

THE HISTORY OF CLARA LOUISE COTTLE TAYLOR  
Written by Clara Ruth Taylor Bronson

Clara Louise Cottle Taylor was born in Bristol, England, the 19<sup>th</sup> of August 1847.

She was trained to be a nurse and later entered the service of a doctor in London. She had the entire care of the doctor's two small boys and assisted the doctor some in his office. All the servants in the house were under her orders, so she never learned to do housekeeping, laundry, or cooking.

At this time the Mormon missionaries called on the Cottle family and they became converts to the L.D.S. Church. They had considerable property in England, which they sold and all started for Salt Lake City, Utah.

James Taylor met them in New York; he being one of Brigham Young's teamsters who met the immigrants and brought them across the plains. They engaged his service to bring them across.

Clara was young and happy to be going to a new land. She, with other young people, walked the entire journey, singing hymns and at night when the wagons were circled, they danced.

After reaching Salt Lake City, Utah in 1866, they became very disillusioned. They were never told about practicing polygamy in Utah, which they didn't believe in and never did accept.

Clara's father, Henry Cottle, was a carriage smith in England. All he did was the fancy finishing work on the carriages and he made big wages. All the work there was to do in Salt Lake was rough repair work on heavy wagons, which he was unable to do, so his wife opened a boarding house.

Clara was unprepared to do the work there. If she hired out to do nursing, the people were poor and all they required was someone to come in and help when a baby was being born and do all the work, such as washing, cleaning, cooking and even milking some cows.

She was lost and before she found herself, James Taylor, the man who brought here across the plains, had fallen in love with her. He persuaded her to marry him. All he had was a team of oxen and wagon and a lot of courage. They settled in Bountiful, Utah.

Clara learned all about house keeping the hard way, but let it be said she became a very immaculate house keeper and a wonderful cook. Her pies, cakes, butter, milk, biscuits and such were the envy of all who ate them. She was always unable to give anyone a recipe. All she could say was; "Oh, I take a little of this and a little of that and sometimes I use a little more of this or a little more of that." No one who tired could ever make things turn out like hers.

While living in Bountiful, five boys were born to them. They, being poor, had no clock so Clara would wake James in the mornings as the cock crowed, so he could walk several miles and get his team and be back by day light to start his day's work.

Clara had to make all their underwear by hand out of Indian Head Factory. Also, she knitted all of their hose, scarves, and hoods. Having so many to sew for she was unable to have more than one pair of underwear for each one at a time. Being a very clean person, she washed, on a hand board, all these

pairs of underwear after they had gone to bed at night so they would be clean and dry by morning to put on.

Clara and James, with two other families, moved to Blue Creek, Utah. They were the only families there.

James decided to go into the cattle business and to help out with their income, Clara and the boys milked cows. Clara made butter which she was able to sell with some eggs to the station master at Kelton. They were building the Kelton Railroad at the time. She and one of the boys had to walk several miles to deliver this produce.

After water failure they were unable to produce crops and with blizzards killing off all their cattle two times, they decided to move on to Almo, Idaho, where they took up a ranch. The first family to settle in that country.

Clara came down with Typhoid Fever, so they went back to Utah. It was two years before they came back to their ranch at Almo. In the meantime, a little daughter had been born to them.

This move brought a change into their lives, as James became very successful in the cattle business and Clara took up nursing and caring for the poor, which kept her busy. New families moving in to settle around her all the time and no doctor for several hundred miles, they all turned to her for help. She cured cases where doctors lost them; she said it was their faith in her that caused the cures. She never took a cent in pay for her work among the sick and poor.

As her health began to fail, there was a very poor family that had come over from England so she gave nursing training to this woman. So she was able to care for the sick and, of course, she took money for her services, which helped to finance them as well as relieve Clara. The people still had so much faith in here, they would ask her to just come and be in their house. They knew they would get well.

When her seventh child was born, it was a baby girl. As her children grew up, she taught each one to the third grade before she let them enter school. She wanted them to have a solid foundation in the three R's.

She was always a lady and never allowed a cross word to be spoken in her home.

Although she spent the greater part of her life caring for the sick and poor around her, she never quite became one of them and always longed to go back to the city. Although she surrounded her home with flowers and friends came by the dozens to partake of her hospitalities, she was still one apart.

She dreaded the thought of dying and having to be buried in the Almo cemetery, where they had to blast with explosives to break through the hard pan to open a grave and no water to raise flowers or grass. She was called to Salt Lake City to her mother's funeral. There she saw them place her mother's casket in water before it was covered with green grass, so she came back reconciled to be buried where she would be at least dry.

For fifteen years she suffered with cancer. She went to every doctor available, but they couldn't or wouldn't tell her what her trouble was. The night before she was to be operated on, she had a dream that they operated on her but she was so far gone with cancer they just sewed her up again. The next morning the elders came and administered to her. The nurse said, "You received such a wonderful

blessing, you couldn't help being cured." But she told the nurse her dream and said that is the way it will be, I know, but I will go through the operation so my family will now they have done all that can be done for me. She was operated on and everything was just as she dreamed it would be. She lived for three more weeks, and then died at Almo, Idaho, on July 29, 1913.

It was the largest funeral ever held there at that time. Every family came, and everyone had received some kindness at her hands at some time in their lives.

After her death, her husband planted rose bushes and flowers on and around her grave, and for twenty years after her death, hauled water in cans to keep them growing.

Her children were: James Thomas, George, Harry, Edward, Herman H., Edith Louise Taylor Johnston, and Clara Ruth Taylor Bronson.