



Taggart Family Newsletter

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ON OUR COVER: Frederick Taggart was the twelfth and last child of George Washington Taggart and his wife Clarissa Marina Rogers. Fred is a unique link to our past who spanned an era from overland travel by wagon to crossing oceans on jet aircraft. He and wife Eulalie Leavitt have a large posterity. Fred and his family are the featured subject of this year's newsletter.

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Note: Descents from one of GWT's wives are generally given just once, at their first occurrence.

THE 29TH GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART FAMILY REUNION

The 29th George Washington Taggart Family Reunion was held in Logan, Utah, on the campus of Utah State University on August 5-6, 2000. Steve Taggart, Coordinator of the GWT Family Organization, did a wonderful job of organizing and putting on the reunion. Many thanks to Steve and his family and all those who helped in any way with the reunion.

On Saturday, August 5th, Steve welcomed family members at a family meeting in the Taggart Student Center. There were Taggarts from California, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Indiana, Arizona, and Utah. The opening song was, "Faith of Our Fathers," and the opening prayer was given by Ed Taggart (Glen-James-Clarissa). McKelle Taggart Franco, daughter of Steve and Judy Taggart, was the chorister and Kori Taggart, daughter-in-law of Steve and Judy Taggart, the accompanist. Great talks were given by Sydney Heiner (Horace-Jane-Clarissa), Rick McConkie (Jennie-Parley-Harriet Maria-Fanny), and Steve Berlin (Lynn-Ida Mae-Sarah Jane-Clarissa). Michael Gibbs, dressed in an authentic Scottish kilt, came down the aisle to the stage playing his bagpipes.

Then the children were excused for games and crafts while the adults were privileged to hear Doug Pike (Julia-Dow-Julia-Clarissa) talk about Noah Rogers, father of GWT's wife Clarissa. You can find a synopsis of Doug's talk in this newsletter.

The closing song was, "They the Builders of the Nation," and the closing prayer was offered by Julie Taggart Rabe (Blaine-C.Jay-James Henry-George Henry-Fanny).

At six p.m. a delicious buffet dinner of chicken, potato salad, baked beans, rolls, and melon was served in the cultural hall of the Logan 20th Ward. Thank you to Steve Taggart's son Timothy Edward Taggart for being in charge of the dinner and to all

his brothers and sisters, their wives and husbands, and to their Mom and Dad for serving and for doing kitchen duty.

Entertainment was provided by Connie Robert's Rinceoiri don Spraoi Irish Dancers. They were great! Members of the audience were invited to come up afterwards to learn how to do Irish dancing. Connie Roberts is the wife of John Roberts (James-Asa-Rhoda-Eliza Ann-Harriet).

Sunday, August 6th, a family worship service was held in the Taggart Student Center Auditorium. McKelle Taggart Franco and Kori Taggart again led and accompanied the music. The opening song was, "The Spirit of God," a traditional favorite at Taggart reunions. The opening prayer was offered by Floyd Mangum (Genevive-Leona-Harriet Maria-Fanny) and then Wendy Kremin (Dell-Veda-Harriet Penelope-Eliza Ann-Harriet) sang "I Heard Him Come," a beautiful song written by Jeff Goodrich (Glenn-Byron-Eliza Ann-Harriet).

Timothy Lambert Taggart (Edis-Frederick-Clarissa) and his wife Gloria, shared inspiring and uplifting experiences they had during their recent mission to England where he was president of the mission. They spoke of their love for the missionaries and of how the Lord guided them in their callings.

We were treated to another solo by Wendy Kremin, "From the Corner of My Eye," also by Jeff Goodrich and then the meeting was opened to testimony bearing. It was wonderful to feel the Spirit as various family members voiced their love and enthusiasm for the gospel and for our family heritage. Spencer Laird Taggart (James-Clarissa), 89 years old, who would pass away three months later, bore a strong testimony of the importance of family and his knowledge, not just belief, that there is life after death.

The closing song was, "God Be With You Til We Meet Again," and the closing prayer was offered by Richard M. Taggart (Milton Henry-Henry Milton-Clarissa).

Thank you to all who participated to make our 2000 Taggart Reunion a wonderful time to honor our ancestors as well as a time to renew old friendships and make new ones.

Our next reunion will be in August 2002 in the Morgan/Ogden area. Julie Taggart Rabe (Blaine-C. Jay-James Henry-George Henry-Fanny), who has much enthusiasm and many creative ideas, has agreed to be in charge of this reunion. In 2002, it will be 150 years since George Washington Taggart, his wife Fanny, and their children entered the Salt Lake Valley. Plan now to attend this exciting celebration! ❖

**NOAH ROGERS' (FATHER OF CLARISSA MARINA ROGERS, 3RD WIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART) MISSION TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC (1843-1845):
THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE GLOBE**

Taken from *Noah and Eda (Hollister) ROGERS & Family* By Douglas S. Pike (Julia-Dow-Julia-Clarissa)

Thousands of miles from home, and from any other member of the Church, Noah Rogers stood against the rail of the 'Three Brothers,' which was, according to Noah, "a large splendid ship of Nantucket." After watching yet another brilliant sunset across the southern seas of the Pacific Ocean, he retired to his cabin and wrote in his journal to the light of a solitary candle:

"Tuesday the 12 [August 1845] - This morning we set our sail again and stayed our course. The weather tolerable fair in Lat 50:40 (being the Lat of Cape Horn) longitude 84. At sundown it [was] blowing hard. We lay-to (drifted pointing into the wind). In about two hours it cleared away and the moon shone bright. We put her off before the wind and run all night and had a good run. The reason that we lay-to at night is because we are afraid of ice. Almost

always there is islands of ice in this region as high as mountains, but we have not as yet seen any.”

The Captain had laid a course from the Society Islands east for the southern tip of South America, a course considered risky due to weather concerns and icebergs, but more favorable in trade winds and time at sea as they sailed for the eastern seaboard of America.

Noah had spent considerable time while on board ship for the most of the last six or seven weeks preaching the gospel while on his journey home.

Home! Home to what? It had been over two years since Noah had left the bosom of his family in Nauvoo, having been set apart as the first Mission President to the Society Islands Mission, along with Elders Addison Pratt, Benjamin Grouard and Knowlton Hanks. Not a single letter, communication or word from the Church or their families had been able to reach them during their long separation. Not until seven months after the event did he and his missionary companions learn by American newspapers that their beloved prophet Joseph Smith Jr. had been murdered along with Hyrum at Carthage.

Noah had made a point to record that poignant moment in his journal:

“Monday, the 24 [February 1845] - I got a newspaper containing an account of the murder of Brs. Joseph & Hyrum Smith together with the governor’s speech.

“Tuesday, the 25. - Br. Grouard and myself talked the matter over and concluded it would be best for us to return [home] to our families the first opportunity and take care of them not knowing to what extent the mob would push the persecution. But to all appearance from the statement in the paper the mob intended to drive them out from Nauvoo or kill them...”

It took from June 27, 1844, to February, 1845 for written news of this event to reach the Island of Tahiti. This filled their hearts with much pain and sorrow. Noah, a prolific journal writer while on his mission, could not bring himself to write any more of the event that day. Notwithstanding the disheartening and terrible news, the missionaries felt they had to continue their work to the best of their ability until such time as passage home could be secured. Their work was not done, and the Lord would provide in his due time means and opportunity for their return home.

For the next two months their missionary work continued as usual. During this time that they were performing the work under a shadow of concern for family and the general welfare of the Church, these humble, hard working and isolated missionaries continued to find a measure of success and continued to have the companionship of the Spirit of Peace. By the 14th of April, Noah and Elder Grouard reconsidered their commitment to return home immediately. In his journal, Noah wrote:

“April the 14 - . . . We continue to preach every Sabbath although but few attend. We now have concluded to stay here a little longer and go to other islands as soon as possible to try our luck. There appears no chance for us where there is a [secular] mission established because they have [mastered] the language - the best many of them have been here for thirty years.”

The Elders hoped to find other islands without the strong influence of foreign governments or secular missionaries. They felt that the amazing success of Elder Pratt on Tubuai, where hundreds were converted, could be repeated if they found other island populations prepared as Tubuai was. To make this decision to continue to labor, despite their limited knowledge of the awful state of affairs at home demonstrates the unique and singular faith of these men. Could anyone doubt the Lord knew their character when he called them

to serve? They were living up to the expectations of their God, relying on Him to be watch guard for their families and friends.

There is no question Noah would frequently think of home and family, especially with newly aroused fears for their safety in the wake of the terrible events at Nauvoo. His letters were heartfelt and lengthy. He was aware that he was missing many important family events. His youngest was only seven years old, and his other eight children ranged in age from 9 to 25. His family was still young and needed him. All of the missed birthdays, anniversaries, baptisms, bouts of illness, and celebrations! Only the unique and singular blessings that are afforded to the families of missionaries sustained them. The Lord compensates in such circumstances. Nonetheless, the pain of separation from the bosom of one's family, the center of one's life on earth, is great.

Noah's Contribution to the Lord's Work in the Society Islands Mission

Noah had served diligently and faithfully as he pursued spreading the gospel on Tahiti, Huahine and several of the Leeward Islands of the Society Island Group. These Islands had severe religious and political impediments to the type of success enjoyed on Tubuai and Anaa. Elder Pratt had experienced overwhelming success on Tubuai, and Elder Grouard found success in baptizing many converts on Anaa. This success filled the hearts of all three missionaries with great joy. All three attempted to focus efforts on finding and teaching on islands without the aforementioned obstacles knowing this would increase their opportunity for success. Noah, unfortunately, had the frustrating experience of exploring deeper into the islands entrenched with the obstacles and impediments of political strife and influence of the secular missionaries.

A typical experience was recorded in his journal:

“Thursday 29 - We made Mangea [Mangaia] early in the morning. On arriving, I found out that they would not allow any

white man to tarry on their island. They told me that if the English missionaries had given me a letter they would be glad to have me stay with them but they had made a law that no white should live there, & I have no doubt but it was a plan of the missionaries to keep us from going there. Mangea [Mangaia] is a small island but thickly inhabited. I suppose about four thousand people.... We stayed here but one day when we made sail for some other island. We laid our course for Rematirreio [Rimatara, Australs] which we did not find but on the **10 of June** we made Rurootu [Rurutu, Australs] to the leeward of the island. We beat up to the island, it being very rough weather when we made the island. . . . I got on shore and I had a conversation with the King about my staying to preach for them. He told me that he did not want me, for the Mr. Plaat [*or Pratt*] of Riateaur [Reitoru, Tuamotu?] was a-coming to stay there & preach for them and that Mr. Haff [*or Baff*] has written to them not to let any other to come there. So that I found that go where I would - I could not stop.”

Noah's circular journey took him to eight islands over a period of approximately eight weeks. At each island he found that his opportunity to teach had been pre-empted by letters from the sectarian missionaries. This frustrating state of affairs - the refusal of some island populations to receive Noah - was typical of his “way being hedged up by missionaries of sectarian churches.”

While in the islands, Noah attained 48 years of age and was in good health. Although frustrated with obstacles to missionary work among the natives, he was patient and diligent in his efforts. He taught and baptized a number of individuals of English and American descent. He also understood well the political and religious factors that were at play, and that a key for success was to find populations previously uninfluenced by corrupt English or French “protectorates.” Noah truthfully searched in

vain for a receptive population during his time in the islands, and worked diligently in seeking them out. One of his significant contributions was the identification of the very obstacles to the missionary work that have been chronicled, and the locations where these conditions existed. Noah likely felt like Aaron in the land of Middoni, for “it was their lot to have fallen into the hands of a more hardened and a more stiffnecked people; therefore they would not hearken to their words...” (Alma 20:30, *Book of Mormon*)

After Noah chose to linger a season longer, in spite of fears for family and the Church, it was another five months before he sought and obtained passage back to the United States. It could easily be argued that there was a divine hand in the timing of Noah’s departure. His passage home was blessed with favorable winds for a speedy return. He also had considerable success in preaching and baptizing during the trip home. It seems more than coincidence that his opportunity to return home delivered him at precisely the time his family needed him most. Final preparations for an exodus from Nauvoo were being completed, as well as completion of the final finish work on the Temple. He and Eda were given time to receive the full blessings of the Temple prior to an otherwise hasty expulsion with their family from Nauvoo.

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About the Author

Douglas S. Pike is a 3rd great grandson of Noah and Eda through their daughter Clarissa Rogers Taggart, her daughter Julia Taggart Lewis, her son Dow Lewis, and his daughter Julia Lewis McMasters. Douglas has previously served as a Bishop and Stake Young Men’s President and is currently a Scoutmaster. He and his wife Julie Call Pike and their five children reside in the Lompoc First Ward, Lompoc California Stake.

(This book was compiled at the request of Steve Berlin for our 2000 reunion last August, and was first made available to the family at that event. Over four hundred copies have been distributed to family members at cost. To order a copy of Doug Pike’s book, *The Noah and Eda Hollister Rogers Family*, you can contact Doug at 240 Barrington Place, Lompoc, CA 93436. The price is \$13.00 plus \$3.50 for express postage for up to three copies. Call for postage on larger orders.) ♦

FAMILY HISTORIES

Earlier issues of the newsletter have featured histories of four of George Washington Taggart’s fourteen children. (Two children, Franklin and Frances, born to George and Clarissa, did not survive infancy.) Those featured include Eliza Ann, daughter of George and Harriet; Harriet Maria, daughter of George and Fanny; Henry Milton, son of George and Clarissa, and James, son of George and Clarissa. In this year’s issue we

are pleased to publish an account by Timothy L. Taggart (Edis-Frederick-Clarissa) of the life of GWT's youngest child, Frederick. If you would be willing to share a history of one of the other children of GWT, we would love to hear from you!



**FREDERICK TAGGART:
A WORTHY AND GREAT MAN—SON OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON TAGGART**

By Timothy L. Taggart (Edis-Frederick-Clarissa)

“Thou art a chosen son of God here upon this earth, and it is decreed by thy Father in Heaven that thou shalt do a great work in this dispensation.” (Patriarchal Blessing given to Frederick Taggart by Richard Rawle, Morgan City, Utah, March 29, 1898. From *Frederick Taggart's Life Story*, Compiled and Edited by Timothy L. Taggart, July 1995, (Hereafter cited as *Life Story*).)

Like his father before him, Frederick Taggart's “great work” and great love was his family. He was an honest man who loved his wife, children and brothers and sisters. He loved the Lord and tried all his life to do his duty to God, family and fellow men. He was an effective teacher, loved by youth, adults and children. He was a missionary and a priesthood leader. He was a farmer who loved his animals and a carpenter who loved to serve others through his craft. He was a talented musician, a committed student, and an exemplary man.

At Fred's funeral John Hyer said of him:

Brother Taggart was truly my friend, and I think he was a friend to all. I was closely associated with him, not only as a neighbor but in church capacities, and I respected him as a man. To me, his life was a sermon, and I would rather see a sermon any day than hear one.

He lived that which he taught, and I may say there are many in this audience whose lives have been touched by the influence for good of the teachings of this man. To him, life had a purpose, a meaning. He tried to work it out accordingly. He tried to fill all the mission he was sent here to perform. (John C. Hyer, Excerpts from the Funeral Service for Frederick Taggart, 7 May 1955,

Life Story)



Frederick Taggart at age four with his mother, Clarissa Marina Taggart.

Being honest in his dealings with others was of utmost importance to Frederick. His son Paul wrote: “As far as honesty is concerned, there never was a more honest man walking the earth. His word was his bond. I remember the time that he sold a cow to a cattle buyer by the name of Willard Hendricks. After she had a calf, one quarter turned out bad. Without any questions, he refunded the money and took the cow back. He always wanted a clear conscience so that he could sleep at night. (Paul Taggart, *My Father, Frederick Taggart* (1978), in *Life Story*.)

Born in the late years of his father's life, Frederick grew up in an atmosphere of faith,

hard work, resourcefulness and family love. With a multitude of family members to work with him, play with him and straighten him up when necessary, he grew in an environment that

nourished his desire to accomplish whatever “great work” he would be called upon to do. He grew up in the “Promised Land”-- the son of pioneers who knew what it meant to sacrifice for what one believed in. He wrote the following account of his early years:

Richville, Morgan County, Utah, is located on the west side of a small valley twenty miles east of Ogden, Utah. There were seventeen families living there when on July First, 1877, Albert D. Dickson was made Bishop of the Richville Ward, and as such, acted for thirty-seven years.

On that same day, on a Sunday morning, I was born at nine o’clock at Richville, Morgan County, Utah. I was the twelfth child of my Mother’s family, also the youngest of the three families of my Father. The children total sixteen.

My father, George Washington Taggart, was born November the sixth, 1816, in Sharon, Hillsboro (or) Petersboro, New Hampshire. My Mother, Clarissa Marina Rogers, was born March 27th, 1836, in Shalersville, Portage County, Ohio. She was my Father’s third wife. My parents were both pioneers of the west. Father was chief musician and fifer of Company “B” of the Mormon Battalion.

My Brother Marcus named me when I was born. On November 1st, 1877, I was blessed by Samuel Ellingford.

The first recollection I have was when about three and a half years old. Brother Morgan and Henry Hinman were helping my father shingle our log house, which had a sod roof. Before they finished, it rained and soaked all of our beds.

This house had three rooms in it. On the north end of the living room was a very large fireplace made of sand stone. The center room was the bedroom; the south room was Father’s carpenter shop and the boy’s bedroom combined. Many a night I

sat up until very late dreading to go to bed on cold winter nights because our bedroom was so very cold.

Our bed consisted of springs made of ¼ inch rope run crosswise and also lengthwise with sheepskins for a mattress, and two buffalo robes to cover us.

I have sat before that large fireplace listening to Father and Bishop Dickson talk concerning the Gospel many times, heard them discussing prophesies and predictions that are now taking place.

Mother used the fireplace to smoke meat very often.

When a little boy, I used to walk to Morgan with a small bucket of eggs for my Mother. It was to pay her donations on the Salt Lake Temple that she gave to the Relief Society; these were her Sunday eggs. It was a three mile walk there and the same back.

On September 20, 1885, I was baptized by John H. Dickson and confirmed by Albert D. Dickson. When I was baptized, it took place in a creek that ran through the south end of our field. It was called Canyon Creek and had the clearest water I have ever seen. They have used this creek to make the Canyon Creek Dam now.

That same fall, I had the privilege of going to the Logan Temple to be sealed to my father and mother. At this time we were the largest family that had been to the Logan Temple to be sealed. (They received their endowments July 10, 1879.)

I commenced school at the age of nine years, Oliver Kingston was my teacher. He was a fine teacher and one of the best penman I have known. Even in old age, his penmanship was beautiful. He sent me some of his writing as a keepsake.

The school house was just a short distance from our home, and the teacher boarded

with our family. School was only held three or four months out of the year.

As a youngster, I spent a lot of time with bow and arrow, and learned to feather the arrows, making them shoot straight.

We lived at the mouth of a canyon called "Taggart Hollow." We had to go miles after the cows and sheep. We always went on foot, never knowing what it was to have a horse to ride.

The land in all these hills was owned by the community and had no fences. In the fall of the year, a boy from each family had to herd the cows in the fields to keep them from destroying the crops not yet harvested. I was very young at the time, and like most boys that age, wanted some excitement. There were some very wild cows in the herd, so some of we boys decided to see who could run fast enough to get hold of the tail of the wildest cow in the herd. We set out, and I won the race, much to my sorrow. I got the cow by the tail, wrapped her tail around my hand and she ran so fast, I couldn't keep up, yet I couldn't let go. I finally got loose, but it broke my left arm close to the shoulder. When I regained consciousness, I had to walk about a mile and a half to get home, holding my broken arm under my suspender and having to cross Canyon Creek on a pole.

When this accident happened, my father and mother were at Logan, Utah, and no doctor was available. In a nearby town was a very old man named Robert Hog, who came and assisted my brother, Mark, in setting my arm. It has never grown to full size since. It was several nights before my father and mother came home, and I was never so happy to see any one in my life. I started to mend rapidly after that.

My father's small farm being near the hills on the west side of the valley, a great deal of my time was spent roaming the hills,

hunting cows, digging Sego Lily bulbs, etc. Three or four times a week, Mark and I would go down to Canyon Creek about four o'clock in the afternoon and enjoy catching trout. We nearly always came home with a large string of fish. Often we would stay until dark, make a fire on the bank, and fishing seemed to improve. They seemed to bite better under those conditions.

On the 4th of July, my brothers Charley and Mark and I went fishing and caught fifty-four nice trout. Mark was fishing with an old rusty hook when a large trout bit his line off just above the hook and got away. A few minutes later, I caught the fish, and Mark getting his hook back again, was able to continue fishing,

My father had a two-year-old steer that he broke to pull a large sleigh. The runners were made of maple and it was built good and solid. In the winter we would have the steer haul the sled with a forty-five gallon barrel of water once a day. We had to take it about one-half mile and often when we would get to the gate, the steer would give a quick jump and off would go the barrel of water. That would mean another trip.

My job was to get the water in the summer. Mother would have me carry about a thirty-gallon barrel of water each morning very early, before the cattle were turned out. As the stream was small, and ran several miles from where it boiled out of the mountain, if it weren't hauled early it would become unfit for use. I thought Mother was a little severe on me as she would have me turn out what water was left each morning and refill the barrel with clean fresh water, and put it in the cellar where it would keep cool.

In the winter, when we were out of school, we coasted down the hills with the other boys of the village. We spent many pleasant hours this way. And we especially

enjoyed coasting on the crusted snow, when we'd walk up hill for several miles, to get to ride back. My pals were James R. Birt, Arch, and Raymond Rich, Albert and Abe Dickson boys, Charley and William Crouch boys, John, Mark, Jim and Henry Taggart. This would make a real crowd.

I remember an old Indian bringing a rifle to my father to have him fix it. He said, "Maybe me come back; maybe me never come back; maybe me die. You have the gun." Father gave the old rifle an overhaul, but the old Indian never came back.

My father made the first shoes I ever had. He was a shoemaker, violin and fife maker, a first-class mill and wheelwright. He owned a stone burr flour mill. The large timbers in this mill were hued with a broad ax, they were ten by ten inches, and all the cogs were made of oak, running very smoothly. No nails were used to speak of in this mill.

I can remember, as a small child, running down the little trail that led from our house at the mouth of Taggart Hollow, down the side of the hill to where the mill stood and watching my brother, George Henry, making flour. At times there were so many grists to be made into flour that the sacks had to be stacked out side. People came from all the surrounding settlements, and even as far as Ogden, to get their flour milled here. As years went on, I was the last one to take charge of the mill. At that time, I did not make flour, but spent my time chopping grain.

I well remember sitting on my Father's knee and hearing him tell many stories of the hardships he suffered while in the Mormon Battalion: how they suffered from lack of water, until their tongues would swell. He also said he had walked and led his mules in order to preserve them, until his feet would bleed. While in the service

of his country, he caught a cough that stayed with him until his dying day.

When about twelve years old, I helped Mark make a concrete cellar and hue the logs to make Father and Mother a better home. We put the logs on the concrete cellar foundation. The house that Mark and I built was the room that Aunt Fanny lived in. After she died, Father had us tear it down and put it on the foundation we had made for the cellar and made Mother a little more room.

I can't recall my father doing very much hard work, as he was an old man, as I always knew him. He was sixty years old when I was born.

I was ordained a deacon March 15, 1891, by John H. Dickson.

I was very desirous of obtaining work when I was about fourteen years old on a big reservoir that was being built about six miles up Canyon Creek, with my brother Henry, who was just older than I. Father didn't care to see us go, but said we might go, although he doubted if we'd stay long.

By the time we got to the dam where we were going to work, it had commenced to rain very hard so that the men could not work. We stayed about two hours, then started home. The life those men were living was just the opposite to what we had been taught. There was all kinds of gambling and much swearing and rough talk going on. After walking twelve miles over rough roads, we were indeed glad to get back to sleep at home that night and never asked again to go away to work.

On April 6, 1893, the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated. At the time I was surprised to be offered the chance to make this trip with my brother Charley and his daughter Susie, making the trip with a jump-seated buggy drawn by horses. While going down Weber Canyon, we encountered two bad

snow slides. Other than this, we had a very enjoyable trip. This was my first visit to Salt Lake City. We were truly thrilled with the sight of the Temple and its surroundings.



Fred as a teenager. L-R, Henry, Frederick, Alice and James Taggart.

I remember down at the old home, there were three guns. I don't know whatever became of them. One day Mark took the big long muzzle loading gun that shot round balls of lead and he went up to the top of the hill where he could get a good shot at a big hawk. It was on a big rock on the hill. He shot the hawk. I ran and picked it up. It was not dead and it clamped its claws right through my right hand. I ran to the woodpile where Jim was cutting wood and Jim cut the hawk's head off and it let loose of my hand. It poisoned my hand so badly that the skin all peeled off. It took a long time to heal and get well. I learned a lesson and never ran to get another hawk.

On June 3, 1893, my father died at the age of 77 years 7 months old. He was a self-educated man and very well respected by all who knew him. His funeral was held June 4 in Richville with a very large congregation attending the services. Eighty-four teams followed the hearse to the cemetery at South Morgan. I was sixteen years old at the time of my father's death.

Four years later I was in attendance at the Pioneer Jubilee held July 24, 1897, in Salt Lake City. It was the greatest sight I had ever seen up to that time.

I am 5 feet 10 inches tall, average around 127 pounds. My chest measures 36 inches; waist, 31 inches; length of trousers, 32 inches; wear shoes size 6½; hose, size 9; shirt, 14½ with a 32 sleeve; hat, 6⅞. My hair was black. My hair is almost white now but I still have a much as I ever did and Bert Orchard cuts it regularly for me, as he has since he first came to Lewiston August 1901.

I have never had good health, but have always been able to keep active and do a lot of hard work.

The winter of 1896 and 1897, I went to Logan to school at the Utah State Agricultural College. While there I lived with my sister, Clarissa T. Parkinson. During these times it was hard to get hold of any money. Two bushels of wheat a day, at thirty-five cents a bushel, was a man's earnings and that in brass money, worth seventy cents on the dollar.

The first year at school I had only enough money for my books. I did chores for my board. I took a letter of recommendation from Dr. W. B. Parkinson to Professor J. H. Paul and asked him if I could do work to pay my entrance fee. He assured me I could and said he would let me know when he had work. He didn't contact me so after three months, I went to him and asked if

there was anything I could do to pay my bill. He said, "Yes, lots of it." But that he would let me know when he had work for me. After another short time I went to him again and told him I was ready to go to work, as there was lots of work in the carpenter shop which I could do. He said, "You don't owe this institution one dollar." So I didn't get to pay anything that year.

In the fall of 1897, I went out on the desert with a herd of sheep. My job was to cook for the sheep men that were out there. This desert was east and north of Rock Springs, Wyoming. William J. Dickson was the shepherd. I remained there for seven months, during which time we encountered several severe blizzards.

Chris Jenson from Star Valley, my brother Henry and I started out for Logan from Morgan on horseback, to be at our brother Mark's wedding November 3, 1897. We took a short cut from Morgan and planned to come through Paradise. It rained and snowed and we got lost. At midnight we came into Mantua. The horses were give out so we walked and led them. We started at the south end of town and asked at every house for a place to spend the rest of the night. We had just two homes left to make inquiry and here the people let us stay. They turned their horses out and tied ours in the barn and let us sleep in their barn. We didn't have anything to eat all that day and we didn't get to the wedding. We got into Logan on the 4th.

During the next vacation, I worked on a ranch for Adolph Anderson in Peterson, Morgan County, Utah. I got eighteen dollars a month and went back to school the next fall. I could not afford to go to any amusement that required admittance so, consequently, had to forfeit the social side of my education that I really needed.

I fit and cut every floor board that was used to re-floor the old original building at the

college (Old Main) from top to bottom and with a hand saw.

During the winter and summer of 1898, I took charge of a ranch for Brother Edward Laird, up Parley's Canyon, fifteen miles east of the State Prison on 21st South in Salt Lake City, Brother and Sister Laird were very kind to me and I enjoyed this position very much.

I was able to raise more hay per acre than at any previous place I had worked, also produced very fine potatoes and grain. However, these crops were secondary, as the growing of Timothy hay was the principle object. We had a perpetual water right. We delivered hay to Salt Lake City twice a week all the while I worked there. I hauled hay through what is now Liberty Park, when there weren't any houses near there and mud was very deep in the spring of the year.

I enjoyed attending Sunday school and sacrament meeting in this little place called Mountain Dell. I recall Sister Laird taking a little baby to raise from Salt Lake. The first night, Sister Laird discovered it had whooping cough. She had me rise early the next morning and take her and the baby back to Salt Lake. We rode that fifteen miles in a cart, but she was certainly happy to be relieved of the responsibility of that sick child.

While I was out there, my brother Mark was on a mission to the Eastern States. I sent him a little money several times. It was while out here I lived the best life I have ever lived, with the good teachings of my parents, together with the counsel and influence of the letters I received from my missionary brother Mark influencing my every hour. My days were spent with a constant prayer in my heart, that I would never do anything wrong or displeasing to the Lord.

It was during this employment that I became very discouraged and dissatisfied,

coming to know it was entirely unsuited to my talents. Brother Laird kept my money for me, as there was no place to spend it. My wages were thirty dollars a month and I loaned this accumulated money to my brother James to purchase for us a home and a lot in the town of Lewiston, Cache County, Utah.

The next summer 1899, I came to Lewiston from Morgan, Utah, to live with my mother and sister Alice Janett T. Bright while her husband, John Wesley Bright, was on his first mission to the Northwestern States. My brother, Henry, was also on a mission at that time, to the Southern States. They left at the same time and returned to Lewiston together the 27th of April 1901.

On November 5, 1900, James and his wife, Valeria Laird Taggart, came to Lewiston to live in the home he had purchased for us. The group of us lived together that winter. Mark returned from his mission to the Eastern States just before Mother died, which was the 19th of April 1901.

We took her remains by train to South Morgan, to be buried beside my father and Aunt Fanny. Henry and Wesley arrived home just a few days too late for the services.

I finished paying for that home by working for wages that amounted to fifty cents a day. For just the day after I arrived in Lewiston, I obtained employment as a carpenter with Pete Nelson and William Worley. It was while in their employ that I did the work before mentioned, at the Agriculture College, for wages of ten cents an hour. I worked with Pete and Worley for a number of years, working on the Franklin School, the Lewiston Church, the home of Morris J. Swinyard, etc. I nailed all the sheeting on the tower of the Lewiston Church. Later my brother Mark and I did contract work together. I helped to

complete the Sego Milk Plant at Richmond, Utah, in 1901.

My carpenter work has taken me into almost every home in Lewiston, all over Cache Valley, and I have worked in every church building in the [valley] at some time or another and all the school houses.

In February of 1901, I had my first date with Eulalie A. Leavitt - who was to be my wife. I met her over to my sister Alice's home. She was with Deliah Bright, Alice's sister-in-law.

When we went courting, I used to drive Bishop William H. Lewis's horse and a jump set buggy. I took my girl and her three girl friends, Maud Lewis, Libbie Hyer, and Lois Hyer. We always had a good time. I never, never went but what I bought peanuts for our treat.

September 29, 1901, I was ordained an elder by Joseph T. Pond.

In June 1902, I took my sweetheart Eulalie over to Merrill's Spur to catch the train and join an excursion party to Saltair Beach. We left very early in the morning and had a wonderful sightseeing trip all over Salt Lake City. Most of us had never seen the lake like that before so we especially enjoyed Saltair. Most of the group, in fact, had never been out of Cache Valley before so it was a great day for all of us. Brother Peter E. Van Orden went with us and we didn't get back to Lewiston until four o'clock the next morning. This was our first trip together.

I worked for Bishop William H. Lewis. We used to work running the binder a lot of time when it was a moonlight night, most of the night. We took turns at it... We shocked grain, hauling hay and sure worked hard. Then when it was time to tend the tithing office, I was sent over there. It was when they had long haystacks out here where we live now. They always had two

and three big haystacks in the fall. We would feed this hay to the tithing stock.

After working hours, people would bring their tithing grain and I would carry it up the stairs and empty it in the bins in the granary...

Eulalie A. Leavitt and I were married in the Logan Temple December 17, 1902. Just twenty-two months after we started going together, Apostle Marriner W. Merrill married us. We spent our first night at my sister's Clarissa T. Parkinson's home in Logan. Eulalie's father had to go with us to get our marriage license as she wasn't of age, being only 17 and a half years old at the time. We had a lovely wedding supper on the 18th of December at the home of my wife's parents. There were about 125 present.

In 1902, just a Sunday after we were married, they appointed me a teacher in Sunday school. I taught the group whose ages ranged from fifteen to eighteen years old, and this was the age I taught for thirty-five years.

As a young man, I loved to dance and some of the dances I especially enjoyed were as follows: the Plain Quadrille, the Waltz Quadrille, Varsouvienne, Schottische Polka, York, Polygamy Dance, and always danced the Mascot with Ida Allen. I loved to waltz.

I played in a brass band for six years. Theo France was the leader and he, Ether Telford and I played the cornet, as did Andrew Wisner. Henry Talbot played the bass horn; Mark Taggart, the Piccolo. Lester "Toby" Layne played the snare drums and William Blair, Jr, played the drums. There were many others but I can't recall more of them now.

I also played in an orchestra for two years that was made up of the cornet, which I played; the flute, played by my brother Mark; Dave Egbert played the violin and a



Fred & Eulalie's wedding portrait.

Bodily fellow played the piano.

I sang bass in a quartet that was in great demand, along with David Van Orden, George F. Rawlins and Alvin Brower singing the tenor.

I also played baseball as a young man and broke the second finger of my right hand doing so.

Our first child was born 24 February 1904 at 10 minutes to 12 noon on Wednesday: Walter Leavitt Taggart. (From "Highlights in the Life of Frederick Taggart", (Hereafter cited as "Highlights") This story was told by Frederick and Eulalie L. Taggart. This life's story was compiled and written by Ruey T. Hyde in 1950 and rewritten the week of March 14-19 by Mary L. Taggart in 1954 and rewritten in

September by Juanita E. Taggart. And this copy was rewritten and finished the 5 of April 1956 by Eulalie L. Taggart. From *Life Story*.)

Frederick began to discover his “great work” as the children came along quickly with the passing years.

Our first baby girl was born the 10th of February 1906 at 8 o’clock in the morning on Saturday--the day of Apostle Marriner Wood Merrill’s funeral at Richmond, Utah. She was Ruey.

Verla was born February 3, 1908; Fred Edis, born October 2, 1910; Janett, born October 26, 1912; Meleese, born August 22, 1914.

Our son Paul Leavitt was born June 19, 1917; Myrna, born October 25, 1923; LaRee, born November 13, 1926. (In “Highlights”, from *Life Story*)

On March 20, 1914, Fred bought the Tithing Office, which was one mile south of town for \$2,000.00. This land of five acres was given to the Church by Harvey M. Rawlins, Sr. The Church built a big barn, granary, a cellar that was used for years. Then they built the big red brick house. It was built about 1897 and 1898.

Fred shares insights into the life of this growing family:

When all of our family was home, we used an average of fifty bags of flour a year. Each fall, when the wheat was harvested, I’d take it to the mill and bring back fifty bags of flour which was stored in a little storeroom off the kitchen. Every Saturday morning a new bag of flour was emptied in the bin.

We used a hundred-pound bag of the best rice available a year and sometimes needed two. We always had a 5-gallon can of honey and the girls became experts at

making honey candy. That was fun they had when Mother and I were away from home.

We always purchased and bottled twenty bushels of peaches and ten or twelve bushels of tomatoes each fall.

Our garden provided lovely fresh vegetables and for years we had the small fruits to harvest: raspberries, strawberries and black native currants.

For three years, we were able to grow very choice watermelons. Our garden was always hard work, but was worth it all in money saved and good food on the table.

The family parties in Brother Weslie’s pasture were always a highlight. Many times when Henry and family came up, down below the old Canable Hill to Weslie’s pasture, all the Taggart families would go taking with them whatever could be found in the cupboards. No one every worried about the lunch. Everything was put out and everyone helped themselves. We always had a big bonfire near the creek and among the trees. Everyone joined in singing, playing games and visiting.

When my wife and I were first married, we had one cow. For a long period of time, we had two or three and as our family began to grow, we had 8 and 10 cows. The most I ever milked at a time was 12 cows.

But when I went to Ogden to work I had one cow so I kept her. When I took sick I still had one cow until the 13 Oct 1954. Now we have neither cows, horses, chickens, pigs, or any animals except one little cat.

I sent milk to the Sego factory at Richmond, Utah, and to the cheese plant in Smithfield for a long time and we received small checks and our butter and cheese.

In 1905, I worked in the store for Morris J. Swinyard. At this time the Lewiston Sugar Factory was built.

I also worked in Charles Pond's store in town for one year, after which he located by the sugar factory. I then worked for him as a clerk, hauling local, lumber, and general merchandise until 1910. I then started working for a company, of which I owned some shares, known as the "Citizen's Trading Company." I worked in this position until 1915. My health failed me and I gave up the store and went to farming.

I hauled beets in a wagon with a double bed, made so that a man could stand on the end gate while you unloaded the beets. I was able to haul two and a half tons of beets at a time.



Fred, Eulalie and Edis - 1917

Some time during the early twenties we won a prize of seventy-five dollars for the cleanest and most uniform beets. This was a fifteen acre patch of beets and with the money we purchased a prized phonograph from Alphas L. Rawlins. That year the beets ran twenty-three tons to the acre.

The girls all helped in the beets or we never would have harvested them some years. I

can recall many times that the beets were frozen until we would be lucky if we could haul one load a day off the ground.

The boys could always be depended upon to get the chores done. Even if I couldn't be home, I didn't have to worry because they would always be taken care of. (In "Highlights", from *Life Story*)

Paul writes concerning his father:

Dad enjoyed playing baseball and softball, always in the pitcher's position. He generally weighed around 127 pounds, though later in life he went down to 122 pounds. He wasn't large in stature, but he could outwork the best of men. He was an extremely hard worker with lots of push and drive.

I always looked forward to the 4th of July and the 24th of July each year, since Dad

would always have a concession stand set up beneath some large poplar trees near our church house. He always had a variety of soda pop nestled on chunks of ice to keep it cold. In those days the only source of ice was hauled down from both Cub and Bear Rivers during the winter time by the men in town. They would cut it with saws into square blocks and then haul it in bob sleighs to a building about one block north of town. The building was insulated thoroughly with sawdust. The

blocks were then piled up in the room and generous amounts of sawdust was packed around the outside of them. In this way they could have ice almost all summer. (Paul Taggart, *My Father*, Frederick Taggart(1978), in *Life Story*.)

On January 7th, 1930, Joseph Wire Leavitt, Fred's Father-in-law passed away. He had been a next door neighbor, a wise counselor and a friend. Fred writes:

Just two months later on March 15, 1930, our daughter Meleese passed away. She had suffered a great deal in her life, having had pneumonia ten times. Many a night I slept with her in the garage or on the back porch, where the doctor thought she would be better. It was so cold Eulalie had to make us night caps to wear.

She was so beautiful when she was laid away for burial, just in her budding womanhood. We had been blessed by her cheerfulness and with her beautiful spirit for 15 and a half years. She had black hair and dark blue eyes and her skin was as white as wax. She was so beautiful when she was put in her casket. (In "Highlights", from *Life Story*)

In the midst of the depression and with son Edis out in the mission field serving in Australia, Fred received a call to leave his wife, children and the farm to serve as a full time missionary. He counseled with Eulalie and together they determined if the Lord called him he should serve. He reports:

In the winter of 1935, I was called to fill a mission in California, so left December 26, 1935, leaving my son Walter with a broken hip (a horse had kicked him) and my wife sick in bed with sciatic rheumatism. The Lord was good to us and both were made well in a short time.

I served under President Nicholas G. Smith. I stayed in the mission field 6 months, returned the 30th of June 1936. (In "Highlights", from *Life Story*)

Fred had arranged a loan to support him while in the mission field. When he returned the money was still all in the bank. The Lord had blessed the family and had provided the means. When Fred returned home he continued his missionary labors as he was called to serve as a Benson Stake missionary, serving two years.

Fred's other church callings over the years included: Elder's quorum president, counselor in the elder's quorum, stake missionary again, ward choir

member, president and counselor in the young men's organization, program committeeman for the 70's quorum, instructor of the teacher's quorum, secretary of the Old Folk's Committee in the Lewiston First Ward, and first assistant in the ward Genealogy Society. In the midst of these callings he served as Sunday school teacher to the teenagers of the ward for thirty-five years, was a member of the ward and stake genealogical committee for twenty-two years. He also reports:

I started as a ward teacher at the age of fourteen in Richville Ward, Morgan County, Utah. Since then I have been a ward teacher for sixty years, serving as such in Lewiston First Ward, Ogden Thirteenth, and Mesa Fifth. (In "Highlights", from *Life Story*)

While serving in these church callings he also found time to serve as secretary to the Taggart Family Association for 39 years. He was also a



The family about 1919.

director on the Cache County Drainage District Number Six from the time the drain was first made and for the next fourteen years.



Fred and granddaughter Toni.

In 1942, as World War II began to heat up, Fred felt he should do his part to help in some way with the war effort. He and Eulalie talked it over and made the decision to move to Ogden and seek employment at Hill Field. January 5th, he started to work. His son Paul writes:

Dad went to work at Hill Field as a

carpenter foreman. He had fifteen to forty men working under his supervision. He would not tolerate any profanity or dirty stories or jokes from any of his men and they loved and respected him for it. He worked until the war was over, and then he decided to quit. The work was slowing down and there wasn't much to do and he felt that if he couldn't earn his money he didn't want to accept it. He and Mother then moved back to Lewiston to the old home. (Paul Taggart, "My Father, Frederick Taggart" (1978), in *Life Story*.)

Fred said: "We made many wonderful friends while there and continued our activities in the Ogden 13th Ward. We returned home from Ogden November 15, 1945." (In "Highlights", from *Life Story*)

The winter of 1946-47, Fred and Eulalie spent in Mesa, Arizona, taking a room in the home of Aunt Teresa Leavitt Richardson. What an enriching experience this was in their lives. They met so many fine relatives and made so many fine friends, too. They were temporary members of the Mesa 5th Ward and Fred was called to be a ward teacher

while there, and sometimes did two districts a month.

Fred kept busy as a carpenter which helped to keep them supplied with the necessities of life. They also did eighty-five endowments each in the Mesa Temple.

The 15th December 1947, they celebrated the centennial of the coming of the Mormon Battalion to Tucson. The big meeting was held that evening in the stake house. This was Sunday night. Fred said: "I was the only direct descendant of a member of the Mormon Battalion there that evening. There were 225 descendants. They were grandchildren and great-grandchildren."

To think it was 100 years [since] my father had been in Tucson. It was sure a thrill. When the Mormon Battalion was closest to Tucson here, they had a fight with the buffalos or wild bulls. Only a few bulls [were] killed and a few oxen killed. No blood shed of the men, as they were so close to it. Most of the Mexicans left town



Eulalie with Edis and Fred in their Mormon Battalion uniforms.

and the Indians that were out there. The program was very good and everyone was well paid for their coming to it. To think of my father's big family and I the youngest

and being the one to have this experience sure thrills me.

We enjoy talking about this trip and the others we have had. Didn't have any trips till our family was all grown up. These are things people should have in their younger days, with their children, so all can enjoy it.

Stages, and this picture was printed on the front page of the Deseret News.

We left Salt Lake in the early morning of March 15th and spent the first night at Grand Canyon. Enjoyed a marvelous program at Mesa the next night. The next morning a conducted tour through the temple there, and then on to Yuma, where I



Fred, Eulalie and family group. Year unknown.

March 15, 1950, was an outstanding date in my life. My wife, son Edis and wife, and I had the privilege of making an 8-day trek over the Mormon Battalion Trail with the Sons of Utah Pioneers. This trip took us to Grand Canyon, Mesa, Yuma, Mexicali, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, St. George, Cedar City, and back home. Oh, what a lovely trip. We went on bus (8) of a group of 9 buses in the Sons of Utah Pioneers Caravan.

I was photographed with my little granddaughter, Antoinette, as we left the station where we boarded the Lewis Brother's

had the privilege of participating in a parade as a fifer, representing my father. We even wore the Mormon Battalion suits and had the original flag, fife, and drum that was in the Mormon Battalion.

In each special program and parade, we had the opportunity of participating. Paraded and participated in San Diego, Los Angeles, and San Bernardino, too, and was truly thrilled with the welcome we received wherever we went.

Was honored with four other members of our group (of the three hundred eight people) who were descendants of Mormon Battalion members, at a special outdoor program at San Bernardino. Was photographed with these fine people and the picture received wide publication.

Eulalie had never stayed in a hotel before in her life until this trip and when we arrived at San Diego, we were assigned to a room at the U.S. Grant Hotel and were surprised to find we had the Bridal Suite. A more spacious or beautiful place to stay just couldn't have been found, as lovely accommodations as you could ever dream of. We shared this room with our son and daughter-in-law, Edis and Mary, and after the scheduled programs of the day were over, we held open house there in our lovely suite for members of the Trek. We surely had a pleasant time that night, as thirty or forty of our friends called to see us and "Oh and ah" at our lovely accommodations.

From these rooms we had a beautiful view of the bay and several big ships were in the harbor at the time. We could look down on a beautiful plaza, where a fountain was playing and pigeons peacefully played in the sun. This room was just assigned to us and cost no more than any other room in the hotel, as it was included in the price of our tickets.

I did my last carpenter work November 14, 1951. I made my granddaughter Ileen Hyde a bookcase for a wedding gift. This ended a lifetime of building, designing and constructing furniture, homes, schools, churches, factories, and buildings of every type. I used to make infant caskets which my wife and daughters lined so very beautifully. I think I can truthfully say that I have made hundreds of infant caskets in my lifetime.

The next morning, November 15, 1951, I went to the barn to do my morning chores,

feeling fit as usual, and while milking a cow, I had a stroke. My wife found me an hour later, almost frozen, helpless, at the side of the cow. I had managed to pull myself away from the danger of her stepping on me. (In "Highlights", from *Life Story*)

In the last years of his life Fred suffered three strokes and was incapacitated. He passed away on May 4, 1955, at his home in Lewiston, Utah.

At his funeral Dr. John M. Bernhisel, tried to express his feelings about this great soul. He said:

I have tried to size up Brother Taggart, and I came across this yard stick... to measure him, size him up, to really give him his worth... [it is] First Corinthians, the thirteenth chapter. The first is "Love suffereth long and is kind." Did you ever know of a more patient, cheerful love, full of hope and charity, than Brother Taggart had...? Love... is one of the characteristics of Brother Fred's life. You felt the presence of love when you went into his home. You felt the presence of his love when you mingled with him anywhere.

"Love suffereth long and is kind. Love envieth not." ... I can't think of a case where this man envied anyone. He lived among neighbors who had everything their hearts desired. He lived by the side of... men [who] had the best in modes of travel, in machinery, in homes, in all the luxuries of life, and yet I don't think he ever envied them anything. I think he rejoiced that they had so much. "Love vaunteth not, is not puffed up." I don't think you ever heard Fred brag of himself, praise himself, or take to himself more than rightfully belonged to him.

"Love doth not behave itself unseemingly." Fred was always just the same....

"Love seeketh not her own." I believe we will find one of the characteristics of Brother Fred all his life was that he would rather

see his sons and daughters and his wife enjoy things rather than himself.

“Love is not easily provoked.” Brother Fred was one of the most temperate, evenly balanced men I ever met. “It rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth.” A lot of these things could be added to but I haven’t time. But I want to say to you people here, just measure... by this yardstick.... I want to say to these young men and women., “Try to emulate the example of Fred. He was a worthy man; he was a great man. (Dr. John M. Bernhisel, Excerpts from the Funeral Service for Frederick Taggart 7 May 1955, from *Life Story*)

Brother John Hyer said this:

Brother Taggart, as I said, was a teacher. He was also a singer. He contributed uncomplaining to everything asked of him. He was patient in suffering. I remember in going there I never heard a word of complaint, and his good wife said to me not long ago, “He has never murmured, through all his suffering he has never complained.” (John C. Hyer, Excerpts from the Funeral Service for Frederick Taggart 7 May 1955, from *Life Story*)

George S. Pond discussed the passing of Fred Taggart with his three older brothers and reported:

My brother... Preston said that a man always has an ideal in his life. I think most boys have about three. Preston said he had three and the man who headed that list was Fred Taggart-- then he told of some of the things Fred did for him.

[My brother] Ray said he never met a man with a better hand shake. After you shook his hand you knew you had shaken hands with a child of God.

He also said:

I have never heard Brother or Sister Taggart say a disrespectful word against anyone.

The are always kind and sweet, and that same thing is true of their family... (George S. Pond, Excerpts from the Funeral Service for Frederick Taggart 7 May 1955, from *Life Story*)

Fred’s son Paul said of him: “Raising nine children wasn’t an easy thing for him to do. But in raising us he always thought about his children before he thought about himself. Many times he sacrificed and went without so that we could have the things that we enjoyed. He was a truly unselfish man.”(Paul Taggart, “My Father, Frederick Taggart” (1978), in *Life Story*.) ❖

JAMES RAE GOODRICH (RAE HERBERT-PARLEY HERBERT- HARRIET MARIA-FANNY) CALLED TO SERVE AS STAKE PRESIDENT

We regret that we didn’t print in last year’s newsletter that James Rae Goodrich, area welfare director for the LDS Church, was called to serve as president of the North Salt Lake Utah Parkway Stake (formerly Woods Cross Utah East Stake) on November 14, 1999. James Rae Goodrich is married to Beth Louise Haslem Goodrich. Thank you to Rick McConkie (Jennie-Parley-Harriet Maria-Fanny) for letting us know about President Goodrich. ❖

CAL S. TAGGART (GRANT-GEORGE HENRY-FANNY) DAY PROCLAIMED BY GOVERNOR OF WYOMING

Governor of Wyoming Jim Geringer proclaimed February 6, 2001, Cal S. Taggart Day in honor of Cal’s extensive public service to the people in the state of Wyoming and in honor of Cal’s 77th birthday. We quote from the Governor’s Proclamation:

“The State of Wyoming’s history and way of life is embodied by those citizens who have dedicated their lives to sustaining the spirit and vitality of our

great state through humanitarian acts and volunteer service. Cal S. Taggart is a quintessential example of what makes our state so great. His compassion, leadership, and strong sense of state and community have positively influenced the lives of so many in Wyoming. Born February 6, 1924, in Cowley, Wyoming, Cal served in the Navy during World War II in the European, Atlantic Duty. Soon after graduating from college, Cal, and his twin brother Hal, and their father worked together in the Taggart Agency, where he enjoyed a long and distinguished career in the life insurance business.

“Cal’s devotion to public service and improving the quality of life in Wyoming is reflected in his years of service to his community and the state. A Wyoming State Senator from 1972 through 1984, Cal also served as the mayor of Lovell between 1962 and 1968, President of the Wyoming Association of Municipalities for two terms, President of the Big Horn Highway Association, and President of the Big Horn Airport Board. He was also one of the original organizers of the Big Horn County Hospital District, an original director of the Wyoming Industrial Development Corporation, a member of the Yellowstone Centennial Commission, the Old West Trail Foundation, and many other commissions and boards that worked toward improving business and the quality of life in Wyoming.

“Cal has spent endless hours helping individuals, small business owners, and his community solve problems, while promoting his beloved Big Horn County and the Big Horn Canyon. Cal, today on the occasion of your 77th birthday, we congratulate you and celebrate your amazing contributions. You are a beloved and respected member of your community, and this state. Thank you for making Wyoming a better place to live. For these significant reasons, I, Jim Geringer, Governor of the State of Wyoming, do hereby proclaim February 6, 2001 to be Cal S. Taggart Day in Wyoming and wish him a Happy Birthday on this joyous occasion.”

Thank you Ethel T. Christensen (Bruce-George Henry-Fanny) and Jeanette T. Holmes (Bruce-George Henry-Fanny) for informing us of Cal S. Taggart Day! ❖

FIRST EDITOR OF TAGGART FAMILY NEWSLETTER DIES

Spencer Laird Taggart (James-Clarissa) came up with the idea of a family newsletter to help the Taggart family have a means to share and preserve precious family history as well as to be able to stay closer in touch. In September of 1980, Spencer published the first issue of the “Taggart Family Newsletter.” The newsletter was published bi-annually each Fall and Spring for the next four years until the Fall of 1984, at which time Spencer was 73 years old and his health was starting to fail. Spencer published six more issues of the newsletter from 1986 to 1992. These original 15 issues of the newsletter are still available in one bound, soft-covered volume, from Steven L. Taggart, Coordinator of the Taggart Family (address on letterhead of this newsletter). The newsletter was begun again in the Spring of 1997 and is now published annually each Spring. Spencer L. Taggart passed away peacefully in his sleep on November 9, 2000, in American Fork, Utah. He was born July 31, 1911, in Lewiston, Utah, to James (Clarissa) and Valeria Laird Taggart. He was married to Ila Smith in the Logan Temple on July 21, 1936. His funeral was held in the Logan 20th Ward Chapel in Logan, Utah, on November 15, 2000. ❖

FAMILY FUND

As always your financial contributions to the family fund are very much appreciated. You help to fund our reunions, family history research, and annual newsletter. You can send contributions to: **Chris Taggart, P.O. Box 2936, Cody, WY 82414.** ❖

MORE TAGGARTS IN THE NEWS

Thank you to Ethel T. Christensen for sending in the following:

From the *Davis County Clipper* - "Davis County Commissioner **Dan McConkie** [Jennie-Parley-Harriet Maria-Fanny] has been appointed to the National Association of Counties' Presidential Transition Team to help President-elect Bush and the new Congress prepare for governance. 'The key to effective governance today is uniting our country and working together,' McConkie said. 'To work together effectively, we need to do more than just reach across partisan lines. We also need to reach across national/local lines.'"

From *Sun Life* - "**Tom Taggart** [Scott-George Henry-Fanny], who heads the Sundome Performing Arts Association paver and brick sale project to support Sundome's fixed expenses over the next year, points out that the fountain courtyard area already contains hundreds of memorials and Sundome tributes. 'Your show of support will permanently encircle the fountain at the Sundome's main entrance,' says Tom Taggart."

Thank you to Joyce Taggart for these Taggart Family Happenings:

Charles Raymond Young Cromar recently returned from a mission to Hartford, Connecticut. On May 12, 2000, **Tara Taggart and Mike Casey** were sealed in the Idaho Falls Temple. Mike is an iron worker and Tara breaks and trains horses. She was Miss Rodeo Wyoming 1996. She graduated from CWC Riverton with an associates degree in Horse Management in 1995 and took extended classes and accounting from LCCC Cheyenne in 1997. Tara and Mike live in Thayne, Wyoming. ❖

pictured on page 19. If you will help us out by identifying as many as you can we will print their names in the next newsletter. We'll let you know who wins the contest for coming up with the most identifications, but even if you can provide just one, please let us know. It will probably take a group effort to gather as many names as possible. Contact your Editor, Eileen Robinson by mail or e-mail. ❖

REUNION PHOTOS

The pages that follow are a montage of pictures from the 29th family reunion, held at Logan, Utah in August 2000. It wasn't possible to identify everyone, but then you know who you are . . . ❖

SO YOU NEVER FORGET A FACE

Good. We need your help. We are not sure of the children's names in the picture on page 17. We don't know the names of most of the people







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Steven L. Taggart, Coordinator
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