Logan, Utah, in the Ballroom of the Glen L. Taggart Student Center. This Reunion's theme—"Becoming Better Acquainted"—highlights our desire to know one another as friends as well as relatives.

Our Reunion will again overlap the University's national award-winning "Festival of the American West." The pageant alone, "The West: America's Odyssey," is well worth your trip to Logan. The Festival's "Fair" could also justify a longer stay.

Please note these dates (August 6-7) on your calendar! Make your reservations early! Housing will be greatly in demand! Drop us a card saying you plan to be here. It will help us in making preparations.

SATURDAY — August 6, 1988 — Ballroom, Taggart Student Center

9:00 a.m - 12:00 noon — Registration, Visiting, Displays, Exhibits, etc.

12:00 - 2:00 p.m. — Lunch

Lunch will be in the Cafeteria-Carousell. You will go through the line.

Adults - \$3.75; Children under 10 years - \$3.55.

2:00 - 4:00 p.m. — Family Program

Jay B. Taggart (James-George Henry), superintendent of the Weber School District in Utah, will be our speaker.

8:00 - 11:00 p.m. — Dance — Ballroom, Taggart Student Center
Live Band & Music!

SUNDAY — August 7, 1988 — Ballroom, Taggart Student Center

10:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon — Family Sacrament and Testimony Meeting

Steven Taggart (Ted-Henry Milton) will be in charge and conduct the meeting. He is President of the Salt Lake Hunter East Stake.

HOUSING ACCOMMODATIONS

The University Inn, \$28 one person, \$4 each additional person. Tel., 753-6040, Utah State University, Logan, Utah 84322-4300.

Note: None of the University's student apartments will be available.

Best Western Baugh Motel, \$32 one person, \$36 two persons, \$4 each additional person. Children under 12 no charge. 153 South Main, Tel., 752-5220.

Sand Piper Inn, \$26 - \$32. 364 South Main, Tel., 753-5623.

Lamplighter Motel, \$34 two persons, queen size bed; \$38 two persons, king sized bed; \$4 each additional person. Children under 12 no charge.

The Cover

This delicate wood sculpture of George Henry Taggart (3rd child of GWT) is the work of Dee Flagg. Commissioned by Lloyd and Louise Welch Taggart, it was completed in 1963 and is now in the possession of Lloyd W. and Adele Taggart. Photograph by Lloyd W.

Flagg, a native of Great Falls, grew up on Montana's ranches. In 1952, he moved to Scottsdale, Arizona. He is widely known for his sensitive and detailed wood sculptures of western figures of the frontier days. He has sought to portray the history of the West through his work.

Family Fund

Since our last Newsletter, the following members have sent in contributions: Brent & Sheri Brown, Beulah T. Hatch, Grace Jensen, LuJean Taggart Marsh, Louise Taggart, Mr. & Mrs. Howard Brown, James T. Frost, Paulene & Parry Greenwood, Stanley and Madge Roberts, Irene Francis, Ila & Spencer Taggart, Jay Dee & Adelle Karren, Renold & Luana Taggart, Jeanette T. Homes in memory of Uncle Scott on behalf of her brother and sisters—Charles B. Taggart, Valene Taggart, Joann T. Bach, Ethel T. Christensen—Cleone F. Crosby, Velma & Wendell Bayles, Ileen & Bill Knowles, Carolyn Clark, Athleme M. Allred, Nina & Louis Taggart.

We appreciate this support from these members, but believe our Family can improve on its participation. Ours is a great Family! To have an effective Family Organization with accomplishments befitting greatness requires the support of us all.

IN MEMORIAM

Viola W. Telford (Sarah Jane)
wife of Sanford Bingham Wright, deceased
wife of George Telford, deceased
born April 15, 1891, Morgan, UT
died May 14, 1986, Ogden, UT

Myrtle Chloe Summerill Frost
wife of George Taggart Frost (Rebecca-George Henry)
born September 2, 1906, Ogden, UT
Died May 10, 1986, Ogden, UT

Ray T. Morgan
husband of Alice Johnson (Hazel-Clarissa) Morgan, deceased
born September 9, 1912, Logan, UT
died July 5, 1986, Brigham City, UT

Susan Taggart (Richard-DeVere-Jerome-Charles Wallace)
born June 13, 1967, Las Vegas, NV
died May 6, 1986, Bittsburg, West Germany

Mary Hinckley (Jessie-Jessie-George Henry) Meeks
wife of Louis Paul Meeks, deceased
born October 2, 1908, Cowley, WY
died July 18, 1986, Preston, ID

Fern Broadbent Ercanbrach Taggart
wife of Grant (George Henry) Taggart, deceased
born May 24, 1899, Provo, UT
died March 22, 1986, Provo, UT

R. Dean Taggart (Ray H.-James-George Henry)
husband of Marilyn Combe
born January 25, 1926, Ogden, UT
died April 3, 1986, Ogden, UT

Leora Lewis (Julia) Worley
wife of Dr. Eugene Worley, deceased
born March 11, 1894, Lewiston, UT
died May 1, 1986, Alameda, CA

Orlo Jones
husband of Joyce Lewis (Dow-Julia) Jones
born November 6, 1912, Lewiston, UT
died May 11, 1986, San Leandro, CA

Moletta Taggart (Marcus) Roberts
wife of David Roberts
born March 20, 1906, Lewiston, UT
died October 24, 1987, Logan, UT

Ivy Naomi Taggart (Albert-Noah Albert) Clark
wife of Martin Clark
born August 21, 1911
died September 19, 1986, Smoot, WY

Scott Taggart Sr. (George Henry)
husband of Nida Allen Taggart, deceased
born January 18, 1893, Morgan, UT
died September 12, 1986, Salt Lake City, UT

Rhoda Josephine (Mary Amanda-Charles Wallace) Hamilton
born October 22, 1913, Aberdeen, ID
died April 23, 1986, Clarkston, WA

Sydney Goodrich (Byron-Eliza Ann) Calder
wife of Edwin H. Calder
born July 30, 1913, Vernal, UT
died August 7, 1987, Bountiful, UT

Orlo Goodrich (Byron-Eliza Ann)
husband of Mabel Gardiner
born August 15, 1918, Vernal, UT
died March 7, 1988, Vernal, UT

Lowe Goodrich (Byron-Eliza Ann)
husband of Rhea Roberts
born May 6, 1920, Vernal, UT
died August 20, 1987, Oakley, ID

A GREAT REUNION!

The George Washington Taggart Reunion (August 1-3, 1986, Cody, Wyoming) was a celebration of family togetherness of the highest order. Our deep and sincere thanks to Jesse "Mac" and Janet Taggart and their outstanding committee members. We also extend our thanks to all those family members who did so much to make us all feel welcome.

Following registration Friday afternoon at the Holiday Inn (a Quin-Ruth-Taggart-Blair-Family enterprize), the Family gathered that evening in Mac's and Janet's spacious garden for spaghetti dinner and program under a colorful convention-size tent. This picture by Bruce McCormack of the Cody *Enterprise* is indicative not only of the large gathering but also of the great time we had. Reprints are available (9 1/2 x 6 inches) for \$5 prepaid from Bruce McCormack, 1448 Alger, Cody, Wyoming 82414.

With Devere Hinckley (Jessie-George Henry) as emcee, we were entertained at Mac's and Janet's with humorous commentary by Devere and musical numbers by family members. Among those performing were the following: Bryan (Lloyd-Lloyd-George Henry), Megan, Collette, Gregory (Hal-Grant-George Henry) vocal quartet; flute solo by Shan Taggart, married to Jeff (Hal-Grant-George Henry); Ileen Knowles (Ruey-Frederick) vocal medley; Golden and Jackie Welch (Nettie-George Henry) vocal duet.



A highlight of the Saturday evening program was June Crosby's playing a violin made by George Henry in 1890, now in the possession of Charles Bruce Taggart (Bruce-George Henry). (Volume III, Number 1, p. 11) The violin's tonal quality was especially noteworthy as June played "Chardas," by Monti.

June and her husband, Rulon (Cleone-Rebecca-George Henry) (guitar), and their children Kimberley (piano), Cody (bass violin), Jacqueline (violin), and Rebecca (violin), also played several numbers, including one by John A. Taggart of early Sharon, New Hampshire, entitled, "Taggart Horn Piper."

With Cal Taggart (Grant-George Henry), as a colorful emcee, the following family members also performed: the Karren sisters (Adelle-Spencer-James), Anna (piano), Laura and Sara (violins); Frank Hinckley (DeVere-Jessie-George Henry), accompanied on the piano by his sister, Maurine Hinckley Coe, tenor solo—"One Voice;" Gard Bowman (Mary Amanda-Charles Wallace), on the guitar—"Hawaii Calling" and "Sundown;" Maurine Hinckley Coe, accompanied on the piano by Chris Hinckley, sang a number of blues songs, favorites of Hal Taggart's, as a memorial tribute to him; Elise Taggart (Scott-Lloyd-George Henry) with piano by her sister, Amy, vocal solo "Call Me Friend." The program closed with two numbers from the Taggart Family choir of about fifty members, under the baton of Bryan Taggart (Lloyd W.-Lloyd-George Henry), with Chris Hinckley accompanist: "Come, Come, Ye Saints," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Our Family Choir sang the same numbers Sunday morning in the sacrament and testimony meeting in the Cody 2nd Ward. In this setting, the Choir's singing was even more beautiful and inspiring.

At Sunday School, the teacher, Bro. Nielson, explaining that he had wished to have someone sing—"He That Hath Clean Hands"—but was unable to do so, was very pleased when Norean Bright Boyce (Alice) volunteered to sing it. Her sister, Marva Bright Karren, played the piano

accompaniment. Interestingly, if we go back to the first ever George Washington Taggart Family Reunion October 12-13, 1914, Lewiston, Utah (Volume II, Number 2, pp. 1-3), we find that these talented sisters sang a duet on the program. They are now in their eighties!

Saturday's daytime program made provision for a wide selection of activities, enabling family members to choose what was of most interest to them. Many of the teenagers, for example, floated the Shoshone River. The sports-minded ones participated in the Family Golf Tournament at the Olive Glen Country Club.

Many in the family devoted a major part of the day to the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, with its fine Whitney Art Gallery and well-known Plains Indian, Winchester firearms, and Buffalo Bill Museums. A number also visited the old Cody Chapel with its inspiring murals by Edward Griggware depicting the history of the LDS Church. This chapel was built when Lloyd Taggart (George Henry) was bishop. It was first used and dedicated the same day in 1949.

One of the highlights of the reunion for many members was a bus trip to Cowley where they visited homes and places of historical interest, including the home of George Henry and Jessie McNiven Taggart, the Big Horn Academy, the red-brick Relief Society Building (built when Jessie McNiven Taggart was president), and the city cemetery, where markers denote family graves.



George Henry Taggart Home. Lloyd W. standing.
Photograph by Ila.

On the way to Cowley, they visited the John Taggart Hinckley Library on the campus of Northwest Community College in Powell. John was there to show them through this beautiful library. He commented on its many impressive features, including the Louise Welch Taggart (wife of Lloyd Senior) room, furnished with a turn-of-the-century square piano and many other treasures that belonged to her.

The Old Trail Town, immediately west of Cody, was another place of considerable interest. A project dedicated to the collecting and preservation of early historic area buildings, it was especially gratifying to family members to find the George Henry Taggart carpentry shop in the Town. Built by him about 1901 in Cowley, it had recently been purchased (owner not a Taggart) and moved from Cowley to Old Trail Town as a gift from the Taggart family.

Lloyd W. Taggart has plans to equip the shop with priceless period carpentry tools. The collection will also include an antique Long Rifle (mfg. J. Stevens), 32 caliber, single shot, whose stock was made and fitted by George Henry Taggart. This fine example of George Henry's work was generously made available by a grandson, Bruce Taggart (Bruce-George Henry). George Henry's beautifully handcrafted gun stocks were made of hard wood, often—as in this particular gun—from an old wagon tongue.



Picture of GHT's Carpentry shop.
Photograph by Lloyd W.

About twenty members attended the Saturday afternoon genealogical meeting in the Cody 2nd Ward-Stake Center. Jeanette T. Holmes conducted this meeting and was most generous in sharing her knowledge and research.

When the tempo slowed somewhat, the Holiday Inn pool was a favorite gathering place, especially for the younger members.

Finally, a family reunion usually has a few speakers. Ours were Gregory Taggart (Hal-Grant-George Henry), Jeffrey H. Willis (Wyoming-Jessie-George Henry) and Spencer L. Taggart (James).

GEORGE HENRY AND JESSIE McNIVEN TAGGART IN THE BIG HORN BASIN

By Gregory Taggart

My great grandparents, George Henry and Jessie McNiven Taggart, were among those called by the Mormon Church to settle in the Basin. The colonists, about 308 in number, met in Hams Mill, Wyoming, where they were divided into seven companies. George Henry was placed in charge of the second company, which consisted of 22 men, 8 women, 22 children, 16 wagons, and 36 horses. George Henry took four of his children: John (Jack) 22, Rebecca 18, Nettie 16, and Bruce 10. Jessie and the rest of the children came later. The Taggart family eventually settled in Cowley. (See *Taggarts in the Settlement of the Big Horn Basin*, by Scott Taggart Sr., Vol. II, No. 2, pp. 4-7; Vol. III, No. 1, pp. 4-8; Vol. III, No. 2, pp. 4-9.)

The Sidon canal was a must if the colonists were to be successful in establishing their homes in the Basin. It was to be their "life line." It was to be 35 miles long and large enough to irrigate 12 to 15 thousand acres of land. They began construction in May, 1900 and completed the canal in the spring of 1904. Gregory suggested two books for those who may wish to delve deeper into the history of the Basin: (1) Charles A. Welch, *History of the Big Horn Basin*, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1940; (2) Mark N. Partridge, *With Book and Plow*, Mountain States Printing Company, Lovell, Wyoming, 1967, revised edition, 1976.

Gregory shared several interesting excerpts from a short history of *Jessie McNiven Taggart*, by Cleone Frost Crosby (Rebecca-George Henry). We have obtained a copy from Cleone and wish to share from it, not only excerpts cited by Gregory, but others as well.

My earliest recollection of my maternal grandparents dates back to when I was a very little girl living across the street from them in the red-stone house which Grandpa helped plan, and build. I will confess I was always a little afraid of Grandma even though I loved and respected her. She wasn't very tall, not over five feet three or four inches at the most. As long as I can remember she was quite plump and very very straight up the back....

Grandpa I adored. He was so tender and sweet to me. He seemed to sense how much I yearned for attention and affection, that being the middle one in a large family can be rough on a homely, shy little girl. I can remember his holding me on his lap and kissing me and how I would squirm and giggle at his tickly mustache. He loved to have his bald head brushed with a stiff hair-brush. I'd brush until my skinny arms ached....

Grandpa and Grandma had so many grandkids running in and out of their home, and they really made a valiant effort not to show any partiality. Grandma ... tried to keep cookies, fruit or something on hand for a little treat for each of us.... She used to call to me as I walked, head hanging, to school, "get your chin up, young lady, you have nothing to be ashamed of." Through constant reminder I finally did get my chin up and it has stayed up, and has since "stood me in good stead" many times when I needed a show of courage.

Grandpa loved the out-of-doors. He enjoyed walking and often came home from a long hike with a bucket-ful of water-cress which he divided amongst his kids. I used to stand in awe at the amount of water he could drink. He'd stand by the tap

in the kitchen and drink two or three big dippers of water at a time. I loved to visit with him in the old shop and watch him work, and it was great fun to play in the saw-dust and the curly shavings from his plane. In his later years he worked mostly on his guns, with their beautiful hardwood stocks fashioned by his knarled old hands. How proud he'd be of the equally beautiful stocks turned out by his Grandson DeVere Hinckley. Grandpa was so very particular, he would sand and polish by the hour, and the finished product was a thing of perfection. Chris Schow, who was also a good carpenter, once told me George Taggart had no patience with slip-shod ways.

I remember the enticing odor that came from the little smoke-house when he was curing hams and bacon. Grandma would take the rinds of the pork and cook them down for soap grease. I can still smell the yellow squares of soap she made in the big copper boiler out back of the house. We kids would stand around chewing on the "cracklins" and watch her as she worked.

Grandpa always had a beautiful garden and two long rows of currant bushes, and some apple trees, west of the house. Those currant bushes were my special delight. How I loved those big yellow and black currants! ... I'll never forget Grandpa's pansy bed at the north of the house, every year they were a mass of purple and yellow blooms. He had a neat lawn with flowers and shrubs, and the house was shaded by Box-elder trees. Along the front of the lot was an attractive white picket fence.

Grandma was a splendid nurse and spent a great deal of time caring for sick neighbors and people in need. She was president of the Relief Society in Cowley for eight years, during which time a fine stone home for the Society was built. One novel way they had of helping to finance the building was by collecting the Sunday eggs to sell and by selling ice cream on Sunday afternoons.

At the time, it seemed to me I was stuck with the job of staying with Grandma and Grandpa more often than any of the grand-daughters. After our family had moved to the farm west of town I spent much of my time with them. Grandpa's heart was very bad and after he had had a stroke Grandma liked to have one of us there all the time to help her keep an eye on him. He was an independent old fellow and hated to be tagged around, ... so I'd follow him about and if he fell down, as he often did, I'd run for help.

.....

I have one particularly beautiful memory picture of my grandparents. I was taking my "turn" again staying with them and I remember I'd become quite disillusioned about married life in general, and especially about old age. It seemed as if Grandma was continually pecking away at Grandpa and that they had very little in common. In the evening Grandpa would retire to the front bedroom to read and snooze in front of the fire. He could stand a lot more heat in a room than Grandma could. She would keep me in the living room with her so I could report the little happenings of the day, and do the evening chores about the kitchen. She hid the magazines from me until she was also ready to read because she said she couldn't get a word out of me once I'd buried my nose in a book. I got mighty weary of the whole routine and I decided marriage, kids, and old age were not for me. I slept in one big dougle brass bed in the middle bedroom and Grandma in the other. Very

early one morning I was awakened by the sound of whispering in the room, and I opened my eyes, and my heart, to the loveliest picture I have ever seen. Grandpa was kneeling beside her bed, kissing her cheek and whispering to her. She had the tenderest smile on her face and she was patting his head with her wrinkled little hand. I felt as if I were witnessing something Holy and I didn't move a muscle lest I break the charm of their lovely moment together in the early dawn. That is all I remember for I went peacefully back to sleep to have Grandma awaken me, as usual, to the same daily program, but awakened with a completely different approach, a whole new feeling about what constitutes true devotion.

After Grandpa passed away we granddaughters continued to take turns staying with Grandma until she too had died. ...

Grandma was every inch a lady, dignity personified, but she had two or three bad little habits that endear her to me even more than some of her good qualities. In spite of her great strength of character they proved even she wasn't immune to human weakness. One thing she couldn't resist was listening in on the phone, and simply listening wasn't enough, she would butt in on the conversation! ...

Grandma's children were so good to her and she sincerely believed her last days were blessed. She told me once about how sick she was when she learned she was to have her sixteenth child. She said she felt she simply could not go through that ordeal again, with the poverty and other sad trials she had to bear. So she went to one of the old Patriarchs in Morgan—whether he was officially a Patriarch I don't know—but she told him how she felt. The old gentleman listened to her sorrows, then he gently reminded her of how blessed she was to be the Mother of so many fine children and that the Lord loved her for all she had suffered and gone without. He promised her the baby would be strong and healthy, and would never give her any trouble, that he would always be a source of joy to her, and that her children would be a blessing to her in her old age. Surely we can all testify that the things he promised her did come true.

"The boys," as she always referred to them, each left a book of signed checks with her which she kept in the little old buffet. If ever she needed anything she had only to fill one out. I don't remember her ever using one when I was there.

At one time her water bill got up to nearly \$40.00, or so she thought; the boys paid it up but didn't tell her because she was having such a good time fueding with the town officials over that outlandish water rent. It made her so furious to think she had to pay \$3.50 a month for the little water she used and "there was Esther over there running a hotel, feeding boarders, putting out those enormous washings, watering cows, horses and hogs, and all for the very same amount." "That is the only bill I ever refused to pay," she said. "They'll just have to come turn my water off, they'll never collect such an amount from me."

.....

I treasure the few times she actually expressed approval of something I did or said. If she had something nice to say about you she said it to someone else, but if she was displeased with you she told you to your face. She was completely honest and sometimes almost too frank; like the time she said, "You'll never be very pretty, my girl, but just remember that pretty is as pretty does!"

I was really shaking in my boots the first date I had with Cuddie Vaterlaus. Talk about conflicting emotions. Between being thrilled to my toes that he had walked me home from work, scared stiff of what Grandma would say, and hoping with all my heart she was sleeping on her "good ear," I was in a state. You can imagine my surprise when she approved completely. ...

She surprised me again when I went up to show her my new skirt. Skirts were being worn very short then, and full plaid circular ones were very new and popular. I bought me one with one weeks wages and I knew sooner or later I was going to have to let Grandma see me in it. It was just something we always did—show her anything new we got to wear. I was extremely dubious about what she would think of that skirt. It was so short and not only was it the wildest bright red plaid but it sported a three-inch-wide red patent-leather belt. She was standing by the gate as I walked up the street and first thing she said was, "Cleone, Cleone, where did you get that lovely Scotch plaid skirt?" I was one relieved and happy kid and I never wore it that she didn't exclaim over that lovely Scotch plaid.

.....

Her favorite recreations were reading and knitting. Her steel knitting needles would flash as she worked on the many sleeveless sweaters she made for the little boys in the family. She loved music and enjoyed the combination radio and phonograph Uncle Grant gave her. I've seen the tears run down her cheeks as we played recordings of Hawaiian guitars, but I've always felt that her tears were more of nostalgia for the days when so many of her children, with their father, made lovely music with the stringed instruments so skillfully made by Grandpa himself.

Grandma seldom talked about their early struggles; those were things she preferred to forget. When someone came seeking information about the trek across the plains and those first years in Utah, she'd say, "Oh for Heavens sake! Let the pioneers rest in peace." Pioneering was still too fresh in her mind to have acquired any degree of glamour.

.....

Her loyalty to the church, the family and our little community was typically Scotch; clannish, but completely sincere. I never left the house that she didn't remind me to "remember who you are, young lady." She instructed me not to forget I was representing the family, the church, and the town, wherever I went.

She had a lot of civic pride and it bothered her no end that the local merchants didn't take a little more pride in the appearance of our main street. The time came when she could stand it no longer, so she took a bucket of warm water, a can of Bon Ami, and with a clean white dish-towel over her shoulder went down the street, cleaning windows in every business house along the street. Whether the proprietors liked it or not made no difference to her.

Grandma took her politics seriously and was always a staunch Democrat. Emil Vaterlaus, the editor of The Cowley Progress was an equally staunch Republican, and at election time reveled in having such a medium as the paper through which to air his views. His newspaper was far from being non-partison. Grandma would get so stirred up at the things he would print that it was a regular thing, at election time, for her to cancel her subscription to the paper.

The Mother's Day Uncle Grant took that wonderful picture of her with all her flowers she told me to try and hide the Maxwell House can. We had filled it with flowers after we ran out of vases. I didn't get it completely hidden, as can be seen in the picture. I wish the picture might have been taken with colored film, for with her lavender shawl and all those luscious flowers it was a lovely sight to see. Her baby boy could always bring out her tenderest smiles.

I'm sure none of us will ever forget the night before she passed away. She was as alert as always and aware of what was going on right to the last. We all knew she was dying, and so did she, and we wandered, quietly, in and out of her room, reluctant to leave. I remember Howard Taggart brought his girl to see her—he was going with Katherine Paglisotti from Red Lodge—and Grandma teased him about what long noses their children would have, and she called Katherine “Miss Package-of-Soda.” There was a dance in Frannie that night that some of us had planned to go to but we hung around the old home until finally she said, “You kids clear out of here and go to the dance. Don't hang around here waiting for me to die.” Those were her last words to us. We did drive up to the dance, but we couldn't dance, and we didn't stay very long—our hearts just weren't in it. By morning the Matriarch of the Taggart clan was dead.

MY SON'S TESTIMONY

By Jeffrey H. Willis

Jeff, at that time Bishop of the LDS Ward in Sterling Park, Virginia, prefaced his remarks with a moving and powerful statement of his own belief in the Church and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He stated that he and his wife and family had recently gone through a very difficult and humbling experience in the death of their son, Gregory George. But through it all he believed that they had grown and their testimonies had been strengthened. With this in mind, Jeff explained that he wished to share a few of Greg's thoughts as expressed in his Journal a few weeks before his death.

Greg was nineteen at the time of his death (March 19, 1986). He was, his father observed, “a delightful boy and never any trouble.” He was a handsome 6' 1" and an elder in the Church. He was attending BYU when stricken with cancer of the vertebra.

Greg's Journal, March 2, 1986

This is to be a time of great learning and growing for me. I am to use this time to grow closer to the Lord. This cancer is a blessing, not a punishment. ... I know the Lord lives and I know He answers prayers. My testimony has always been strong but recently I feel closer than ever to the Holy Spirit. ... I strive to endure.

Greg's Journal, March 11, 1986

I have so many thoughts. These last two weeks have been so trying and yet so beautiful. It appears that my time on this earth draws swiftly to a close. ... I have full faith that the Lord can heal me. It may yet fit his purposes to do so. However, I do not presume to counsel the Lord.

Know this—I love the Lord . . . Without these challenges of the last 9 1/2 months, I would never be as close to the Lord as I am now. The purpose of life is to draw closer to the Lord. I have tried to dedicate my actions to Him. My thoughts and attitudes have changed from the mortal and finite to the eternal. In this my joy is full. My life is complete. I am whole.

... One week ago I could walk. Now I lay helpless on this hospital bed. I used to be able to play basketball and football, drive my car, pull my brothers on the sled, mow the lawn for our neighbor and carry in the groceries for my mother. Those things seem so distant, yet so tender. If only I could have been of better service. My soul is mortified at how slow I've been to serve others—how selfish I've been. I wish all men could learn from my mistakes.

The hardest thing about leaving this world will be leaving my family. How I love them all ... I will truly miss not being able to share their growth on this side of the veil. What great comfort there is in knowing that we are sealed for eternity ...

Greg's Testimony Recorded on Video Tape, March 14, 1986

... I know the gospel is true, but my actions throughout the years I hope would stand as my testimony ... I know the Savior is my Savior. That has taken on a personal meaning for me, and I have learned to appreciate so much the love the Lord has for us ... The real purpose of life is to draw closer to the Lord and to learn of Him. This has been the greatest opportunity for that ...

GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART—A FEW INSIGHTS

By Spencer L. Taggart

This November 6 (1986), will be the 170th anniversary of George Washington Taggart's birth. In seven years (June 3, 1993), he will have been dead 100 years. He lived 76 years, 7 months. He had three wives: 1) Harriett Atkins Bruce (who died in Nauvoo, Illinois), 2) Fanny Parks, and 3) Clarissas Marina Rogers, the latter two in a plural marriage. George fathered sixteen children. Thirteen lived to maturity and had children of their own. These thirteen sons and daughters presented him with 116 grandchildren. Ninety-nine lived to maturity and had children of their own. I am one of these 99 grandchildren.

George with his new bride, Harriett, and his parents, Washington and Susannah Law Tagart, and his brother, Oliver, joined the Mormon Church in Peterborough, New Hampshire. In the summer of 1843 they moved to Nauvoo so as to be near the center of the Church. From our family records, it appears that this move was made largely at George's instigation. If that was the case, it tells us something about his intensity and steadfastness in his new Mormon faith. We have learned much about his character from his letters that have been published in the Newsletter. Let us examine a few highlights.

In a letter (September 6 and 10, 1843) from Nauvoo to his three brothers who remained in New Hampshire, George's realism and pragmatism surfaced: "... It is almost impossible for a man here to get a dollar in money for work. For money is scarce and there is 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 ... The most of the peopole are industrious and honest, but poor. But there is many, as might be supposed, that are not honest, and many that belong to the Chruch which are not to be depended upon. This I expected before I came here, therefore I am not disappointed." (Volume IV, Number 1, pp. 5-6)

George's courage and strength of character were put to a severe test almost as soon as he got to Nauvoo. Within a few months (September 1 and 2, 1843), his brother and father died only a day apart. "I ... employ my pen for a few moments thinking that it will be for your satisfaction," he wrote his brothers, "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 are dead." (Volume IV, Number 1, p. 5)

On March 5, 1845, less than two years after arriving in Nauvoo, George wrote to his brother Albert: "My wife (Harriett) 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 came to Nauvoo but I do not feel like complaining for sorrow and perplexity are the common lot of mankind here in this life." (Volume IV, Number 1, p. 8)

George's Mother, Susan, died eight months later (October 31, 1845). He still had little Eliza Ann (a daughter born January 28, 1844 in Nauvoo) to care for. In this he was helped by Fanny Parks whom he married on July 6, 1845.

George remained strong in the Mormon faith and dedicated to its mission—as he expressed it—of "rolling on the Kingdom of God."

For example, in a letter (September 10, 1843) to his brothers, George commented: "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."

He also included in this letter his own candid description of Joseph Smith: "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 this 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." (Volume IV, Number 1, p. 6)

In a letter (April 2, 1848) to his brothers from the Iowa Territory, after completion of his service in the Mormon Battalion, George further elaborated: "I presume that you will begin, by this time, to wonder how or whether George gets along with his Mormonism. I [assure] you, his faith and confidence in it is as good this day as it ever has been since he first heard it." (Volume IV, Number 2, p. 5)

In a letter, (September 9, 1860), from Salt Lake City to his brother Albert, George added: "I well suppose ... that about two and a half years ago you probably expected if you ever heard any thing concerning me, it would be that my name was blotted form the earth, with all the rest of the community to which I belong. But this is not the case. Neither will it ever happen, for Mormonism, so called, or the Kingdom of God, is in the ascendant and will continue to be so." (Volume VI, Number 1, p. 4)

George was also a caring person. He addressed his brothers, for example, as "Beloved Brothers." This salutation typifies the tone of his letters to them. His commitment to Fanny and little Eliza Ann as well as his love for them was unconditional. One can imagine his concern, and anguish, when he had to leave them behind in Nauvoo. As a guard for the first company, he had to leave Nauvoo February 17, 1846. Fanny and Eliza Ann would not leave Nauvoo until later that summer, after George's departure in the Mormon Battalion. Almost two years would pass before they would again take up their lives together.

July 8, 1846, George wrote to Fanny from Mt. Pisgah, explaining his feelings about leaving the next morning to join the Mormon Battalion: "... You may be assured Fanny it is a great disappointment and a wound to my natural feelings to tear myself, as it were, away from my family that I have not seen for five months, ... but I believe that the God of Israel will order all things right for those that act through a pure desire for the welfare of His Kingdom. This is the motive through which I hope always to act. ... Take good care of Eliza Ann and tell her that her father is sorry to go away.... Tell her to be a good girl and not forget her father. ... I now say goodbye, Fanny and Eliza Ann, and may the Lord bless you with life and health and with every necessary blessing and keep you steadfast in the principles of truth and virtue until we meet again. ..." (Volume IV, Number 2, pp. 6-7)

Following his discharge from the Mormon Battalion, George returned (October, 1847) to the body of the Church by way of the Salt Lake Valley, hoping to find Fanny and Eliza Ann there. Not finding them, he set out a few days later, at great peril to his life, for Winter Quarters (near Council Bluffs) where he was finally reunited with his family December 17, 1847.

Thirteen years later, with obvious pride, George reported in a letter to Albert from Salt Lake City (September 9, 1860): "... I have six children living and one dead. ... My boys are only two (George Henry and Charles Wallace). Eliza Ann (age 16) is quite a large, healthy and good looking girl for a Taggart, and so far, she has been to me a very good girl which is the best recommend of all." (Volume VI, Number 1, p. 4)

George was patriotic and loved his country. He was proud of his ancestral revolutionary war heritage. In a letter (August 6, 1846) to Fanny from Fort Leavenworth, he gave expression to his deepest feelings: "I feel ... as though I had made as great a sacrifice as I could well make, in that I have forsaken for the time being my possessions and my family. And at the risk of life start for Mexico as a United States soldier with 500 of my brethren in order to show that the blood of my Grandfathers, who fought and bled in the Revolutionary War, and the spirit of liberty and freedom still courses in the veins of some of their posterity that are called Mormons." (Volume I, Number 1, p. 6)

George was blessed with an eye for the beautiful. For example, in his Mormon Battalion Journal he commented on the landscape they marched through—the prairies, the vegetation or lack thereof, the buffaloes, the mountains, rivers and streams, the towns and villages, the people, including the Indians, and so forth. He did not dwell on the military part of the Battalion's work.

George's talents—carpenter, cabinet maker, wheelright, millright, builder of grist mills, musician and maker of musical instruments (violins, guitars, fifes), are legendary within the Taggart family.

I have outlined a few of George Washington Taggart's character traits and values as I have discerned them. I think he comes across as a very human, capable, and caring man. We are richly blessed to have him as our common ancestor. Because of the commonality of this heritage which binds us together, we are here today in fulfillment of a promise given to him in a patriarchal blessing (January 30, 1844) by Hyrum Smith, brother of the Prophet: "You shall be blessed in lineage of your posterity, and your name shall be commemorated unto the latest generation."

TAGGARTIANA

In September, 1987, Athlene Mills Allred (Rhoda Lucinda-Charles Wallace), while on a trip East, stopped off in Nauvoo "determined to find" the lot described by George Washington Taggart in his letter to his brothers in New Hampshire: "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." (Newsletter, Volume IV, Number 1, p. 5)

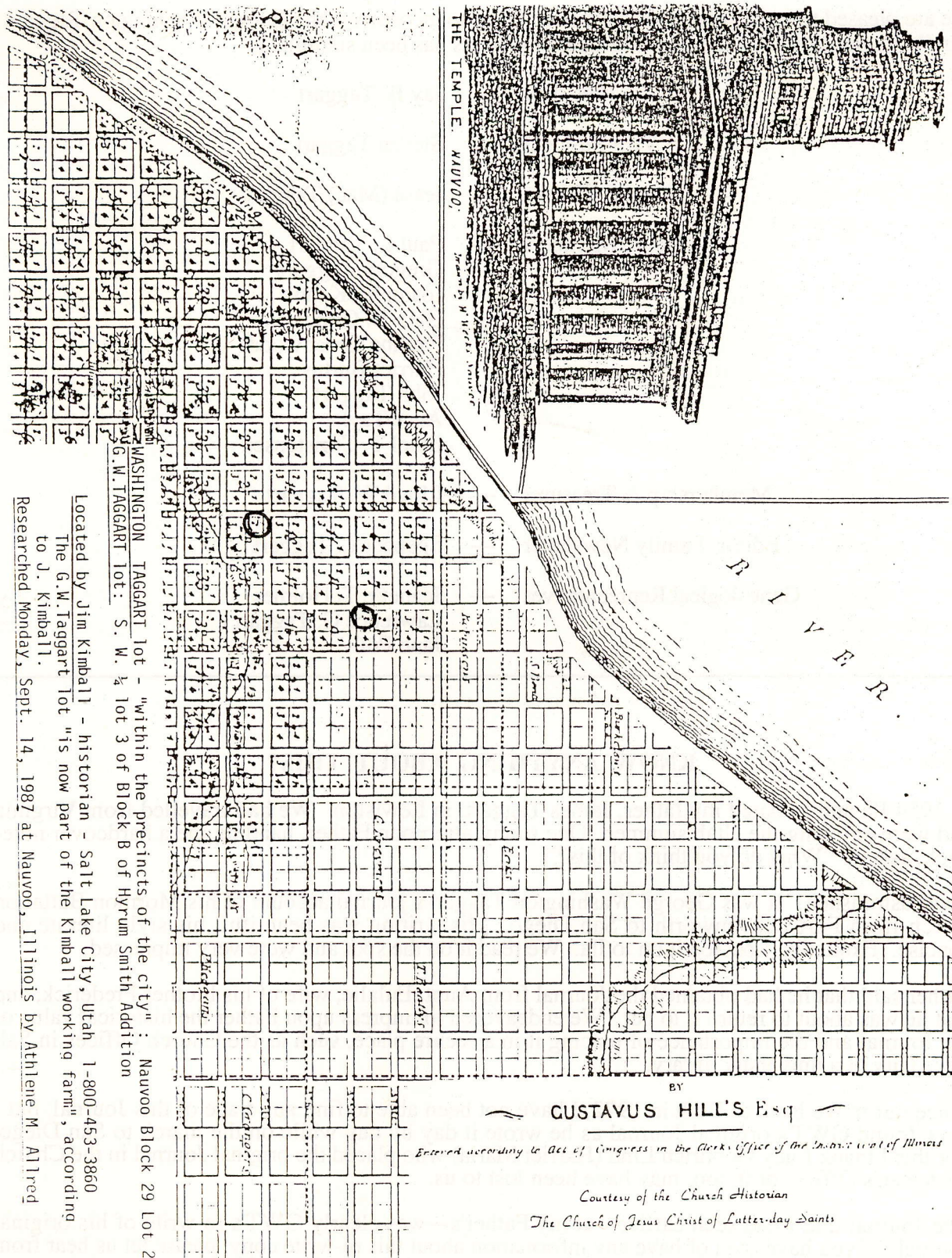
Thoughtful prayer, persistent effort, and diligent search, coupled with kind and helpful assistance by Church representatives at various historic sites, rewarded Athlene with the information that she sought.

In a book—*Early Mormon Record Series*, Volume I Record of Members 1841-1845, writes Athlene, "Suddenly the Taggart name sprang to life! Everyone became so excited. For there, right before our eyes, was listed a Mrs. Taggart, Oliver Taggart, Washington Taggart, George Washington Taggart, and a Susan Taggart.

"Brother Beesley (not the Ebenezer Beesley family) urged me," Athlene continues, "to call Jim Kimball (Church Historian) in Salt Lake City, using the toll-free number, and to 'do it now.' ... Brother Kimball ... asked me to call back 'in 20 minutes and I'll have that information for you. Have your map of Nauvoo right at your fingertips.

"Such easy direcitons! All of a sudden everything was beginning to fall into place."

When Athlene called back, Brother Kimball gave her not only the location of the Washington Taggart lot that she had requested but also the location of the George Washington Taggart lot in the Hyrum Smith addition. To quote Athlene: "I felt like I had struck gold!"



FAMILY INCORPORATION

We are pleased to report that steps have been taken to incorporate the George Washington Taggart Family Organization. The following slate of officers has been submitted:

President	—	Jay B. Taggart
Vice-President	—	Steven Taggart
Board Chairman	—	Jesse (Mac) Taggart
Board Members	—	Paul L. Taggart Gregory Taggart Joann McKenna Glen B. Goodrich Pauline Greenwood Harriet Burtus John Taggart Alice Taylor Ethel T. Christensen
Membership & Treasurer	—	Lloyd W. Taggart
Editor, Family Newsletter	—	Spencer L. Taggart
Genealogical Representatives	—	Jeanette T. Holmes Lawrence C. Taggart Jane Poll

KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?

In 1954 Ila and I visited my father, James Taggart, in Lewiston. We had travelled from Virginia and were enjoying the Utah summer. One sunny afternoon Father, handing me a hardcover notebook, asked: "What do you think of this?"

I was astonished! It was George Washington Taggart's journal account of his Mormon Battalion march from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego. His writing was beautiful; his style literate and concise. Excitedly, I passed it on to Ila. We read it on the spot and were very impressed.

Father said that he had obtained the Journal from Aunt Eulalie, wife of his brother Frederick, and that he was about to return it to her. We endeavored to impress upon Father the historical value of the Journal and the importance of placing it in a secure place, such as the Church Offices in Salt Lake City or a university library.

Since our move back to Utah in 1972, I have not been able to find any trace of this Journal, but I have found GWT's original Journal as he wrote it day by day while on the march to San Diego. For this I thank Lucy Goodrich Lind (Harriet Maria) who placed the original Journal in the Church Historian's Office; or it, too, may have been lost to us.

The Journal that I had seen earlier—at my Father's—was clearly GWT's re-write of his original Journal. If you have seen or have any information about this re-write copy, please let us hear from you. SLT