

Story of Eva Tagg Hatch Fleming

Daughter of James and Kate Tagg, (Kate Flint)



I was a twin with my sister Winifred, I the 6th child born on the 14th of April 1903 to a family of 9 children including twin brothers. Names in order are, Florence Kate, Gertrude Ada, James Francis (twin), Steven Edgar (twin), Robert Harold, Eva and Winnie twins, then Ruth and baby Ray. The family migrated to the U.S. and Canada. First to leave was the two oldest sisters Flo and Gert to Independence, Missouri. Steve came to Canada with a neighbor at the age of 17 years, then later Jim and Bob together. My father and we three girls, twins Eva and Winnie aged 13 years and Ruth 9 years old came last in the year 1916 without our mother. Mother followed two months later as she didn't want to leave our baby brother laid in his grave.

We didn't have a home for us to go to, so we girls were put into separate homes of other L. D. S. families. Father brought us here for the gospel. The older members worked out for a living, we girls got very homesick at first till we got weaned away from our family.

I didn't have much schooling as I had ill health. I worked for board and clothes, then went out to work for wages. I met my future husband Sylvester Lorenzo Hatch, a school teacher who boarded at Looses where I earned my board and clothes.

My father and I went to Salt Lake City and visited with my sister Florence and family for the winter of 1922, then back to Glenwoodville to work for the summer, and then back to Salt Lake with my husband Sylvester Lorenzo Hatch, after getting married on the 12th of Sept. 1923 in Lethbridge. I had two daughters by this union; June born 26th June 1924, and Lorna born 21st of Nov. 1925. Their father died of brain fever in 1926. Three years later I married J. W. Fleming and have had five more children here on the Fleming farm in the Vulcan district since 1929. We lived there until we sold the farm in 1963 and had this house built right in the town of Vulcan. Names of the second family are, Larry William born 6th May 1930, Marlene born 2nd Oct. 1931, Donald Jim born 21st Nov. 1933, Peter Newton born 2nd April 1937, and Eldon Ross born 16th Nov. 1945.

In England I attended school up to the 5th Standard, I missed quite a lot of schooling because of ill health, we stayed out of school for one year when we came to this country until we

became accustomed to Canadian ways, didn't go much more and went to work for board and clothes in a German home.

My grandfather Tagg's trade was a boot maker and he would go to a central place and buy a side of leather for soles and make boots at home and take them back and get his pay. Then later he opened up a repair shop and he never did anything else but shoe work as far as my older brothers know. He had five children, my father James Tagg followed his fathers line of work also and opened up a shop with his brother George and they too bought sides of sole leather, two of my brothers followed the same business. All that I remember of my grandmother Flint is that she wore all dark clothes and an old fashioned bonnet. She and grandfather had a large family. My grandfathers great great grandparents (on my mothers side) lived where Hyde Park, England is now. It was these Hyde grandparents that had their home and estate on this same ground, and when they passed on the L. C. C. (London County Council) took it over and made a park of it and named it Hyde Park, in memory of the family.

My mother and father were converts to the L D S church who had belonged to the Salvation Army. In my young days my father met the missionaries and accepted the gospel, having picked up a gospel tract while out soliciting work to increase the income needed for a growing family and realized the truth of the message and wished to know more, but at the bottom of the tract was the address of the meeting place of the "Mormons." There being so much persecution against the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, father was much opposed and destroyed the tract exclaiming "I will have nothing to do with that." At this time about 1906 there was greater persecution and newspaper critics were very prejudiced and magazine articles constantly published vague stories of life in Utah with the Mormons and polygamy, but with it all father remained faithful to his conversion to the gospel and moved the family close to the church headquarters where Deseret was established and the prospects of emigration to Zion was made possible.

A very marked sorrow in father and mothers life was the loss of our baby brother Raymond Eugene, who died of pneumonia, Jan 28, 1911, at the age of 20 months. At this time mother, bless her soul and memory that her influence and integrity may always live in our lives, seemed to loose the interest of life and suffered various changes in her ambitions and activities. God bless her and take her into her everlasting life of joy and happiness the reward of a noble life well lived with a kind heart and understanding, patient, God fearing husband who withstood the hard blows of adversity, a truly noble man honored by all who knew him.

My brother Robert Harold Tagg and his wife Eva are now in England on their 2nd mission there, the 3rd one there for Bob and its his 4th mission for the L D S church. The 2nd one in England for Bobs wife Eva.

When we three girls were small yet in England we saved up our Saturdays pennies and got some kids in the neighborhood our size and went to the River Thames and were gone all day. We rode busses and waded in the river and were told to get out of there. We were punished for doing such and sent to bed without supper, it taught us a lesson. That trick wasn't very good for

me as I suffered from bronchitis, asthma, pleurisy and pneumonia, and sick a lot of the time. Our doctor told my father that it would kill me to take me to Canada to such a cold country and that I would have to be buried at sea. One of the doctors visits found me gone out of my bed which made him think I was taken away, which I was as my father wrapped me in a blanket and carried me downstairs to the living room (of an old fashioned house) by the fireplace where missionary Elders administered to me. The doctor was to tap my lungs the next time he came and meanwhile I was administered to and when the doctor came to do the operation he found I was normal and didn't need the tapping of my lungs, he couldn't understand why that would happen. Crossing the ocean seemed to do me the world of good, the change of climate and the Power of the Priesthood healed me. I have been healthy ever since and I am the mother of seven children.

We sailed September 1916, passport issued 19th day of August, father was 52 years old, 5 foot 4 ½ inches tall, born Dec.7th, 1863. We boarded the ship at London, sailed out of the mouth of the River Thames, through the Straits of Dover (where we heard the war guns going off in France) then around the south of England and were held up while the mine sweepers went ahead of us to sweep up the floating mines before exploding. On leaving England we also saw a Zeppelin brought down on fire from the sky in an air raid. The last night spent in England we had to get up in the middle of the night when the sirens went for safety drill. We spent 13 days on the ocean, then down the St. Lawrence River to St. Johns or Halifax, Nova Scotia.

After that we spent 4 days on the train, staying at the Cahoon Hotel in Cardston where my brother Bob was employed. After a few days we were in our future friends homes. Our First Christmas in Canada, Glenwood, Alberta. My brothers went to the homes we girls lived in and took the three of us home to the one roomed shack they had built on the eighty acre farm, Steve said "get your duds on" younger sister Ruth said "what's that?" he said "your hat and coat, your pa wants you home for Christmas." The one precious gift, we were all or most all together and very happy to be. Father made us a suet pudding with raisins in it like mother used to make in England. The family ties were felt by all and more than words can tell. Brother Jim looked the one room shack over and started to sing "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home." Then came the big surprise, Winnie and Ruth were all alone in the house, the men were out in the field or out and around, when a man came on horse back with the message that our mother had come to Cardston and for the boys to go and get her, it was Boxing day and about 2 months after the time that we came. The weather was cold and stormy and it was a week or so before mother arrived, but she didn't live with us but would rather live alone.

I am very thankful for what the families I lived with, for what they did and for the experiences it gave me. After leaving Loose's I went to Hillspring nine miles west of Glenwood, there I worked for the Merrill's (Magrath) his wife Ina and their first of 9 babies while she taught school. I couldn't get my wages as for some reason, I can't remember just what, as the teachers at that time couldn't get their pay so I charged a few things I could get at the village store till the wage situation was settled and I got my pay in a large amount all at once. It was then I decided to go to Salt Lake City and my sister Flo. I wanted father to go with me and I would pay his fare, but brother Jim wouldn't let me do that so he got a ticket for him and away we went for the winter, then back to Canada. I also worked at the George Gibb home and John Burgess home in

Hillspring, and that is where I knew President Eldon Tanner and was at his wedding dance. His wife is a sister of Magrath Merrill where I worked.

My life with Lorenzo was short, I met him at his boarding house where I lived for three years with the Loose family after coming from England. Ren, (his short name) was a school teacher and principal of Glenwoodville school and was my teacher for some subjects. He was a prince among princes. We were out walking one Sunday afternoon down by the rivers verdant side when he proposed to me and I said "Do you really mean that?" the answer was "Yes Eva, I really do." We were married in Lethbridge, Sept. 1923 on our way to Salt Lake City which was our honeymoon I guess, and where Ren attended University and was headed for a B. A. degree. We were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple.

In the spring we came back to Brant to where his folks lived, then at that time little later we went to a little place called Stanmore, near the town of Hannah where Ren taught a country school for the summer. There was no school held in the winter time. We left there in time for the fall opening of Brant school in September, where he taught until the time of his demise which was on the 24th of May, 1926, when he died. We had two babies at this time, June almost two years and Lorna six months old. Lorna died at the age of just short of 15 years old with Septicemia (infection in the blood stream). June is the mother of twin daughters, a son and seven grandchildren. My June is a jewel, she is my only living daughter, the other two daughters died in their teens.

Bill (James William Fleming), husband number two is a relative of Ren Hatch, but I didn't know that until after we were married, he didn't tell me before. He is a good man a great grandson of President Wilford Woodruff, who helped with the church genealogy L. D. S. Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, as the 4th President, Wilford Woodruff is often remembered for Manifesto issued in 1890 discontinuing the practice of plural marriages in the church, and was the greatest missionary in the Church at that time.

RECIPE

1 cup of friendly words,
2 heaping cups of understanding
4 teaspoons time and patience,
Pinch of warm personality,
Dash of humor.

Mix together, keep temperature low. Do not boil.
Season to taste with spice of life.
Serve in individual molds.

Portraits, by John C. Metcalfe

TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER – JAMES TAGG (by daughter Ruth)

I have often watched him working. . . .

Over many shoes with holes!
and with glue and nail
replacing worn out rubber soles,
I have heard his little hammer pounding hard upon the day
and his knife the extra leather swiftly cut away
I have often seen him polish finished shoes upon a wheel –
and with special elbow effort shine each wooden heel,
I have noticed that his apron seemed to be forever soiled
As beside the window counter carefully he toiled
I have stood with admiration of his art and speed and skill,
And I think throughout my life time, that I always will.

Words of a song my mother used to sing when I was a little girl.

Jesus loves me, this I know
For the Bible tells me so
Little ones to Him belong
We are weak, but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

OUR HEALTH, HEART ACHES AND DEATHS

Daughter Lorna took sick one Sunday and was in the Vulcan hospital five days when she died suffering from infection in the blood stream at the age of fourteen, two months short of her 15th birthday, Sept. 1940. Our daughter Marlene was delicate as a baby and suffered from Asthma all her life and died of a heart attack at the age of eighteen years. Eldon our youngest also had asthma but is healthier since grown up, he was in his teens on going away from home and my heart ached to see him go, I was so unhappy to see our last one go away from home, he wasn't very healthy as a child as he had Rhumatic Fever and was in bed for six weeks one time, and two months another time. My first born daughter June, the only girl left, is a jewel and is so good to us, also her husband Tom. They are the parents of twin girls and a son, also seven grandchildren, to complete their family. Husband Bill developed a heart condition and it was a necessity to retire and drop the job of the mail route, also farming.

My sister Ruth was the only one at home with father when he took sick with cancer of the stomach. This was hard on her at 18 years old, father died Jan 1926, then Ren died May 1926, and my younger sister Ruth came and lived with me and my two little girls for quite awhile. I was so lonesome and unhappy when she left, but she had her life to live so I had to get used to being without her. She is a wonderful sister and did so much for me, and now she is a widow

with a family and several grandchildren. My mother Kate Flint Tagg, born Sept. 17th, 1864, died July 1st, 1948.

T. S. Monson

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER

Who can probe a mothers love,
Who can comprehend in its entirety the lofty role of a mother?
With perfect trust in God, she walks,
Her hand in His, into the valley
of the shadow of death, that you
and I might come forth into light.

MOTHER (song)

M - is for the many things she gave me
O - is only that she's growing old
T - is for the tears she shed to save me
H - is for her heart of purest gold
E - is for her eyes with love light shining
R - is right and right she'll always be
Put them all together, they spell mother,
The one that means the world to me.

TELL MOTHER I WILL BE THERE (song)

1. When I was but a little child
How well I recollect how I would
Grieve my mother
With my folly and neglect,
And now that she has gone to heaven,
I miss her tender care!

Chorus:

Tell mother I'll be there
This message Blessed Savior to her bear
Oh Savior tell my mother I'll be there!

2. One day a letter came to me,
It bade my quickly come if I would see my mother
Ere the Savior took her home,
I promised her before she died for heaven to prepare.
Oh Savior, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

Back to where I was born, which was at home on April the 14th, 1903, 3 hours 45 minutes a.m., house No. 13 Vanderbilt Road, Wandsworth, Surrey Co. England. Father went up stairs later in the morning to tell my brothers and sisters they have new twin sisters, and one of my brothers said "I heard them meow." I knew my brother Robert Harold better than the older boys as he is five years older than I. He used to get paid on Saturdays for doing odd jobs and he took his three sisters out and treated Winnie, Eva and Ruth to candy when we were small. My twin sister Winnie died at the age of 31 years and left a family of four – 2 boys and 2 girls. I liked the school in England, all girls learned to sew and make a sew and fell seam and other small tricks, herring etc. all by hand, in sewing class, then knitting a sock and they were paired up for sale, we also had a cookery class where we put on white cookery sleeves with elastic at the elbows to keep them on also a white apron. I didn't go to school much in this country - but went out to earn wages.

My mother had long blonde hair, waist length when married. My mother was a happy person humming and singing when things went well. I remember her as being refined, neat and clean, and hard working. Father and mother's marriage was a perfect one until a friend and neighbor who lived across the street poisoned my mother's mind about the Mormons at the time father was converted to the church (the gospel) and was planning to move to Canada. That's another reason why mother didn't want to come to Canada with us.

One of father's hired men whose name was Harold Dowton, they were both trying to go over the sea to Victoria, British Columbia and getting settled there and send for the families later.

A prophecy came true by a servant of the Lord. One Sunday at church the president of the Branch went up and shook hands with my father and asked him how he was. Father told him he had plenty of work and needed more strength, father mentioned his plans to the President about leaving England and going to B. C. The President put his hand on fathers shoulder and said "Brother Tagg your sons shall go out first and make a home for you in the years to come." Father could hardly believe him, because he had already made plans to go. About two weeks later Harold Downton met with an accident and crushed his foot which put off all prospects of him going to B. C. The President of the London Branch had been shown by the Higher Power that the time had not yet come for father to leave his native land. There was a good sister in our Branch who had a lovely personality and was a good faithful member of the church. She told my brother Steve that the next time she would see him would be in Salt Lake City. He was only a young boy and had no intentions of going anywhere from home. But the months went by and father worked in his shoe shop with the help of his three sons. One day Steve heard the neighbor talking about going to Canada and did some wishing in his own mind. He was at a restless age and wanted adventure. He asked father if he could go with them and said maybe he could go on a harvest ticket. I think the harvest ticket was to go until the harvest was in and then return home. Father said he would much rather get him a ticket of his own and if he decided to stay it could work out better that way, so he got his ticket and asked the neighbor to keep an eye on him during the journey. They stopped their journey at Manitoba, but Steve kept going west into Alberta.

I remember the morning that brother Steve left home as we girls were ready to go to school and daddy called us back to kiss brother as we might not see him for a long time. Then the boat he was on struck an iceberg in the month of May, about 1912, I think, it was the year of 1911. The King and Queen of England had their Coronation and there was a big parade passed down our street. Little drinking mugs were sold with the picture of the King and Queen. We girls got one each and were proud of them.

HARDSHIPS AND HAPPINESS

Most of our family came to us in the depression years, the 30's. We didn't have but little money but we seemed to get by. Wheat was taken to the mill by wagon and horses to get ground into flour for baking. Coal was hauled from the coal mines to keep us warm. We had chickens, eggs and meat by doing our own butchering, the men of course with help of neighbors, and vegetables from our garden. Uncle Owen lived with us for awhile and helped us out some. I did sewing with flour sacks, hundred pound size, and underwear for the little ones by using the parts of the men's underwear (after they was shed) that wasn't worn out. Also caps and overalls for the boys from the best parts of worn out overalls. People did a lot of trading in those days – cattle, household furniture and anything for a change. A young neighbor woman and her husband traded a load of straw (animal feed) for a dress for her to wear.

For entertainment we did visiting with neighbors and had house parties, dances in the school house with music by the ones who played piano and a violin, grown ups and families all enjoyed the fun. We traveled by team of horses in the Bennett Buggy. But the school house was just across the road from our house and we walked over carrying our baby in the clothes basket

for a bed and set it on the teachers desk, (that was moved back and to sleep on with the music). We didn't have a car until later years so we didn't get to town very often, as it was nineteen miles to Vulcan, and 10 miles to Milo. When a baby was coming I was taken to Vulcan ahead of time and stayed with friends till time to go to the hospital. We didn't get to go to Sunday School and church which was a drawback to raising family and me a poor teacher.

I have been blessed throughout my life and feel that guardian angels have always been with me for protection from evil, harm and pitfalls of danger.

In my younger days I like to ride horse back and often rode a horse from the village of Hillspring to my twin sisters home, Winnie and Earl Hurd's farm a few miles east for a visit with them, they were married two years before I was. (1920's) Another time I wanted to ride my brothers pony to Glenwoodville to get our mail. At this time we were on the eighty acres and a hay stack was put on the north side of a small barn, and the horses and cows helped themselves to the feed, and made a tunnel between the wall of the barn, or what was used for a barn. When I mounted Brownny and got as far as the gate to get out on the road, he turned right around and took me back on the run, and right through the tunnel. I had to duck my head and prepare my back for a burden but we got through alright. The pony was balky one and didn't want to go. I don't know if I got the mail or not. I rode other times with friends to ball games or just for rides and I rode on behind a boy friend on a horse but not very far. So much for horses.

1941 WAR YEARS

Bill joined the army in the month of July. Owen his brother also our June both got married in the year 1940, and our daughter Lorna died that year, so our family was down to the four youngest children. After Bill left we packed up and moved to Cardston where my older brother and family lived, as I couldn't stay on the farm and take care of things, I couldn't drive, no car, and I couldn't start the pump engine to draw water to carry to the house, so there in Cardston we lived for four years and three months and where we could go to church and Sunday School and could get water out of the tap instead of the well. Some food was rationed during the war and we could just have small amounts with coupons. The children and I used to send their daddy a parcel about every month of the things they couldn't get when he was overseas.

When the war ended Bill returned home and back to the farm we did go. Then Eldon our last baby came along. We moved into Vulcan when he was seventeen years old, and here we are right now, right back where we started, except we had two girls when we started.

I have always been interested in handicraft, making things such as sewing my own clothes, crocheting, tatting and different ideas that come to my mind. But I am getting slower and doing less, but I have enjoyed doing these things.

MY TESTIMONY

I thank my heavenly Father for my health and strength, I know that God lives and I know that He answers prayers. I know that I have been healed and my life preserved, grateful to the

Lord for my many blessings and I hope that I will always be worthy of such blessings that I have received through the priesthood many times. Last summer Bill and I went to Cardston to the Temple as we do quite regularly, and I fell on the steps on entering the Temple and broke my right hip. Brother Muirhead and Brother Findlay administered to me, I was in much pain. They blessed me that I wouldn't suffer pain and I had no more pain.

The Findlay's took us to the Temple in their car, and they being first aid people, took good care of me. I recovered quickly after an operation and people said it was marvelous that I came through so well. The doctors and the nurses were surprised also. I am so thankful for my parents and brothers and sisters, and last but not least my family and husband.

May 6, 2002 from June Beckner

Mom told us an interesting little ditty - she said Aunt Winnie was going with Earl Hurd (she eventually married him) and Mom was going with my Dad, Lorenzo Hatch. Aunt Ruth was going with a fellow named Dunford. So the boys said "The whole hu(e)rd of Tagg's are Hatched & Dunfor(d).