



# Taggart Family Newsletter

---

Volume X

September 1990

---

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

---

## THE COVER

Photographs of the Morgan Reunion were taken by Lloyd W. Taggart and Ila S. Taggart.

---

## REUNION COMMITTEE

We wish to give special thanks and recognition to those who worked so hard to make it possible to have this year's reunion in Morgan. They are Rodney (Paul-Frederick) and Ann Taggart, Sydney (Horace-Sarah Jane) and Areynas Heiner, Paul (Frederick) and Juanita Taggart, and Elaine Branch. Sydney arranged for the beautiful hall and the bowery at the Morgan Stake Center and also took charge of the clean-up after.

We also express our sincere thanks to those who served at the registration and contribution tables—at the former, Lawrence Taggart (Leonard-Henry Milton), Merle and Charles Taggart (Bruce-George Henry), Sylvia H. Hendricks (Beulah-James); and at the latter, Vern and Jane Bush (Beulah-James). Jane and her daughters did the posters.

## BUFFET LUNCH

This was planned and furnished by Ann and Rodney Taggart, Juanita and Paul Taggart (Paul also made the cookies for the dance), Cheryl T. (Paul-Frederick) and Richard Van Wagoner. As Ann said when wanting to furnish lunch: "They'll arrive hungry and we want them to feel welcome and to leave with a good feeling about Morgan."

## THE FAMILY FUND

We wish to express our sincere thanks and deep appreciation to the following for their generous support:  
 Ruth P. Smith, Valeria T. Pond, Athlene M. Allred, Lloyd & Adele Taggart, Louise A. Taggart, Ila & Spencer Taggart, Velma & Wendell Bayles, Jean Taggart Hillstead, Grace & Joseph Jensen, Cleon F. Crosby, Gladys Slaugh Jacobsen, Vera T. Hopkins, Charles T. & Rodonna Bowman, Lynn T. & Beth Bright, F. J. King, Mac & Janet Taggart, Duane & Faye Gold, Elaine B. Moncur, G. Whittley, J. Willis, Ingar & Louise Anderson, Dorothy & Charles Bird, Josephine & Kay Burke, Rodney & Ann Taggart, Barton & Kay Boyd, Bruce & Frances Brown, Delta Lewis Bunker, Wallace & La Vella Burt, Vernon & Jane Bush, Valeria H. Crapo, Ethel T. Christensen, Howard & Doris Gagon, Raye Taggart Graham, Beulah T. Hatch, Louise T. Heiner, Dennis & Sylvia Hendricks, Paul & Juanita Taggart, Cheryl & Richard Van Wagoner, David & Sheila Lewis, Mary Lou Mellor, Gary & Viona Nelson, Renold & Luana Taggart, Verla T. Olson, James & LuDean Pond, Max & Florence Rogers, Lula Jean Secrist, Nat & Bernice Taggart, Paul Eddy & Addie Taggart, Charlotte & Lawrence Taggart, Larry Boyde Taggart, Charles & Merle Taggart, Edis & Mary Taggart, Timothy & Gloria Taggart, Irene Frances, Beth & Dallas White, Adelle & Jay Dee Karren, Shirley C. Wright, Bernice T. Van Dame, George & Carol Welch, Margaret Taggart, Harriet Taggart Brytus, Venice Foster Sorensen, Camille & Jed Hart, Jan Jensen, Christopher Lewis, Lani Prout, Mark J. Taggart, Gayle Taggart, Ida Smith, Sydney & Areynas Heiner, Richard T. Grossenback, Marilyn Heiner Mecham, Sharron Jessop, Ethel Bruce, J. T. (Jim) Doty, Marva B. Karren.

## FAMILIES

We say families are forever —  
     I hope they are.  
 Sometimes, I feel very close to  
     those gone before.  
 From them, I have learned much  
     about who I am.  
 I have learned how they sought liberty  
     — fighting in America's  
        Revolutionary War.  
 I have learned how they sought truth  
     — embracing a New Religion.  
 I have learned how they came West  
     — building a New Kingdom.

To keep alive their love of liberty  
     and truth —  
 The ancestral torch is ours to  
     hold aloft,  
 We want our children to know this  
     heritage.  
 We want them to know who they are.  
 We want them guided by these  
     same ideals —  
 Then they will hold the torch aloft  
     when we are gone.

Spencer L. Taggart (James)



## THE 24TH GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART FAMILY REUNION

(Morgan, Utah — August 11, 1990)

The Morgan Valley is a very beautiful place and one can easily imagine how inviting it must have been to the Taggarts when they came there in 1864, to build and operate a grist mill. As Sydney Heiner, who—with his wife Areynas—is still a resident of Morgan, informed us, Morgan Valley was first named Weber, after John Weber, who brought a party of trappers into the region about 1825. In 1856 Jedediah Morgan Grant, second counselor to President Brigham Young, came to the Valley to raise cattle in partnership with Thomas Thurston. The Valley's name was then changed to Morganville, later to Morgan, in Grant's honor.

Sydney's Great Grandfather, Martin Heiner, and his Grandfather, George Heiner, who married Sarah Jane Taggart, came to Morgan in 1863, a year before George Washington Taggart came.

As can be seen from our picture display of the Reunion, our Taggarts were happy being together again in Morgan. It was another memorable experience in family togetherness and we are pleased to share this report with you.

In keeping with the family tradition, we began our program singing "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning," George Welch (Mary-Nettie-George Henry) directing, and Mary Lou Mellor (Beulah-James) at the piano. This song was sung by George Washington Taggart and other early converts in Peterborough (NH) and by our parents and grandparents at the first ever GWT Family Reunion which was in 1914 in Lewiston, Utah.

Opening and closing prayers were given by Charles (Mac) Bird, husband of Dorothy Mills (Rhoda-Charles Wallace), and Charles Taggart Bowman (Mary Amanda-Charles Wallace), respectively. Mary Lou Mellor read the minutes of the last reunion in Morgan (1980), as reported in the first issue of the Taggart Family Newsletter. Sydney Heiner welcomed us all back to Morgan, commenting briefly on places of historical interest to the Taggarts. He and Areynas also prepared a map. The program of dance and music moved along at a brisk pace. The Scott (Sydney-Horace-Sarah Jane) and Sharon Heiner family, with children Heather, Kimberly, Amy, Holly, and Brian, performed a dance-skit which put us in a receptive and relaxed mood. Heather and a friend, Ralph Higley, then followed with a dance requiring much dexterity.

Renold L. Taggart (Henry Milton), speaking in a Scottish brogue, bore a very humorous testimony. He left us all laughing. At eighty-one he is the oldest living first-generation grandson of GWT.

Sara Karren, 12, (Adelle-Spencer-James), and her violin, with her sister Anna at the piano, got us clapping in rhythm to "Turkey in the Straw," "Tennessee Waltz," and "Orange Blossom Special."

Becky Carter (Karlyn-George-Rebecca-George Henry) sang two of her own compositions—"You Can't Show Her All Your Cards," and "A Little Bit of Love." She hopes to have a tape of her own songs on the market in a few months. Becky and husband Richard are the parents of "three Beautiful daughters."

George Welch (Mary-Nettie-George Henry) and Carol—both graduates of Utah State University—have four sons. George inspired and edified us with his singing—"Homing," and "Prayer for a Home." George is director of the Salt Lake Symphonic Choir, a position he has held for fifteen years. George is also director of personnel for the Jordan School District.

Our youth speaker was Bradley Taggart (Lawrence-Leonard-Henry Milton). A returned missionary from the England Leeds Mission, he is now a student at Snow College majoring in Art. Brad talked about the concerns and problems of today's young people.

Our main speaker was Ruth Pingree Smith (Pauline-George Henry), whose credits include thirty years of teaching—from fourth grade to college level. Ruth has seven children, twenty-four grandchildren, and one great grandchild.

As a concluding number we requested children fifteen and under to line up along the front of the stage to lead us all in singing "I Am a Child of God." Juanita Taggart directed, with Mary Lou at the piano.



## WHAT FAMILY MEANS TO ME

Ruth Pingree Smith

It is a very real honor to have been asked to say a few words at the Taggart Reunion. What I should say has occupied my thoughts often since cousin Spencer called me. Actually, two projects have kept me very busy: reading the Old Testament and preparing my talk. Our Gospel Doctrine teacher challenged us to read it by Christmas, at which time all those who accomplished the task would be his guests at a lovely dinner. After I finished Genesis and Exodus, Numbers and Leviticus, I told him not to expect me at the dinner. I told him that when I got to the “begats, lists of kings, details for building the temple,” etc., I found myself skipping whole pages.

It was upsetting to him, so he sent me his tapes, and I started from the beginning again. It was wonderful to follow the sound as I read and heard the narrator pronounce all those names I had merely observed. At this point, I have finished to the end of Psalms and I can’t tell you how my attitude has changed. I can’t wait to read the next book.

This experience has heightened my admiration for great families. Ever since I was a very small child, I have been proud of my own heritage. My parents must have talked a lot about their parents because my grandparents were my heroes. We need heroes when we are growing up.

Other heroes I found through reading, especially in the winter. I remember at age eleven taking a flashlight to bed so I could read more of *David Copperfield*. At one time, I decided to read all the books in the Coalville school library, starting with the “A’s.” I read all the Louisa May Allcott books but soon found a book in the “R’s” I had to read. I wanted to be like Jo Marsh.

There are advantages to having one’s life span from horse and buggy days to the jet age. I read in Camilla Kimball’s book that the mature woman does not hesitate to admit her age. I remember using the woodburning stove, bathing in the tub in the kitchen by the stove, carrying water from the well, going to the dressmaker, delivering milk for five cents a quart, and the doctor coming to the house.

It is only by contrast we can fully appreciate the present. “We should not take our luxuries for granted—nor consider them all important! Happiness is achieved in the individual, not by flights to the Moon or to Mars, but in the satisfaction of mature adjustment to life as we find it.”

Hard work, with faith and prayer, is safest for most people. Love is really relatedness. Our personalities are made up by our contacts with others.

Why do we have family reunions?

First, we all belong to a family unit. When we marry, we join another unit. It is good to remember that, because we really do marry not only our spouse but his/her entire family; one has to add family and not subtract one’s own family. If these two family units don’t get along, it puts a strain on the children. Re-read the stories of Ruth and Naomi and of Joseph sold into Egypt. These great people brought untold blessings to their families.

Second, too often, petty grievances are allowed to interfere with loving family relationships. Our extended families can offer support to us—unconditional love when we most need it. Such relationships can happen, be fostered, at a family reunion.

Third, we need to be encouraged to write family histories—keep our children acquainted with their ancestors.

Fourth, we need to support our family officers. The Newsletter Spencer sends us helps hold us together as a family. I’m sure he is grateful when he receives letters with changes of address, news of births, weddings, deaths and accomplishments from us all.

Fifth, my feeling is that if we spend our lives living worthy to be together in heaven, why not love and enjoy each other here? Being together often is important.

Some of my greatest experiences have been with extended family. Every summer, after I was about seven, I was sent to Morgan to visit my cousins, Ruth Frances and Cleone Taggart, children of Aunt



Maggie and Uncle George. Uncle Jim's family was in Morgan too, and I became close to Lynette, Eulala and Florene. Uncle Jim and Aunt Adelgunda had nine children. Uncle George and Aunt Mabel had fourteen and Aunt Maggie and Uncle Walt had seven, and I loved all those cousins. We used to go swimming in Lake Como and go horseback riding together. One summer, I spent a week on the Francis ranch beyond Evanston, and I can never forget that. Aunt Maggie told me if I'd put buttermilk on my face, my freckles would go away. Being vain at the time, I actually did as she suggested and went to bed with that stuff on my face.

Twice I went to Cowley in the summer—once with Uncle Charles and Aunt Jessie, another time when my father took us in the car up over South Pass. The old Chalmers car would boil over often, and we had many blow outs with those tires that held 90 pounds of air.

In Cowley, I watched my grandmother make a batch of soap. I became acquainted with the children of Uncle Charles, Aunt Rebecca Frost, Aunt Lynette Whitney, Uncle Joe, Uncle Lloyd, Uncle Bruce, Uncle Scott and Uncle Grant and how I did love them. What a blessing to have ninety-four first cousins. I thought my uncles and aunts were wonderful. I could go on forever telling stories of experiences I have had with Taggart relations.

When we moved to Salt Lake City from Coalville, where I was born, our home was always open to family from out of town; Uncle Grant spent part of his honeymoon with us. When McDonalds (of the candy company) built their beautiful home across the street from us, they had two big housewarming parties—one for the parents and one for the teenage children—both formal affairs. I was invited but I refused to go, because I didn't want to ask a boy to go with me.

Uncle Lloyd happened to come to see us that evening. I said, "I'll go if Uncle Lloyd will be my date." He consented. He dressed up in my father's tuxedo, and away we went. We didn't tell anyone he was my uncle—and father of five children. He was the handsomest man there and was the best dancer. We had fun because all of the girls wanted to trade dances with us. I loved it!

Years later, my husband was in Mayo's clinic for a serious operation, and I needed \$150 more to get him home. I called Uncle Lloyd and borrowed from him. I think our friendship was cemented even more after that, because I paid him back, as I said I would, and he loved having me ask for his help.

What does this say? "We can't do without family." It has meant so much to me to get acquainted with my mother's cousins' children. We didn't travel far in the early teens and twenties as we do now. I knew some Goodriches in Salt Lake City and some Murdocks in Heber City, but I had to wait until after my twenty-seven years in Hawaii to know the Taggarts in Logan. I love Spencer and his wife and all the descendants of George Washington Taggart. What a great man he must have been. I got a lump in my throat when I read that 84 carriages went to the cemetery after his funeral.

I wish I were a Moses and could talk to our family as he talked to the children of Israel.

All my life, I have honored my grandparents. They had the strength, the conviction to accept the gospel, to cross the plains and to help build Zion in the rocky mountains. They were chosen to build communities, and it wasn't easy.

We have their genes. We have inherited their health and strength, their stature, their traits of honesty, of integrity, of willingness to work for what we get and to earn our own way.

"Where much is given, much is expected." Stop and think about all your loved relations. A Taggart has been president of a university. Taggarts have been college professors and great teachers. One was "Mr. Insurance, U.S.A." Our family can claim mission presidents, stake presidents, bishops, doctors, lawyers, fine businessmen, captains, pilots and most important, good mothers and fathers. Most of us have had to face adversity—some of it almost more than we can bear. Some of us haven't reached the success the world lauds. It is even difficult to share our pain—but if we can connect with each other, share our feelings with our loved ones, and if we remember the Lord loves each one of us, we can endure to the end.



I never would have thought I would live so long. Cleone T. Wilcox Eller is the oldest living descendant of George Henry Taggart. Lynette Whitney is next, and then I am next.

Moses—strong and powerful—said, “Keep the Commandments or die.” He constantly reminded the people of all their blessings. We need to be reminded of the great blessings we enjoy.

I pray we will be worthy of the sacrifices our ancestors endured to make it possible for us to live in America—the promised land.

In the of Jesus Christ, Amen.

In closing—will all the children 18 and under please stand! Repeat after me: “I am glad I am a Taggart.”

Thank you. I am so grateful to be here today, to enjoy the fruits of the past.

\* \* \* \* \*

“He who would climb and soar aloft  
Must needs keep ever at his side  
The tonic of a wholesome Pride.”

Arthur Hugh Clough

\* \* \* \* \*

(During her talk, Ruth wished she had time to tell us about her two grandmothers. When she had finished we said: “Please do tell about your grandmothers.” She has kindly written this true story for sharing with the entire family.)

## MY GRANDMOTHERS

Ruth Pingree Smith

My Taggart grandparents, Henry and Jessie, went to Wyoming to help colonize the Big Horn where they settled in the town of Cowley, leaving three married children, of their sixteen, in Morgan, Utah. In the spring of 1904, their seventh child, Pauline went to Morgan to help her sister Margaret (Maggie) when she had her third child.

My Pingree grandparents, Job and Esther, had settled in Ogden where grandfather had become prosperous through banking and the Utah Idaho Sugar Company. Their youngest son, Franklin, returned in 1904 from his mission in Germany. He was sent to Morgan to work in a flour mill owned by his brother James.

Thus under these circumstances, Franklin and Pauline met in Morgan. They had a happy courtship there that summer of 1904 and agreed to be married at the end of the year. Frank, as everyone called him, would go to Wyoming to get Pauline at Christmas time.



Pauline returned to Cowley and told her parents of her plans, but they were not happy for her. Grandmother Taggart said she didn't want her daughter to "get mixed up with those Pingrees in Ogden," and it would be "the ruination of her."

I have the last letter my father sent to my mother before he went to Big Horn in December. He said, "I hope your mother will have softened her feelings toward me before I come."

At Christmas time, Frank went to Cowley and Grandmother wouldn't let him in. He stayed with Aunt Becky Frost and Uncle Orson. (He had gone to Billings by train from Ogden and by train to Worland and then by horse to Cowley.)

Finally, Frank and Pauline left without the parents' blessing, returning to Utah in the reverse order Frank had come. They stopped in Logan and were married in the Logan Temple on January 5, 1905.

Years passed until my mother had two children. Grandmother Taggart came to visit her children and grandchildren in Morgan. My father decided he was going to see to it my grandmothers would meet each other.

He drove to Morgan and rather forcibly took Grandmother Taggart to Ogden with her protesting all the way. These two wonderful ladies met on the porch of the Pingree home on 28th Street and Wall Avenue—now commercial property—and wondered what they had in common.

They had the gospel! They began to tell each other about their homelands (Edinburgh for Jessie, Liverpool for Esther), how they had joined the Church and about crossing the ocean.

As they talked they began to realize they were telling the same story. They had been in a company captained by Elder Penrose and had sailed from Liverpool the same time of year. Then Grandmother Pingree told of a terrible storm at sea that nearly washed her off the deck. She said she had to cling to the door of a cabin for safety. She had grabbed a little girl and hid her under her skirts to keep her from being washed away.

Grandmother Taggart, with tears in her eyes, stood up and went to Grandmother Pingree and said, "I was that little girl!" (Esther was 18 and Jessie was 8.) From that day till death, my grandmother couldn't be good enough to my father. Grandmother Pingree died in 1912, and I am so grateful these wonderful women met before then.

\* \* \* \* \*



**Nida & Scott Taggart**

**Fern & Grant Taggart**

(May 17, 1977 — President's house, Utah State University, when Glen was President. Picture taken by Ila.)



## DEDICATION OF THE MARKER

After the program, we gathered at the GWT graves to dedicate a new marker.

He died in Richville June 3, 1893 —  
    ninety-seven years ago.  
Eighty-four teams followed the  
    horse-drawn hearse.  
Down Taggart Hollow and across the valley  
    there could be seen a trail of dust  
    signaling their approach.  
To this spot they came—high on this hill  
    in the South Morgan Cemetery.

In his native New Hampshire, he was  
    Geo. W. Taggart.  
To us—his descendants—he is  
    George Washington Taggart,  
Our common ancestor, who binds us together,  
    biologically and exemplifiably;  
His strong character and high purpose  
    still inspiring us.

SLT

## DEDICATORY PRAYER

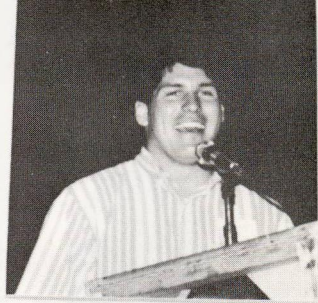
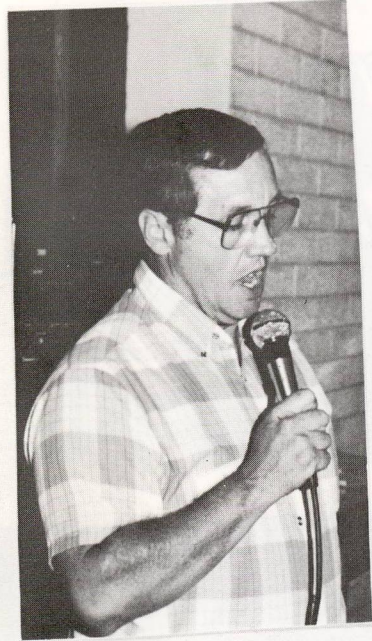
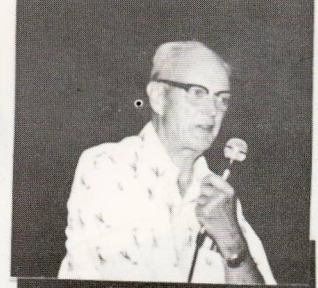
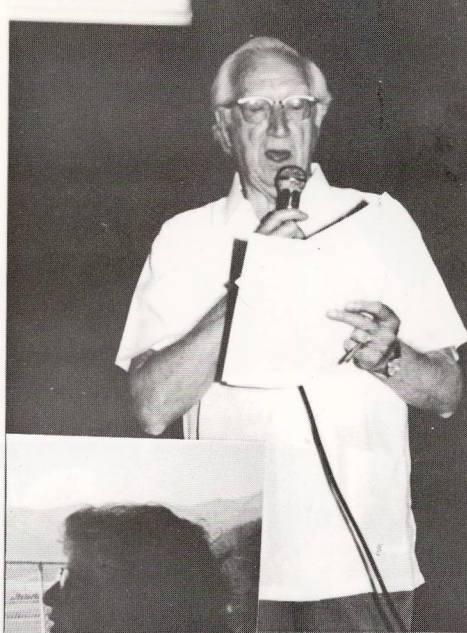
Paul L. Taggart

Our Heavenly Father, we have met here on this beautiful day, together with many of our relatives and as part of a large posterity numbering in the neighborhood of 10,000 living people, to honor our Grandfather George Washington Taggart. We thank Thee for this special occasion that brings us together as a great family of Taggarts. At this special time we pay honor to our great pioneer ancestor, George Washington Taggart, and to our three grandmothers, who sacrificed everything they possessed for the true faith which they had for the gospel of Jesus Christ. We are mindful of grandfather's first wife, Harriet Atkins Bruce, who died while very young and was buried in the cemetery in Nauvoo. We honor her along with his second wife, Fanny Parks, and his third wife, Clarissa Marina Rogers. We are grateful for the example of their lives. Let us continue to study the history of the various events of their lives that we can become better acquainted with them.

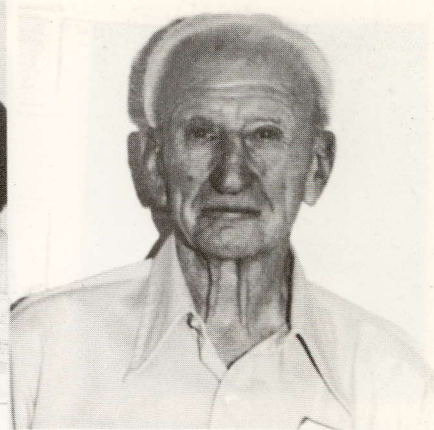
We have met here on this special occasion to enjoy the spirit that does exist. And at this time, I dedicate through the authority of the Melchizedek Priesthood, this special marker that has been selected and placed here at the burial spot of our great pioneer ancestors. We do appreciate the sacrifices they made for us that we can enjoy all the fine blessings of life that are ours today.

Heavenly Father, help us to remember always who we are and the high ideals that the gospel offers to us so we can become more Christ like in our dealings with our fellow men. May we always live exemplary-lives so we at some future time will enjoy togetherness as one great Eternal Family of Taggarts.











We pray that this spot will always be a hallowed place where we can come from time to time to pay honor to our loved ones. We thank Thee for all the special blessings that have been bestowed upon us, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our being together at the cemetery was the high point of the day. The view of the beautiful Morgan Valley, with its surrounding mountains, enhanced the solemnity of the occasion. This was a time of reverence and remembering. We were joined as family and felt a closeness to one another in a very special way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lamenting his wife, Harriet's death, GWT gave expression to his feelings in a letter (March 5, 1845) to his Brother Albert in New Hampshire: "She now lies in the grave by the side of Father and Oliver. . . 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 is the common lot of mankind here in this life."

Seven months later (October 31, 1845) GWT's mother died. Thus, in two years in Nauvoo, he buried his wife, father, mother, and brother.

\* \* \* \* \*

We finished the day with a delicious roast beef dinner and a dance. The young people had a great time dancing to the live music of a four-piece ensemble.

Richard (Norean-Alice) and Glenna Boyce. This was a reunion where the children and young people joined in having a good time. Richard and Glenna contributed greatly to making it a happy experience for them, leading them in playing games, taking part in mixers, dancing, and becoming acquainted with each other.

\* \* \* \* \*

## REUNION AT MORGAN

August 11, 1990

Today I held within my heart  
 Those days of long ago.  
 The scroll, of which I am a part,  
 Was in my hands—just so—  
 The Taggart face, the Taggart build,  
 The courage true and dear.  
 The reddish hair, the pride, the style,  
 Firm handclasp, kiss, the tear.



The easy recognition as we  
    Gathered 'round the board,'  
The songs, the skit, the violin,  
    The dance, the kids, the word.  
The lunch, the program, dinner,  
    The stories, plans, the cheer  
Invited young and old alike  
    To settle down right here—

Right here, here by me, please,  
    We'll talk of family, friends,  
Of pioneers, and sun, and stars,  
    Reunions without end.  
Of soldiers, hardships, lonely hours,  
    Of mountains, plains and trees,  
Of fifes and drums and bugles,  
    Of aches and pains, disease.

Of coal oil lamps and sagebrush,  
    Hoop skirts and moonlight rides,  
Of handcars, wagons, struggles  
    Across the Great Divide.  
For Mothers, Fathers, children,  
    Aunts, Uncles, cousins, friends  
Are faces in this heart-held scroll  
    Forever, without end.

I've known you here. I'll know you there.  
    Your courage, faith, and love,  
Your merry laugh, bright smile and song,  
    Speak to me from above.  
Abiding here, within my heart  
    Where others do not see,  
Lay treasures rare and wondrous,  
    Great gifts from you to me.

Athlene M. Allred  
(Rhoda-Charles Wallace)



## A FEW FACTS I REMEMBER ABOUT MY FATHER, GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART

Written by his son, James Taggart

[undated]

After having been released from the Mormon Battalion, my father went to his family in Iowa, and in the year 1852 came to Salt Lake City, Utah. Here he took up his vocation as a carpenter and joiner and millwright, the latter being his special qualification. He worked under the direction of Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. He built a number of grist mills in the valley (the old bur mill) the only kind known in those days. One of them is still standing where it was built in the Liberty Park, known as the old Chase Mill. I remember him saying he didn't build it alone, but assisted in its erection. He was very neat and precise in his work, and when it was completed it was done right and needed no remodeling.

When I was a boy I remember hearing him tell of doing a piece of work for Brigham Young and doing it according to instructions. After doing the work twice from two different plans as directed, it proved to be unsatisfactory, whereupon he was told by Brigham Young, "George, tear it up and do it to suit yourself." He did and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Father thought a lot of those early leaders, and they had much confidence in him. He used to talk to his family, also to the neighbors, of incidents and associations he had with them. He had implicit trust and faith in them, which I have always thought influenced his family for good.

He was talented in music. When he enlisted in the Mormon Battalion, he enlisted as a fifer, making his own instrument. He was also capable of making violins, guitars, etc.

I have heard him tell of going with those that went to Carthage for the bodies of Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum to bring them to Nauvoo, and have heard him play the tunes he helped to play in the band that were played when they marched into Nauvoo with the bodies. This would cause us to picture in our minds the awful event of the martyrdom.

His home in Salt Lake City was located north of Main Street a little east on the hill. When he left Salt Lake to go to Farmington, Utah, where he lived for a time, he was told by Heber C. Kimball that he would see the day he would be thankful he moved out of the city with his family. While at Farmington he built another mill or assisted in its erection.

Four children by his last wife (my mother) [Clarissa Marina Rogers] were born in Salt Lake City. Sometime later between the years 1863 and 1865, he moved to Morgan County, Utah, where the rest of the family were born. Mother had thirteen children, four of them died in infancy.

In Richville he built another mill in company with the Hinman Brothers, that were living in Farmington. Their names were Morgan and Henry. They were fine men. We as children always enjoyed their company. They used to be with us in our home for a week or more at a time. They both became Patriarchs in the Church and were beloved by all who knew them. The mill built here served the people of the county for twenty or thirty years. After having been discarded, it was torn down by a man named Frederick Clark. He had done considerable carpenter work in his day, and said it was the best piece of work he had ever seen, for all joints were fitted as though they had grown that way, and the timbers were all hewn and fitted with the broadax.

In each place father lived he was active in church work as well as a community builder, filling at one time the position of secretary in one of the quorums of Seventy, and later that of a High Councilman in the Morgan Stake, holding this position until his death. From scraps of his records we have, he must have been appointed to receive tithing and fast offerings and other donations.



My father was always an old man to me, for I was the tenth child, and he was forty years old when he married my mother. [GWT was fifty-four when James was born.] He was firm but kind. When he told any of us children to do anything, we knew he meant for us to do it. He was honest in his dealings, and expected honesty in return when dealing with others.

He was always willing to make a wrong right. I remember when I was a boy of being punished by him for a wrong he thought me guilty of, but on learning that the blame should have been placed on one of my brothers, he immediately made the matter right with me, a characteristic I admired in him ever after.

I have always appreciated and felt thankful for my lineage, for both my parents were of early pioneers, and endured the privations, persecutions, and hardships of those early days. They were also tried and tested for their religious belief during the persecutions of the saints in the east. Father died at the old home in Richville, Morgan County, Utah, on June 3, 1893, at the age of seventy-seven and buried in South Morgan Cemetery.

### IN MEMORIUM

Queena Wadsworth Taggart Singleton Porter  
wife of Dewey Taggart (George Albert-George Henry), deceased  
born April 26, 1908, Morgan, UT  
died March 20, 1990, Morgan, UT

Joel Kimball Mellor  
husband of Mary Lou Hatch (Beulah-James)  
born December 5, 1926, Idaho Falls, ID  
died April 30, 1990, Spokane, WA

Hazel Manwaring Hilbig (Leona-Harriet)  
wife of Walter Hilbig  
born March 25, 1914, Vernal, UT  
died April 11, 1990, Salt Lake City, UT

Hazel Marie Taggart Field (John-Charles Wallace)  
wife of Harold Field, deceased  
born March 28, 1903, Morgan UT  
died February 16, 1989

Lindsey Seehusen (Linda-Darl-Hazel-John-Charles Wallace)  
daughter of Mitch and Linda Field Seehusen  
born December 10, 1989  
died December 11, 1989

Ralph Grant Bowman (Mary Amanda-Charles Wallace)  
husband of Jean Scoresby, deceased  
born March, 1922, Sterling, ID  
died June 24, 1989, Pocatello, ID



Albert LeRoy Taggart (Albert Henry-Noah Albert)  
husband of Inez Nelson  
born October 9, 1912, Smoot, WY  
died June 29, 1990, Palisades, ID

Leslie Delano Lancaster  
husband of Lavon Hillstead (Jean-Noah Albert)  
born March 5, 1933  
died May 24, 1990

## **THE IMPORTANCE OF WHAT LIES WITHIN US**

Valedictory address by Michael E. Manwaring (Eileen-Spencer-James)

American Fork High School, May 31, 1990, Marriott Center, Brigham Young University. (He is attending BYU.)

Twelve years ago the class of 1990 stood at a trailhead before an imposing sign. Engraved on this sign were numerous paths all leading to the completion of the experience which lay ahead. At times the paths were steep and treacherous, at others less rugged.

The class left the trailhead following academic, athletic, cultural, social, and other trails of interest. Progressively, we forged ahead resolving the trials and crises that arose. Years of pushing onward have brought us together to meet at this point of equilibrium.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us."

It doesn't matter which path we took or which path we are about to traverse. What matters is whether we have become a better person by doing so. Did you turn back to help that outcast you passed on your path? Did you bother to assist your friend when his trials seemed overwhelming? Or did you leave all others behind and carry only yourself along the trail? Was that party more important than remaining true to yourself? Was it worth it to lose your self-esteem just to gain admiration from someone else?

Don't stray from your path. Live up to the ability which you know you possess. Strengthen your self-worth. Do only those things which add to it rather than tear it down. A person is worth nothing if he is worth nothing to himself. No matter where you are today, you have the choice to become the person you desire. Your potential is limitless. Don't be satisfied with falling short.

Gain a desire to work hard and complete what is given you. Grasp opportunities when they arise. Don't put off until later what you could be achieving now. Don't fall into the trap of I should have done this or I could have done that. Be forceful and take control of your life.

Strive to gain a self-worth that radiates outward giving you the ability to help one another. Success will not be determined by the path you choose to take, rather it will be a measure of what you have done to cultivate and share with others that which lies within yourself.



## MISSIONARIES

### THE WATERS OF ETERNAL LIFE

#### I

The sunrise speaks to the morning skyline  
 as River Jordan plays along its banks.  
 Peace and love follow the man down into the  
 waters of faith.  
 A young prophet wonders and speaks: "I have need to be  
 baptized of Thee, and Thou comest to me?"  
 With soft determination He answers: "Suffer it to be so  
 now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."  
 Cleansing waters purifying, giving birth to a new soul.  
 A dove; a voice:  
 "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

#### II

Another pure soul so precious to Him—The Shepherd.  
 Her faith, His joy; Her heart, His strength.  
 She is a daughter of God and walks in His light.  
 The same waters of eternal glory give her hope in her  
 Savior's redeeming love.  
 The dark brown hair of this innocent child delicately  
 lowers into her life anew.  
 A Father in Heaven's heart smiles; His Spirit flutters through  
 our souls.  
 His grace and wisdom forever are hers; great blessings He  
 has in store.  
 "Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . for such is  
 the Kingdom of Heaven."

The verse above is by John Taggart Karren (Adelle-Spencer-James), South Carolina Columbia Mission, on the occasion of eight-year-old Amber Gore's baptism, June 30, 1990.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lloyd Justin Taggart  
 (Lloyd M.-Lloyd W.-Lloyd-George Henry)  
 Florida Tallahassee-Spanish speaking Mission

Jennifer Norcross  
 (Judy-Lloyd W.-Lloyd-George Henry)  
 Santiago Chile Mission

Jennifer Pond  
 (Delwin-Valeria-James)  
 Portugal Mission



Lance Delon Clark  
(Madge-Wanda-Marcus)  
Santa Rosa California Mission

Rusty Marsh  
(LuJean-Renold-Henry Milton)  
French-Belgium Mission

Curtis Patrick Crosby  
(Patrick-Cleone-Rebecca-George Henry)  
Chile-Vina Del Mar Mission

## **WANDA TAGGART SHULDBERG— A FAITH PROMOTING EXPERIENCE**

By Howard Shuldberg  
July 7, 1990

(Wanda Taggart Shuldberg was the youngest of six children—five daughters and one son—born to Marcus and Florence Bright Taggart. Married August 1, 1934, Wanda and Howard had fifty-five years together before her death on September 22, 1989. Their marriage was blessed with two children, five grandchildren, and four great grandchildren. Among her many gifts, Wanda was a fine artist. Many of her paintings are in private collections. For the past many years, she and Howard made their home in Smithfield, Utah.)

Around the year 1947 my wife, Wanda Taggart Shuldberg, was gravely ill. She was being attended to in the Logan LDS Hospital by Dr. Ezra W. Cragun.

One evening Dr. Cragun came to me and said he had done all he could do for Wanda and her life was now in higher hands and up to the Lord. He wanted to know if Wanda would want the Elders of the Church to administer to her. There were two Elders at that time in the hospital. I told him I would ask her and get right back with him.

I immediately went to Wanda's room and told her of the Elders and asked her if she wanted them to administer to her. She replied with a desire to be administered to but wanted two members of her ward that were very special to her. She stated that she would like Bishop Dow Lewis (Julia) and Counselor, Victor Waddoups, rather than the two already in the hospital. I turned to leave the room to call these brethren and as I put my hand on the door knob, the door opened. Standing in the doorway were these two men Wanda had requested.

Victor Waddoups gave the blessing and Dow Lewis annointed. Bro. Waddoups promised Wanda that she would immediately begin to recover. Afterwards, I asked Bro. Waddoups how he could say that she would immediately recover when she was so ill. His response was: "All I know is that was what I was prompted to say." As promised, she immediately recovered.



## **GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES**

Lloyd W. (Lloyd-George Henry) and Adele Shields Taggart  
July 12, 1940  
gathering of their children and grandchildren at the Taggart home in Cody, July 12, 1990

Owen (Rachel Maria-Harriet) and Verona Williams Slaugh  
July 24, 1940  
an open house in their honor July 26, 1990, Logan First Ward, Logan, UT

Glen L. (James) and Phyllis Paulsen Taggart  
September 3, 1940  
celebrating with their children and grandchildren September 1-3, 1990,  
Jackson Lodge, Teton National Park

## **NEW MEMBERS**

Lauren Marcotte Taggart — May 17, 1990  
daughter of Debra D. and Bryan Taggart (Lloyd W.-Lloyd-George Henry)

Hannah Rae Marsh — November 14, 1989  
daughter of Karen and Allen Marsh (LuJean-Renold-Henry Milton)  
Hannah was born on her Grandmother Luana Taggart's birthday.

## **MARRIAGES**

Suzie Marsh (LuJean-Renold-Henry Milton) to David Perkinson  
January 2, 1990, Mesa Temple

Julie Ann Taggart (Bryan-Edis-Frederick) to David C. Blum  
March 10, 1990, St. George Temple

John Marsh (LuJean-Renold-Henry Milton) to Keri Layton  
June 30, 1990, Mesa Temple

Teresa Aponte Al-Bitar to Troy T. Pond (James-Valeria-James)  
July 6, 1990, Logan Temple

Shauna Nelson (Viona-Renold-Henry Milton) to David C. Miller  
August 25, 1990, Salt Lake City

Kimberly M. Johansen to Bradley L. Taggart (Lawerence-Leonard-Henry Milton)  
September 15, 1990, Salt Lake Temple



## FROM YOUR LETTERS

"My son read the last Newsletter to me and we both enjoyed it. I have trouble seeing well. I've had a lot of illness and I am now in a retirement home. Please tell all your readers where I am. I would love letters. Would like to be at the reunion. I can think of dozens I'd like to see. I know you will have a memorable time. Take lots of pictures. I love you all." (Mary Brown Lawyer — Lancaster Village Retirement Home, 4138 Market Street, B205, Salem, Oregon 97301, August, '90)

"... My interest in the men of the Mormon Battalion is at a high watermark and our discussion on George Washington Taggart most timely [BYU is in the midst of preparing a major publication on the Mormon Battalion.]

"Thank you for the marvelous fund of information which you have sent on your progenitor. Your family newsletter is a classic, beautifully done with a host of enriching features.

"[GWT's] description of the Prophet Joseph is choice. It gives an excellent perspective of his character. The whole of [his] letters are most enlightening as to the tenor of the times in Nauvoo and the Taggart family.

"I'm grateful for your input and assistance on our Battalion project..." (Larry C. Porter — Director of Church History Religious Studies Center, Brigham Young University, May, '90)

"Thanks so much for the Taggart Newsletters. I enjoy them very much and hope there will be more..." (Jean Taggart Hillstead — Fairview, WY, May, '90)

"Thank you so very much for sending me the recent Taggart Family Newsletter. It is a masterpiece, as they all have been. Isn't it a joy to belong to such a family? (Cleone Frost Crosby — Cowley, WY, May '90)

"I don't know all the dear ones who planned, organized, sustained the reunion [this year in Morgan], but it's a monumental task and 'Thank You' seems so inadequate, somehow. But we surely enjoyed the whole day! ... I had four generations of Taggarts with me ... Myself, a child, three grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. ..." (Athlene M. Allred — Pinesdale, MT, August, '90)

"I was so surprised and pleased to see my history in the Newsletter. What an honor to have it printed in the Taggart Newsletter ... Your article of the Antecedents in the Revolutionary War was very interesting." (Margaret W. Taggart — Morgan, UT, April, '90)

"We found the write-up about the Taggart forbears very interesting ... We certainly have every reason to be proud of our ancestors ..." (Velma and Wendell Bayles — St. George, UT, May, '90)

"I have enjoyed reading the Newsletter ... I really do appreciate the work Jeanette is doing, having done considerable research through the years. I realize the time and effort that is required." (Grace Jensen — Spokane, WA, June, '90)

"Thank you for your gracious assistance in my hour of need. Your suggestion that I contact Jeanette Taggart Holmes resulted in a wealth of freely-offered information. I was able to complete our 15-generation chart to a most impressive degree. Speaking of 'impressive,' I know of no better word to describe the Taggart Newsletter! I could add a few, such as 'exceedingly valuable genealogically and historically,' but there is more, the wonderful warmth of family interest ..." (Gladys Slaugh Jacobson — Thornton, Washington, July, '90)



"I have moved since I received the last Newsletter and I'm wondering if I have missed something as it is time for another reunion—and I would hate to miss a Newsletter. Please have my address changed to the above, and thank you with love." (Beth Francis White — Ogden, UT, June, '90)

"I am always so pleased to get the Newsletter. It's great to read about members of the Taggart Family. I always learn something new in my family history . . . ." (Vera Hopkin — Woodruff, UT, July, '90)

"I received a letter from your grandson John's Mission President advising me of the baptism of Sister Amanda Caswell by Elders Karren and Jensen! This Book of Mormon Program is so great! This is the 5th person who received my book and was baptized. That is as many as were baptized in a year in my full time mission." (Doris Taggart — Kaysville, UT, June, '90)

"Going to the cemetery was neat. I'm sure that GWT would be pleased with the marker. That is just a beautiful cemetery—on the top of a hill in a valley surrounded by mountains. . . ." (Adelle T. Karren — Nampa, ID, August, '90)

Aboard the Delta Queen on the Mississippi — "This is beautiful to follow the Mississippi for a week—but our hearts are with you in Morgan." (Ruth T. Blair — August 5, 1990,

"The Morgan reunion was great and seeing all of you was very special. Till next time." (Fran and Bruce Brown — Salem, OR, September, '90)

## REUNIONS

The Noah Albert Taggart Family Reunion was held July 23, 1990, in the town park, Smoot, Wyoming.

The Wesley and Alice Taggart Bright Family Reunion was held September 15, 1990, in the Lions Club Hall, Smithfield, Utah.

## HAPPENINGS

Jay B. Taggart (Jay-James-George Henry), September 11, 1990, was appointed State Superintendent of public instruction for the state of Utah. (Volume IX, p. 17)

Pamela Taggart Greenwood was recently elected president of the Utah State Bar, becoming the first woman to hold this position. Mrs. Greenwood's first husband was Stephen G. Taggart (Glen-James), deceased.

Glenna Boyce was awarded a PhD at the June Commencement of Utah State University. She is now an Assistant Professor Research in the University's Development Center for Handicapped Persons.



On May 19, Sharwan Smith (Hyrum-Ruth-Pauline-George Henry) was crowned Queen of this year's Days of '49. Sharwan has completed her sophomore year at Southern Utah State University, where she is majoring in physical education, with a double minor in music and Spanish.

Jess L. Christensen (Ruby-Estella-Noah Albert) was recently appointed Area Director of the Utah North Area LDS Seminaries and Institutes. The past nine years he has been Director of the Logan LDS Institute.

Hyrum W. Smith (Ruth-Pauline-George Henry) was a featured speaker at the second annual Grant Taggart (George Henry) Symposium September 7-8, 1990, at the Marriott School of Management, Brigham Young University. Hyrum, much sought after as a speaker in corporate circles, is an authority on time management. He is a founding shareholder and chairman of the board of Franklin International Institute.

Paul Eddy Taggart (Paul-Frederick) is Scoutmaster over a troupe of forty handicapped scouts from thirteen LDS stakes. In the summer of 1989, he took eight of his scouts on a campout and invited two scoutmasters to come along, with each of them bringing his own son. In the land olympics they finished in last place. In the water olympics they finished in first place. The other fifty troops in the competition were not handicapped. Paul Eddy's scouts returned home at the end of the week having completed all requirements on 58 merit badges.

Anna Karren (Adelle-Spencer-James) graduated from Nampa High School (Nampa, ID), May 31, 1990. She is attending Utah State University.

Tricia Nelson (Patricia-Beulah-James) graduated from Edward C. Reed High School in Reno, Nevada, June 12, 1990. She is attending Brigham Young University.

Jeannie March (LuJean-Renold-Henry Milton) graduated this spring from Mountain View High School in Mesa, Arizona. She is attending Ricks College.

Amy Crosby (Patrick-Cleone-Rebecca-George Henry) graduated from Lovell High School (Lovell, WY), May 21, 1990. She is attending Utah State University.

Mathew Taggart (Laird-Renold-Henry Milton) received his Eagle Scout award on May 19, 1990. Eight of Ren's and Luana's nine grandsons are Eagle Scouts and the ninth is only ten.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A real family appreciates its heritage and knows its history.*



- 1- South Morgan Cemetery  
George Washington Taggart  
and Two Wives
- 2- Site of Gristmill -  
Richville
- 3- Site of Taggart Home  
Taggart Hollow
- 4- Grinding Stone & Gristmill
- 5- DUP. Bldg - Artifacts of Taggarts  
and their Time

① So. Morgan Cemetery  
G.W.T.

Hayshed  
② Site of Gristmill  
Barn Gristmill Timber  
③ Richville  
Richville Lane  
Site of Taggart Home

SCALE 1:24 000

1 MILE



