On August 3, 1882, he was married to Abby Jane Scott, daughter of Bishop Andrew H. and Sarah Ann Humphrey Roe Scott, in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, by Daniel H. Wells.

He quit the railroad in the spring of 1883, and during the summer he worked for Walter Scott for which he received a team of scrub horses bought out of the stray pound for $15.00 and one fourth-hand pair of harnesses purchased from James Boan for $20.00 and 50 bushels of corn and 50 bushels of carrots.

With these meager implements, he and his brother, Walter, cultivated the land left by their father. It was situated in what was known as the Fort Field, it being in the vicinity of the first fort erected by the pioneers upon their arrival in the valley. It was used as a refuge from hostile Indians.

In the year 1886 he went with his family to the N. and M. charcoal kilns in the Spanish Fork Canyon, where he, with Frank, Andrew, and Howard Scott, had a contract with S. S. Jones to burn charcoal which was sent to the Murray and Sandy smelters. It was there that a Sunday School was organized of which he was asked to be superintendent. His experiences as assistant Sunday School superintendent to L. E. Eggertson in the Provo Second Ward helped him to succussfully carry on the work.

Earlier in his youth he attended a singing school taught by James E. Daniels. When Junius F. Wells, first president of the YMMIA of the church, organized the first MIA in Provo, father was a charter member. For 30 years he was associated with the Provo Tabernacle Choir under the direction and leadership of such men as J. E. Daniels, Henry Giles and J. R. Boshard. He also assisted with the Second Ward choir during this time, working with such well-known singers as John and Andrew Hood, John K. Allen, Samuel T. Jones, William Ellison and others.

Two years were spent at the charcoal kilns where on August 15, 1887, he received a letter from what was then called Box B, or a request from President Wilford Woodruff to be ready on October 6th at conference to go on a mission to the Southern States. With a family of three small children, a widowed mother and younger sister, Lydia, to help raise and support, he wrote that it would be impossible to get ready at such short notice. He received word from President Woodruff to be ready at the April conference in 1888. At that time, missionaries paid all their own expenses save railroad fare home. He confirms the fact that the Lord did help to open the way and provide means whereby he was able to accumulate enough means to go and leave his family fairly well provided for. He remembers clearly some contributions made by friends at the time: $8.00 from friends, $2.00 from A. G. Conover and $6.00 from the Sunday School.

On April 28, 1888, he bid farewell to family and friends and departed for the Southern States and was assigned to the Alabama Conference where for the last part of the mission he acted as Conference President.

While away, his family passed through many trying circumstances. Typhoid fever attacked the oldest son, William W., who for weeks lingered between life and death. His recovery was ever a testimony of the healing power made manifest at the hands of the Bishop, James H. Loveless, and Abraham Halliday. Another son, Scott A., contracted chills and fever, a disease quite prevalent among young children at that time. Many weary months there were kind friends and neighbors to help the mother care for him. Mother often said that she laid his recovery to the tender care of Aunt Teenie Sorenson, a dear friend of the family who nursed the sick child for many weeks.

Before leaving for his mission Bishop Loveless promised Father that he would return and find his family all well and strong. That promise at this time seemed impossible.

On January 27, 1890, a fourth child, Joseph Hyrum, was born. The meager savings soon gave out and what

little revenue from the land, which was being farmed by a brother-in-law, Walter Scott, had to be spent for the maintenance of the missionary. Mother tells of a time when there was scarcely anything in the house to eat, when Sister Ellen Halliday came with a large basket of groceries, just the very things that were needed.

The first edition of one morning's paper carried the screaming headlines: "Mormon Missionaires Strung up by Thumbs." At this time the Elders laboring in the Southern States were undergoing much persecution, mob violence and were being tarred and feathered in many instances. The newspaper story told of two Mormon elders being killed by the mob. The name of Elder Taylor was given as one of the missionaries. Later the true story came out. It was at this time that Elder B. H. Roberts disguised himself as a backwoodsman and went into the district and brought out the bodies of the two elders who had been murdered. They were Elders Biggs and Parry. Mother was very much worried and upset until she received news that her husband was able to escape through the woods to safety.

The first summer after father's return, he worked for William Probert, building a street railway to Utah Lake. It ran down West Center Street to Utah Lake but proved to be an expensive experiment.

Father was chosen Second Counselor to Bishop S. P. Eggertson of the Second Ward, and he also served as First Counselor to Bishop Lars L. Nelson. In 1891 and 1892 he worked as assistant machanic at the Provo Woolen Mills. He served three years as Provo City Watermaster - from 1892 to 1895. he also served as fire chief from 1896 to 1899, and as city sexton from 1900 to 1903.

With seven sons growing up, the thought of a farm where they might be just a little independent was uppermost in his mind, so negotiations were made to purchase the Amos D. Holdaway ranch in Vieyard. The family moved there in 1904. No paved roads made traveling inconvenient, and during the wet season the vicinity was almost inaccessible on account of deep mud. The family lived at that location for one year, and then they purchased the J. J. Dilatush, or George C. Scott farm in Lakeview, a tract comprising a goodly number of acres. Father later acquired the tracts of Frank Hopkins on the north and Hyrum Scott on the south. He and his boys established the Cherry Hill Dairy in the year 1906. The milk carts from the dairy were familiar sights to the many Provo people who depended on them for their milk. Most of the boys have wild tales to tell of their experiences driving the milk wagons.

While in Lakeview, Grandfather was president of the Lake Bottom Canal Company. He maintained three sons on a mission and Frank was sent to serve his country in World War I.

On December 27, 1937, he became suddenly ill and before help could be obtained he passed away. He left 11 children, 53 grandchildren, 11 sons and daughters-in-law and one great-grand child.

Mary Taylor Dahlquist



William Joseph Taylor, Jr., and his seven sons: Front row, Will, Karl, Grandpa and Golden; Back row, Joe, Scott, Frank and Glen.

THE TENNESSEE MASSACRE

In Aunt Mary Dahlquist's history of our Grandfather Joseph Taylor, she mentioned reports in the paper of "Mormon Missionaries Strung up by Thumbs," and the anxiety it caused Grandma Taylor. There had been much persecution of the missionaries in the Southern States Mission where grandpa was serving, and for some time it was thought that grandpa was one of the two missionaries killed. In doing further research on this, it was found that there is a detailed account of the persecutions in the Comprehensive History of the Church, Vol. VI, chapter CLVIII. The following account of the anti-Mormon Missrepresentation - The Tennessee Massacre is either paraphrased or quoted directly from that source.

The period of 1880-1884 was a period of misrepresentation that was persistent and systematic. Sectarian churches in Utah were being sustained by contributions from the eastern states, and "the more awful conditions could be made to appear in Utah the more generous were the contributions. The sectarian ministers of the period did not fail to see their opportunity, nor did they hesitate to use it. It was a time when politicians appointed from Washington to fill federal offices in Utah - chiefly as a reward for political services to party - were making a mighty effort to get complete political control of the territory."

This period produced a mass of pro and con "Mormon" literature. This was chiefly in periodicals, but some books such as the Hand-Book on Mormonism by J. M. Coyner were merely compilations of anti-Mormon utterances, dealing with alleged faith, motives and objects of the Mormon church, "including a so-called expose' of their sacred 'temple mysteries.' Elder John Nicholson, associate editor of the Deseret News said "I call it a production of diabolism, for it is filled with lies and misrepresentations against the Mormon people and their religion from beginning to end."

There was, however, occasional opportunities afforded for contradiction of the misrepresentations. Mr. George Q. Cannon, Utah's ex-delegate to congress was given space to reply to a Mr. C. C. Goodwin, of the Salt Lake Tribune, who had written an article on the "Political Attitude of the Mormons." Elder Moses Thatcher of the Council of Twelve Apostles, was given space in the Chicago Inter-Ocean for an effective answer to the U. S. district attorney, Van Zile, who had written a most vicious attack upon the Mormons. And it should be noted to the credit of the great, and near great, daily papers of the country that they themselves made protest against the severe and un-American measures proposed to congress for the destruction of what was vaguely called Mormonism. But the flagrant misrepresentation of the motives and purposes of the church and its purposes culminated in what is known in the annals of the times as The Tennessee Massacre, which was directly traceable "to an alleged address by a Mormon bishop by the name of 'West' in Juab, on the God-forsaken Gentile Government." It was intended to cite the non-Mormons against the Mormons. Once section said, 'Our strength is greater than the world believes and our will is powerful and undaunted by heretic menaces. The Lord is our shepherd and we cannot fail. The red man is our firm ally and he thirsts for the blood of the enemy of Zion . . . Let the Gentile leeches and poltroons beware and win our forebearance if yet they may.' The Tribune later retracted the statement when it was proven that there was no 'Bishop West,' but claimed that the 'Bishop West Address' was no libel at all, though it was non-genuine and was only what had been said in the discourses of Mormon leaders, but in more concentrated form."

The alleged "West Address" was circulated in various parts of the east, and eventually found its way into Lewis county, Middle Tennessee. Brother Roberts says that while the massacre that ensued could not be blamed directly on to the address, "it was beyond any question a potent factor in producing the tragedy, the last thing needful to create

the sense of justification in the minds of the people in that vicinity for the ferocious act of mobocracy that ended in the killing of two Mormon missionaries: two other young men, not members of the church, but friends of the elders, and natives of Tennessee; also the serious wounding of an aged lady - mother of the two young men referred to - rendering her a cripple for life; and killing of one of the mob party."

"For more than 20 years, elders of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints had occasionally passed through Hickman county adjoining Lewis on the north where there had been members of the church from Nauvoo at times. The converts in this branch had lived in peace with their neighbors, interfering no one, and uninterfered with except that they had brought upon themselves the sneers of some of their neighbors by becoming identified with so unpopular a religion as Mormonism." A Parson Vandevere of Hohenwald, the county seat, circulated the "Red Hot Address" that was supposed to have been preached by "Bishop West" and it caused great excitement.

Elder William S. Berry and Elder Henry Thompson who were traveling elders from Utah had made an appointment with a Brother James Condor of Cane Creek, on Sunday, August 10th. They were joined two or three days previous to this appointment by Elders John H. Gibbs and William H. Jones who had been called on a special mission to call upon the leading citizens of the various counties and furnish them with correct information concerning the doctrine, history, and the progress of the Church. On the morning of the appointed day, Brothers Gibbs, Berry and Thompson arrived at the Condor home. Elder Jones who came later, was seized as he approached the home and asked the whereabouts of the other elders. The mob consisted of 12 or 14 masked men. "A number of the gathering congregation were loitering about the gate and doorway of the house, and some were in the orchards at the rear of the house, when the mob from ambush rushed upon the Condor home. At the gate the mob seized the older Condor and held him fast, but not before he had shouted to James R. Hudson, his wife's son by a former husband, and his own son, Martin, to get their guns and resist the attack. The two young men made a dash for the house. Young Hudson had to go to the attic of the house for his gun which he, that morning, had loaded at the request of his mother in anticipation of trouble . . . As Martin entered the door the leader of the mob was taking down this gun, and a short, fierce struggle ensued for possession of it, during which young Martin Condor was shot down by others, and the mobber, turning the gun upon Elder Gibbs, who was in the act of choosing a text for the pending morning services, shot him, and the elder sank to the floor a dead man. Meantime other bloody work had been going on. Many guns had been fired. One aimed at Elder Thompson, Elder Berry seized and pushed aside, enabling Thompson to escape from the back door through the orchard and the woods, but at the instant he had saved Thompson's life, Berry himself fell riddled with bullets. Young Hudson came down the stairs and shot the murderer of Elder Gibbs. The man proved to be Dave Hinson, the leader of the mob and arch enemy of the elders in that region. Then pandemonium reigned. Young Hudson was fired upon and fatally wounded . . . The mob yelling for vengeance for the killing of their leader, rushed to the open windows and fired . . . into the house, savagely wounding Mrs. Condor in the hip from which to the time of her death she remained a cripple; but most of the shots thus fired riddled the bodies of the dead elders upon the floor."

The man who was guarding Elder Jones allowed him to escape in to the adjoining county of Hickman. The coroner's inquest over the bodies of the two elders determined that they had died by "gunshot wounds inflicted by unknown parties." The two slain elders were buried in rough coffins on a knoll overlooking Cane Creek. Six days later Elder Brigham H. Roberts who was the assistant mission president of the southern states, went in with three other men, all disguised as backwoodsmen, disinterred the bodies and sent them to their families in Utah under the direction of Elder Willis E. Robison.

G. L. Kennedy. M. M. Kennedy. C. B. Kennedy.

Kennedy House,
Cor. Ninth and Market Sts. Henderson

G. L. Kennedy & Sons, Props. Chattanooga, Tenn., June 4 1888

Dear Abby

your Letter of the 26 Came to Hand on Saturday Was Pleased to hear from you was glad to hear all was well at home as this leaves me at Present I have Been taking it Easy for a Week or two While Bro Thompson and Blood has been taking a look Around the Country they Started for Another Trip this Morning leaving me at home Bro Blood being President has no Companion so took Bro Thompson for a Trip around leaving me to Visit around amongst the Saints and Study which I need very much Last Week Bro White Wanted some One to for Blacksmithing he had a Bit Fixed and 3 men had tried to Burn it But failed so not having much to do he asked me Try my hand as he heard that I had some coal so that I Raised a Couple of fires Away all right But I got to Burned But the time seems to fly Now the first Elders

Letters to Abby from Joe
during
his mission to the Southern
states

Learned to drag along but now the weeks fly
(well) I suppose you would like to know what
kind of looms the Boys have in here Well
the most of them is about like the Looms at
home Except the Threading and Plastering
and Petticoat is known Some of them
is Cloud Settle Board Brookville has the
largest farm of any boy Young Coulter
a good man His Name is about as large
as Cloud Bay Edward Conley not as high and
not that thick Will Smith Ben Hawes Robbie
Walter Scott can tell you what that is
All the Boys here are rich in
Corn and Hay about one Horse Nothing and
Wheat Clean Field is not known Among them
though there is not many of them and one
and twelve one of them Daughters will give
Walter to be Black Bob But if Isaiah Hyer can
just get out of the Relay The 2nd Class are the
Horse Boys which are the Ones that never
get the apple and are good Pupils The 3 Class
Boys Jonny Boy can get almost to the
top of the Limb Black Bob Hyer and
Will Same Virtue is not known among them
Well that is Enough for that Will held to
Walking Stick Pretty good Boy and that's

Henderson June 27 1885

Dear Abby

your letter of the 13 came yesterday all right and I was pleased to hear from you as I am always and was pleased to hear that you were well also the children as this leaves me at present I have been feeling splendid and some of my friends say I am getting fat as well I gained 7 pounds in about 6 weeks well you said you had been and had a fill of Strawberries which I would have enjoyed very much but I will take mine in Black Berries I have put a pile of them out of sight in the last month they are quite plentiful here some Huckle Berries and a little fruit but not much till Watter Scott that Sweet Potatoe I.E. is awful nice and are just coming in roasted I wish I could send you a Bread Pan full well now while I think of it I want you to be careful & your self and do as I told you be sure to eat all the fruit you can & Stew some and fix it up so that you can

realish if we are living on of the hevest
rains I ever saw we can hardly see to tell
a Blessed I had a Nice a sitting down I could
not see the lines on the Paper I sitting with
Had an Ether I fell last night is not very well
this morning Bro Thompson is not very well
well you will have to excuse this rambling letter
for I take one Scratch with the Pen and 2 for
Suffer for they are pleintiful here I am glad
the fence is up hope it will keep out the Calves
and every thing els now about the Gates I think they
might as well be put up now as wait till you come
home I would like a good Substansial gate not
to expensive Something that will make the fence
I would like to drop in see the fence but I would
rather Somebody els will give Sorry for
to tell the folles remember to take Care of your
Blessed Self and those Blessed babes an I not
Suffer for any thing while you have any Money
left write Soon and often and may the Blessings
of heaven attend you in the Daily Power of your
loving husband

Jos

Henderson July 6

Dear Libby

While Ole Mr. Anderson this morning I got a letter from [illegible] it had been written just a day and was glad to hear from you but sorry to hear [illegible] Ole was [illegible] Everything was quite [illegible] except the heat from the Blow Down [illegible] Sight with it [illegible] getting down every [illegible] and [illegible] something [illegible] Starling [illegible] fingers sore [illegible] the 2 year old but [illegible] think to [illegible] am getting [illegible] and [illegible] on the [illegible] [illegible] and a Sight [illegible] you all well and [illegible] Libbie Hatty and [illegible] I guess we will find some place to stay when Bro [illegible] Out we will have to stay up after the Hot weather is Over

Henderson Aug 13

Dear Ally

it being a week since I
wrote to you I feel able it will be a
week before I can write again though
I would like if I [illegible] and let
you know [illegible] I will now tell
[illegible] I heard [illegible]
[illegible] exciting time for
a while [illegible] many
[illegible] I [illegible] heard a rumor
that the first [illegible] Hamilton Rifles
or Head Shells as they were called I think
I told you in my last of going to hear
them the next was the Missionary
Baptist I went to hear them twice. Some
of the Boys went nearly out the seats
and benches is the Methodist We all went
to see them but might and I think we
have kept them from Villifying the
Mormons but they bring forth but

dear son I tell they have been very good
fellows and all that is needed is to confess
Christ and go and be baptized then we can
find it. Butterbut that night they had
all been Baptized into the first Primitive Baptist
church & they excepted them without any
further examining then has been quite
a change it the Lord has since become
it seems that hair got into the most fighting
set I ever heard of but I hope and think
never worse but I [illegible] Lord
bless & help [illegible] look by this time
don't forget [illegible] him and walk the
Christ in his commandments so
he [illegible]
[illegible]
as ever they must be [illegible]
Remember me to all [illegible]
except a little [illegible]
as ever Esther and Lucy and my [illegible]
[illegible]

Yours Truly Hubby.

30

Nov 1888

5 Had 6 run after Mules

6 Helped B. Warren haul some Corn

7 Helped Barnes set Hog Went to Sam Hill to get Barn Spikes

8 at Home Fixing

9 Helped Bill Bell fixed Seats for Meeting

10 Conference Commenced Held first Meeting at 11 O Bro Pickett & Bro Accomplished the Duties Bro Sprague in ev Held meeting Bro Pickett & Thompson Spoke

11 Meeting at 11 O'clock Bro Morris & Sprague in ev Bro Warrick and Sprague occupied the time had good meeting Bro Sprague went Back in Night

31

12 [illegible] Bro Pickett & went up to Bro Cunningham on ev Met Bro

13 Bro Pickett & I went up to Bro Cunningham on ev Met Bro

14 The Boys went to Coffee Co in ev I went home Bro White

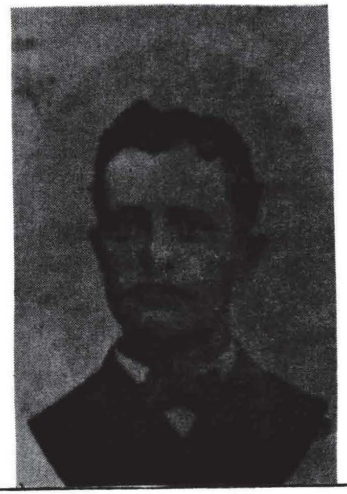
15 went to Bro Johnsons at night Held meeting Bro Thompson & Pickett held forth in the forenoon & after Bro Thompson & Bro Warrick gave a good Sermon

16 went to Bro Johnsons had a talk with some folks from Rose Hill

17 went Back to Bro White's to get Barn Warrick went Back

18 finished Packing up then went on to Bro

19 the folks started off Bro White & Gardner & Brigham



Elder William Joseph Taylor, Jr.

Two pages from his missionary diary

[illegible]



ABBY JANE SCOTT TAYLOR

When the roll of honor is called in the heavenly courts, the women whose names will lead all the rest, will be those who have crowned motherhood and wifehood with the jewels fashioned out of the sacrifices of their own hopes and ambitions. The names will not be those of the female poets and painters, the orators or authors whose names have emblazoned earthly scrolls of fame, but those of wives and mothers whose human masterpieces have gone from their hearthstones.

Abby Jane Scott Taylor was a true representative of the womanhood of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Born in 1864, she was the eighth of the 11 children of those splendid pioneers, Andrew Hunter and Sarah Ann Roe Scott who came across the plains from Philadelphia in the 1851 company with 133 other saints. The children of this couple were:

1. Franklin, born December 1, 1851 - died August 7, 1901.
2. Sir Walter, born March 17, 1853 - died February 23, 1914.
3. Anna (Wilkins), born March 2, 1855 - date of death unknown.
4. Andrew Hunter, born November 22, 1856 - died February 27, 1928.
5. Mary Emma (Harding), born September 14, 1858 - died March 1, 1937.
6. Canby, born October 28, 1860 - died November 6, 1917
7. Sarah Ann (Hardy), born June 7, 1862 - died April 25, 1899.
8. Abby Jane (Taylor), born January 30, 1864 - died February 27, 1931.
9. Howard, born March 23, 1866 - died February 5, 1950.
10. Roselle Eugene, born May 18, 1868 - died August 23, 1900.
11. Francelle (Sorenson), born February 6, 1871 - died September 20, 1946.

Abby Jane's ancestry dates back to the early Puritanic and Norseman stock whose strength and courage seemed handed down to their descendants to meet wisely all the problems which confronted the early settlers of Utah. Her maternal grandmother was Abby Jane Weldon Roe, the daughter of John and Hester Robison Weldon, George Humphrey Roe. Her paternal grandmother was Ann Keen, daughter of Joseph Keen. Ann had married Joshua Scott, the son of Joshua Scott.

Mother's mother and father were natives of Pennsylvania, her mother having been born in Philadelphia on September 26, 1832, (died June 7, 1904), and her father was born in Middlestown, August 22, 1815, (died October 11, 1874).

Abby Jane was born at Provo on January 30, 1864, on what was known as the Scott Farm, a vast tract of land planted mostly with various kinds of fruit trees, especially apples. the nursery stock and seeds were brought from Council Bluffs, Iowa, by her father. Her earliest recollections were of the task of assisting with the younger children, and in the harvesting of the immense fruit crop. This also included drying of apples and peaches which were taken to Salt Lake and exchanged for household necessities. Grandmother Roe proved a great benefactress to the family as she carried the dried fruit on her back to Salt Lake City where she was employed at the home of Porter Rockwell, famous Indian scout and interpreter. She brought back tea at a dollar a pound, also sugar and factory. On one of her return trips across Provo Bench she was confronted with the much feared Indian chief "Squash Head." She walked fearlessly on and was not molested.

Much of the recreation of the early days came from the peach cuttings where the neighbors around would gather and assist each other.

At the age of ten years, mother lost her father in death. In a few notes she wrote of her life, she tells of the dress she wore at her father's funeral. It was strips of home woven cloth which they called waterproof. It was rightly named, for when they put it on her, she sat down and cried because it was so ugly. Her father will always be remembered for having planted the first nursery in this part of the country.

An interesting incident is told of Sister Ann whom a certain man in the ward wanted for his plural wife. He came one day for a dozen young fruit trees, tying strings on the straight ones he had selected. He went home with the assurance that his trees would be delivered. Father Scott told the boys to dig up the trees with strings on. In the meantime, mischievious Ann, without telling, changed the strings to the most crooked trees which were dug up and delivered.

The first summer the apple trees bore fruit, Grandfather Scott gave each of his daughters who had saved a cup full of apple seeds a grey linsey dress of which they were all very proud.

Abby was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints on September 3, 1875, by Elder Albert Jones, and was confirmed a member by Elder George Thatcher. The baptism took place in the Main Ditch stream on 500 West street, just below the Old Pace corner.

After her father's death, she lived with her sister Ann and brother Frank, assisting with their young, growing families. At the age of 15 she went with her brother, Andrew and others, to do the cooking for them during the construction of the Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge line from Salt Lake City up through Parleys Canyon to Park City, on up to Coalville and Wanship. After the completion of that line, her brother Andrew got the c ct to construct another railroad line south through Sevier County. She went along on this to help with cooking and the young family.

At the age of 17 she went to work for Zina Young Williams, daughter of Brigham Young who had come to Provo to teach Domestic Science in the Brigham Young Academy, and here she became intimately acquainted with Aunt Percinda Kimball, wife of Heber C. Kimball. It was at the Kimball home in Salt Lake where she was a guest at the time of her marriage to William Joseph Taylor on August 3, 1882, in the Endowment House, the ceremony being performed by Elder Daniel H. Wells.

Three years after her marriage, she and her husband, with a five weeks old baby, went up to the Charcoal Coal Kiln in Spanish Fork Canyon with a number of her brothers and their families. They lived there until after the birth of their third child, Scott Andrew, when they returned to Provo. Her husband, Joseph, had received a call for a mission to the Southern States. With three small children upon her hands, her father dead, her husband's mother a widow, Abby wondered how it could be accomplished, but with faith and her indomitable courage, she went bravely to the tasks which confronted her. At the farewell social, which was held before father's departure, James H. Loveless, who was bishop at that time, promised father that he would return home to find his family all well and strong.

Shortly after his departure, the chills and fever broke out among many of the young children. Scott, then 15 months old, contracted this disease and fell away to almost skin and bones. All summer they carefully nursed him and with the efficient help of Aunt Teenie Sorensen, who came as a friend in need, he recovered. The following January, Joseph Hyrum, the fourth child, was born. Almost before mother had regained her strength, her eldest son, William Weldon, came down with typhoid fever. She thought surely Satan and all his hosts were seeking to thwart the promise of Bishop Loveless. For weeks it seemed an impossibility that William would recover. As they had not

the modern means of combating this dreaded disease at the time, his recovery was problematical. After eight weeks she almost gave up in despair, when Abram Halliday came to the house to administer to the sick child. On his way home he met Bishop Loveless who inquired if there was any change. Brother Halliday said, "No, it is impossible for the child to linger much longer." Bishop Loveless, being a man of great faith, replied, "Come back with me. We will administer to that boy and he will live. I promised Joseph that he would come home and find his family well and strong." They went back and laid their hands upon the child and rebuked the hand of the destroyer. William immediately began to mend and was soon well and strong. It was indeed a testimony to the family of the goodness of the Lord.

Other clouds soon came to darken their lives. Mother became very ill with erysipilas, which necessitated a lot of careful nursing. She partly regained her health when the newspapers came out with the big headlines - "Mormon Elders Strung Up by the Thumbs." It gave the name of Elder Taylor as one of the victims which later proved to be erroneous. Elders Parry and Gibbs were murdered and a number of the other elders were tarred and feathered. This was the incident where B. H. Roberts disguised himself as a tramp, went by night and secured the bodies of the murdered missionaries to return them to their families in Utah.

Many other hardships were encountered by mother before the return of her husband. Before the advent of coal their only fuel was wood, of which she chopped so much that her wedding ring was worn entirely through on the back. All summer she would take her four children early in the morning and help her mother's family by harvesting the fruit crop upon the farm.

She related that upon one occasion that she was almost without groceries of any kind in the house when a knock came at the door. She opened it and there stood Sister Ellen Halliday with a huge basket of food and groceries, the very things she needed most. How thankful she was! It seemed the Lord proved a father to the fatherless. Time went on and father returned from his mission and fortunes turned better.

After father returned home she was called to labor with Sister Elizabeth Brown as a Relief Society Teacher, her mother being the president. Grandmother Scott served in this capacity for 26 years. Mother's and father's family gradually increased until the year 1904 when it was found that some sort of employment should be found for the six sons. The sturdy couple realized that a farm was by far the best plan. In February of that year they moved from their home in Provo the the Shadrack Holdaway farm in Vineyard. A year or two later they moved to the George C. Scott farm in Lakeview where the possibilities of development seemed better.

From this home in Lakeview she sent two sons upon foreign missions. The first, Andrew Scott was called to labor in the Australian mission, departing December 29, 1909. Upon his return he had made a complete circuit of the world. A few months later another son, William Weldon was called to the same mission. On June 6, 1912, he left his wife and two small children to go unto the nations of the earth to proclaim the gospel message. In the year 1914, Golden was called to the Northeastern States mission where he spent two years in the state of Ohio.

The family home had become a dairy farm, and because of the huge orchard of cherry trees stretching to the south, it was named "Cherry Hill Dairy."

Saturday, October 18, 1914, is a date which will always remain in the memory of those who sat around the big friendly table on that fateful night. Golden had dressed prior to going out for the evening; some of the others were still out in the milkhouse, while the rest of the family were enjoying their evening meal. They kept hearing odd noises coming from the west part of the house. At last, forced to investigate, Grandfather (father) opened the door to be met with flames which had already consumed a huge portion of the house. The noise they had

heard were the bricks falling fr[illegible]e chimney. Golden jumped on a horse and started no[illegible]shouting, "Fire!." One of the other boys pedaled on [illegible]s bicycle to the south, arousing those along the road. Upon the sandhill to the east, Lewis Olsen had seen the flames and he and a group from section came to help. All those men formed a bucket brigade to put out the fire. I remember having baked some pumpkin pies for the following day (Sunday) and while they were moving out the furniture, the men lifted the old coal range out, pies and all. The piano was moved with the bric-a-brac on the top remaining intact. Very little was left, but immediately the family began to slave to salvage what they could from the fire.

For a number of years mother's health had been very poor, and it was decided to move to a [illegible]maller place where the world would not be quite so heavy and responsibil[illegible]ies so great. Consequently they acquired the Hans J. Zobell place.

At the outbreak of World War I in 1917, mother was made supervisor of the Red Cross work in Lakeview Ward. In May of that year, her son Frank, having enlisted, was sent to Camp Lewis whereupon he went to France. At the close of World War I he spent six months with the army of occupation in Germany. Mother said that each piece of clothing she made for the Red Cross she made especially for him.

Then came the terrible flu epidemic of 1918-19 and the strain of seeing so many of her kinsmen stricken proved too much. She was advised by her physician to go to California where she, father, Della and Ruby spent the winter of 1918, returning in April of 1919. She was an expert swimmer and enjoyed the ocean at Long Beach very much.

The summer of 1928 she and father had a very pleasant trip to Canada, visiting with their son Frank and his family. But everything that was done for her did nothing toward helping her regain her health. Much to her sorrow and discomfort she was unable to perform her household tasks, and after many years of untold suffering, she departed this life on February 27, 1931, leaving her husband and 11 children. She was 68 years and two months old. She had 46 grandchildren, and a wide circle of following of relatives and friends who mourned her loss.

Those who knew Abby Jane Scott Taylor before her illness will remember the vitality she possessed. They will remember the pride she took in her grandchildren. Many times a week she "hitched up" the horse and buggy and drove into town, even in bad weather. She was independent and unafraid. Some will remember the days spent with her at the old Spring Dell in Provo Canyon where she took a canvas topped board cabin each summer. It was a privilege of her granddaughters to stay with her when it was their turn.

Later she took cabins at Vivian Park. She liked to hike and all the trails and waterfalls above Spring Dell to the south were familiar to her. Grandchildren coming to her home were always sure to find plenty of things to keep them busy. She kept stacks of magazines containing "Dolly Dingle" paper dolls for the little girls to cut out, and some will remember the huge boxes of beads she kept in the roll top desk for the girls to thread. They loved to stay with her for she always had tales to tell about the early days of Utah valley. Her grandchildren will also remember the abalone shell she always kept on her dresser, and the sea shell which produced the roaring of the ocean.

These lines were written by a daughter-in-law, Clara Madsen Taylor:

Then the children came along, Willie, Mary and
Scott.
Then her husband went away - the gospel must be
taught.
Yes, he was a missionary 'way down in Dixie land,
But to leave his wife and babies,
Called for courage from Abby and her man.
About this time, Joe came along,



Grandma Abby Jane Scott Taylor with her infant son, Joseph, born while Grandpa was serving on his mission in the Southern states.



Joe and Abby's first home at 1st West and 2nd North in Provo.



Grandpa and his brother, Walter, cultivated the land situated in Fort Field, it being in the vicinity of the first fort erected by the pioneers.

Didn't wait for father's return,
There was Abby with four little ones.
O! how her poor heart yearned.
She said she used to gather chips to make a fire
to wash.
She had no coal, no wash machine, the chips were
scarce
And worse - what could she find for dinner for
her little brood of four?
She did her best with what she had, could anyone
do more?
Down through the years of toil and strife
She bravely did her best to care for eleven
children.
There was little time to rest.
Hired men, too, shared her home.
It was nothing new for seventeen to surround the
board
And the many other tasks to do.
Now that you are older and have families grown
Do you ever stop and wonder how your mother got
along?
Yes, she was truly a pioneer though she didn't
cross the plains.
She helped to make a better world for those who
bear her name.
To know the loss of another
Now that you have lived this long
You can appreciate your mother.

William Weldon married to Nora Johnson; children - Weldon, Virginia, Paul, Phillip, Richard, Robert, Margaret.

Mary married Asael Dahlquist; children - Hal, Mary Mirth, Carlyle, Winston, Rosalind, Gaylen.

Scott Andrew married Clara Madsen; children - Afton, Glenda, Weston.

Joseph Hyrum married Norma Tuckett; chidren - Hollis, Shirl, Iris, Normalind.

Ruth Elva married August Johnson; children - Marjorie, Phyllis, Herbert, Nanalee, Alene.

Golden married Evelyn Madsen; children - Vivienne, Sherwin, Noel, Ross, Wendell.

Frank Roselle married Zetella Goodridge; children - Frank Willis, Shirley, Harlan, Kathleen, Marilyn, Carolyn.

Glen Lee married LaPrieal Reese; children - Maxine, Barbara, Preston, Kenneth.

Della married James C. Jensen; children - Edith, Don L., Donna, Weston, David, Marian, Mahlon, Joy, Sharon.

Ruby married Willard O. Olson; children - Russell, Lorraine, Janice, Eleanor.

Karl Roe married Margaret Reese; children - Dorothy, Arlene, Lloyd.

by Mary Taylor Dahlquist

July the 30

Dear Frank and zella I just send
ing you a few lines
this here is the little Service Flag
Flag that I kept in the window
while you was a way and I was proud of it every day
every thing I did at home was
helping you give zella the little
Remembrance and the little dol
lr Sunday Rock all the rest for
me I love you all and God Bless
you from your mother
Jr and good By XXXX

Remember little Frankend for he
would like to know how dear Mommy
for him but grand Ma is dead
for get him



These are excerpts from letters which Grandma wrote to Uncle Frank and Aunt Zetella. The picture is of Uncle Frank during his time in the Army of Occupation in Europe after World War I.

Dear Sis Frank
and Family I dont think
I will ever fill you any
More thanks you for ofyou
Christmas Presents
and god bless you all

and Frank do all you
can to Enlarge Will
he has got quite a Burden
on him good bye Charlie

Frank Dear old Pal you
will never know the Turmoil
suffering your Poor Mother has gone
thro' Could Not leave Hood & it
hardest bit for the help of Mr
Ward and I know he has Deeper
with me Give my love to D
Dear wife and Children

Oct the 13

Dear Hettie I have received your letter
when you are sick during [illegible]
me and the rest brethren we go up to
[illegible]

Oh I this has been a
Longsom old home for
me

Dear Hettie has it a truth only the
Fountain on in the last year hope you
get on raising things Love Ettie

Frank do what you can to help
Will out of so much work and
worry Tell that old duck I am sorry
to hear

REMEMBRANCES OF DAYS LONG PAST

Memories, memories
Dreams of Cherry Hill
Of Will, Mary, Scott, Joe
Ruth, Golden and Frank,
Glen, Della, Ruby and Karl.

Uncles and Aunts so true,
We love you
You fill our hearts with pride.
We're proud as can be
On your family tree,
With our beautiful memories.

At the 1984 William Joseph Taylor, Jr., family reunion, Paul sang the above version of the song "Memories," and then we all joined in. The idea behind the words is a beautiful one, but the fact that so many of the Taylor family love to sing and remember days that once were so real, makes the following pages more vivid and well worth remembering . . .



A family home evening at Cherry Hill farm.



Karl, Ruby and Della



Will



Aunt Mary Taylor Dahlquist and "Betts"



Aunt Nora with Weldon, Virginia and Margaret.

I remember so many things about our family from the time I was very small, some things are very happy, some humorous and many are tinged with a touch of pathos and tugs at my heart strings and my emotions become stirred - just the same they are memories that make up a happy life; some bright, some colored a little dark, but perhaps you would like to wander with me and let me tell of some of my memories . . .

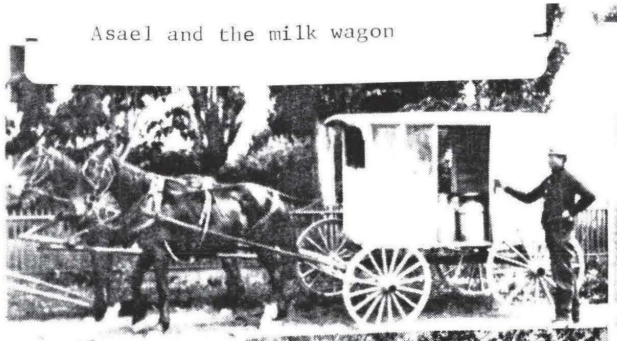
I remember my mother sitting on the east porch under the vines one morning shelling peas when father walked up the walk with me in tow. She threw up her hands and came running because you see I had a white dish towel tied around my head and I suppose I was crying because I was only about four years old when the cow with the new calf knocked me down and stepped on me tearing my ear off. We were out to the old Gillis farm west of Geneva, father, Ruth, Golden and I, getting up the crops while the rest of the family were at Lake View. I remember how Ruth cried and rung her hands and begged father to take me to Lake View that very night, but he calmly said, "Now Lovey, she will be alright until morning." Father was always so very calm and collected in spite of everything. Sometimes mother would get right provoked at him.

I remember father and mother driving to Provo in the horse and buggy and Karl and I sitting in the front of the buggy facing them on a board. How the lines would go on either side of my head; of father singing a funny little English tune and of us trying to keep our feet warm on the hot bricks wrapped up in sacks. Of the lap robe made of plush which felt so good when you ran your hand over it. Sometimes when the three of us younger children would go, one of us had to stand up on the seat in back of mother and father and oh, it would get so tiresome bending our head for so long.

I remember when we children would come home from school; how good the long shady lane at Cherry Hill would look after the hot, dusty roads; how we would hurry to get in the shade and sometimes sit in the weeds to cool off, then drinking of the nice cold water from our old running well by the gate. Of Della, Karl and I swimming in the molasses ditch that runs between our old home, which is now Paul's, and the place that belongs to Karl's family; how swift the water was at that point, of picking sand burrs out of our stockings, of smelling the locust blossoms from the row of trees that lines that long lane that ran in front of the orchard, I can smell the quinces that mother would pick and put in our drawer to scent our underclothes, of the cherry trees we would play in, eating our fill before the birds got them, of making dresses of asparagus . . .

I remember Will first when he left for his mission leaving Nora with Weldon and Virginia just babies. I remember how the train stopped at the crossing; how we all waved and how he dashed madly back for one last hug and kiss to the babies, with the tears streaming down his face and the conductor yelled, "All Ab-o-a-r-d." To go home looking forward to three years alone was not easy for Nora. Australia was a long way away in those days, six weeks for a letter to get home. But she was so cheerful and brave, always laughing at her troubles, except the night when I was staying with her as I did many times to help tend Weldon and Virginia, when she sat writing to Will and I was reading in the other room. Suddenly I heard her scream. I ran in the kitchen and she started laughing and crying all at the same time, clutching her side and trying to tell me what happened between gales of laughter. "A mouse, a mouse, it ran up my leg and I've got it here." More laughter. The poor mouse never knew what grabbed him. I remember how patient and kind Nora was to my mother during her sickness, how understanding, how she took her in her arms when mother was crying after Frank left for the Army. I remember her words, "Your poor soul, you have had to bear a lot. You've seen your husband and four sons leave you." A merry heart had Nora, always wanting to dress young, and stay young and pretty, how she advised me in my very young love affairs, how romantic were her ideas of life.

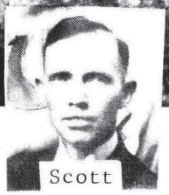
I remember how we kept our new brick barn a secret from Will on his mission and when it was completed we sent



Asael and the milk wagon



The little house where each newly-married Taylor couple started housekeeping

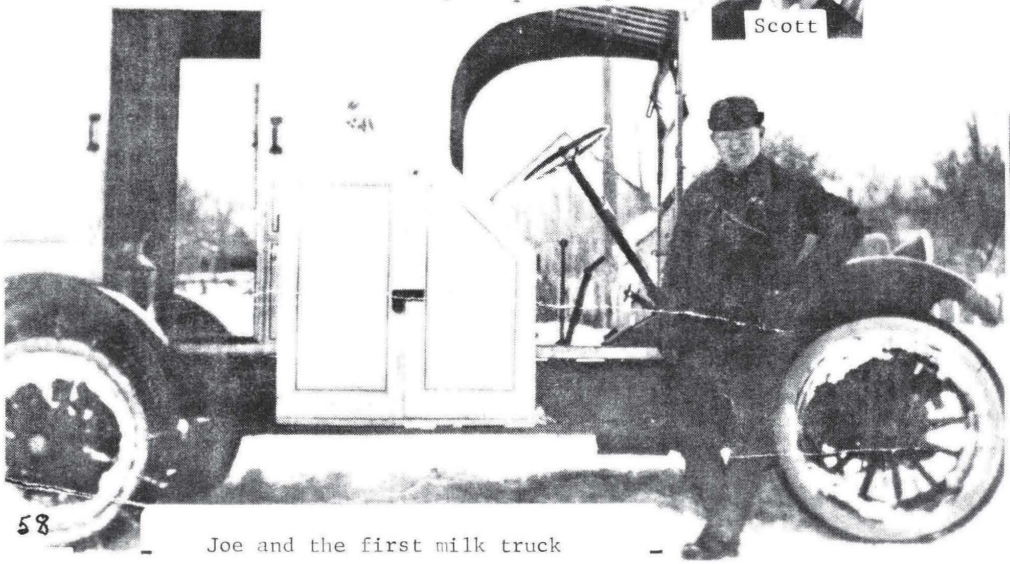


Scott

"Two little girls, hair up in curls"
Della and Ruby



Joe and Abby



Joe and the first milk truck

him a photo. How proud we were when Scott was called on his mission, the first to go and to think we had a brother who went clear around the world. I remember the post cards he sent home, the pictures taken with the new big camera. How when he came home and he looked at me and said with a laugh, "My kid, how you have shot up!" How he would eat his food like an Englishman holding his knife in the right hand. I remember he and Clara walking up the lane on Thanksgiving morning, soon after they became engaged and were coming to dinner at our house. I also remember when they were married, what a good housekeeper Clara was. I can see her whole wheat bread cooling on the bread board, of taking a drink from the cool well box where she kept her butter and perishables before we had ice boxes or refrigerators, that was when it was their turn to live in the little house that belonged to Karl when it burned down. I watched her stencil her curtains and the border on the wall paper when she lived up on Mrs. Goodridge's farm, where we had to pump our water from the well after priming it first, of the wonderful watermelons Scott raised on that place. Of his coming to meet me and carrying my suit case when I would come home from Salt Lake to see the folks, getting off the Bamberger up on the hill.

I remember Mary's wedding and the storm and the people singing to drown out the thunder, of her divided skirt when she rode the white mare. When she left to join Asael in Sweden when he was on his mission. I was very young, but I still have the two post cards Asael sent me for Christmas with the little girl angels so beautiful with the sparkling wings.

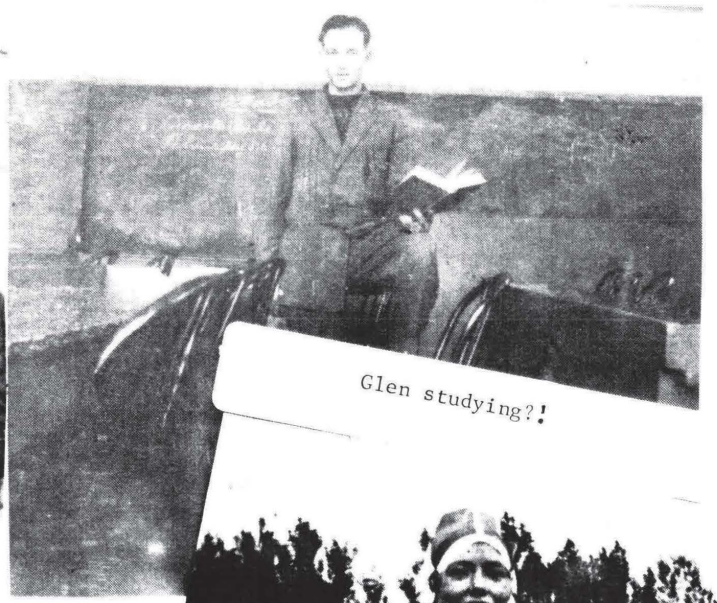
I remember how Mary's home was my second home, the first home she had was with us as I believe and when our house burned down, I remember the look of the red fire on her tent out on our back lawn; how her pies were still in the oven the next morning in the stove out on the lawn, when someone thought to open the oven after all the excitement. How she used to hunt for Hal who liked to run away. I can just see his little white head disappearing along the path through the lucern patch between our place and Scott's. How Asael used to work to help mother with the cooking and in the fall would clean her turkeys she had raised for extra money. It was a long table at our house in those days with our large family and one or two hired men. Then when I was older how I used to make Mary and Asael's home just about mine when I worked in Provo, how generous she was with her means and hospitality, how good her beds felt when I would be feeling ill and stay over night, how clean her washing was on the line where everything was placed just so, and her ironing was beautiful. How good Mary and Asael have been to me all my life; how understanding and considerate.

My first recollections of Joe are when we lived at Cherry Hill and in the summer evenings Glen would ride down to the store on his bike and Joe and Frank and Glen and Golden and we three younger children would sit on the lawn and eat peanuts - a whole flour sack full. What fun! I can also remember the boys singing in the old milk house while they were washing bottles; of me accompaning Joe when he sang so many times in church and at funerals. I remember when he and Norma were married and it was their turn to live in the little house. I can see Shirl with his little smile coming over to grandma's, we lived in the Zobell place then. Joe was good to mother, I can hear her say how she wished he had had the chance to go on a mission like the other boys, that she felt they had failed him in this respect. I can remember him being very proud to drive the new milk truck especially that summer that I drove the wagon on the milk route when Glen helped get up the beets while Frank was in Germany. Joe had many friends on the milk route and was very proud of his beautiful, young wife. I have heard him say so many times.

My first recollections of Golden were when he used to carry me on his shoulder to the Vineyard home. That must have been when I was real young for we moved there soon after I was two. That was when the horse ran away and threw mother and Mary out of the buggy, or was it Ruby? That is once I can't quite remember how it happened, but someone scared the horse, it might have been Golden - or



The Lake View School and its many inhabitants



Glen studying?!



Just friends.. Spencer Madsen, Velma Nuttall, Jim Nuttall, Hazel Stubbs, Della Taylor, Frank Taylo LaPrieal Reese, Florence Johnson



Bathing beauties Della and LaPrieal

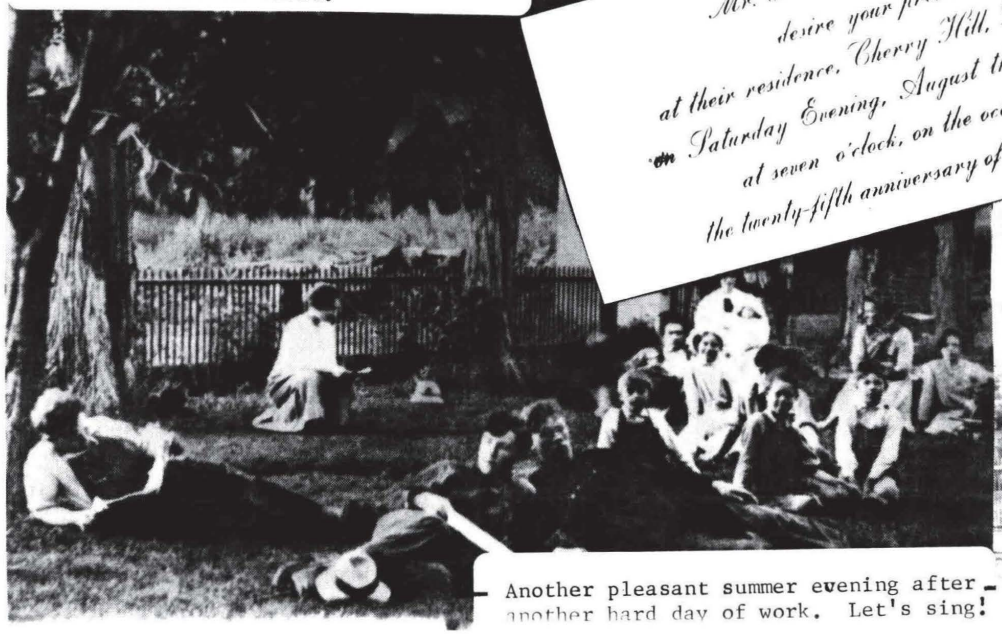


It's the same old story: children grow up, marry and bring the grandchildren home to visit.

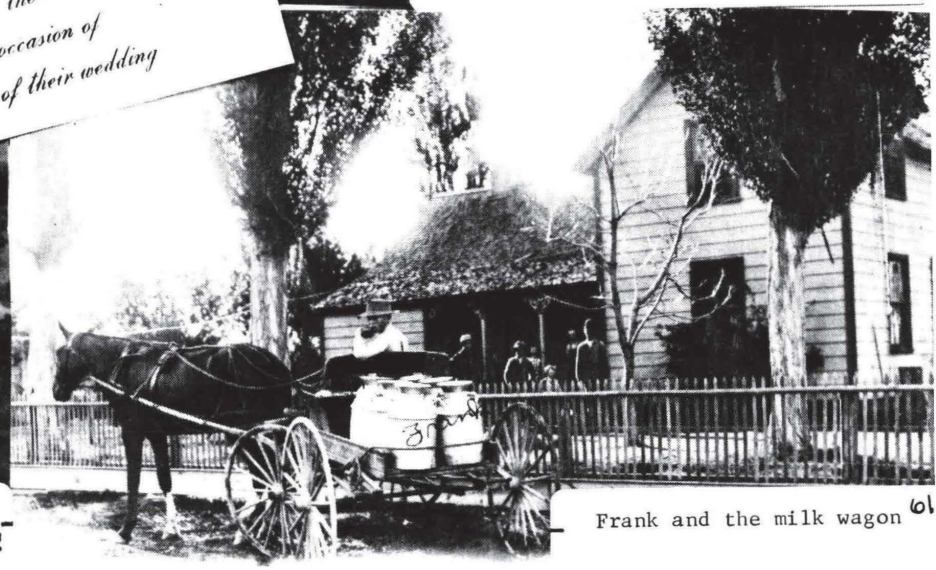


Nothing like a cool summer evening on a soft green lawn with your family

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor
desire your presence
at their residence, Cherry Hill, Lake View,
on Saturday Evening, August the third, 1907,
at seven o'clock, on the occasion of
the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding



Another pleasant summer evening after another hard day of work. Let's sing!



Frank and the milk wagon

it could have been Glen. I also remember Golden and the Stubbs boy, I guess it was Roy, playing together - Golden on the clarinet and Roy Stubbs on the horn. I used to accompany them, too. I remember in later years how I enjoyed him visiting me in Murry, he always stopped for a few minutes and if there was a bolt off the stove he sold me, he would get a wrench out of the car and fix it. I remember his diligence in the work for the dead, of he and Evelyn going to the temple often. It is hard for me to remember these younger boys in their homes for it was then I left Provo and came to Salt Lake to live, but I do remember Frank and Zetella living in the front room and bedroom at Will's and Nora's before he went off to war.

I remember Frank especially well when he went to school at the Brigham Young University. He stayed with Spencer Madsen in the two room adobe place where Mary's home is now. The two of them batched. I remember one day I came into town with mother and while she shopped I stayed at their rooms to clean up. I scrubbed the bare floor until the boards were nice and white, so I thought, after I took out the ashes from the tiny heating stove, then how chagrined I was when the next day, Frank promptly scrubbed it over again, reaching way back under the bed where I had missed. Funny how these little things stay with you when you are young. I remember going to the first movies in Provo with Frank and driving home in the horse and buggy; of his putting the horse up in the dark barn, feeding it hay. I remember also seeing the newly killed beef hanging from the hay fork above our heads. I also remember when Frank and Golden made we children a swing out on the east lawn, with two tall poles and a cross bar over it, how I was one of the first to swing in it and one of the boys forgot his pocket knife and left it sticking in the post. It came down and struck me on the head inflicting quite a deep cut. I remember the cider barrel out by the granery, the hops growing under the trees in the orchard that we would gather in our aprons, the violets growing in the south below the road, the swimming parties in the lake with Zetella, Maurine, Barbara, Ada, Evelyn, Della, Ruth and I.

I remember Ruth first standing before the mirror curling her hair and crying because it hurt her to raise her arms, because she had pleurisy. I remember her hat with the cherries on it, how we used to sleep together in the north bedroom down stairs when she was stepping out because she came in so late, that way she didn't wake the family upstairs; how she used to come in so happy and wake me up and whisper of what she had been doing. I remember when she was first married she was so tiny and then she began to put on weight much to her dismay and downright despair. She became very touchy about the subject. I remember staying with her when Marjorie was born and make cup custard which was just about all I know in the dessert line. I well remember how good she was to me when I was ill a few years ago, taking me into her home and caring for me with the best of everything. Her home was always open and it was our first stop when we came to Provo. She also was very good to mother and father and had much sympathy for them in mother's illness.

Della and Karl and I as well as Weldon were very much together when we were young and when I think of one, the other will always come into the picture. I remember how we three played ball, making our balls ourselves out of old yarn and sewing them with bright colored thread. How we did laugh when father shaved off his mustache, that was when we were quite young. He also looked foolish and laughed rather at himself. We used to say that father could never get real angry at us, it was poor mother who used to do the disciplining and we gave her plenty of cause you can be sure. Della was my constant companion and together we used to pick on Karl because we thought he was mother's favorite, as well he might have been being her baby. They made us stay in the room with Karl when he had scarlet fever thinking it was the measles and that we had to get it which we surely did and with a vengeance. We shared the same bedroom in the old home and together lost all our clothes when the place burned. I remember Karl was rather sickly and had to take medicine before and after meals, how we three got the flu together but not bad, and how poor father was alone with us and one morning he arose after turning and twisting all night to tell us

that he thought he was going to get the flu, but that he kicked that old flu bug out the window, so great was his determination and fortitude he never let anything get the best of him. That was the winter that Uncle Walter lost Aunt Rachel and Flora with the flu and they were buried the same day; how we all wore masks over our faces and Zetella was so sick they thought she would not get well. We used to dread to hear the phone ring thinking it was someone else passed away with the dreaded plague.

I remember Della walking in when Russell was about two weeks old, and I broke down and cried - she bundled me up and took us down home to the 500 North place where I stayed for a week getting my needed rest and getting used to my new role. I remember also when I got hit with the car on State Street, Ruth and Della were the first ones up to see me and help all they could. I believe Ruth stayed a day or so with me.

Jim and Della were married just six months earlier than Willard and I, and as a result their family came along about six months earlier than ours. A humorous recollection of him was when he and Della and their first born Weston, came up to Murray to see me when we brought Russell home from the hospital at two weeks old. Jim took one look at him and said, "Let me out of here, I can't stand to look at him, he's like an old man." And he was right, for Russell had had quite a time making up his mind to stay with us, but soon was looking like a normal child should. I also recall walking out into Jim's barn and stack yard and marvelling how clean and orderly everything was and wishing ours could somehow be like it. Also his ground and crops were all neatly and carefully cared for. Jim is a natural born outdoors and live-stock man.

On Labor Day 1924 Vinna Bunnell, Mable Lemmon, Marie Fresh, Hazel Clough and Emerette Millar the latter from Shelley, Idaho, and myself all boarded the Saltair Special, that open-air, rattling, jerking monster which about 30 minutes later deposited us at the then famous resort. I was moody and cross - I didn't want to come. First, I didn't have anything to wear, so Vinna loaned me a dress, I didn't have any money, so Mable loaned me some and we soon found ourselves on the beautiful romantic dance floor with the moon shining on the lake which was at that time up to the pavilion and all around it. I was still cross and wanted to go home, so when Emerette gasped that there were two fellows she had known up in Idaho and did we want to meet them, I was unmoved and really thought that young upstart that asked me to dance first of all the group was really a smarty. I gave him a cold shoulder all evening until Emerette whispered to me to unbend a bit, not to be so stuffy. I soon began to realize that he was a nice young fellow and not a bit like the pick-ups they time and again told us to avoid at the Beehive House where we all lived. He was even a gentleman in the fun house and that was something. Then later when he asked to take me home and we boarded the old train again, then picked up his 1924 Overland from the Cullen Garage when we got into town, I realized that this fellow was not an ordinary fellow, but one who knew his own mind, who had been places, to World War I, ran a farm in Idaho and who was a brother-in-law to our old neighbor, Clinton Reeder. He since told me that when he took one look at me with my old fashioned un-cut hair, he thought, "There is my girl." Well, first impressions are not always right, at least mine were not, as evidenced by the 27 years I have lived with that "smarty."

I remember when we used to visit LaPrieal and Glen when Willard was in the Watkins business and how good Prieal's burnt sugar cake was and of her putting up bottles and jars of apple jelly. My mother had long black hair and I guess Glen was the only one who took after her in that respect - in fact he was quite a dandy in his youth and for a time it was a toss up who would win him, Maurine or LaPrieal.

I remember how glad I was when Margaret and Karl moved into our old home and took care of Grandpa Taylor, my father, who had been living alone for two years. Pa always thought a great deal of Margaret, she must have been very good to him.

I remember Evelyn entertaining the family on Golden's birthday in January while they were living in Payson. How good were her meals, especially the ice-box cookies, I even remember getting her recipe. I think of August driving home that night and Willard holding the door open so he could see the road it was that foggy. Ruth and I were sitting on the edge of our seats. We stayed with the Johnson's that night. Uncle August was another brother to me since I was very young.

I remember when August came into the store and asked me to come out to the car to meet his new wife - Beatrice. I was struck with her likeness to Ruth and remarked on it. Beatrice said many had told her the same thing. She truly stepped in and tried very successfully to take Ruth's place in their home. She is a wonderful housekeeper and homemaker and a good cook and my girls have remarked several times on the wonderful Thanksgiving Day we spent at their place, how beautifully her table was set and how delicious her pies. Where could August have found a more congenial companion?

My memories could continue much longer, but I feel that before I quit I should like to tell the young folks of our mother, your grandmother whom so many of you did not know and those older grandchildren knew her only when she was ill. She had a keen sense of humor, was jolly, playing pranks with us younger children. She had an unusually firm testimony of the gospel which never wavered even though through 12 years of trying illness she was sorely tried, and the first concern with her was that her children should never lose their testimonies nor their devotions to the gospel principles. I can remember she and father in the front room of Karl's place reading, she the scriptures, mostly Doctrine and Covenants, and as I was the last one home, I can remember she and I discussing some of the principles. Her health was good as long as she did not work extremely hard, but after raising 11 children, on a farm, one can imagine that that was one of the contributing factors to her poor health.

I remember my father for his tolerance, his ability to see the bright side of life, of his joking and his many little sayings and philosophies. I remember, as do all the family, his strict adherance to family prayers. No matter how rushed or tired we were, he would always take time for prayers. He taught us to be tolerant with one another and to put ourselves in other's places before judging. I hope the remaining family will also remember that we had good parents, pioneer parents, of good, worthy ancestors who sacrificed for the church, that we may remember to be tolerant, kind and understanding toward one another and our children, that their memories of us may also be happy ones.

WE REMEMBER:

Songs the Taylor and Allen quartets sung:

"Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling"
"Forgotten"
"Beyond the Sunset"
"When Irish Eyes are Smiling"
"Absent"
"The Morning Breaks"
"Lay My Head Beneath a Rose"
"Hard Times Come Again No More"

What I remember about Grandma Taylor:

My mother's jack rabbit pies made in milk pans. These pans were at least 12 inches in diameter and four inches deep. It would take at least two of these filled for a meal. They had potatoes, carrots and onions with plenty of gravy, with a biscuit crust over the top, held up by a tea cup in the center, and "mmmm mmmm" good. I also remember the dripper pan that baked nine loaves of bread, besides two dozen buits first, every other day.

Aunt Della

I remember her for her ability to come in any home and know what and how to help. I remember the nice things she said to me when I was first married - and I was so dumb. She loved my baked beans.

Aunt Zetella

What would be your description of Grandpa Taylor?:

Very kind and understanding. He seemed to know I was scared to ask for anything, so he would say, "You know, I can hitch up the horse if you would like to go up town." - and then he made me drive the car and I was so proud.

Aunt Zetella

I can remember going back to Lake View from American Fork to Sunday School and seeing Grandpa come in the swinging doors at the back of the chapel. I had had some articles printed in the "Tribune, Jr." that day, and he walked right up the middle aisle to where I was sitting with my class, just in front of the pulpit, shook my hand and told me how proud he was of me.

Maxine

- - - - -

I remember feeling like Tarzan while swinging on the hay fork attached to a rope in top of the barn . . . playing in a room 3/4 full of grain - it seemed to me like a mountain of grain . . . when I was coughing with whooping cough so hard that I had to hang onto a big tree out in Grandpa Taylor's yard on the farm . . . the mulberry tree in grandma and grandpa's yard . . . the white gathered half-aprons grandma used to wear. They had big pockets and they seemed to always have white old-fashioned peppermints in them and grandma would give me one and call me "lovey" . . . grandma's pantry, the pieces of bread with goodies on them that grandma gave to me . . . the eye cups that intrigued me as a child. They were kept on the top shelf in the bathroom.

I remember the time grandma was walking from our home to their place. She had hold of my hand; the roads were still gravel and someone came along in a Model T that kept backfiring. Grandma pulled me into the barrel pit crying, "run lovey, someone is shooting at us." What a relief it was when we realized what it was. Grandma was always so good to me - her kindness is what I remember most.

I remember Grandpa as being quite austere, kind, working hard, eating a supper of sliced white onion, home made bread and milk in his striped overalls. He didn't quit work until the sun went down. Then he sat down to eat and went right to bed to be ready for work when the sun came up the next morning. I can never remember grandpa raising his voice. I can remember the time when he came to our home during one of mother's pregnancies and telling her that she had a room paid for in Mrs. Crane's nursing home and mother crying from relief and thankfulness because our finances were completely depleted.

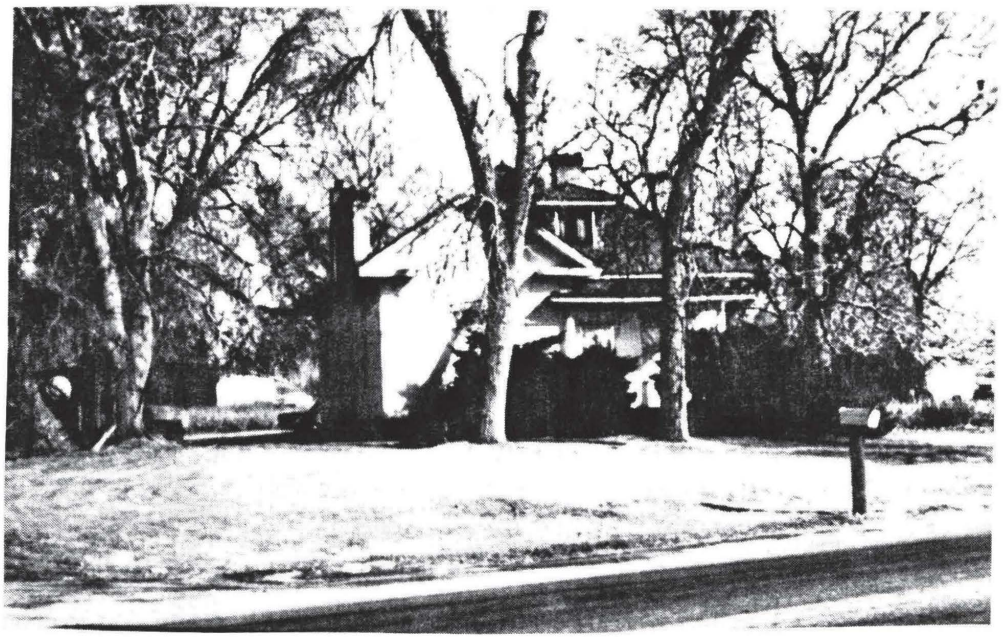
I remember the hammock they had under their trees - how I would like to recapture the feeling of peace and contentment I had swinging in that hammock between two tall trees, they seemed tall enough to touch heaven - the wild violets were growing around the tree trunks, the coolness of that spot is undescribable - nostalgia - wonderful feelings - but like a butterfly, something not to be recaptured, but to fly or wing its way through your memories leaving lovely thoughts.

Edith

I can remember very little about Grandpa Taylor, just two or three things, even though we lived with him when I was a little girl, until his death. He was always nice to me and I remember he would give Arlene and me a penny for every ten nails we picked up in the driveway and yard. Also I can remember he always had a cup of hot water with cream and sugar as soon as he got up each morning. I remember his white hair, which seemed to me to be so nice and wavy, and I thought it was special. I've heard from some people that he could be very stern but as a child I didn't see that, I just remember him with affection.

Grandma Taylor died when I was younger and I vaguely remember going to visit someone in bed. Mother says I would want to wear old high heels when we visited her and that Grandma would always laugh to see me clomping along in those shoes. Mother has told me several times, how ill Grandma was and of the many doctors and trips to California to find medical help for her.

Dorothy Madsen



The last family home on Geneva Road where Grandma and Grandpa spent their last years and Aunt Margaret now lives.



Family rememberances from Aunt Della. Recorded on a cassette tape one special day in 1978:

Maxine: I have been worried that we are not going to get all the information that is available to us if we are going to compile a book on Grandma and Grandpa Taylor. I have asked Aunt Della if she would spend the day with me and just tell me some of the things that she remembers about the family that haven't been written in some of the other histories. I have a few questions I would like to ask and then I would just like to know some of the personal things about grandma and grandpa. We have the facts of their lives, and the dates of when grandpa went on his mission, when they moved to Vineyard, but what I would really like to find out and get down while Aunt Della can tell me about it is some of the things about grandma and grandpa that maybe we don't know or haven't heard about before.

I remember as a little girl going up to the State Mental Hospital while my dad and mother visited with grandma. I never knew what was the matter with her, and they never gave me any indication that there was anything seriously wrong. I remember, chiefly, the fun I had rolling on the slopes of grass that were all around the hospital. Do you know anything about this? Why was she there? Today we look at these things in such a different way, but at the time I was impressed, even as a little girl, about the secrecy of whatever was going on. Do you have anything to clear this up? I'm asking the question because it has come up within the past year or so that there are members of the family who feel that it is "just in their blood" to have whatever it was that Grandma had.

Aunt Della: She wasn't there too long - not more than two or three weeks it seems to me. I talked to Mary Gunn just the other day and she remembers things that impressed her that I knew existed but they never talked about them around me - I guess I just didn't pay much attention to them.

She (Mary) remembers her wearing an asphetedi bag around her neck. You know that used to be an old cure-all for everything - but it was the stinkingest thing that ever was. Well, I don't even remember mother wearing one of those, but Mary says she does. She says she remembers an old black dress. Well, I don't remember that either. (Note from Maxine: It is interesting that in talking to Uncle Joe's Hollis, he says that all he can remember about grandma was seeing her walk down the street, from Aunt Mary's, I think, and she always wore an old black dress.) I suppose the reason Mary remembers these things is that she was a child and you are really impressionable then, and I was around it all the time and it just didn't mean anything to me. I think she must have worn the bag, because us kids wore them - it was to ward off diseases - it sure would, too! It would ward off anything! Another remedy was to wrap salt pork around your neck when you had swollen glands, then wrapping an old woolen stocking around that - and did that ever smell. (Note from Maxine: I can still remember that remedy for my swollen glands!)

Going back to the hospital visits: That was just for more treatments. She was so nervous, so highly nervous. Do you recall what year that was? I have no idea.

Maxine: It's here in some of the notes I have from different life histories and such, that she died in 1931. They tell about the house burning in 1914 and then later on it says, "For a number of years her health had been very poor and they decided to move to a smaller place." Now that is where Aunt Margaret lives now, isn't it?

Aunt Della: That was the Zobell place.

Maxine: Is that so? I didn't know that that was where it came from. Then this history says that in 1928 she went to Canada, visiting with Uncle Frank and family, but nothing that was done for her helped her regain her health. Now that was in 1928.

Aunt Della: Well, maybe it was after that then that she was up there (in the State Hospital). I was married in 1921 and I guess it must have been after that because it was in 1918 she went to California.

Maxine: And you and Aunt Ruby went with her.

Aunt Della: She was so miserable - so highly nervous. We used to bring salt water up from the ocean and she would bathe her feet in it in the night. I don't know whether someone told her that that might help her, but I don't know whether anything did. We'd take her to the doctors down there and they would talk about her life and how many children she had - and they'd just throw up their hands when she said she had 11 children . . . all the war relief work she had done - it was just a breakdown, that's all.

Maxine: I was just going to mention that up to this point she had been a really strong person.

Aunt Della: Yes, she really was. When Frank was in the service she did so much Red Cross sewing. In 1918 when the flu was so bad and she was so bad, she still helped.

Maxine: Aunt Mary records in her history: "Then came the terrible flu epidemic of 1918-19, and the strain of seeing so many of her kinsmen stricken proved too much. She was advised by her physician to go to California where she, father, Della and Ruby spent the winter of 1918, returning in April of 1919."

Aunt Della: Well, that seemed to be the beginning of her health problems. I think that she had done so much in her life, raising such a big family, that it was just too much . . . a total breakdown.

Maxine: The story told by one person was that grandpa ran grandma's life so completely, and grandma worked so hard, that she couldn't do anything but break. Now, see my remembrances of grandpa are so completely different from that that I find it hard to reconcile.

Aunt Della: That's right, too. I don't think that first impression was right. There was a lot of pressure, there couldn't help but be a lot of pressure in a big family like that. And they were continually buying property and going into debt, and it was hard.

Maxine: It was said that the farm could have anything. They could buy any piece of farm - big barn, big truck - but that grandma couldn't have anything in the house to make it easier for her.

Aunt Della: That's quite typical of then when they were trying to get ahead . . . this property would come up that was close to what they had and they felt like it was necessary for their business to feed their animals. Besides, Uncle Will lived over in the Hopkins place for quite a while and worked on the dairy and the farm . . . the same with Scott and Clara. They lived in the Hy Scott house - it was in between the dairy (it burned down).

Maxine: That was the one that mother and daddy lived in when they were married, too, wasn't it? I thought quite a few of them lived there to start out. Dorothy and Sheldon were living there when it burned down, weren't they?

Aunt Della: Yes, quite a few started out there or in the Hopkins house.

Maxine: Where is the Hopkins house?

Aunt Della: Well that was north. That would be right north of the Cherry Hill Dairy. George C. Scott owned a little strip - and I think they still own that - but then the Hopkins house was right there. _____ Hopkins was a Scott and that is how she happened to own that. The

whole Cherry Hill Farm was the Scotts when we bought it. It had belonged to Charley Scott's wife's folks - they were the ones who owned it . . . the Dillitushes (Gillitushes) owned it before George Scott. Anyway, that's the way I remember it. That's my impression of it.

Maxine: All Aunt Mary says in her history is that they moved to the Shadrack Holdaway farm in Vineyard and a year or two later moved to the George C. Scott farm.

Aunt Della: Before George C. Scott owned it, it belonged to the Dillitushes (?) which was Charley Scott's wife's folks. Then they (Dillitushes) went back to Kansas after they sold it to Charley's father. They left her here . . . that's Ethel Taylor's folks, you know. Her mother's folks. As far as Grandpa being a driver or domineering, I don't think he was. It just happened that those pressures of a big family, of boys going on missions and everything like that it was just one of those things that finally broke mother's health.

Maxine: I was reading these histories over last night to see if there were some questions that I could ask, and I thought how I would feel today if they would call Chester on a mission and here I only have two girls home now. And I have a way of making a living for myself.

Aunt Della: And mother had all that sickness while he was gone. It was no wonder that she had a breakdown. After I was born she had a nervous breakdown - maybe that was just a weakness in her that she couldn't help - but for the doctors to tell people that today that's crazy.

Maxine: It has been inferred that this "weakness", if it is going to be called that, came from the Scotts. Do you know anything about that?

Aunt Della: My mother did have a breakdown early in her life, but it isn't any wonder. Things were hard. I was her ninth child, and if she had a breakdown after I was born it wasn't any wonder from what she went through. She took care of Grandmother Taylor for years when she was practically helpless.

Maxine: That was a question that I had and wanted to talk to you about it. Aunt Mary says that Grandmother Taylor having erisyplis while grandpa was on a mission. Was she talking about my grandmother or your grandmother?

Aunt Della: She was talking about my grandmother. She was really miserable for a long time. I would have to look up the histories to find when she died and when he got home - he may have gotten home before grandmother passed away, or not - I'm not quite sure. But she was sick for a long time. It was after he got home, because I remember her. I couldn't have been a year old when Grandmother Taylor died. But I remember her sitting in a rocking chair like that. She was big and heavy. Do you remember Aunt Lydie Allen? She was built just like Lydie, little and short and heavy. She would slip out of this rocking chair, she'd slip down. I can remember that - probably because I was on the floor myself. So my mother really had a hard life - children to raise alone, an older person to care for.

Maxine: You know, all my life I have thought that erisyplis was a nervous disease, but I looked it up in the dictionary last night and it said that it was a strep infection of the skin . . . brokeout in a rash on your skin and got scaly. But in my mind I've always connected it with nervousness.

Aunt Della: I don't know whether it's a relative to shingles - now they're in the nerve ends, so it could be - but going back to my mother: I think that if she could have had the help that they have now for people in her condition she wouldn't have felt the way she did for so long.

Maxine: I don't know why, but I've always been interested in grandma. I can remember going to Aunt Marg's house - did Aunt Marg and Uncle Karl live there with grandma ever? I can remember going there and going in to see grandma and daddy would ask her how she was. And I can always

remember her saying: "O I just feel so terrible. I died last night, but I was resurrected this morning." When I lay awake at nights and can't sleep, you know how it is, I think about her sometimes . . . you don't feel good and the time seems so long.

Aunt Della: Oh, I could tell you about the things she went through. I tell you, I've rubbed her forehead for hours because she said that her head felt just like a board.

Maxine: Do you suppose that she could have had high blood pressure and things like that?

Aunt Della: She could have had so many things, but they just didn't know about them at the time to help her.

Maxine: Aunt Mary says in her history that grandma was an independent and unafraid person. Of course, she would have had to be to live through her husband going on a mission, two small children at home, another on the way, and all the things she did. I was wondering if you knew any of the other things that occurred in her life, or anything that you remember especially about her.

Aunt Della: I think she was just courage itself! It's a wonder that she didn't break and give up before she did - all she had to go through.

Maxine: It almost seems wicked for the church to take people away like they did grandpa. Of course, they had to do it. They took Uncle Will away from Aunt Nora with two little kids. Of course, we're not used to that anymore, so I guess that's why it seems so sad to look back at grandma.

Aunt Della: Well, I think that they were just so dedicated that they loved to have the privilege to go. After all, going on a mission for them was nothing to what the pioneers were asked to do . . . it was the same thing.

Maxine: I love that story of Grandmother Humphries who walked from here to Salt Lake carrying dried fruit. It seems unbelievable . . . What I want to know, too, is does anyone have a picture . . . I've always thought Aunt Marg must have something, but I can't get her or mother to talk very much about the past. I don't know whether this is a family trait or . . .

Aunt Della: I think that it is a difference in communication. Children were to be seen and not heard and it was "yea, yea" or "nay, nay" . . . nothing inbetween. That was it. "Speech is silver and silence is golden" is something I remember well from my childhood, so it's no wonder that there wasn't any communication. No one was more gentle than my father. I never remember him giving me a spanking.

Maxine: Aunt Ruby mentions that it was always grandma who did the disciplining - not grandpa.

Aunt Della: Unless it was outside with the boys. I can remember when the boys would get to fighting out in the milkhouse when they were washing bottles and grandpa would wade in with his buggy whip and straighten them out. That's the only time I ever remember him doing that. And he never raised his voice. You never heard him yell. But as far as not being considerate in the house, I'll go along with that. Because like all men they were interested in getting ahead, getting the farm paid for, and they bought that property down in Milford. It was really hard.

You know, mother earned the money to buy that rocking chair you are sitting in by selling turkeys. She had a dining room set that she bought that way, too. This chair was grandpa's chair.

Maxine: I'm so glad to he[illegible]his. I didn't know that there was anything of theirs around.

I was talking to Chester last night about something. I was getting ready to come down here and I was thinking about daddy coming from a family of 11 children, and Edith

and I used to have so much fun together. You were in Provo and I was in American Fork, and I knew everyone of my cousins and I was so glad to see them, and get together to play with them. Those Taylor reunions were just the greatest things that ever happened because I got to see all my cousins. And now I have a hard time getting my own kids together anymore. In mother's family, there wasn't that closeness that the Taylor's had. I keep thinking Grandma and Grandpa Taylor had something special to have had this feeling carry on through their children to their children.

Aunt Della: You know the family was really close. Of course there wasn't the entertainment that we have today - we had to make our own entertainment. In the summer evening, you've probably seen the pictures, we used to sing. The boys, especially used to sing.

Maxine: That was another thing I wanted to ask you about. There was definitely a musical talent - where does it come from?

Aunt Della: I think it probably came from both the Scotts and the Taylors. All the Allens sang, and there are good singers in the Scotts. But goodness, those boys used to sing while they were out there washing bottles, singing at the top of their voices. Almost took the top of the milk-house off. They'd gather on the lawn with all the family sitting on the lawn and someone would get on the bicycle and off they'd go.

Maxine: Aunt Ruby mentions seeing Aunt Mary on the horse in what you'd call a split skirt - seems like she said it was at their wedding.

Aunt Della: I don't think she meant it at the wedding. They had a big one, but no horses that I can remember . . . mother and dad had their 30th wedding anniversary party here at the Cherry Hill Dairy, I remember.

Mother was never as demonstrative as father was. He always called us "lovey" . . . but then so did she.

Maxine: Aunt Ruby mentions that she'd get upset he'd say, "Now, lovey . . ."

Aunt Della: I'll say this, that as terribly sick as she was, he was so patient. He took her to California for two or three months, hoping that that would help her. He was restless while we were there, and he'd get up and walk miles in the mornings before daylight - he was always used to getting up early. But he was always so patient with mother.

Maxine: There was one thing about grandma that I had never heard. Aunt Ruby said that grandma had long black hair. She said that Glen was the only one in the family that inherited it. I had never known or thought about it.

Aunt Della: Now you see her hair up there in that picture is dark. It was dark. I wouldn't say it was right black, but it was dark. Grandpa Taylor's was brown.

Maxine: I always thought that daddy's hair just before he died looked just like Grandpa Taylor's.

Aunt Della: I would have said that they (grandma and grandpa) were both brunettes. I don't know where the red hair came from except from Grandma Taylor's family. That's where the red hair came from.

Maxine: I had never thought about this until I read Aunt Ruby's account. Wasn't Uncle Scott's hair dark? Uncle Frank's was a lighter brown, I can remember that.

Aunt Della: I think, though, that mother's hair was darker than pa's was.

Maxine: You know, in that picture up there, grandma looks a little bit like Phyllis. I don't really know why. It's just through her eyes that I can see it.

Aunt Della: That was taken just before Mary went to Sweden and Scott went on a mission.

Maxine: Are the houses where they (grandma and grandpa) were born and lived still standing, or have they been torn down, stores built on them and such things? I'd like to get pictures. Now this record says that grandpa was born at 168 North 600 West. It was called the Old Pace Place.

Aunt Della: I've really never known that. The old family home was on the corner of 600 West and 100 South.

Maxine: Now that is one thing that I would like to get straightened out. Where did the family live while they lived in Provo.

Aunt Della: 600 West and 100 South - right on the corner. That's where we moved to Vineyard from. Now that other property - 168 North 600 West - whether Grandpa Taylor had a home on it at some time or another. This house where we lived on 600 West and 100 South has been remodeled but it is still there.

Maxine: Now it says that they bought land - grandpa bought land - with Walter Scott and that it was on the Old Fort Field. Where is that?

Aunt Della: It's south of Center Street and about 1800 West - south of Center.

This ended our recorded discussion, because we got into the car and went looking for Fort Field, Scottsville, and visited with one of the ladies living in the original home that had been remodeled and added on to, but the walls in the home seemed to be about two to three feet thick in the living room. You could see this at the windows.

We did find the old family home on 600 West and 100 South and we did get pictures of it. We also visited Scottsville and have pictures - one where Aunt Della remembers seeing Grandma Taylor (her grandmother) laid out for burial. She remembers it because it was the first dead person she had seen.

There is some conversation on this tape that I have edited out of this report. It contains discussions about people and conditions that I can see are of no value in an objective report about the Taylor family. It is interesting, however, because it involves the so-called "Taylor Syndrome" - nervousness and depression among members of the family. Because grandma suffered during much of her life, it was hard to talk about her without bringing in other peoples opinions and ideas to the cause of grandma's health problems. I chose to leave out the parts where names were mentioned, causes suggested for their problems, because I feel that feelings could be hurt and as a result this book we are planning on might not get written. I will keep the cassette tape and it will be available if there is any need for further detail from it.

Maxine

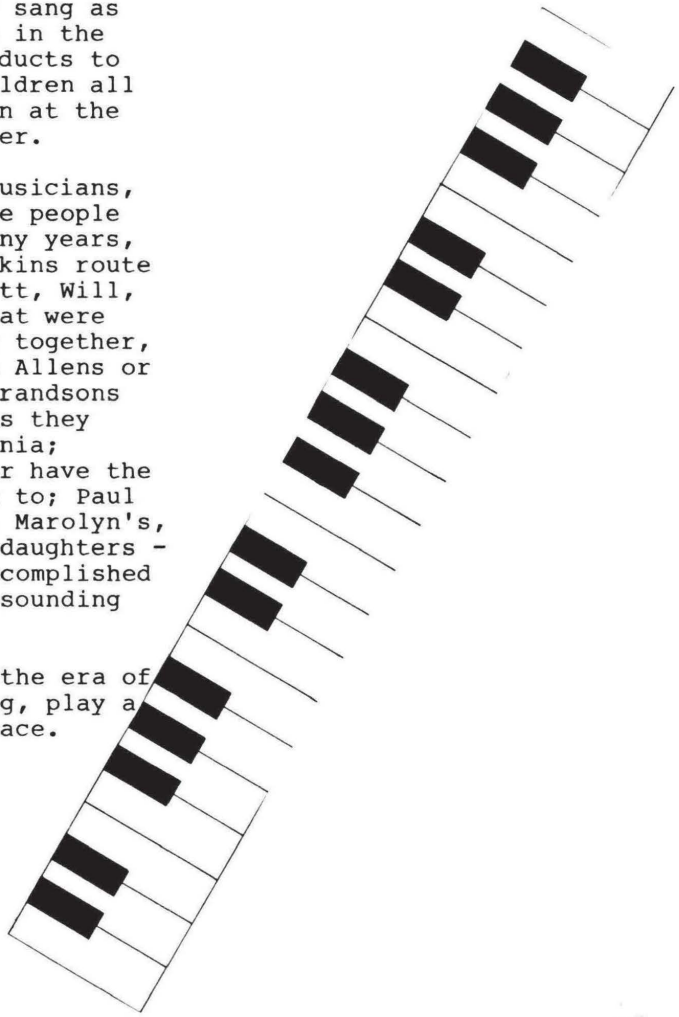


"THE SONG OF THE RIGHTEOUS IS A PRAYER UNTO ME"

If the above scripture is true, then the children of Joe and Abby Scott Taylor spent a lot of time praying to the Lord. The boys sang as they milked the cows, they sang as they washed the bottles, and if it wasn't too late in the night, they sang as they delivered their dairy products to Provo and its neighboring communities. The 11 children all spoke of the summer evenings they spent on the lawn at the farm house, singing and harmonizing with one another.

None of them went on to become professional musicians, but all of them brought music into the lives of the people around them. Joe led the choir in his ward for many years, and every spare moment he could spare from the Watkins route was spent singing at funerals. Golden, Frank, Scott, Will, Glen and Karl were all members of male quartets that were known throughout Utah county. Sometimes they sang together, other times they teamed up with their cousins, the Allens or with Uncle August Johnson and Joe Ahlander. The grandsons and granddaughters carried on the musical talent as they grew up. Iris is a professional singer in California; Wendell and Noel do a mean jazz number if they ever have the time; Lloyd sings like an angel if you can get him to; Paul sang at his last school class reunion; Kathleen's, Marolyn's, Maxine's, Barbara's, Nanalee's, Marion's, Edith's daughters - we could go on and on with more names - are all accomplished musicians and help make the world a more pleasant sounding place.

The following pages are replicas of music of the era of the Taylor family music makers. Sing a little song, play a little tune and help us make the world a better place.



THE TAYLORS SING

Family Reunion 1953

There are smiles that make us happy
There are smiles that make us blue

There smiles that steal away the
teardrops.
Like the sunbeams steal away the dew
There are smiles that have a tender
meaning,
That the eyes of love alone can see
But the smiles that fill my life
with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag.
And Smile - Smile - Smile
This is no time to let your
Spirits lag
Smile Friends that's the style
What's the use of worrying
It never was worth while So____
Pack up your troubles in
your old kit bag
and Smile - Smile - Smile

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING,

sure it's like a morn in spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter
you can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy.
All the World seems bright & gay
and when Irish eyes are smiling
sure they steal your heart away.

WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU,

a pal good and true
I'd like to leave it all
behind and and go and find
Someplace that's known
To God alone
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace
where joys will never cease
Out there beneath a kindly sky
We'll build a sweet little nest
Away out in the west
And let the rest of the world
roll by.

It's a good time to get acquainted
It's a good time to know
Who is sitting close beside you
How to smile and say "hello"
Goodby lonesome feeling, goodby
glassy stare
Here's my hand my name is (shut mne)
So put your right hand there.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

SHINE ON - Shine on - Harvest
Moon up in the Sky
I ain't had no lovin' since
January -February-June or July
Snowtime ain't no time to
sit out-doors and spoon
So, Shine on - Shine on Harvest Moon
For me and my gal.

LONG LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a winding,
into the land of my dreams, where
the nightingales are singing, and
the white moon beams. There's a
long long night of waiting, until
my dreams all come true; till the
day when I'll be going down that
long long trail with you.
It's a short life we live here
so let us sing while we may, with a
song for every moment of the live-
long day; what's the use of looking
gloomy or whats the use of our tears
when we know a mummy's had no fun
for about a thousand years.

TO THOSE WHO ARE GONE

(tune of taps)

They've moved on
Glory won
They are there waiting there
till we come
May our lives honor here
What they've done....

ABSENT

Words by
CATHERINE YOUNG GLEN
with permission

JOHN W. METCA

Andante molto ♩= 60

nf

p Some-times be-tween long shad-ows on the grass,

p Some-times be-tween long shad-ows on the grass, be-tween long shad-ows,

p

The lit-tle tru-ant waves of sun-light pass,

The lit-tle tru-ant waves of sun-light pass, waves of sun-ligl

My eyes grow dim with ten - der-ness the while

My eyes grow dim with ten-der-ness the while

p with

ten-der-ness the while

Think-ing I see thee,

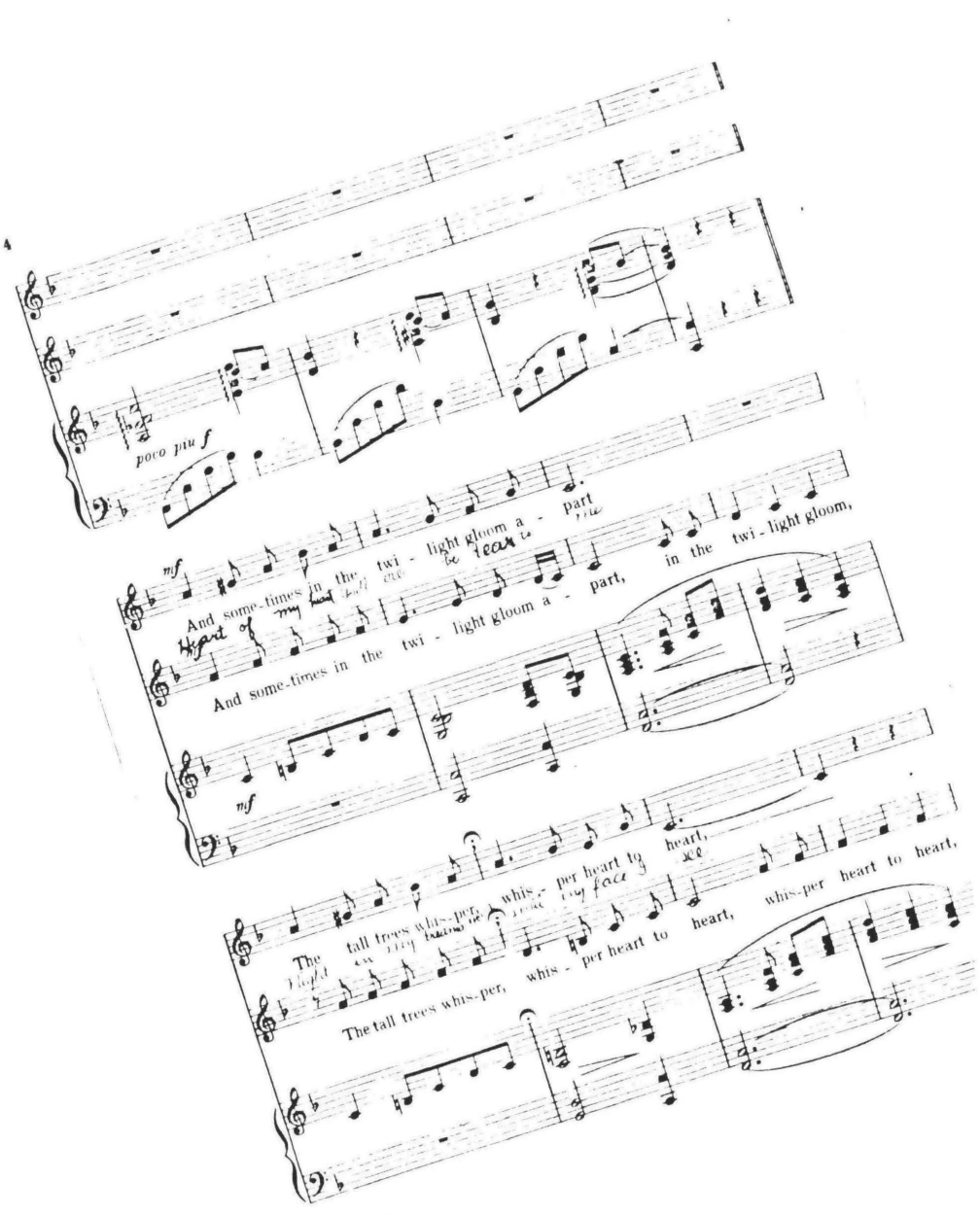
Think-ing I see thee,

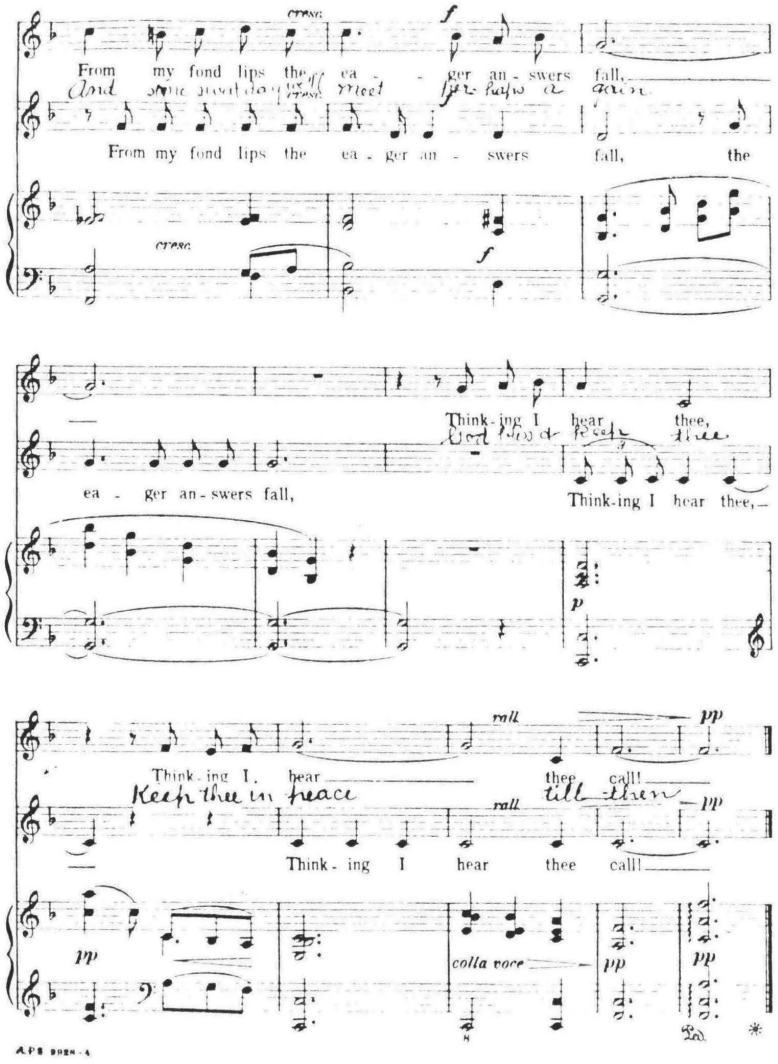
Think-ing I see *rall* thee smile!

p

Think-ing I see *rall* thee smile!

rall e dim *p* *pp*


poco più f
And some-times in the twi - light gloom a - part
And some-times in the twi - light gloom a - part, in the twi - light gloom,
The tall trees whis-per, whis - per heart to heart,
The tall trees whis-per, whis - per heart to heart, whis-per heart to heart,

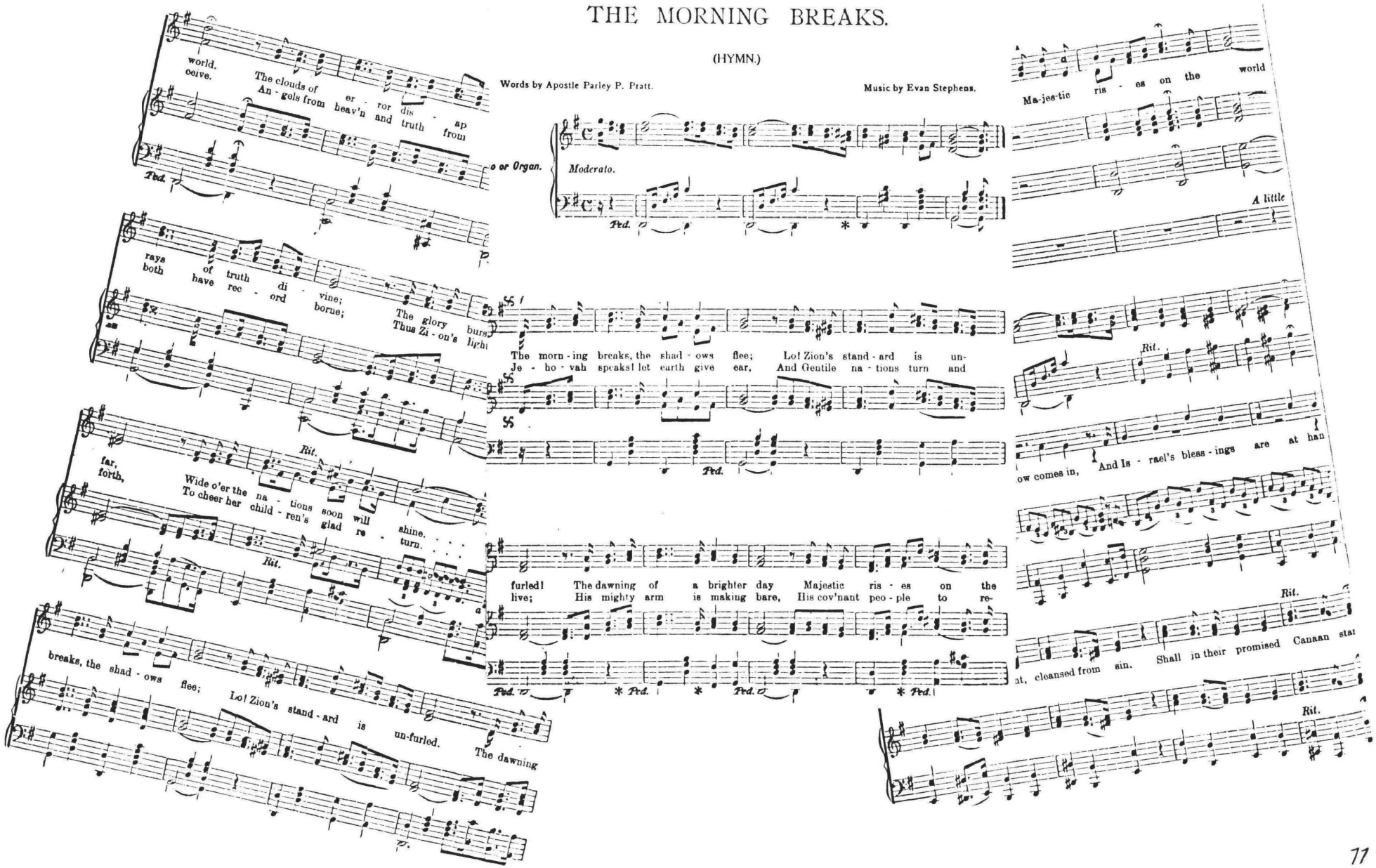

cresc.
From my fond lips the ea - ger an - swers fall,
From my fond lips the ea - ger an - swers fall, the
Think-ing I hear thee,
ea - ger an-swers fall,
Think-ing I hear thee,
rall
Think-ing I, hear thee call!
Think - ing I hear thee call!
colla voce

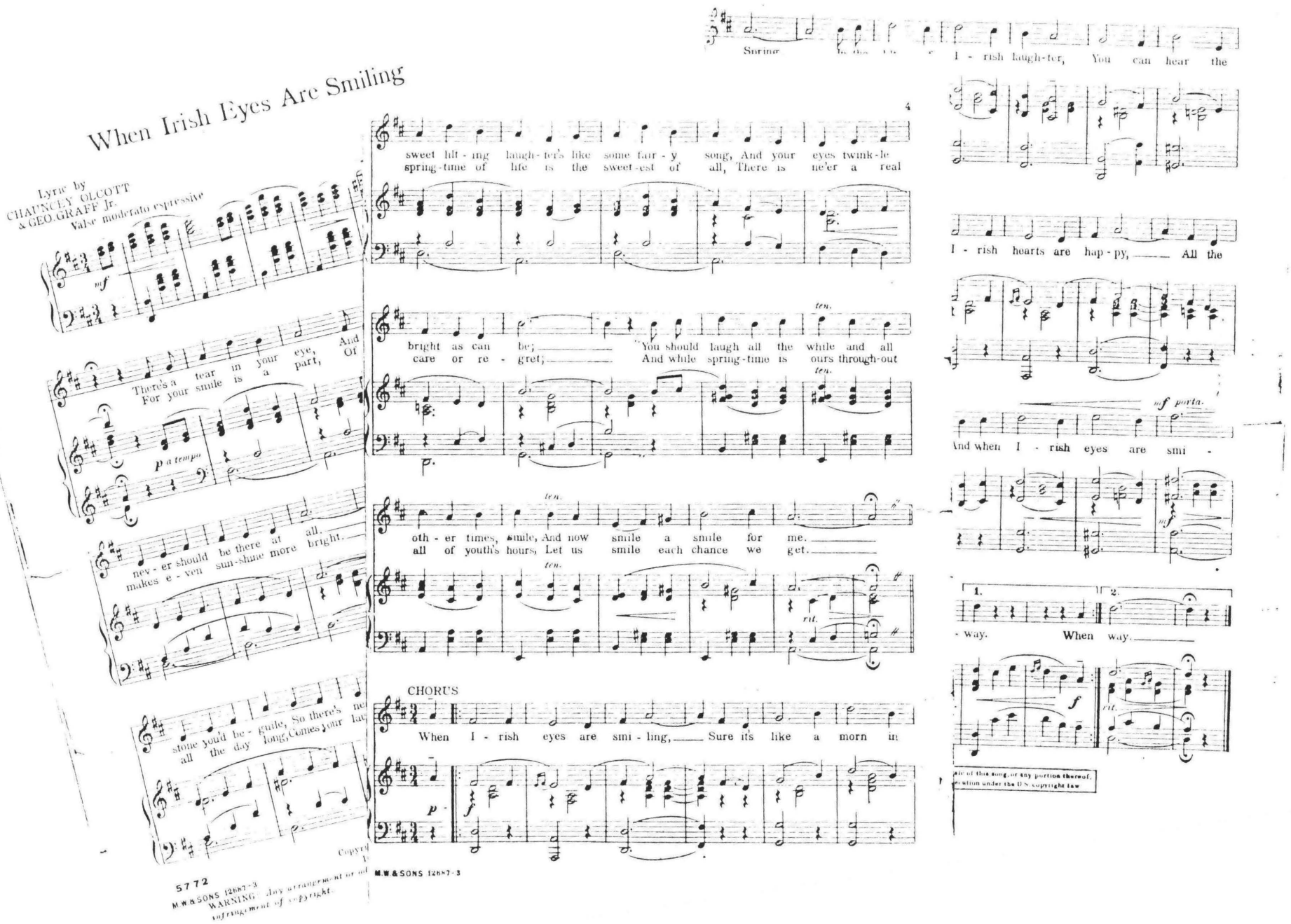
THE MORNING BREAKS.

(HYMN.)

Words by Apostle Parley P. Pratt.

Music by Evan Stephens.

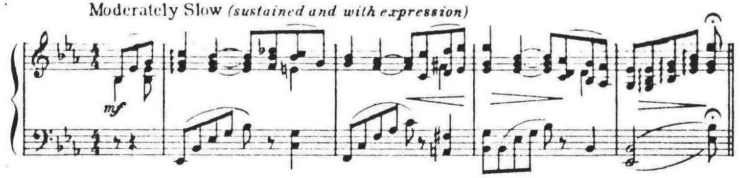



When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Lyric by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& GEO. GRAFF Jr.
Valse moderato expressive
mf
There's a tear in your eye, And
For your smile is a part, Of
p a tempo
nev - er should be there at all.
makes e - ven sun-shine more bright.
stone you'd be - guile, So there's
all the day long, Comes your
sweet lilt - ing laugh - ter's like some fair - y song, And your eyes twink - le
spring - time of life is the sweet - est of all, There is ne'er a real
ten.
bright as can be; You should laugh all the while and all
care or re - gret; And while spring - time is ours through - out
ten.
oth - er times, smile, And now smile a smile for me.
all of youth's hours, Let us smile each chance we get.
ten.
rit.
CHORUS
When I - rish eyes are smi - ling, Sure it's like a morn in
p
Spring
I - rish laugh - ter, You can hear the
I - rish hearts are hap - py, All the
mf porta.
And when I - rish eyes are smi -
1.
2.
- way.
When way.
f
rit.
5772
M.W.&SONS 12687-3
WARNING
M.W.&SONS 12687-3

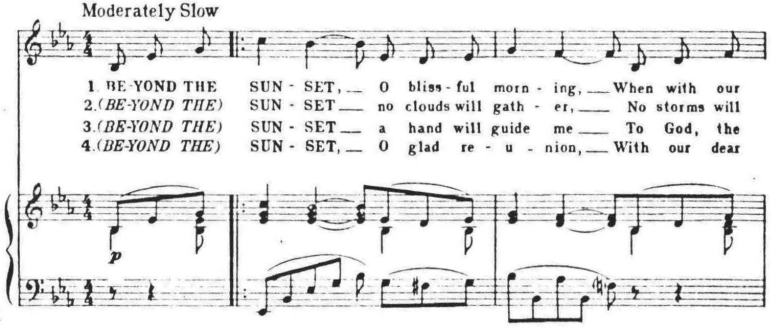
BEYOND THE SUNSET

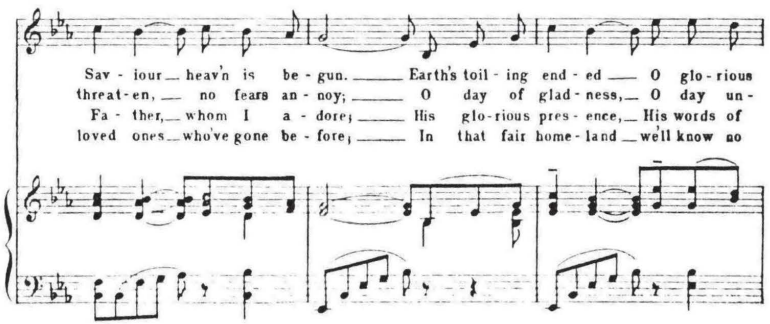
VIRGIL P. BROCK — BLANCHE KERR BROCK

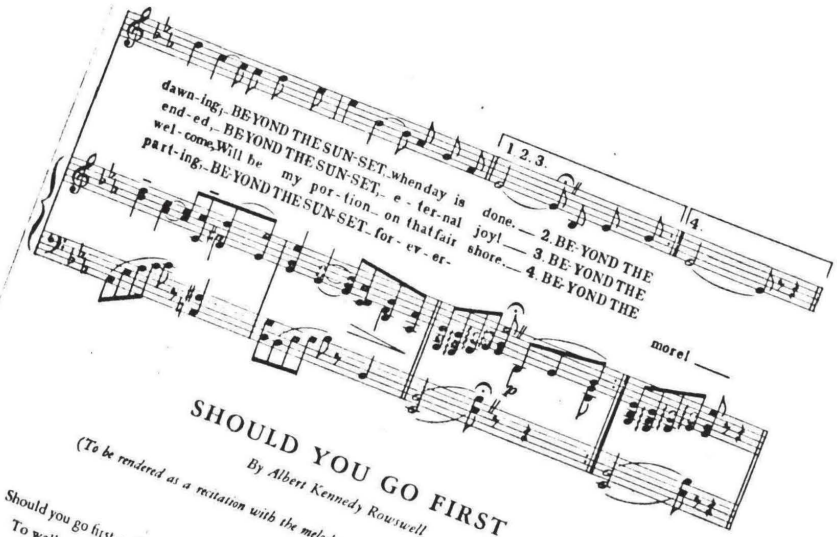
Moderately Slow *(sustained and with expression)*



Moderately Slow







SHOULD YOU GO FIRST

By Albert Kennedy Rowswell

(To be rendered as a recitation with the melody of BEYOND THE SUNSET as background)

Should you go first and I remain
To walk the road alone,
I'll live in memory's garden, dear,
With happy days we've known.
In Spring I'll watch for roses red,
When fades the lilac blue,
In early Fall when brown leaves call
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first and I remain
For battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the way
Will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,
Though blindly I may grope,
The memory of your helping hand
Will buoy me on with hope.

Should you go first and I remain
To finish with the scroll,
No length'ning shadows shall creep in
To make this life seem droll.
We've known so much of happiness,
We've had our cup of joy,
And memory is one gift of God
That death cannot destroy.

Should you go first and I remain,
One thing I'd have you do:
Walk slowly down that long, lone path,
For soon I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take
That I may walk the same,
For some day down that lonely road
You'll hear me call — your name.

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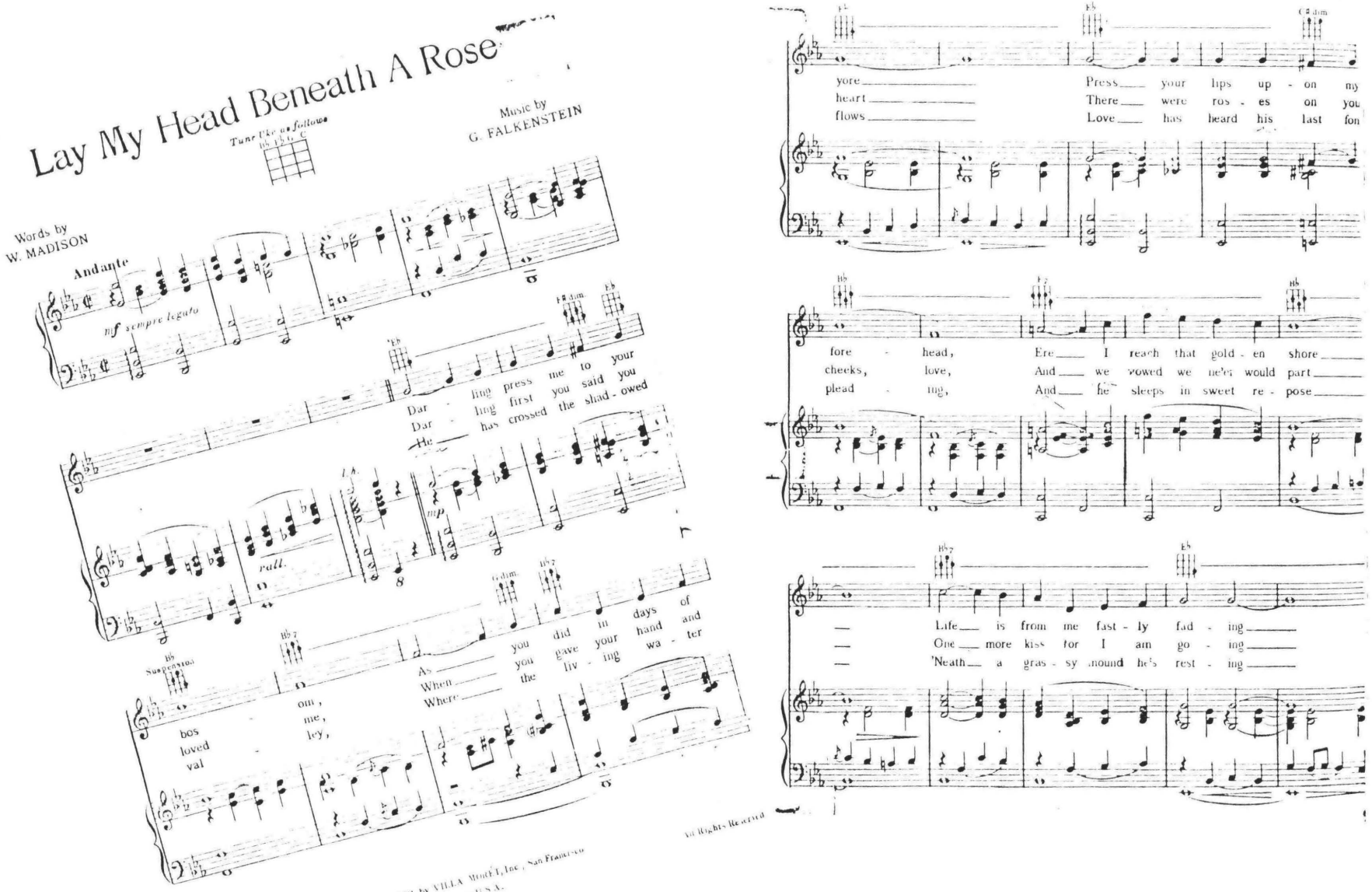
Lay My Head Beneath A Rose
Tune like as follows
Music by
G. FALKENSTEIN
Words by
W. MADISON
Andante
mf sempre legato
Dar - ling press me to your
Dar - ling first you said you
He has crossed the shad - owed
fore - head,
cheeks,
plead - ing,
Ere I reach that gold - en shore
And we vowed we ne'er would part
And he sleeps in sweet re - pose
rall.
mp
bos - om,
loved - me,
val - ley,
As you did in days of
When you gave your hand and
Where the liv - ing wa - ter
Life is from me fast - ly fad - ing
One more kiss for I am go - ing
'Neath a gras - sy mound he's rest - ing
yore
heart
flows
Press your lips up - on my
There were ros - es on you
Love has heard his last fon
Suspension
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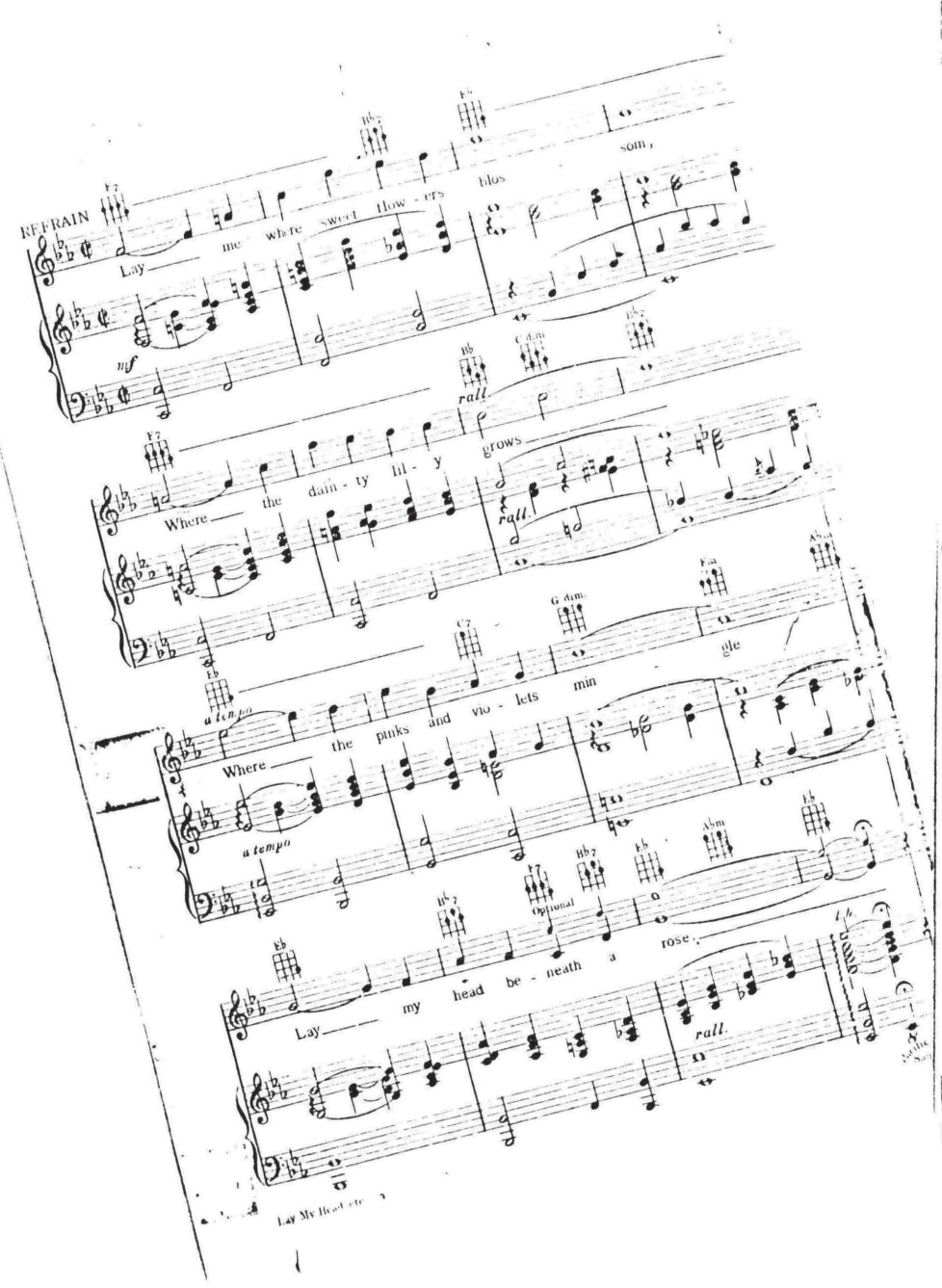
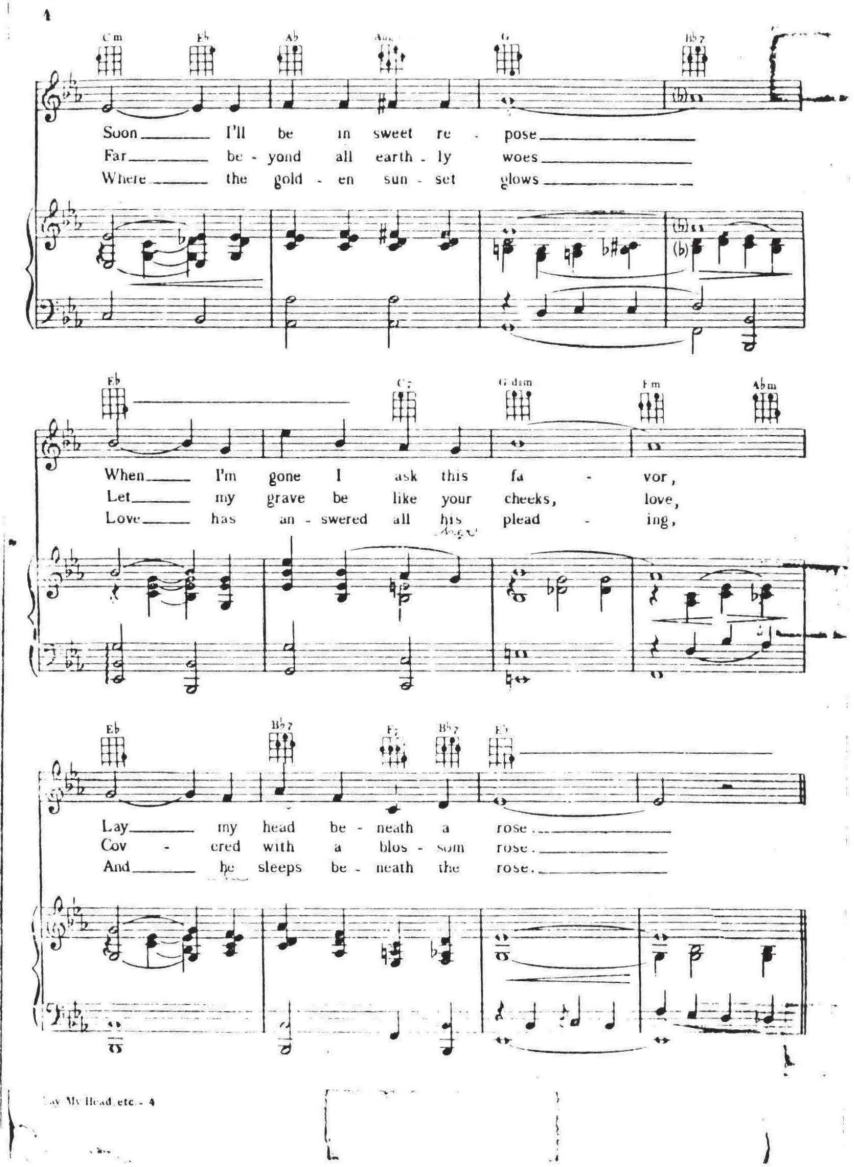

REFRAIN
Lay me where sweet flow - ers blos som,
Where the dain - ty lil - y grows
Where the pinks and vio - lets min gle
Lay my head be - neath a rose.
Lay My Head etc. - 3


Soon I'll be in sweet re - pose
Far be - yond all earth - ly woes
Where the gold - en sun - set glows
When I'm gone I ask this fa - vor,
Let my grave be like your cheeks, love,
Love has an - swered all his plead - ing,
Lay my head be - neath a rose.
Cov - ered with a blos - som rose.
And be sleeps be - neath the rose.
Lay My Head etc. - 4

FAMILY REUNIONS - TAYLOR STYLE

"Because all you need for a family reunion is to want to get together, anywhere that people gather to reminisce and swap stories, to eat and play, to shake hands and hug and kiss and to carve out a special time for reaching out to one another in a spirit of cohesion and love, it's a reunion. If you gather once a year, or every five years, or just every once in a while to reach out to one another in that individual way, then you like family reunions . . . A reunion is a forever time, a once upon a time, a time to gather stones together. In such a mobile time as this, a reunion is both motive and motif, with only minor variations on the sturdy family theme." Ladies Home Journal. August 1978.

The above quotation seemed to fit with the way the Taylor family enjoyed getting together and "reaching out to one another." So far there have been no written records uncovered of meetings before 1948, but fortunately we are a picture taking family and there is evidence and remembrances of reunions held long before that time. There is a picture that Maxine seems to remember being taken at a reunion at Aunt Ruth Johnson's house. From the ages of the children gawking demurely at the camera, the time seems to be about 1926 or 1927. Grandma Taylor is in the picture and as her death occurred in 1931 so the time is somewhere in the late 20's. There are other pictures showing reunions at Geneva (not the steel plant, you young 'uns!) with the Scott family, at Saratoga with the Allen family, and many of us have memories of reunions with cousins and uncles and aunts at the Hot Pots in Midway, several times at Saratoga, but our written record begins "The Taylor Reunion held July 31 through August 1, 1948, at Brighton, Big Cottonwood Canyon, Utah." It is headed as the "25th Annual Reunion" and we quote: "This reunion ushered in something new in the way of Taylor gatherings, that of having it a two-day affair. Although previously untried, on the whole this plan proved quite successful and was enjoyed by all.

Held Saturday, July 31, and Sunday, August 1, most families secured cabins for two days. A few others, unable to leave their jobs or to secure cabins, came up early Sunday morning in time to participate in the main reunion activities. Saturday, after establishing themselves in the various cabins, the family gathered at the Alpine Camping Grounds, just below Brighton proper. Much visiting and recreation was soon in evidence, mostly prominent in the line of recreation was horse shoe pitching which gathered quite a crowd of onlookers and advice givers. Late afternoon saw a wiener roast in progress, followed up by the roasting of marshmallows in the coals. All retired early for the sake of the young ones who needed some rest after a day of excitement.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. The family breakfasted in their various cabins and did not gather as a group until about 12 noon when they again assembled at the Alpine Camping Grounds for dinner, joined now by several members of the family who had arrived that morning. A delicious dinner was enjoyed by all and followed soon by a family program. Winston Dahlquist was the master of ceremonies.

1. Representing the Johnson family (Ruth) was August Johnson and his son-in-law Rex Kofford who sang an original number entitled "The Taylor Family Reunion" accompanied by themselves on the harmonica and guitar. A second number followed composed of a harmonica and guitar duet.

2. Sharon Jensen and Connie Childs (Della) then appeared representing the Jensen family by singing "Daisy, Daisy" and "Johnny" with the songs acted out.



REUNIONS!
With the Scotts, Allens, Taylors, and anyone else who wanted to come.

3. Scott Taylor told of his recent trip to California and of the sights and things done while visiting with his daughter Glenda at Seaside, California. He tells of the San Francisco Bridge, of the beautiful homes and scenery and later, of their visit to Yosemite National Park.

4. We were then favored with Lloyd and Karl Taylor singing "The House at the End of the Lane" after which Ruby Olson gave a history of Grandfather William Joseph Taylor, Jr.

5. Howard Bleak then took over with a soul-stirring pantomime drama of the dramatic courtship of Mary Taylor Dahlquist entitled "The Dairyman's Daughter" or "Faith Wins Out in the End."

Characters for the pantomime consisted of Ashael Dahlquist, patriarch by Joseph Taylor. Mary Taylor was played by Asheal Dahlquist, August Johnson was the villain and Galen Dahlquist and Russell Olson as the faithful horse. All were appropriately dressed for their parts.

6. Following the play, Richard Gunn recited "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe."

7. Virginia Worthington spoke a few words on how glad she was to be back visiting us from her home in Arlington, Virginia. She had her nine-months old daughter Patricia with her.

Candy was distributed by President Willard Olson all during the program and prizes for games played were given by Stan Gunn.

A business meeting under the direction of President Olson followed in which Mary Dahlquist was elected president of the Taylor family for the next three years. Joseph H. Taylor was elected secretary and treasurer. Scott Taylor was elected president of the 1949 reunion with Arlene Taylor appointed as secretary and treasurer.

The family reunion then broke up and most started for home, although many stayed to enjoy some hiking and a ride on the ski lift. A count of the numbers present from each family follows: Glen - 7; Mary - 15; Joe - 2; Scott - 7; Karl - 7; Della - 11; Ruth - 16; Ruby - 6; Will - 7; Frank - 0; Golden - 0."

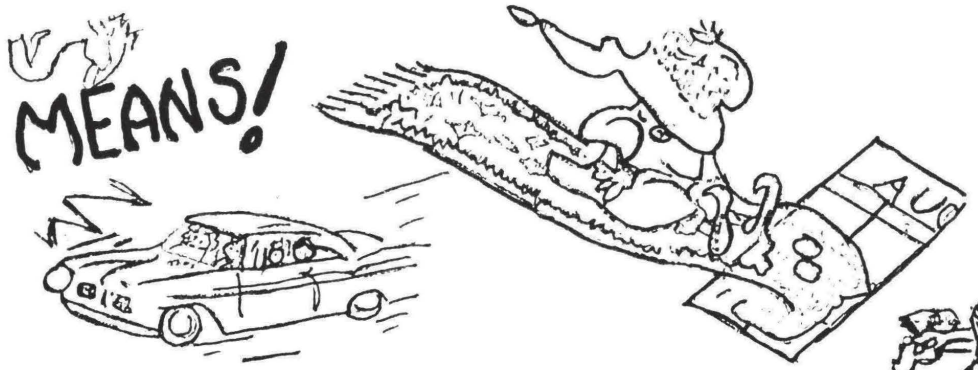
No reunion was held in 1949 due to the deaths of Ruth and Asael occuring so near to the reunion time. In 1950 during the reunion at Schneitter's Hot Pots, reference was made to an item in the Provo Herald by C. V. Hansen, known as "Once News, Now History." In the article he said that 25 years ago the William J. Taylor Family met August 5, 1930 at Geneva Resort with 57 members present. In 1951 we again met on August 5th at Schneitter's Hot Pots "overlooking the beautiful Wasatch Valley." This was billed as the 26th annual reunion. "At noon 125 family members and friends sat at long tables and enjoyed a sumptuous dinner. Each table was adorned with an exquisite bouquet of gladiolus sent as a token of his friendship by an old friend of the family, Chris Jepperson. A family portrait was taken of the group which had come various distances as Indiana, Brigham City, Salt Lake City, Murray, Heber, American Fork, Payson and Springville.

Let's take a skip through the years and see what we really did at those reunions we remember so vividly.

1952: The 27th annual reunion of the family of William Joseph and Abby Jane Scott Taylor was held Sunday, August 24, 1952, at Giles Ranch in Provo Canyon. A unique family quiz contest was conducted during the afternoon. Della T. Jensen won the prize.

1953: The descendants of the W. J. Taylor family met Sunday, August 2, at Saratoga Springs for the 28th annual reunion with Bishop Paul H. Taylor presiding.

COME BY ANY MEANS!





BY ALL MEANS
ATTEND
YOUR
REUNION!





Taylor Reunion at Schneitter's
Hot Pots in Midway in August 1951

1954: Eighty members in the Chinese Terra ce at Lagoon held the family of W. J. Taylor for the 29th annual reunion. Weldell Taylor was chairman, Weston Taylor and Margaret Holdaway were committee-people. "Things I Remember" was given by Aunt Ruby Olson, a vocal solo by Claudia Holdaway and a piano solo by Stephen Taylor comprised the program for this day.

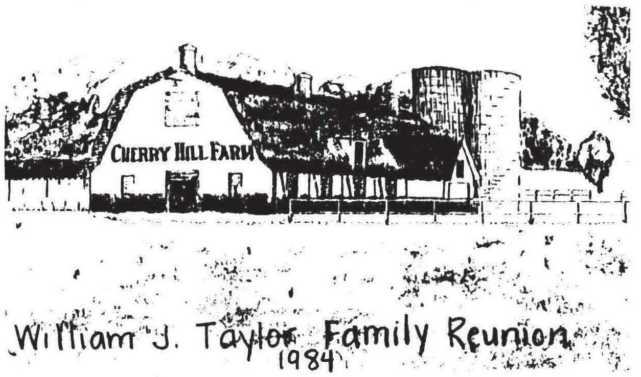
1956: The 30th annual reunion was held at Saratoga Resort. Lunch was served at noon, after which a business meeting was held on the west lawn. Nineteen births were recorded during the current year, and it was noted that the first great-great-grandchild of the Taylor family was present. He is the son of LeeAnn Loveless Feller Barney and was christened Tracy. (Flash to 1984: Tracy now has two children: T. J. and Kelsa.)

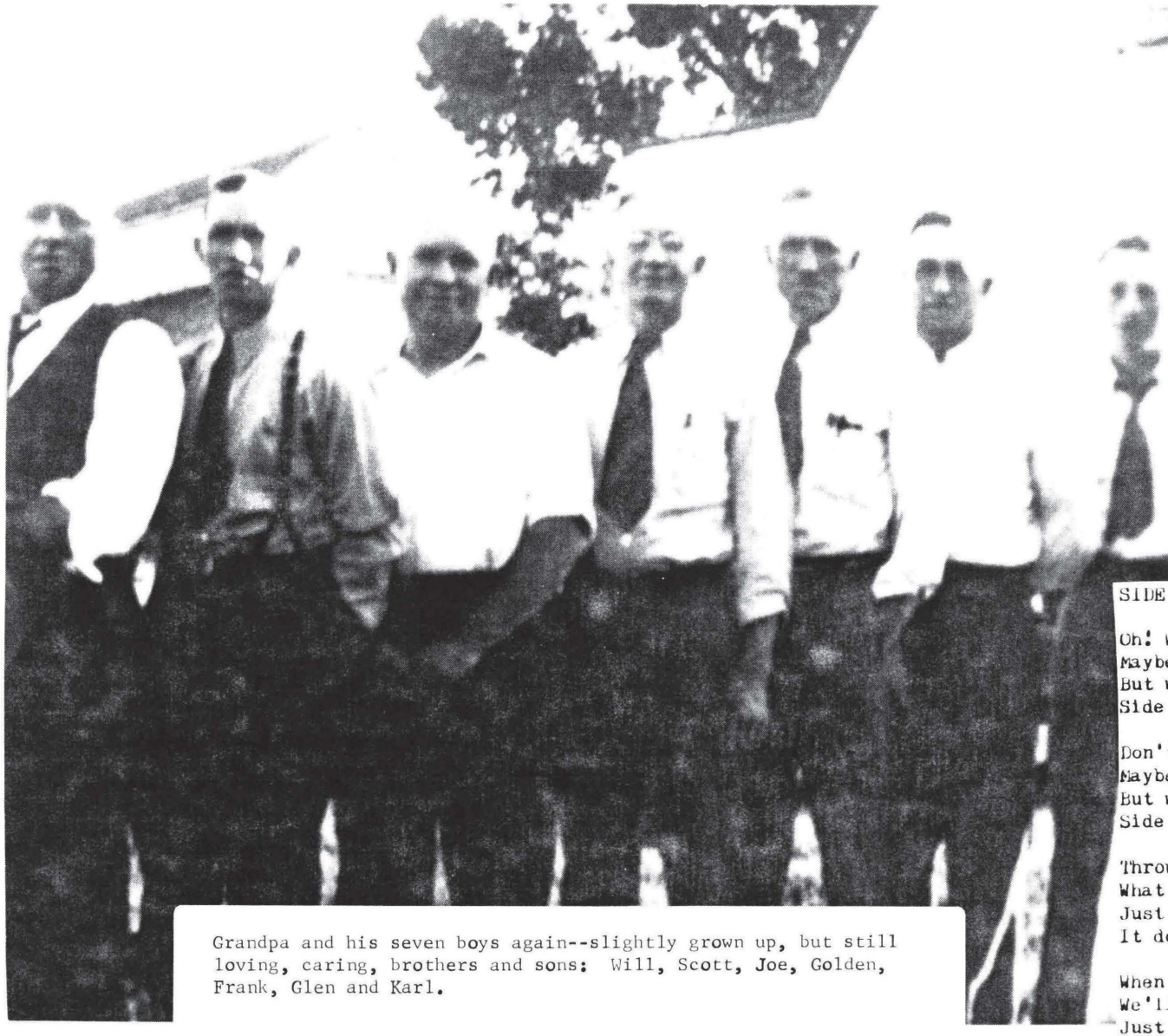
1958: The Taylor Reunion held August 3, 1958, was at Rotary Park in American Fork. Preston Taylor was in charge with Russell Olson assisting. The meeting was scheduled for 2 o'clock Saturday. Due to the fact that many came late and others left early, lunch was served on the installment plan. Then to make matters worse, a rainstorm came and everybody scattered without program or adieus. However, Lloyd Taylor was appointed chairman for 1959.

Somewhere, sometime after 1958, the minutes seem to have vanished, but our memories haven't let us forget those good times we had as children, growing up, marrying and bringing our own children to the William J. Taylor and Abby Jane Scott Taylor reunions. The older ones of grandma and grandpa's grandchildren have grown taller, rounder, greyer, smarter, and PROUDER - proud of the heritage of love for a family that as it has grown larger has still been the center of our activities for at least one day a year - THE TAYLOR REUNION, by tradition held on the Saturday closest to August 3rd which was Great-Grandma Bowring Taylor's birthday. And our common goal is to see that our children, grandchildren and now great-grandchildren will love to come to the reunions, too.

To quote from the Journal article given at the beginning of this chapter: "Letters, lockets, legal documents - so many lines to so many pieces of our collective pasts. If we do not acknowledge yesterday, what can we look forward to tomorrow? To know where we're going, it helps to know where we've been . . . How can you please everyone? You probably can't, so do what seems best and hope for the best; the results are very rewarding . . . The hard part is the ingredient that will make a reunion a success - common memories and traditions."

We'll see you at the 1990 Taylor Reunion - and five times inbetween! Make your plans, because we need to see you, to tell you that we love you, even if we only see you every ten years. You are a Taylor, and that makes you special!





Grandpa and his seven boys again--slightly grown up, but still loving, caring, brothers and sons: Will, Scott, Joe, Golden, Frank, Glen and Karl.

A reunion at Saratoga with Grandpa and his 11 children all present: Ruth, Grandpa, Mary; Will, Scott, Frank, Della, Glen, Ruby, Karl, Joe and Golden



SIDE BY SIDE

Oh! We ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along--Singin' a song--
Side by Side.

Don't know what's comin' tomorrow,
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,
But we'll travel the road, Sharin' our load--
Side by Side.

Through all kinds of weather
What if the sky should fall--
Just as long as we're together,
It doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their quarrels and parted
We'll be the same as we started,
Just travelin' along--Singin' a song--
Side by Side.

SWEET DREAMS SWEETHEART

Goodnight, sleep tight, I'll see you along the way
in dreams, Sweet Dreams, Sweet Heart.
May angels up above watch over you and keep you safe,
my love, until the dawn breaks thru.
Goodnight, sweet dreams, tomorrow's another day;
Goodnight, Sweet Dreams, Sweet Heart.

THE GLORY OF LOVE

You've got to give a little, take a little
And let your poor heart break a little;
That's the story of, That's the glory of Love.

You've got to laugh a little, cry a little,
Before the clouds roll by a little;
That's the story of, That's the glory of love.

As long as there's the two of us--
We've got the world and all its charms.
And when the world is through with us
We've got each other's arms.

You've got to win a little, lose a little,
And always have the blues a little;
That's the story of, That's the Glory of Love

IT'S ONLY A SHANTY

It's only a shanty in old shanty town,
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground;
But my tumbled down shack, By an old railroad track
Like a millionaire's mansion, is calling me back.

I'd give up a palace if I were a king,
It's more than a palace, it's my everything.
There's a queen waiting there with a silvery
In a shanty in old Shanty Town.

As long as there's the two of us--
We've got the world and all its charms.
And when the world is through with us
We've got each other's arms.

You've got to win a little, lose a little,
And always have the blues a little,
That's the story of, That's the Glory of Love.

JUNE IN JANUARY

It's June in January because I'm in love;
It always is Spring in my heart, with you in my arms.
The snow is just white blossoms that fall from above,
And here is the reason my dear, your magical charms--
The night is cold--the trees are bare
But I can feel the scent of roses in the air,
It's June in January, because I'm in love,
But only because I'm in love with you.

SHADOW WALTZ

In the shadows let me come and sing to you,
Let me dream a song that I can bring to you;
Take me in your arms and let me cling to you,
Let me linger long, let me live my song.

In the winter let me bring the Spring to you,
Let me feel that I mean every thing to you;
Love's old song will be new,
In the shadows when I come and sing to you,dear
In the shadows when I come and sing to you.

THE FAMILY OF WILLIAM JOSEPH TAYLOR, JR.
F. Willis Taylor, president
W. Russel Olson, treasurer

July 12, 1983

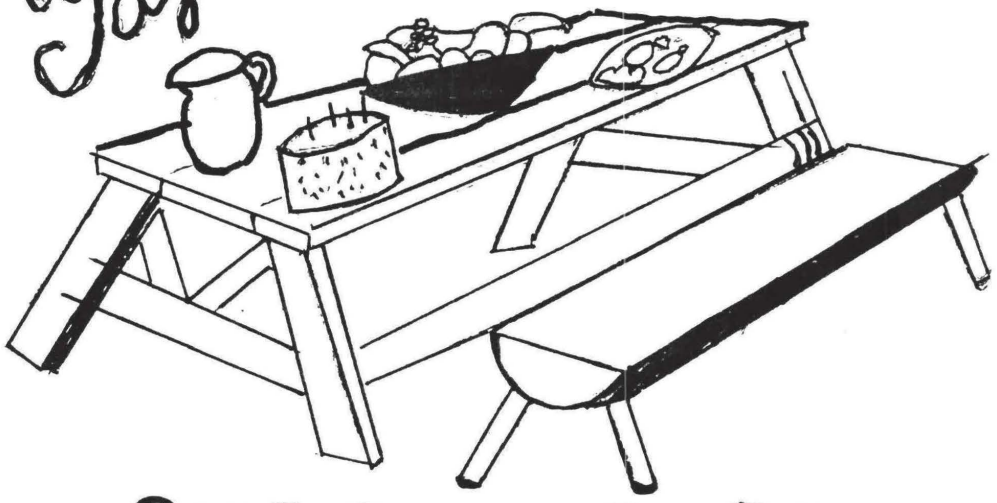
Dear Cousin,

You were notified earlier of the annual William J. Taylor, Jr. Reunion which would be held August 6, 1983 at the Lagoon Amusement Park. You were promised details later, and H .....E.....RE.....they.....are:

1. Our reunion will be held in the Tangerine Terrace. A large printed sign will tell you when you found the right place. The reunion will be officially functioning from 1 PM to 8 PM, but dinner and the al-to-getherness time will be 5 P.M. Plan your time there to fit the convenience of your family, but PLEASE be with us at 5 P.M.! And there will be any number of us just waiting to visit with you anytime during the afternoon. Remember: THE TANGERINE TERRACE. Bring your dinner to eat with us at 5 P.M.

REUNION

Taylor Family Special



SMORGASBORD

AUGUST 2 - Thursday 5-9 P.M.

Murray Park - 5177 So. State

Menu -
Fried Chicken
Salads
Cakes and Cookies

"Let's pool our food for one table and try all the good cooks in the Family"

Free: Drinks-Relishes-Rolls

Above menu is suggested by Committee as one to please all.
Bring your choice of salads; Out of Town Folks
Potato or Macaroni - Nearby Folks
Jello or Tossed Variety!
Book of Remembrance display and workshop - Come Early!
Good Program - - - - Stay Late!

BE A SPORT * SUPPORT YOUR FAMILY