

WILLIAM WELDON TAYLOR

William W. Taylor lived a rich, pure life; one particularly rich for others in that it was one of service. For the greater number of his 54 years, his every act bore evidence of a keen adjustment to his fellow men. So often in his home, in his church affiliations or in his business, he would forego pleasures of his own, and so many times actually reduce his financial earning power through giving aid to someone in need. His life truly was one of giving. Selfishness never found a home in the soul of Will Taylor. Consideration of others characterized this great man whom everyone loved so well. It has been said that people who criticized Bishop Taylor did not know him. And one can say that there were few who did not know him.

He was born December 9, 1883, in the Second Ward of Provo, the eldest son of William Joseph and Abby Jane Scott Taylor. The thoughtful guidance of his good parents played an outstanding role in shaping the character of Will Taylor. Those enviable qualities of this wonderful man; those personality traits that constituted his individuality, originated in part from the heritage of his good parents and the environment which they created in their home. Both of them were instrumental in developing his lasting fine qualities.

Shortly before his brother, Scott A. Taylor, passed away April 20, 1962, he made these comments about Will: "I remember him as a little boy with big freckles and curly hair. When he was very young he had typhoid fever which nearly cost him his life. He had a mind of his own and when a decision was made nothing could change it. Ed Hinckley said he was an outstanding student at B. Y. U."

As a boy his playmates knew him for his fairness in play; they remembered him for his love of his mother and father, for his kindness to his brothers and sisters and for his respect and thoughtfulness for the aged. At an early age he began the growth of sharing with others; of living unselfishly for the sake of others. These admiral qualities continued to grow to such heights that they characterized his rich, full life.

He lived with his family in their simple dwelling in Provo for 15 years. At that time, they moved to Vineyard on the Shadrack Holdaway ranch. This ranch was later known to us as the Harry Gammon farm. The family remained there for about five years. They then moved to Lake View where Will lived for the remainder of his life. The place was purchased from J. J. Dillitush. It had belonged before that to George Scott, Senior.

According to Scott A., Will was largely responsible for the family's leaving Provo and moving to Vineyard in 1904, and was in favor of buying the George C. Scott property which later became Cherry Hill Dairy Farm.

June 26, 1907, was a memorable day in the life of Will Taylor. At that time he married a lovely young girl, Nora Johnson, whose character so complemented his as to make her an ideal mate for him. They were known to be sweethearts always. June 30, 1908, their first child, a son named Weldon Johnson, was born. Approximately three years later their home was blessed with a lovely little daughter, Virginia, born February 23, 1911.

When he was called on a mission in 1912, Will's home was in a turmoil. Little Virginia was very ill; it looked as if they might lose her, but his ever-kindled faith in his religion caused him to accept the call even against the wishes of his own mother. Through his faith, things at home were made normal.

In speaking of Will's mission at his funeral, Dean Johnson said, "It was my privilege to visit the same Australian mission in which Uncle Will served, and to visit with some of the old people who were once associated with him. I can remember how they would bring out their

albums and show the pictures of the various elders, and they would pause and exclaim at Uncle Will's picture, 'What a fine man he was!' It was in the homes of these people that I learned to appreciate the life of a real missionary."

While in Australia, Will was honored as very few missionaries are, in that he was appointed by President Hyde to serve as mission president. This calling, which he filled for almost a year, was an unusual challenge, but the richness of his life up to that time enabled him to fill it admirably. Though young in years, he was experienced in life's affairs. He was known always to be true and fair in his decisions.

He was always intensely interested in dairying. After moving to Cherry Hill Farm he was actively engaged in that activity. His first business entry was in about 1908 when he operated the Lake View Dairy jointly with George Scott.

It was Will's idea, a few years later, to organize the dairy known as "Cherry Hill" which he operated in conjunction with his father and brothers. Later it was dissolved as a family unit and Will continued to own and operate this business until his death in 1938, which made a total of 30 years he spent dairying.

The operation of the dairy was carried on at the Lake View farm until 1925 when he purchased the site and constructed the new building just off center street Fourth West in Provo, where his dairy products were prepared for and disbursed for distribution.

It is possible that this business would have dissolved under other supervision. It was an up-hill job, but Will was always a "sticker." No one can completely know how he struggled to make a success of it or of the un-numbered hours that he spent at the dairy alone at night while others were sleeping. He plodded early and late, pushing forward to achieve his objectives. He was apparently a firm believer of the adage, "A quitter never wins; a winner never quits." His tremendous initiative and determination were instrumental in causing the business to grow to the status that it did, at one time reaching into Utah, Wasatch, Juab, Sanpete and Millard counties. Anyone interested in dairying has cause to admire the many things that he did. He was first to bring in registered Holstein cattle. He bought the first Calfway milker in Utah County. He was first to introduce creamed cottage cheese into this area. He was always ready to accept a new challenge.

Will was always one to look on the bright side of things. If there was just a ray of hope he so enthusiastically strove with that dim glow as a stimulus, that the goal was invariably achieved. It was said at his funeral that he was one who would take any position and carry the office to the credit of his constituents and to himself. He was a student and a hard worker.

In 1915, just after his return from the Austrailian mission, and at the young age of 31, he was chosen Bishop of the Lake View Ward. In this office he was tolerant, sympathetic, kind-hearted to all and was careful to weigh and consider his decisions. He served in this calling for 13 years, which speaks adequately of his ability. For a man so young to command the respect and admiration of his elders is certainly an accomplishment of merit. The records on file enumerate his many accomplishments. One of them was the amusement hall of the old Lake View church which was constructed under his supervision while he served as Bishop. On this project he worked untiringly for months and months.

Sustained to help him in his endeavors as Bishop were Will Goodridge and August Johnson, first and second counselors respectively. Later, Will Goodridge was released and August succeeded him as first counselor, with P. W. Madson, Jim Nuttall and Spencer Madsen acting as second counselor for varying lengths of time during the remainder of the 13 year period.

Some of Will's associates felt that he had a general conception of everything. Unlike many educated people, his knowledge and wisdom were not just in one area. They seemed to extend to almost every field. He had a general conception of the various stages of life which made him a man of great wisdom. Jim Nuttall said of his association with Will in the bishopric, "Sometimes I would go home from Bishop's meeting marveling, and let me say to you people that there never was a bishop who was more sincere, who was more desirous of doing good and of doing service than the bishop you have lost. It seemed as though this man could almost talk with God, and when he thought through the problems of this ward, he thought them through for the soul purpose of rendering the most good to those concerned."

On June 27, 1915, a second son, Paul Hector, named for one of his father's missionary companions, Hector Haight, came to bless the home of Will and Nora.

Though he was always very busy, Will was never too involved to devote time to others. He was first to visit the sick. Someone has said he was called to administer to the sick more than any other one man in the ward at that time. He loved to do it because he thought he might be helping. That was his unselfish goal. The scripture "He who is greatest among you is servant of all," has been aptly used in connection with his life of service.

As a result of their long, close association, August and Will became very close and learned to love and appreciate one another. August has been quoted as having said that he learned to love Will like a brother, and Will frequently expressed his great appreciation of August. They shared a great number of precious experiences. During the terrible flu epidemic in 1918, they spent much time together visiting the sick. Help was hard to get because people were afraid. The area which they served was not just Lake View alone. It knew no boundaries. There were cold winter nights when homes were saddened by death and hearts were broken by loss of loved ones. Together they visited these homes and offered help and encouragement to families who were beset by this plague. They were never fearful of catching the disease. They would put their white masks over their faces and go in and help whomever needed it. It is felt that it was at this time that so many people learned to love Will and August for the unselfish service that they rendered.

It has been said by at least one person that Will was too honest and too considerate of others to be a business man. He practiced his religion in his daily dealings. When his milk customers were unable to pay for their milk he rarely cut them off. His heart was too big; their problems were too well understood. When a friend became ill, without an order he would see to it that buttermilk was left by the delivery boy. Or to some family in need he would send milk daily with orders to the delivery man not to collect. The story is told of one who had done ill against him in business and who became distressed, then came to Will who gave him assistance and furnished him with the necessities of life. These deeds characterized the life of this man. He truly lived his religion.

"He was always considerate of others." This statement has been made by many who knew Will. His ability to consider others was far above the usual ability of one man to consider another; his wisdom was far beyond that of the average individual. Many went to him for help and for his judgement on different occasions. Young and old remember him for his sound advice. He was a father to many who sought him for aid, and he was always ready to give it.

Will was known to some as an ideal conversationalist. His outstanding attribute in this was that he was a good listener. He would always let the other person have his say, moreover, he would give prominence to what he said. One always felt his place in the world after chatting with him. He was appreciative of others' talents; he saw good in others.

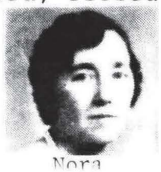
Patience was a developed habit of his. He never acted hastily; his consideration of others predominated

his every move. He always made it a point to thank those who helped him. Perhaps those who were close to him during his short illness realized this most. Though he was in part unconscious when the elders last administered to him he signaled his appreciation to them through eye and arm movement. His friends were always glad to do something for this man who had developed the fine art of appreciation.

One of the more important activities of Will's life was participation in the Taylor quartet. The original group was composed of Will, Scott and Joseph Taylor and August Johnson. They sang at graveside services during the flu epidemic. If an actual count were made of the manytimesWillsangwith the quartetandwiththechoir, or the many times he spoke in religious circles, or the many times he prayed to God in behalf of his people, the figure would be an astounding one. Many people have been comforted and made to feel better by having heard him speak or sing. He was a member of the quartet for 30 years.

As a member of the old Provo Tabernacle Choir, Will frequently conducted the group in the absence of Adolph Boshard, choir leader. Will was also choir leader in the ward and a good one. He had an active organization with weekly practices. According to Clara they sang at sacrament meetings and had concerts, parties and outings.

One of the very most important phases of his life was his family. Other children arrived - Margaret on June 2, 1917; Richard Sward on April 21, 1919; Phillip Royden, January 7, 1921; Robert William, December 28, 1924. Due to his many responsibilities in church and business, Will was unable to spend as much time as he would have loved to spend with his family, but he was very proud of and concerned for the welfare of each one as he or she came along with individual personalities and accomplishments. His wonderful companion, Nora, filled in the gap with the children.



Nora

Clara tells an incident of when Nora and Will lived at the Hopkins house: "One evening when Weldon was about three years old, his mother sent him over to the dairy to get a bottle of milk. When he was returning he crawled under the fence that surrounded the barns. The barbed wire fence caught on to his shirt and held him tight. Nora, seeing his plight true Mother fashion, started to run to his rescue, but Will said, 'No, stay here. Let's just see what he will do.' Of course Weldon wriggled until he got loose."

Clara also tells of Will's sense of humor: "One day I had put Afton (about 15 months of age) out in a play pen on the lawn at the Hy Scott house. I was busy in the house and when I went out to get her, she was gone. To make bad matters worse, a group of gypsies had been begging in the ward that morning. I was sure they had my baby - then Will brought her home. He was going to town and just picked her up." Clara says further, "Will loved to read. Rushed as he was, he would often stop at our place with some interesting article he felt we too would enjoy reading. He was devoted to Nora and during her last illness would drive home every day at about 11 o'clock to help make her day a little brighter."

Probably the greatest burden that Will bore was Nora's illness, though like all other of his problems he took it "chin up." Victor Bird said at his funeral, "I have never found him outwardly disturbed by the problems that confronted him. He exercised a calmness that few men can under strain, yet I know how concerned he was about his responsibilities."

Nora had been ill for some time, had undergone surgery and underwent more surgery when Paul was leaving for the Australian mission in January of 1935, yet she and Will, true to their faith, were both anxious that he go. Words are not adequate to express what they must have felt at that time. Neither can words express the grief and loneliness that Will experienced when later that same year, November 16, 1935, the devoted companion who had meant so much to him for so long was called away. It has

been felt by those nearest to him that he never actually found himself after Nora's passing.

Chris Jeppeson said at Will's funeral, "Just a day or two less than two months ago, I was in a garage in Provo, and someone walked up and touched me on the shoulder, and said, "Hello, Chris." Of course, I turned around, but I knew who it was before I turned around. It was Will to say a few commonplace remarks. Will walked over to his car and drove out. Two or three days later I learned that he was very sick. I went down and talked to him, and he said he felt that he was going to come out of it all right. It was the hand of fate and all we could do was to bow our heads and say to God, 'Thy will be done.'" He died on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1938.

Will's life was a very crowded one. He utilized every moment. His accomplishments were many. He served as a member of the High Council of the Sharon Stake and at the time of his death was energetically engaged in religious, social and business connections. The experience of his youth had taught him to hold to that which is good and the fact that he was doing those things just previous to his passing is indicative of his not having deviated from his goal.

He was a wonderful man. We are better for having known him.

Clara Taylor wrote a few lines at the time of his passing which are included here:

TO UNCLE WILL

His work is done - his tired head
Is resting from earthly cares,
He has gone to meet his loving mate
He has climbed <u>his</u> flight of stairs.

And though this parting seems unjust
I think we all agree,
That he accomplished more in his short life,
Than some do in eternity.

You would never hear him boast
Or brag of anything he had,
But of his "children" and "just so,"
He was truly very proud.

Note: In publishing this history we express sincere appreciation and thanks to Morris Clinger, Dean Johnson, Chris Jeppeson, Jim Nuttall, Victor Bird, Scott A. and Clara Taylor and August Johnson for some of the thoughts and ideas expressed.

Alene K. Taylor



MARY TAYLOR DAHLQUIST

In writing a history of a person who is near and dear to one, it is not always possible to include all the incidents in that person's life that other people might recall. I'm sure that everyone who knew mother or came into her life, left taking with them some small part of her personality for she was that kind of person. Her love of people made them love her. So in writing these few thoughts, I hope each of you will augment them with your own memories of her.

On October 8, 1885, at Provo, Utah, there was born to William Joseph and Abby Jane Scott Taylor, the second child and first daughter, who was to be named Mary. In time six brothers and three sisters were added to this family group.

The W. J. Taylor home was then located at approximately 610 West 100 South in Provo and in later years, Mary was to build the home where she was to spend the rest of her years, immediately west of the family home the address being 658 West 100 South.

It might be mentioned here that the huge Bur Oak tree now growing on the original family lot, stands as a fitting tribute to this pioneer family. Mother often told of the care this tree received and then of its being transplanted to its present location, Scott being called to hold the small branches straight as it was being moved. The tree was originally planted by William Joseph and Mary Bowring Taylor when they came to Provo and homesteaded this plot of land. They lived here until 1874 when William Joseph Taylor died. On October 18, 1954, a marker was placed on the tree by the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

Mary Taylor was blessed November 5, 1885, by Jorgen Hansen and baptized on October 21, 1893, by Lars L. Nelson and confirmed by Walter Scott.

At the age of six she entered the Franklin School and in September of 1898 she was a student in the 8th grade at the Parker Schools where her teachers were S. P. Eggertsen, W. S. Rawlings, A. C. Swenson and J. M. Jensen.

The family moved to Vineyard in 1904 where they lived one year. In addition to a large, growing family, Grandmother Mary Bowring Taylor lived with her son and his wife until the time of her death. I have often heard mother tell of brushing and combing Grandmother Bowring's long auburn hair. Then it was braided and coiled about her head. This was a tedious process for a small girl. Also she told of washing and ironing the many thick petticoats. These were so long and full that they had to be laid on the ground and scrubbed, then laid out to dry. Every afternoon Abby Jane made a beverage called "composition," evidently a chocolate derivative. This was served to Great-grandmother Taylor in a small, fragile cup kept entirely for this purpose. Mother and Aunt Ruth were eager to taste, but none of them were ever allowed to.

In order to finish her education when the family moved to Vineyard, Mary lived in one small room in the family home in Provo. She kept herself warm with a small pot-bellied stove and walked to and from the University where she was from school in order to pass a certain fellow who might ask her to a dance, because she didn't have clothing for such events.

She loved school and achieved scholastically. While at the Parker School, she was entered in a state wide penmanship contest and she received second place. She had a great gift for expression and her themes are still as vital today as when they were written. She had the distinction of having an essay on "The Banyon Tree" published in the year book at the Y.

The Second Ward provided many fine friends and experiences during this period of her life. She sang in a

girls' sextette which was composed of Ascha Eggertsen, Vesta Eggertsen, Eliza (Lyde) Broberg, Louise and Ethel Scott - these girls together with Essie Reese, Pearl Thatcher and Maud Dunn spent their Sunday afternoons visiting first one home and then another. They used to use the color from artificial flowers on their hats to give color to their cheeks. She tells of being at the Scott home so often that Aunt Lyde turned the mirror to the wall so they couldn't continue their primping.

She continued at the Y until she became ill and was forced to leave school and go to live with her family, who had by this time, moved to Lakeview where they had established the Cherry Hill Dairy. While living here in 1907, she was ice skating on Utah Lake and received a very bad fall. She was helped up by a tall, thin lad from Provo named Carl Asael Dahlquist.

Such was the beginning of a romance that was to find Asael driving night after night through the thick mud in his horse and buggy in order to see Mary. Asael was living in Provo at this time.

Mary and Asael were married June 17, 1908, in the Salt Lake Temple by John H. Winder. That evening a huge wedding supper was given in their honor in the Lake View Ward Hall - a wedding supper which consisted of volumes of fried chicken as well as pies and home-made ice cream. Mother's wedding dress was of her own construction, being made of sheer batiste. It had 34 yards of lace on it, all sewed on by hand. I have heard my parents tell of the terrible thunder storm that came up during the wedding reception and which caused the death of many horses by lightning.

The young couple had little chance to begin housekeeping as Asael received a call to serve as an LDS missionary to Sweden, the land of his parents' birth. Asael left Provo on July 23rd and after spending a day in Salt Lake being set apart and receiving instructions, he went by train to Boston where he sailed August 1, 1908, on the S. S. Republic for Liverpool.

Mother, because of the legibility of her handwriting was offered employment in the City Recorder's Office under Lars L. Nelson. She worked here for two years receiving one dollar a day for her work. In order to save money and also in order to be near her work since her family was in Lake View, she lived with the Dahlquist family. Going to and from her work she had to pass the Lisonbee store which was filled with beautiful china pieces - and knowing mother's love for such things, it is no wonder that a dollar or two found its way into the store and mother became the proud possessor of some fine china. But she diligently saved her money so that she might be able to go to Sweden at the end of Asael's mission. She was successful in her efforts and on June 25, 1910, she sailed on the S. S. Megantic for Liverpool. Lena Dahlquist, Asael's older sister, was her traveling companion.

She spent six months in Sweden doing missionary work, providing the music for meetings and she also met many of the Dahlquist family still in Sweden.

Upon Asael's release, they returned to the States and settled in the small cottage located on the southwest corner of the Cherry Hill farm. Here Hal and Mary were born. Asael was working at the Dairy and these were indeed happy days.

Grandfather Taylor gave the couple a piece of property located on the western portion of his 100 South property and Asael, C. A. Tolboe and members of the family began construction of a home on this site. While awaiting its completion, mother and father moved into the Taylor family home. It was while they were living here that the home was consumed by tragic fire and the next few months were spent living in a tent at the rear of the charred home. When their home was partially completed they moved into Provo and here their roots became firmly implanted. It was also here that four other children were born, Carlyle, Winston, Rosalind and Gaylen. In names selected for the children, mother's love of literature is seen - Hal is taken from the White Indian Boy; Carlyle, from Thomas Carlyle; Winston named for Winston Churchill;

Rosalind, taken from Shakespeare's As You Like It; Gaylen came from a Salt Lake Attorney.

It was not long before the couple were actively working in the Second Ward. Mother served as Literary Leader in the Relief Society for 25 years; she taught MIA, Religion Class and worked as a genealogical censor in addition to playing the organ and singing in the choir.

Mother completed a Red Cross Home Nursing Course and she devoted many hours in caring for the sick. She was always the first one in the neighborhood and the family to be called whenever sickness arose. She and father worked side by side during the terrible flu epidemic when so many fine people lost their lives.

The Dahlquist home became a family gathering place, not only because of its central location to celebrations and church activities, but because of mother's great hospitality. Quarterly Conference, with only one stake in this area at that time, meant all the grandparents for dinner, along with any of the other relatives who were in attendance. We children came to know that these days were "second table" days. Then there were also those times when we never knew just where we would find ourselves sleeping in the morning, since we were moved if someone else needed a bed. She had a small metal cot which could be opened out to make a fairly large sized bed and many mornings we found ourselves all snuggly tucked in like six little sausages. I especially recall the visits of Aunt Rebecca Tracy and her son. They visited mother often, but I don't recall getting to know them very well.

Just how mother managed financially has always been a mystery to me. She could concoct a wholesome, appetizing meal out of what seemed to be an empty larder. I am sure that all of her children will recall seeing her monthly shopping list. It was an accumulation over the month of small items which she would purchase on her first-of-the-month trip to town. These items included Cuticura soap, darning cotton, needles, etc. The weekly fifty cent lean beef boil which we purchased at Hindmarsh market was stretched way beyond belief.

As the family grew, two more rooms were added to the back of the original home, thus giving two rooms also in the basement.

It is wondrous to recall the enormous batches of bread that came from the old coal stove; of the huge batches of washing that were hung out, line after line all during the day; of those days when the magic of Mrs. Clemens prevailed as she came to spend the complete day sewing. Yes, the clothing was all made over from hand-me-downs, but what beautiful creations they became under Mrs. Clemens deft fingers. I know mother enjoyed these days with this Swedish seamstress and I cannot, as yet, see just how so much was accomplished in these few hours of sewing.

Mother had many fine friends and received much enjoyment from belonging to the Social Art Club, Alice Louise Reynolds, the Belle Mere Club and the Mary Cecelia group during its existence.

For many years she worked in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers holding nearly all the various offices. From 1932 to 1936 she served as Captain of the Utah County Central Company. During her presidency, three markers were erected and all the relics were catalogued and labeled when they were moved to the Pioneer Museum on 500 West. Mother and Rose Hardy Farrer (a cousin) were instrumental in seeing that our pioneer relics were preserved and opened to the public.

She felt that education was paramount and she saw that her children were provided opportunities for advanced study. I don't recall any specific method of discipline that she used, but she must have had much wisdom and patience for I recall little confusion or rebellion among the six of us.

I am in possession of a water color painting of Mt. Timpanogas which was awarded to mother at a Provo

Merchant's outing at Geneva when she was adjudged the prettiest redhead. She always maintained that her red hair came from the Bowring side of the family.

Three of her boys served on missions - Hal to Sweden and Carlyle and Winston both served in the North Central States. When World War II broke out she sent Gaylen, just 18, to the Pacific and Winston to Europe. Rosalind's husband, Harold, also went to the Pacific and Carlyle later served in the Central Dental Corps.

On a hot August 5, 1949, during his vacation period, father suffered a heart attack from which he never recovered. The year previous he had suffered a bad stomach attack and it was only through mother's nursing care and knowledge that he obtained relief. She had also seen him through pneumonia and small pox and her children through everything from asthma to rheumatic fever.

Father's death took its toll of mother's vitality, but she was bolstered by her brothers and sisters and her own family. In 1953 she was crippled with arthritis and walking became a painful experience for her.

It was early on the morning of March 27, 1957, that she called us saying that she was afraid she had had a heart attack. We did get help for her at the hospital but she was not to stay with us for long. She was buried March 30, 1957, services being held at the Berg Drawing Room and she was laid to rest beside father in the Provo City Cemetery.

A long period after her death, we found small bits of paper tucked in her belongings and her books on which were written choice words of philosophy or poetry that had meaning for her. This was so characteristic of her personality.

Mother's loves were many - her parents, her brothers and sisters and she was especially proud of the Taylor and Scott heritage - her children and grandchildren - good books, good music, in fact anything beautiful. But above all, she loved people and our lives have certainly been enriched by her presence here on earth.

Mary Dahlquist Gunn



Mary Taylor Dahlquist



SCOTT ANDREW TAYLOR

Scott Andrew Taylor, son of William Joseph and Abby Jane Scott Taylor was born on April 11, 1887, at Provo, Utah. When he was but a few months old his father left to fulfill a mission in the Southern States. While he was away, Scott became very ill with chills and fever - it was said he could not live, but Grandmother Taylor said that at grandfather's testimonial before he left for his mission, Bishop Loveless had said, "Brother Taylor, you will fill and honorable mission and return to find all the members of your family in good health." Mother Taylor believed in that prediction and her little son did recover. Some months after that, Joe was born. Mother Taylor has told me of the struggle she had while Father Taylor was absent. Try to visualize her alone with four little ones and barely enough food to exist on and all the other problems. As young as Scott was, he remembered his father's return.

When Scott was eight years of age, he bought a pony at the stray pound for $4.25. From that day forward he earned his own way. He drove cattle for all the neighbors - from the 2nd ward pasture and brought them home each evening from April to October. He thinned beets and picked fruit and helped with all the farm work which limited his attendance at school. When he was about 17 years old he went to work for J. C. Ferrin in his meat market. Later he worked for Ralph Poulton as delivery boy at his grocery store at $5.00 a week for twelve hours a day. In this way he became acquainted with nearly all of Provo's people. While at school he was an avid base-ball player, being pitcher for the Franklin School. These boys were champions of Utah.

He graduated from the Franklin School in 1905, and went to the B. Y. U. for one year. Later he was pitcher for Provo City's first line team for two years. He stayed in Provo two years after the family moved to Vineyard in 1905 and continued working for Mr. Poulton. In 1907 the family bought the old George C. Scott farm in Lake View, later known as Cherry Hill Dairy.

He was called to the Australian mission in 1909 where he labored in Melbourne and Perth, West Australia. He left Perth on January 2, 1912. He completed a trip around the world visiting India, Ceylon, Bombay, Egypt, Cairo, Port Said, Naples, Rome, Southern France, Toulon, Gibraltar, Lisbon Portugal, then to South Hampton England and London. While in London he made arrangements to make the Atlantic crossing on the maiden voyage of the Titanic which was to sail April 10, 1912, with Captain Smith. Then he went to Paris and fortunately other arrangements were made and he sailed on the Mauretainia and arrived home April 22, 1912.

On February 26, 1913, he married Clara Madsen in the Salt Lake L.D.S. Temple. They first lived in the Frank Hopkins house, later in the Hyrum Scott house where Afton and Glenda were born. In November, 1918, they moved to the Goodridge farm where they lived for seven years. Here Weston was born. In 1925 they moved to their new home where they lived until their deaths.

Scott always gave very interesting talks at church, so Bishop John Johnson used to take him on his visits around the stake. He was in the superintendency of the Sunday School for four years. He was class leader in Priesthood meeting for four years. He was president of the Grade A Milk Producers Association for four years and a State Federated Board Member for the same period of time.

When Cherry Hill bought a farm in Millard County, Scott spent three months there alone, plowing with the Titian Tractor. That was at the time of the influenza epidemic. Later he was made chairman of the amusement hall building and remodeling of the old church. He spent many hours at that job.

Scott was always orderly. His motto - like that of his father - was, "A place for everything and everything in its place." If the neighbors needed a tool, they knew Scott had it and they were welcome to it. He never had to be picked up after.

He sang tenor in the Taylor Quartet (Will, Scott, Joe and August Johnson) for 26 years. They sang at church, parties, reunions and funerals. Many times they were asked to sing at funerals in other wards. It was a pleasure to hear their harmony. Scott never sang with them after Will's death.

When about 18 years of age, he went alone to Strawberry to get lumber for the barn at Cherry Hill. Scott was always a hard worker, a good manager, good husband, father and grandfather.

At the age of 70 he decided he had been in the dairy business long enough. On December 3, 1957, he sold his cattle. Clara worried when he spoke about selling the cattle. She was afraid he would regret it, but never once did he say that he had made a mistake. It seems he was thoroughly tired of the strenuous work. He went on working on the farm, he and his good old tractor.

When Clara came home from the hospital where she had gone on May 17, 1961, for surgery, Scott and Afton took over. He had never had occasion to do much around the house because he had more than he should have done on the farm, but he washed dishes, hung the washing on the line, did everything he could to make it easier for her.

On July 13th Clara had to go back to the hospital for a much more serious operation. Everyday he was there to see her, brought her flowers and tried to cheer her. After ten days at the hospital she went up to Aftons for a few days. Each day he came to see them, but he seemed so lonely. He took Clara home on Sunday and they were so happy to be home together again.

Soon after that he went up town and was in an auto wreck. Scott was never well after that crash. He worried about a new drivers license and getting the car fixed and started losing weight and became weak and miserable. On February 28, 1962, Afton and Clara took him to the hospital. This was soon after her third stay at the hospital in January. After five days of tests and x-rays, on March 5th Dr. Fred Endsley and Dr. Poppin operated for prostrate and other complications.

Scott A. was so miserable. They kept him under heavy sedation most of the time. His one wish was to come home. On Friday, March 9th, Afton and Murray brought him home. They were so good to him all the time. Scott did not recover. He became steadily weaker, lost weight continually. His voice gave him trouble, too. At times he could hardly speak above a whisper.

On April 11th, his birthday, Murray and Afton took Scott and Clara up to Salt Lake to Weston's home where Florence had a delicious birthday dinner all ready for them. They all enjoyed that evening so much. Thursday, April 19th, Clara took him to Dr. Endsley and as they left, the doctor said, "See you a month from today." Friday morning the 20th he got up as usual, had breakfast and went for a walk up around the barn. Spencer Madsen came out and visited with them, and as he left Elvin Bunnel came in. He was with Clara when Scott passed peacefully and quietly away. He was a devoted husband, father, grandfather. He was a good neighbor and friend.

Clara M. Taylor

You know it amazes me that so many of us are alive to-day. We who lived on milk straight from the cow. Afton

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE SCOTT A. TAYLOR FAMILY by Afton Loveless

July, 1951: Spring: First things first, S.A. (my pop) has just moved his belongings from the barn back to the house. Mom has finished the house cleaning. She is still pulling paste and paper out of her hair and strongly advocates anyone anticipating removing paper from their home to list it with the Taylor Real Estate Company.

Father left his clothes packed for a quick take off because he has finally decided in order to give us a more healthful drink of milk, and to appease the government BAR-N flies, he must have a larger up to the minute milk house. So-o-o moms' white lilac, which took seven long years to bloom must go. Of course, its all Truman's fault.

From the Taylor Chronicle 7-51



JOSEPH HIRAM TAYLOR

The year 1889 brought a new baby to the family of William Joseph Taylor and Abby Jane Scott Taylor, but William was not there at the birth of his third son because he was serving a mission for the L.D.S. church. The baby was christened Joseph Hiram Taylor. At that time the family lived at 600 West and 100 South, across the street from the Pioneer Park in Provo. Later the family moved to Vineyard and eventually to Lake View, what became the Cherry Hill Dairy Farm.

Joe grew to boyhood and saw seven more children born to the family. He put long hours on the farm and he used to kid about how long it took him to get through the ninth grade, because in the fall there was the harvest, and in the spring there was planting, so he could not get a full year in at school.

The family owned a fine buggy and Joe seemed to be in demand with the girls when he could drive them in the buggy to Saratoga or Geneva for an outing. But he stayed a bachelor until he was almost 28 years old. And then the girl that he had been waiting for came along. He always said that he had waited for her to grow up. On December 12, 1917, Joseph Hiram Taylor and Norma Tuckett were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

The couple rented a house in Lake View, but Joe spent much of his time at a dry farm in Millard county. The next November a baby boy was born to the couple. He was named Marion Hollis. Two years later in 1920, the month of August welcomed a second baby boy who had the same red hair as his father. He was called Sherl.

In 1924 the family moved to 751 West 100 South in Provo, and a few weeks later on May 6th a girl named Iris Merle was born. Joe was now a milkman for the Cherry Hill Dairy which was only a few blocks away. He drove a milk wagon and delivered milk to the doorsteps. Even after he left the dairy and went to work for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, he still went morning and night to feed the horses for the dairy. In 1927 another baby girl was born, and Joe now began to work for the insurance company and continued until the depression year of 1932. That year he and Norma and Normalind made many trips to Salt Lake City to look for work. A dealership with the Watkins Company seemed good to Joe, and he became the "Watkins" man. He had this job until Aunt Della took over his route at the time of his death.

Hollis reports:

> "I remember how he used to settle back in his chair after dinner to read the paper and, I suspect, catch a short nap. I recall his gold watch hanging on the nail between the double windows looking onto the porch . . . Later when Pink and I had learned to drive, dad would come home early on Saturday afternoons and announce 'I'll get the ice cream going if you guys will get the ice.' He knew we'd jump at any chance to drive the old Durant. He'd give us a quarter (which bought a 25 lbs. block) and we'd drive to the icehouse down along the RR tracks. This would take place intermittently all summer.
>
> "The ice cream treat was punctuated by dad having put a watermelon in the well water there by the back porch on Friday evening and announcing Saturday night that the melon was cold. These events were many and included the usual neighborhood gang.
>
> "Quite early when dad had the night Cherry Hill Dairy delivery, I would go on the route with him. He had the two-horse team who'd clatter down the center of the neighborhood streets during the wee hours. He'd take the milk - six quart bottles in a carrier - plus

butter and cottage cheese to the various houses. Either the load was too busy or I was too small to be of much help. The most vivid memory I have was back at the dairy after the delivery was done. There we'd select a bottle of milk from one of the cases sitting on the concrete floor with a cold stream of water running through it. Man, that cold milk tasted good! Sometimes it would be a giant cup full of buttermilk fresh from the churn.

"Really early in my life, while we were still living on the Cherry Hill farm, I remember dad had arranged for delivery of a brand new Model T Ford. The man from the garage drove it out and parked it in the shade of a big weeping willow tree in the front yard. Boy, it smelled so new we pestered mom to go for a ride, but she didn't know how to drive, so we had to wait until dad came home.

"All of us remember when we used to turn on the Majestic radio in the living room and let Bus (our dog) come in the house, then we'd listen so intently for the sound of dad's car. We'd hurry and usher Bus out and turn off the radio . . . dad assigned me the job of keeping the woodbox (on the back porch near the kitchen door) and the two coal buckets full. I spent half of the summer chopping wood for winter. I stacked it in the bins in the coal shed."

Joe was active in the Second Ward of Provo. He was chorister for over 14 years. His choir was invited to sing in many of the other wards, and we thought that he had the best choir in the city. There was hardly a week that went by that someone didn't come to the house to ask Joe if he would sing at the funeral of a loved one.

After Uncle Golden moved into the house through the block, they decided to revive the quartet that they had sung in many years before. Uncle August and Joe Ahlander made up the foursome. About this time Joe began to feel his health failing and felt that they should take life a little easier, and they decided to buy a house in Orem that was cut away from the noise of the city and close neighbors. But this didn't last long, because the orchards were cut to make room for more houses. They had lived in the house less than four years when Joe became very ill and spent much time in the hospital or in bed. How he looked forward to the visit of Uncle Scott who came to shave him whenever he could make it. He did find a time when he felt well enough to travel with Aunt Mary to Boise to see their children who were living there. On November 11, 1952, Joe felt better than he had in a long time and decided he could go to work. He spent the morning visiting his customers in Mapleton and at noon he went to Hooley's Cafe for lunch. It was there that he suffered a fatal heart attack.

He was buried on November 14th at the Provo cemetary. How true the words spoken by a close neighbor of Joe's at his funeral when he said that it was not just a man who had gone, but a way of life.

Normalind Taylor Smith





RUTH ELVA TAYLOR JOHNSON

Our mother's life was not nearly long enough. We wish we could have had her with us much longer. But, I suppose the Lord felt he needed her more than we, and that she would be happier in the next life where bodies and minds are made well again. Perhaps ten years was long enough for her to wait to see her only son again. Herbert was only 19 when he died and part of mother seemed to go with him that October day. She was only 58 when she left our father and the four girls. We were all married and established in our own homes by then. She loved the grandchildren when they came to visit and would sit by the large south window in the front room and watch for some of us to come visit with her. She was not always so content to sit by the window nor did she in her younger days have the time.

She was the fifth child of William Joseph Taylor and Abby Jane Scott, born December 13, 1891, in Provo, Utah. They lived on 600 West and 100 South in the old Lewis home in the old Second Ward area at the time. Seven brothers and three sisters eventually came into the home. They attended the Franklin Elementary school there. But when mother (Ruth Elva) was 13 years old her family purchased the Amos D. Holdaway ranch in Vineyard. It was here that Aunt Della remembers mother ironing many white shirts for her brothers and baking and slicing many loaves of bread and caring for the younger children. Aunt Della said mother always had a baby on her hip.

The family stayed in Vineyard one year then moved to the George C. Scott farm in Lake View. Here they established the Cherry Hill Dairy in 1906 and mother spent her teenage years here. We were told she was a very small person weighing under 100 pounds. She must have had a lot of good times with all her brothers and their friends. She shared a downstairs bedroom with her sister Ruby. This was because she came in late from "stepping out" and she did not want to awaken the rest of the family. She would whisper of her happy times and her secrets to her sister as they drifted off to sleep.

She kept many post cards which she received from family and friends. Her brothers wrote to her from faraway lands as they filled their missions. Friends, such as John Nuttal, wrote to her from New York as he attended school there. LaMond Bunnell, my father's nephew, wrote of his friendship for her while on his mission. My father, August Johnson, was also one of the missionaries who wrote to her from the East. She had post cards from former teachers who used to live in the area while teaching school there. One C. R. Johnson was her piano teacher. Many cards came to her from girl friends who lived or worked in the same area such as Spanish Fork, Payson, or Park City. They talked about their handsome boyfriends and the dances they hoped to go to. One card in particular asked mother if she really knew what she was doing when she decided to marry my father. The name of Grace Scott, a cousin, was mentioned as having received cards from.

Some of the fun activities they used to have were swimming parties at Utah Lake with Zetella and Barbara Goodridge, Evelyn and Clara Madsen and Della and Ruby Taylor. Groups would also travel by launch or boat across the lake to Saratoga for picnics and outings with family and friends. They had some harrowing experiences sometimes on the lake.

It was Aunt Clara Taylor who said the mother got her to go with Scott (mother's brother) to a dance in American Fork. They traveled to dances in a rubber-tired buggy. Clara and mother were good friends and used to walk each other home. Mother was a very good person and quiet around the home, maybe because of so many brothers, Aunt Clara said. Other friends of mother's were Fern Scott, Thursten Ferguson and Hasel Ferguson. Clara said she and Fern and mother attended the BYU.

Mother was secretary of the Lake View Primary in 1911 at age 20. She was an accomplished pianist and accompanied many people throughout her life, accompanying her brothers as they sang. She also played for my father while he sang at countless weddings, funerals, and church services. She had a fine clear alto voice. She served as ward organist for many years, also as MIA president from 1931 to 1935.

Ruth Elva Taylor and August J. Johnson were married May 14, 1913. My mother was 22 years old and their first home was two rooms in Uncle Alfred Johnson's home. Aunt Della says mother had the apartment fixed up so pretty. Cute curtains with ball fringe were hanging at the front window.

Mother had a blue accordian-pleated dress which was so pretty. While Marjorie, the oldest child was coming, mother gained a lot of weight which she never quite lost, but we remember she had beautiful tiny ankles and her hair and head were so warm when our hands were so cold after being out in the snow.

The John Johnson home and farm was purchased and that is where the family settled down to live. The second child was also a girl, but Phyllis proved to be the best farm help our father had. A boy did come to live in the household on July 5, 1919. Herbert was the apple of his parents' eye because the next two children were both girls, Nanalee and Ruby Alene.

A family of seven was a big job, but mother found time to help other people when they were in need. My father spent 13 years in the bishopric at the time the children were small so I'm sure mother had her hands full but seemed to manage well. Our home was always clean and good food on the table. Edith Williams, a niece, remembers how mother's house smelled of clean soap. Another niece, Lorraine Olsen, remembers the canary birds mother loved to have in the house. They brought much joy and happiness. Susan Stubbs remembers how mother would bring an angel food cake to their motherless family each Mother's Day.

Other families were helped by mother's kind heart and working hands. We remember the many times mother stayed home from Sunday School to prepare stewed chicken and mashed potatoes for a large group of relatives and friends. She and daddy had many friends that they met with on a regular basis. The Lairs Club made up of bishopric members, the Erwin Bunnells, Lamar Scotts and others were included. A group of Vineyard friends also got together. Mother also belonged to the Mary Cecilia Club, some of the Dahlquist women were in this one. She would fix creamed chicken in pastry shells which were so delicious when her turn came to entertain.

All four of us girls would come home to mother when our first children were born and she would fix up our room so lovely. She also cared for Margaret Williamson for a few weeks when she was ill with spinal meningitis. She also stayed with Aunt Ruby when she was in an accident. She cared for some of the grandchildren at different times. Marjorie and Nelson and children lived with us for a while during the war when housing was so scarce.

We were taught to work both in the house and outside. Mother gave us tasks to do on Saturday morning, then if the work was done well enough we would go into town or Provo. Mother would leave Alene and Nanalee at the Pioneer Park to play while she shopped and visited with her sister, Mary, in town.

We all remember the delicious pies, mince meat and others, she would make. Nelson, a son-in-law said her bread tasted like cake. Phyllis remembers her cooking for 14 hungry threshers. Tubs of corn were prepared, mashed potatoes and other good food only Mother could fix. Hardly a week went by that she didn't take some of her good food to someone who was in need. Homemade rootbeer was made each summer.

Mother was gifted in making many different handcraft items. We remember the quilting bees she would have. The neighborhood ladies were invited in. A lovely lunch was prepared and us kids had a great time playing underneath

the quilt. She made rag rugs, tearing old clothes in strips then sewing them together and braiding the rugs. She learned to knit, making skirts and tops and dresses for some of us girls. She crocheted many items, pillow case lace, a large bedspread, a table cloth with a deer in the corner, afghans. Marjorie and Phyllis remember black satin bloomers mother made for them to wear.

Mother loved beautiful flowers - verbenias, climbing roses, tulips and morning glory were some of her favorites.

She like to travel and she and daddy took many trips together. They drove to the Eastern States seeing daddy's old missionary places. They visited California several times and the Rose Parade. The four corners area, petrified forest, painted desert and Mesa Verde was a special trip. They went into Canada and the Northwest. They lived in Portland, Oregon, for a short time close to the Snows. Mother never failed to bring her two youngest daughters a keepsake from her trips.

At one time after the farm was sold she and daddy and Alene moved to an apartment in Provo and she enjoyed that as she said from time to time she would like to live in town.

Her health was pretty good up until the last four or five years when she went through a period of depression. She had a goiter operation which was performed in Salt Lake City. We remember she had headaches and would ask us children to put cold cloths on her head.

Mother was a very compassionate, kind, thoughtful person, doing many kind deeds for other people and her family. She was taken from us in an automobile accident on July 4, 1949, on the way to the Provo Fourth of July Parade. We felt her loss very deeply. But we had prayed to our Father in Heaven many times that she would be well and happy once more. We believe this was the Lords way in answering our prayers, she did not suffer and was taken home after living a life of service and love to her neighbors, friends and family.

106

R. F. D., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1938 — Nanalee Johnson Stratton

Prominent Young Man Called By Death



August Herbert Johnson

Lake View ward mourns deeply as Bishop and Mrs. August Johnson are stricken by the sad death of their promising young son, Herbert, a graduate of the Lincoln high school and Sharon seminary, and registered this year at B.Y.U. as a sophomore. An outstanding student in all activities, such as the F.F.A. work for several years, public debate tournaments, inter-class debates, and L.D.S. ward member, Herbert will be missed by the entire community.

A PRAYER

(Written by Mrs. Clair Taylor and read at the funeral of Herbert Johnson.)

Help us dear Lord to understand
Why Herbert went away.
Help us to bear our heavy cross
On this our saddest day.

He had such high ideals Lord,
He longed to do things fine.
He was ne'er content with little things,
He had a brilliant mind.

But you would never hear from him
Of things that he did best.
If you learned of him or what he did,
You were obliged to guess.

He wouldn't tell his class mates
Of fine marks he made at school,
He seldom showed excitement.
He was self-possessed and cool.

There were some here who misjudged him Lord,
Because he was so quiet
So find for him a few choice friends,
The kind he thinks are right.

Oh let him find in heaven dear Lord,
Besides the things You had for him to do,
A work bench and a lot of tools,
He loved to make things new.
Give him some books (he loved to read)
And some good music too.

We are thankful for the nineteen years
That he with us could live,
And if in any way we did him wrong,
We pray Thee to forgive.

Tell him that we miss him so,
Our home is not the same.
But then I guess we must be fair,
Our loss is heaven's gain.

These are the things we ask for him
And this we humbly pray,
That Thou will always care for him,
Until the end of days.

Thou knowest he was our only son,
Our way we dimly see,
But we know Thy ways are not our ways,
So we leave him Lord to Thee.





GOLDEN TAYLOR

Golden Taylor was born January 15, 1893, at Provo. At first he was just another baby as there were three brothers and two sisters before him, but he was rather special because he had beautiful curly hair and a cunning little face. He was named Golden because of a precious memory that lingered in Grandmother Taylors mind. In her youth she became aquainted with Percinda Kimball, mother of J. Golden Kimball, when she visited in Provo with her sister Zina Young Card. Mother Taylor admired the spindly Golden as she valued the friendship of his mother. The night before Mother and Father Taylor were married, Percinda gave them a dinner party and they were guests in her house during the night in Salt Lake City. So it was that she named this choice baby "Golden." In reality he has carried on in that same high standard of durability and lasting worth.

As he grew older he just couldn't be left out of anything. He would tag the older boys when he was hardly big enough to walk; they would try to outsmart him by sneaking away from him, but somehow he would turn up and they could not elude him. At times the boys would go to the swimming hole at the river, and sooner or later Golden would trudge in, and as it was too far for them to send him home again, he would get to stay. He would insist on going duck hunting with the older ones, when he would be too cold to even hold the gun, but he just couldn't be left behind.

He could sing about as soon as he could talk. Do you remember him and Frank singing "So Do Your Best to One Another"? This song was composed by Frank Scott, a nephew of Mother Taylor. We remember hearing the record they had recorded and played on the first victorola that was owned in Lake View.

Soon he was old enough to play the clarinet and he learned to play it well. Of course he went through the usual ordeal of hours of practicing, but it is hard to say who suffered the more, the family or Golden. The Johnson boys, Clarence, Lafe and Jen, Roy Stubbs and Golden formed an orchestra and they played at the community dances and church socials throughout the entire valley.

After he graduated from the grade school at the Lake View school, he went to the B. Y. U. but because of so much work connected with the Dairy, he was obliged to quit school. This was a great disappointment to him because he loved school and was a good scholar.

Evelyn and Golden were sweethearts when they were about 14 and it seems that neither was ever content to "keep company" with anyone else. After Evelyn graduated from the B. Y. U. she went to Spring City to teach school, and time after time, Golden would take small unauthorized vacations down to see her.

While he was working on the milk route, just about everything happened to him. His horses ran away; one fell dead on its way home; the train ran into his milk wagon; one night he brought Joe's horse and buggy into town when he was going to a dance, and it was stolen. He met with many other misfortunes. Mother Taylor said she feared he was born under an unlucky star. But perhaps it was because he was always out in front of everything. He simply had to keep busy. The story is told of him when the old homestead burned. He rode his bicycle up and down the road shouting, "Taylor's house is afire, Taylor's house is afire," rousing everyone.

Golden and Evelyn were married and he went on his mission to the Northern States. His mission president sent very fine reports of his mission activity. There, too, he found ways of helping people. Remember the family who came here? They were in financial trouble and he helped them out even with the knowledge that they could never repay him.

My Dear Mother and Father,

If my appreciation of you was to be determined by the letters I write you I could very truthfully be spoken of as ungrateful. However, when a person is well and his time occupied the days and weeks slip by so quickly that he doesn't keep these seemingly small obligations as promptly as he should. Sometimes such may be due to carelessness or indifference. I don't care to judge as to this, but I hope this isn't my case.

I hope you are well. I feel that you are. If all is as beautiful at home, - if nature has clothed the grass, the trees, the flowers and the fields as beautifully as here, I know you are all happy and feel that the Lord is blessing you.

We are at war. Evidences are on all sides that the judgements of God are being poured out upon the world and we are living in the day spoken of by the prophets - the end is near when "He is going to gather together all things which do offend and them that do iniquity" but with this we are living in a most glorious time. If we could only see the beauty and blessings surrounding us, the outstretched arm of God beckoning us onward to serve him and the many avenues opened up by him to work righteousness, we would not complain that our lot has been placed with those of this generation.

We as a people, knowing for a surety that a prophet of the Lord is at our head and by revelation we are being led through these stirring times, should take heart and learn obedience for none have greater hope than we have. All is conducive, also, for us to do work as never before, to spread seeds of peace and unity which is the dominant need.

Paul has said, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord by the Holy Ghost." If the people had the testimony that Jesus truly was the Lord, the Son of God, what happiness and bliss would we enjoy here upon this unfortunate old planet; because this testimony isn't had by the world, because the teachers of the people do not have it we are under obligation to get it to them, for that is what we know.

Mark Antony, in Julius Caeser said, "I came not to dispute what Brutus has said, but to tell you what I know." This is the stand of we Elders. Ours is the message of peace and we come to tell the people what we know, that Jesus is the Christ, a testimony which cannot be borne by the people of the world.

With best wishes and love to all, I am your son - Golden.

- - - - -

Returning home, he helped on the farm for some time; they lived over in the Hopkins house now owned by Frank Taylor. Then he went to work for the Utah Railway, and in 1924 he went to work for D. T. R. and he worked for them 23 years. He was made manager of the Payson store in 1925. He spent the most strenuous years of his life at Payson because he worked so hard to make a success of the store, and this he certainly accomplished. He became bishop of the Third Ward in Payson in 1937. He worked just as hard to fill that office with honor. Not only the great number of responsibilities but the efficiency with which he performed them constantly amazed his friends. To him these responsibilities of church and civic work were precious and he was known far and wide among men for his reliability and steadfastness.

The last few years of his life at Payson taxed him almost beyond the power to endure. It was a blessing when he was again called to Provo in 1941 where he was made

manager of the Electrical Appliance department. Golden was always happy to greet you or anyone who came into the store; he was gracious and considerate. He not only sold furniture, but he always tried to see that any D. T. R. customer was satisfied with his purchase. He would go to any length to make people happy. The many calls that the various members of the family have received the past weeks and the number of cards received by D. T. R. bespeak of the lasting friendships he made.

Could we have measured the sorrow of countless absent friends as well as the vast congregation that crowded around his bier on the memorable day of January 6, 1948, would they not have wondered that even so brief a span as 53 years this noble man could give and draw such a rich measure of goodness and beauty that marks the life abundant.

Golden's passing to us seemed to be untimely, but when a summary of everything is made, we feel that he crowded many years into his short life.

He was president of the Mendelssohn Male Chorus; was known all over the state for his singing with Freeman Bird and the Taylor Quartette.

Perhaps the association of Scott, Clara, Golden and Evelyn is as unique a friendship as one could find. Being relatives twice over, they were very dear friends. They took many trips together, to Canada, California, the Canyons. Always they spent their Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners together. Saturday night found them taking in shows or out to dinner.

Golden's home was one of order and friendliness; he was a genial host and a companionable father to Vivienne, Sherwin, Ross, Noel and Wendell and a tender husband for 33 years to Evelyn, who in return stood by his side as a true wife and mother.

Clara M. Taylor and Mary Taylor Dahlquist



Dad tends baby, some shine shoes, others help with trying—all to relieve Mom from as many chores as possible this Sunday—Mother's Day. Why? So mother won't miss a second of the special church service just for her. The family of Dr. Wendell E. Taylor demonstrates. Children are: Jane, 6 months; Jim, 11; Peter, 7; John, 2; Tom, 9; Wendy, 5, with mother.



FRANK ROZELLE TAYLOR

Frank Rozelle Taylor was born in Provo, Utah, March 1, 1895. His early schooling was in Provo. When he was eight years old the family moved out of town to a farm in Vineyard, Utah, near Geneva resort where Geneva Steel plant now is. There he and his six brothers and four sisters could be busy and thus out of mischief. Frank was always a hard worker and took life and responsibility very seriously. He worked on a farm, milk several cows and did the chores before he went t nool. He supported himself from the time he was 11 ye ld.

The family moved again to Lake View, just south of Vineyard and west of Provo, where they went into the dairy business. For many years Frank delivered milk every day to the people of Provo. Their dairy, which was known as the "Cherry Hill Dairy," ran three milk wagons in Provo. It was a pleasure to come to the dairy because these seven brothers as they were washing bottles, bottling milk, milking cows, sang as they worked. They traveled many miles to sing in quartets, or trios, and as soloists. The Taylors and their nearby cousins, the Allens, were known in the Provo area because of their singing. Frank carried on after he went to Canada, singing with Ira McBride, Paul Redd and Bert Coombs. When Bert moved away Delbert Ohler took his place. They sang together for over 25 years, singing in all the towns around Raymond for all kinds of entertainments, and for very many funerals.

Frank married Zetella Goodridge in the Salt Lake Temple, January 9, 1918. Four months after they were married he went into the army in World War I. He went to Camp Lewis, Washington, then to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and then to Camp Vale, New Jersey. Three months after he went into the service he was in France and Germany in the Signal Corps.

In that there were no radios or television, the only news he received from home was by letter. For nine weeks he did not receive one word from home. His division was on the move toward the front and the mail did not catch up with them. Then 90 letters arrived all at one time. He was so overjoyed at getting news from home that he did not take time to sort the letters as to dates. In this confusion came news that many of his friends and relatives had died with the terrible epidemic of flu that swept the country, taking more lives than the war did. William Willis Goodridge, his father-in-law was one of those who died. Also came the news that he had a baby son. Frank Willis Taylor was born while his father was in Germany.

Great-grandmother Goodridge was without a man to manage the farm and the jersey herd. Utah-Idaho Sugar company was without a representative in the agriculture department in the Provo area. Frank was released from the Army of Occupation to return to these new responsibilities and a six months old son.

The family continued in Lake View for six years during which time Shirley and Harlan were born. Play grounds were the beautiful meadows along the Provo River as it began its approach to Utah Lake or the high lines and flumes of the old Provo sugar beet slicer.

In 1925 Frank and Zetella moved to Canada when the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company built the Raymond factory, and Canadian Sugar Factories Limited began its existence with struggles and experiences which many can recall. Weather and roads were major problems. If there was nothing to do about the weather, there was plenty to do about the roads. Frank was one of those who worked tirelessly for better roads.

Irrigation was the key to sugar beet growing, but it was almost a crusade to win the point that sugar beets need irrigation long before they cry out for it with wilting leaves.

Dramatic changes resulted from commercial fertilizers and much later from mechanization. Stock feeding as a productive activity to complement the raising of sugar beets became an established pattern. Frank and William Wood extended their farming venture to include the feeding of lambs and later cattle.

Frank judged character by the quality of a patch of sugar beets. He therefore became acquainted with many of the new people who moved into southern Alberta to do sugar beet work, and he early recognized their excellent potential. Many lifelong friendships were established. Grateful friends have frequently reminded the family that his advice and encouragement were helpful in establishing permanent roots and new homes.

Kathleen, Marolyn and Carolyn were born in Raymond. Zetella and Frank, together with their growing family, were active in church activities. In the Lake View Ward in Utah he was the ward MIA superintendent, and in Raymond he was the superintendent of the Raymond First Ward Sunday School for a number of years, then he served as Stake Superintendent for 18 years. He was then in the Stake High Council and he was the agricultural advisor for the regional Welfare Committee.

He loved to see improvements in the town and country. He did all he could to make Raymond a better place to live. He served several years on the Town Council and for two terms as Mayor of Raymond, and on many committees, particularly road committees.

Frank's hobbies were his flowers and his beautiful garden. His sports were golf and curling. He was proud of his family of four girls and two boys and his 29 grandchildren. He was scant with praise but long on expectation of a good performance by his family and by all.

He appreciated the expressions of Charlie Russell who once wrote: "For several years Old Dad Time has been handing me things I didn't want - and I ain't been thankful for his favors. He has traded me wrinkles for teeth, stiff legs for limber ones, but - he has left me my friends, and for that great kindness I forgive him."

His illness, beginning in 1956, found in him the will to resist. Prayer and faith brought measures of relief. We prayed for a strength for him, and were granted the privilege to assist in his care. "We ask for favors, God gives us opportunities."

In a book presented to Frank by the members of the Agricultural Department at the time of his retirement is the following paragraph:

"'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,
The touch of your hand in mine,
Which means far more to the fainting heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,
And bread lasts only a day;
But the touch of a hand, and the sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul, always."

The Family

Following is a copy of a letter received by Frank's family from Brother N. Eldon Tanner:

Dear Sister Taylor:

Sara and I were shocked and saddened to learn of Frank's passing. We always thought so much of both of you and the members of the family whom we knew.

Frank was a great citizen, public-spirited, promoter of good things, and well respected by all who knew him. He has earned a great reward which I am sure he will enjoy.

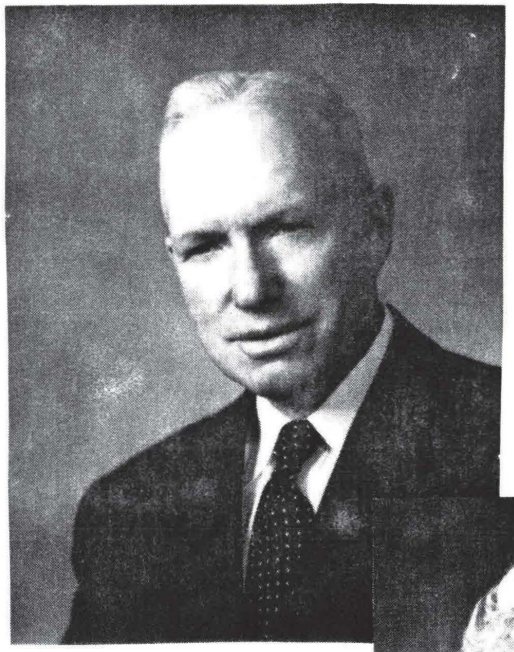
We know that we will miss him greatly and we wish to express to you our heartfelt sympathy,

and hope that you will find great solace in the knowledge and testimony of the gospel that you have. May the Lord bless and comfort you and give you the courage to carry on.

I am enclosing a little poem which father left for mother which I hope you might find helpful.

N. Eldon Tanner

"If I should die and leave you here awhile,
Be not like others, sore undone, who keep
Long vigils by the silent dust and weep.
For my sake, turn again to life and smile,
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine.
Complete there, dear, unfinished tasks of mine,
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you."



Frank



Zetella



GLEN LEE TAYLOR

Glen Lee Taylor was born July 24, 1897, in Provo, Utah. He was the eighth child of William Joseph and Abby Jane Scott Taylor, and was privileged to become a member of the family which would one day number seven sons and four daughters. His father was employed at the Provo Woolen Mills at the time of Glen's birth and during the next few years he served as fire chief for the city and also as a city sexton. However, he and Grandma Taylor could see that with a large family they had a need for independence in acquiring their living. They felt that a farm is where they could get this. They began looking for a suitable place, and in 1904, when Glen was seven years old, the family moved to Vineyard. One year later they purchased a tract of land in Lake View, and the family home was permanently established there on what was then known as "Cherry Hill" because of a huge orchard of cherry trees already growing there. Grandpa and his boys soon became interested in the dairy business, and in 1906 the "Cherry Hill Dairy" was established. This dairy served Provo and the surrounding communities for many years.

The family home at Cherry Hill was the scene of many happy family times. The children of the family were very close and enjoyed one anothers company. This companionship stayed throughout the years as the brothers, sisters, their wives and husbands would gather together to celebrate birthdays with a potluck dinner and an evening of talking.

Grandma Taylor cooked and prepared all the food for her large family, and some of the things they ate at their home remained in their memories many years later. Glen spoke often about the watermelon pickles his mother used to make, and he loved to fascinate his grandchildren with the stories of the days when one of his favorite meals was dandelion greens and frog legs - and he caught the frogs!

Saturday, October 18, 1914, is a date that the whole family remembered well. They were all gathered around the big table in the kitchen, eating their evening meal. They kept hearing odd noises coming from the west part of the house, and when Grandpa Taylor opened the door to investigate, he was met with flames which had already consumed a large portion of the house. Bricks were falling from the chimney and the flames were blazing high. A bucket brigade was formed, but there was little of the house that could be saved. One memory that the family carried with them always of that night is seeing the kitchen stove carried outside, and still intact in the oven were the pumpkin pies baked earlier for Sunday dinner the next day.

Glen attended school at the Lake View School and gained quite a reputation for his pranks. One new girl who came to start school after moving to Lake View from Beaver has vivid memories of the time that he dipped her long pigtails into the inkwells on his desk which was directly back of hers. That girl later forgave him, for he and LaPrieal Reese were married six years later in the Salt Lake Temple on September 26, 1918. As each of their children were married in later years, Glen and LaPrieal liked to reiterate the story of their marriage: they walked from their homes in Lake View up along the Sand Hill, took the interurban train to Salt Lake, stayed in separate rooms at the hotel, forgetting that neither of them had an alarm clock. LaPrieal spent the night tapping on the wall, asking Glen to check the time so they wouldn't be late at the temple. After many frustrations, they were married without one person from either family to assist them. This was probably due to their choice of timing and being responsible people, as it conflicted with harvest time.

For their honeymoon they spent another night at the hotel, got up early the next morning and carried their suitcases around the fairgrounds because the State Fair was on then. They caught the Orem (interurban) back to Lake View, arriving at 2:00 a.m. and walked down to

LaPrieal's Grandmother Reese's little home that had been fixed for them to live in. Glen got up at 7:00 a.m. and chopped corn all day before their reception at the Lake View ward that evening.

They began their married life in Grandma Reese's small home, and soon moved to a small home on Cherry Hill property where most of the Taylor sons and daughters started their life. Maxine was born in this home on February 9, 1920. Glen soon was employed by Conoco in Provo and they moved to a house near the Williams family in Provo. It was there that Barbara was born April 28, 1923. They were anxious to find a business that would support their young family, so when Dixon-Taylor-Russell Company, a home furnishings store, offered Glen the north end of Utah County as a territory to build, the family of four moved to American Fork in 1926. Glen had a pleasing personality, he believed in his products, and things prospered until "D. T. R." as it was referred to, obtained a building and the store became the center of the whole family's (Glen and LaPrieal's) life. Glen usually left the house around 5:00 a.m. to go to the store and get it ready for business. The doors were always open for customers at 8:00 a.m. and never closed until the last customer was taken care of and all deliveries made. LaPrieal would get breakfast for the four children that were now theirs (Preston was born July 18, 1928, and Ken on July 28, 1930), then she, too, would go to the store to assist in the selling and to completely care for the book-keeping. They treated the business as if they were the owners, and it is possible that many of their customers never did know they weren't. They worked and worried to accommodate people - nothing was impossible if it meant pleasing a customer. There was never any hardsell pressure tactics to convince someone to buy. It was not necessary. Glen and LaPrieal built a reputation for honest, sincere customer care and satisfaction that stand to this day in the hearts and minds of people in north Utah county.

Glen soon became an active member of the community. He was a member of the Lions Club and once served as its president. In 1945, after having served the city in several civic capacities, he was elected mayor of American Fork. He was a faithful and believing member of the church and served willingly in many capacities during his lifetime. He was called at one time to be Alpine Stake MIA superintendent, and he served as one of the seven presidents of the Seventies. He was a member of the Alpine Stake High Council until ill health forced him to ask for his release.

His son, Preston, says, "Probably the most impressive quality in mother and dad's relationship is that they always did things together. Even in my younger days mother and dad were always doing things together - going to Lions conventions, market trips, picking up new cars at the factory, working together at the store, church functions. This closeness and dedication to each other has always impressed me."

Glen loved his community, he loved his fellow men, and he loved his church, but above all he loved his family. He was proud of his children, and if he had one fault, it was that he loved to talk about the things that each of his boys and girls were doing. He took pride in the fact that all four of them - Maxine, Barbara, Preston and Ken - graduated from the B. Y. U. He was proud of their individual accomplishments in both community affairs and in church activities.

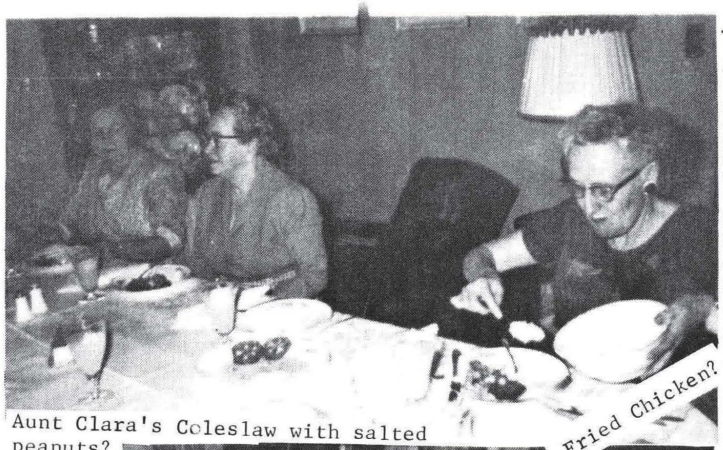
He was a loving and understanding grandfather. He always had time to hear their stories, to hear how things were going with them, and only an hour before his death he was reliving the thrills of Disneyland with Barbara's children. He was a favorite visitor at Maxine's home because he always had time to go out and look at Allan's garden, to let Denny back the car out of the driveway and to ask David how his paper route was coming. And there was always room on his lap for Brent to cuddle for a little while. Preston's Shauna used to threaten to go live with Grandpa if she thought things were too rough at home. Janet and Clark knew that that house was theirs and they were welcome anytime. And when Ken's Jane was

younger and in the hospital with an asthma attack, it was grandpa who had time to go up and sit by her and just talk with her so she'd keep still and quiet.

Glen was the spirit of love and understanding to his sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. He loved them all - Chester, Bruce, Shirleen and Joyce - and they knew he loved them because of the many things he did to help them and to encourage them when they had problems. They all loved him in return.

Glen loved his children and grandchildren, but his sustaining drive was the love he and LaPrieal had for each other. They worked together and they relaxed together, and the last act of his earthly life was to kiss her good night and turn over to sleep - not until the next morning, but until the day of resurrection. He died peacefully on Sunday night, August 9, 1959, after spending a happy vacation with his beloved wife, Barbara and Bruce and their family in California. He had no regrets, no sorrows, no fears. He had achieved some measure of success in living because he went about his work with pleasure, he greeted others with a word of encouragement. He was happy in the present and confident of the future.

Maxine T. Hill and Kenneth R. Taylor



Aunt Clara's Coleslaw with salted peanuts?

Fried Chicken?

At Party In American Fork

The birthday anniversary of Glen L. Taylor of American Fork, was celebrated in gala style by family members Monday evening, a supper being given by his wife in the garden at their home.

A musical program was later enjoyed indoors, and games were led by Richard Taylor. Golden Taylor led in community singing, and Barbara Taylor was at the piano.

Those attending the annual birthday party were: Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Reese, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Reese and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reese of American Fork, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bleak of Salt Lake City, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dahlquist, Mr. and Mrs. Scott A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Golden Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Olsen of Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Taylor, Bishop and Mrs. Welden J. Taylor, Richard, Barbara Taylor, Preston Taylor.

*



Swiss Steak?

Or maybe Apricot Sherbet?

Pioneer Day Also Brother's Birthday

Pioneer Day in addition to its historical importance, has also special interest to members of the Taylor family since it is the birthday anniversary of a brother, Glen Taylor of American Fork.

This year, the family party wa held on Monday evening at t Glen Taylor home where two lo tables were laden with a sump tuous supper. Marking the center of the table were low bowls filled with scarlet petunias.

Informal music and visiting fol lowed supper.

Attending were the guest of honor, Mrs. Taylor who acted as hostess assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Chester Hill; Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Olsen, Murray; Mr. and Mrs. Scott A. Taylor, Mrs. Carl Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. August J. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Reese, Lakeview; Mr. and Mrs. Jane Tom Reese, Orem, and Mrs. Glen Taylor's family, and Mr. and Mrs. Preston Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Taylor, Mrs. Mary T. Dahlqui and Mrs. Evelyn Taylor, who just returned from a visit East.

* * *

Cucumbers in vinegar?

Sliced Tomatoes?

Caramel Ice Cream?

Aunt Ruth's Angel Food Cake?





Iced Tea?!



DELLA TAYLOR JENSEN

I joined six brothers and two sisters on November 8, 1899. I am the ninth of seven brothers and three sisters. My father William Joseph Taylor, the son of an English LDS convert and pioneer, worked as Provo City Sexton and other varied city duties during his life. My mother, Abby Jane Scott was a daughter of Andrew Hunter Scott. I was born in our home in Provo, Utah, on the corner of 600 West and 100 South.

I was baptized in the Provo Tabernacle font by Nelson W. Tifany (or Tiffneay) on April 26, 1908, and confirmed by my father May 3, 1908. I can't remember anything else about this.

I started school in Lake View in 1907. Annie Nuttall was my first teacher. The school was just south of where Lake View Chapel now stands and was located on the old Reese farm. This was a small school house three or four rooms. From first grade to eighth grade was taught there. I went through all eight grades there and then went to Brigham Young High School for two years. It was the only high school in Provo at that time. I stayed with my sister, Mary, in the winter. In the summer, I would live home and walk down and catch the little yellow cable car that came as far as the river bottoms. Another time I roomed with my future sister-in-law LaPrieal Reese in a one-room apartment. I would go home on the weekends to gather up food for the next week.

World War I was going on and of course the men were to war, so a Provo Girl's Band was organized to play at parades, programs, etc., and I learned to play an E-flat saxaphone while in this band. My sister Ruby played also. Our band director was Professor Robert Sauer, a B. Y. U. band director.

I received my patriarchal blessing from Hyrum G. Smith, the church patriarch, on June 13, 1920. I was 20 years old and it was just before I was married. At that time we had to travel to Salt Lake City to get our blessings. We would ride the Bamburger "Inter-Urban Line" train.

These are some of the things that I remember about my childhood:

I remember going to visit my Grandmother Scott with my mother before we moved from Provo. She would put me in the chair seat on her bicycle, which wasn't very often so it was a real treat to me. I played on the stairway at grandma's home. When I was four we moved to Vineyard, Utah (1904). In 1906 my father saw the need to have something for his boys to do so we bought Cherry Hill Dairy Farm. After we had moved to Lake View I would go with my mother to Provo to shop. It would be an all-day trip in the horse and buggy. Sometimes the roads were bad. We would stop to see Aunt Teenie Sorensen on the way home and she would fix us a snack before we started for home. She took in washing and would rest while visiting us. I remember a boiler on the stove and two tubs on chairs and the scrubbing board and mounds of white, white clothes. My mother made nine loaves of bread and a big pan of biscuits (the same pan she would make the nine loaves in) every other day.

I remember that we would all gather as a family on the front lawn for visiting in the evening. In 1914, when I was 14, we had a fire at the Cherry Hill Farm house. It was a Saturday night, and the boys took their baths out in the milk house. My brother, Golden, had gone to his room for clean clothes. We think that possibly a match head had dropped in the drawer at that time. All 13 of us were at the supper table. Mary and Asael were with us at that time. When we knew there was a fire, I picked up the piano stool and my new dress that Mrs. Fleming, the Provo dressmaker, had made for me. I had just gotten over the whooping cough and the dress was a gift to me from my mother because of my recovery. I had the whooping cough

as a baby and then again when I was 14. I gave it to all of my nieces and nephews. They didn't think that I could have it again after I was exposed by a girl on a MIA trip. I was sick all summer.

I was married in 1920 to Lloyd B. Williams of Lake View. That marriage was terminated in January 1926. From that union, two beautiful children were born. Edith was born at home in Lake View on August 16, 1921. Dr. Hughes from Spanish Fork came in for the delivery. Don L. was born June 18, 1925, in his Grandma William's home in Provo. Dr. Garn Clark delivered him. After that marriage the children and I lived in Provo, in the apartment above the Cherry Hill Dairy office. The dairy office was located on 400 West off of Center Street South. I would work in the office during the day and would get up early in the mornings while the children were still sleeping about 4 a.m. to do the bookwork.

In August 1927, I met a tall Danishman at a dance at the Geneva Resort. He was James Christian Jensen from Provo. Our courtship led to marriage in the Salt Lake City Temple on December 7, 1927. He brought to the family Donna who was five at the time. Her mother was Lydia Bird Jensen. With our family of three children we started our life in a home at 600 West and 500 North in Provo. Jim was stable sargeant for the National Gaurd at that time. He also had a herd of purebred jersey cows out to pasture in West Springville. Our first child was a boy Weston Taylor Jensen, born on November 20, 1928.

It became necessary for us to find a place for the cows so we traded our home for a farm in Lake View in 1929 and moved our cows on the farm and started a dairy. This was located about two blocks north of the Lake View Chapel. When the depression hit the National Guard changed from calvary to motorized, this put Jim out of a job. By 1931 we had lost our home and farm. The bank took the cows which were mortgaged for feed and the Smoot brothers in Bountiful bought our cows.

We then moved back to Provo on the corner of 600 West and 100 North. There David Joseph was born on May 10, 1931. A doctor came to the home for the delivery. All of the other children were born in Crane Maternity Hospital in Provo.

We moved to a house on 300 North and 100 East in 1932. The children went to the Parker School. While living there our darling little Weston was drowned in the irrigation ditch. Weston was dressed heavy because he had been sick with a cold. He was going to meet his father who was on his way home for lunch.

We moved to the Glade home in 1933 which is still located at 400 North on the east side of Geneva road. While living there, Marion Faye was born August 22, 1933. J. Mahlon was born on January 27, 1935 (in June, 1968, he died of melanoma in Arizona), Lucille Joy was born August 11, 1936, and Sharon Kay was born January 15, 1942.

The depression was the roughest time of our married life. We had a nice Buick, which Jim had given to me as a wedding present. We had to put it up on blocks since we couldn't afford to drive it. After the depression was over and Jim was back to work we sold it to a neighbor boy for $40.00. We raised a lot of food at that time. We had a cow and some pigs. Jim made sure that we never went hungry, and that we always had lights. The older kids will remember me turning over the stove lids to blacken their shoes to go to Sunday School. We got by with what clothing we had. I made long legged underpants from garment sleeves and legs, and "garter waists" from flower sacks, which were made of cotton at that time. I used a treadle sewing machine.

After Jim was layed off from the National Guard, there was no work available, so he worked some with the WPA and all of the time with the CCC (a government program) from 1932 to 1936. In 1936 he secured a job with Utah Power and Light helping build the "Hale Station." He then worked there as a fireman and a turbin operator for 21 years. He retired from there.

We rented the Glade home for 20 years, all of that time trying to buy it, but Mrs. Glade wouldn't sell. Jim had done a lot of land improving there, clearing trees out so we could plant row crops (five acres worth). We had eighteen acres, a lot of which was river ground.

In 1954 a dream came true when we were able to move into our own home at 335 North Geneva, just across from the Glade home and along the north Provo River bank. We had bought the land many years before, and had it excavated for a home ten years before we started building. because we were so fearful about going into debt we hadn't built the house.

The Glade home was not modern. We only had an outdoor toilet (in those days called a "Roosevelt Monument"), with a Montgomery Ward catalogue inside. We did have hot water in the house when the city water came out around 1945 or 1950.

The inconveniences of the Glade home prompted us to get our own home built. We started building about October 1953 and moved in April 1954. We had a lot of help from David, Andy, Austin and his men. My new house was like heaven. It was so much more roomy. We had a barn, and a place for some cows and pigs. The only unfortunate thing was that now much of my work was over as Joy and Sharon were the only ones left at home. It made a wonderful place for our family to come back to with their children. We kept a beautiful flower and vegetable garden. We had terraced the river bank with railroad ties, and I took pride in keeping that looking nice.

In 1975 I sold our home because it was becoming too much for me to take care of alone. I am renting a home on the south side of the Provo River at 249 North Geneva.

Jim died of leukemia on May 23, 1966, at the Veteran's Hospital in Salt Lake City. When I was 14 I started teaching the kindergarten class in Sunday School, and was a member of the ward choir at that time. I hold two five-year service awards for being a primary teacher. I was a guide patrol leader at the time the Scouting program was instituted into the primary. I served as counselor in two Relief Society presidencies, and also to the MIA program. I was a Relief Society President from 1958 to 1960 in the Lake View Ward. I served on the Stake Sunday School Board. I was always a choir member, also a Relief Society magazine representative and for as long as I can remember a Visiting Teacher in the Relief Society.

I have several interests. To name a few: a wonderful family and husband. At this time (June 1982) I have 31 grandchildren, 4 great-grandchildren, and 8 great-great-grandchildren.

I have enjoyed group singing all of my life. I was a charter member of the Melodian Chorus, and sang with them for 16 years. This chorus was under the direction of Professors Florence and Franklin Madsen. I also sang in the Salt Lake City Tabernacle for General Conference with the Relief Society Singing Mothers. I enjoy reading, and attended a book class in the Provo Senior Citizen's Center. I also took organ lessons there. Some of my hobbies besides are embroidery, quilting, and my "Four B's": Books, Babies, nice Blankets, and Baking. I like to can all kinds of food, as well as garden and grow flowers. At the present time I keep a garden. When the weather permits I walk every day to keep in shape. For the past three years, I have made it a habit to go to the temple on a weekly basis, doing two endowments for the dead each time. I have been to all of the temples in the U. S. and in Canada and Hawaii.

I am a charter member of the Lake View Camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. I have served as a captain in the DUP, and have been the chorister for the past 20 years.

I have done some touring in my retirement. In 1965, I went to the World's Fair in New York City, and the Palmyra Pageant. Around 1968 I went on the North-West U. S. and Canada tour with the W. W. I Veterans. About

1970 I went to Mexico, and then the Carribean Islands a few years later. In 1975 I traveled with a B. Y. U. tour to Israel, and a few years after that, I went to Hawaii. In 1981 I went to Southern California and other interesting points along the way. I was a guest to go to Nauvoo to the dedication of the statues to women and the visitors center there. This was from Orem and North Stakes.

NOTE: Della is in her 83rd year of life now, and is still active and alert. She enjoys good health, but most importantly, has a good attitude and she enjoys life. Her days are spent often in doing things for her family or neighbors. She reads a newspaper daily and keeps abreast of current affairs. She is loved deeply by her family, and considered to be a "remarkable lady.") Della has kept some of this history in her Book of Remembrance, but in June 1982, she told all that she could remember to complete that history to her grand-daughter, Joan B. Christiansen, who has compiled the information.



Aunt Della just returned home in July from a trip to Alaska with Edith and Austin and their daughter, Ann. From all accounts she was the life of the party.



RUBY TAYLOR OLSON

I was born in Provo, Utah, on January 4, 1902, the 10th child and 4th daughter of William Joseph Taylor and Abby Jane Scott. I was born in a house still standing on the corner of 700 West and 100 South across from the Pioneer Park. My father, William Joseph Taylor, Jr., was born at 168 North 600 West in Provo, Utah, on November 23, 1859, the 5th child and eldest son of William Joseph and Mary Bowring Taylor who came to Utah from England in September 1853 by oxteam. Grandfather and Grandmother Taylor were married at Liverpool, England, before embarking on the ship "Jersey" for the U. S. A. and Zion. Elsewhere in my Book of Remembrance will be found a very interesting account of their voyage which was obtained from records in the Church Historian's Office of the voyage of a group of saints on the ship "Jersey" which landed at New Orleans. They were from Trowbridge in the county of Wiltshire in England and it is from this county that we have obtained pedigrees of the family which extend back to the early 16th century. Listing my grandfathers in line of assent from Grandfather William Joseph, born in 1832, is William, 1804 - George, 1773 - William, 1739 - Thomas, 1711 - Thomas, 1688 - Jeremiah, 1659 - Jeremiah, 1629 who is my 7th great-grandfather and represents the 12th generation of the Taylor family. We hope in the future to extend this line still farther back.

On my Grandmother Bowring's line we find she is a daughter of Joseph Bowring and Jane Cook of Stratton, Dorsetshire, England. Her grandfathers are Thomas, 1770 - William, 1746 - and Benjamin, about 1721.

My mother, Abby Jane Scott, was a daughter of Andrew Hunter and Sarah Ann Humphries Roe. Andrew Hunter Scott was born in Middleton, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, August 21, 1815, a son of Joshua Scott and Nancy Ann Keen. Joshua was a son of Joshua. Sarah Ann was a daughter of George Humphrey Roe and Abby Jane Weldon. For further details on the lines of descent, pedigree charts are enclosed in my Book of Remembrance. The pedigrees of the Scott family as well as the Bowring and Taylor families have been traced to some length and further discussion would only tire the reader.

At the time of my birth, mother and father had a real house full with nine other children, six of them boys, and in addition, my father's mother, Mary Bowring Taylor, who was quite elderly at the time, lived with us. My mother's health did not improve very rapidly due to the strenuous life and hard work incident to rearing a large family in pioneer times and so they tell me that I was raised for the first few months by the older children. My father was employed by Provo City as Sexton and Watermaster at the time and very shortly after, began preparations for moving his large family out of the city where they could occupy their time and improve their financial conditions. My brother, William, the eldest boy, was a student at the B. Y. U., but when father announced that they had rented the Harry Gillis farm just west of what is now the Geneva Steel Mills and right on the banks of Utah Lake, Will immediately quit school and joined the family even though he was assured by his teachers that he was equipped to become a first rate student of education. As I recall the family stating, we moved when I was about two years old or about 1904. My mother stayed in the family home in Provo until after my younger brother, Karl, was born. At this time the family members were William Weldon, born 1883; Mary, 1885; Andrew Scott, 1887, Joseph Hyrum 1889; Ruth Elva, 1890; Golden, 1893; Frank Rozelle, 1895; Glen Lee, 1897; Della Scott, 1899; myself; and Karl Roe, 1904. Those living of family are Mary, Scott, Frank, Glen, Della, and myself, Ruby, thus five children and father and mother have gone on ahead.

It was while we were living in Vineyard at the Gillis farm that the incident with the cow took place which I have written about in an article entitled, "I Remember" which I wrote for a family reunion and which is attached to and is to be part of this history. It

will tell many of the small personal memories which I shall not repeat here.

We lived in Vineyard for approximately two or three years, then purchased the old Dillitush place in Lake View some four miles north of Provo on the lower road. Here my father and the boys who now numbered seven, farmed a large dairy farm and established what became known as Cherry Hill Dairy because of the large cherry and fruit orchard on the place. The house was a two story frame with six rooms and three porches, one front and one back and a cement patio porch on the east where my mother used to sit in the afternoon and rest while she picked over fruit or shelled peas. There were some fragrant blossomed vines growing above our heads. Our farm was a glorious playground for we children. We could swim in the canal to the east; the molasses ditch to the south, so called for a molasses mill which in pioneer times was situated on its swift waters, and the Utah Lake just west and very close to our ground. I can assure you we did swim many a time and many a time we hid in the weeds while the freight trains went past the swimming hole in the canal. The molasses ditch was very cold and we did more wading than swimming, but the lake - there was the real fun. Sometimes the water was up quite high and we did not have far to go to reach it and sometimes the mosquitos were very bad and we would pay for our fun. When I say "we" I mean my sister Della, younger brother Karl, Beulah and Euleda Clinger, Delvor and Delillie Scott and sometimes the Nuttall girls and the Goodridge girls. Many others joined our group as well as my sister Ruth and Clara and Evelyn Madsen who later became my sisters-in-law.

There was a great deal of hard work along with a large family on a farm and while we had all the modern conveniences and more than most because of our dairy and the steam boiler that heated our wash water and turned the washer most of the time, it was still hard, gruelling work to cook and wash and iron for a family of 13 and usually one or two hired men. To cook for thrashers every summer, to help with the beet thinning and topping and hoeing and while I can't complain about too much work in fields except at thinning and hoeing time, I can still remember how father came into the house and wakened me to wrap pounds of butter which we made in a large mechanical churn and which he worked down and printed into pounds while I wrapped it. I stood on a box with a wide board over the milk bottle washer and we made hundreds of pounds of good, sweet creamery butter, selling it in Provo along with our milk, cream and buttermilk. We had the only dairy in Provo for over 20 years and it was not until the death of my father and older brother Will and after the division of the property that the business was sold to Clover Leaf which was in about 1930.

I remember well riding the horse to pull the hay fork while putting up hay in the summer time. While it was fun, after a while it became tiresome and hot and dusty riding back and forth on the broad back of the big mare and waiting for the yells of Scott or Golden to "pull her up" and hold it until they tripped the fork, then I could turn around and run the horse back to the starting place again. I remember when the thrashers came how we would hurry home from school and go watch the chaff being blown out the long blower and run our fingers through the wheat as it came running into the bags. We knew that we would have some very good meals but we would have to wait in the kitchen until all of the hands were through, then there would be dishes and dishes and dishes to wash and dry. We didn't have the wonderful detergents of today and our water was hard and even though we used lye to soften it, there was always a rim of cold, white grease around the edge of the pan in spite of everything we could do. It was quite a chore also to heat all of our water in the old black kitchen stove. That was one of my jobs to keep the reservoir full and I well remember we younger children taking our baths in the tin tub filled out of this same reservoir full and with chairs circled around us and blankets over them to afford us privacy. I also remember the enormous washings that I helped the older girls, Ruth and Mary, put on the line and the ironings of endless shirts for all those boys. I remember every summer the hundreds of bottles of fruit put up, the jam made, the orchard where so much fruit grew and which was a fine

place to play. Mother also used to raise turkeys for our own use and to sell. This is also mentioned in more detail in "I Remember." We had a large lawn around our place and plenty of shade from the row of lombardy poplars which encircled the place and we had many a good time out on this old lawn. Mother was a lover of flowers and cultivated as many as she could and encouraged us to love flowers and everything that was beautiful. She was a good housekeeper and I sometimes wonder that her health was as good as it was when I think of the work it entailed to take care of us all. We had a great deal of company in those days, mother's brothers and sisters and cousins and friends of the family and it all took lots of food to be prepared. We lived quite a ways from the church and school and so drove horse and buggy back and forth until I was about eight or nine when we purchased our first automobile. I remember so very plainly how pleased we all were with it. Later we drove a large truck to deliver the milk. My brother, Joe, took charge of this and he was a familiar sight around Provo for many years. In addition to the truck, we drove one and sometimes two milk wagons pulled by two horses. The summer of 1919 I drove this milk wagon while the boys got up the crops. This was during the war while Frank was at war and help was very scarce. I became quite an oddity as it was not customary for girls and women to work so much as it is now, but I enjoyed it and I suppose it was a forerunner of things to come as my entire life, except while I was raising my family, has been interspersed with periods of employment from which I have gained much experience and enjoyment.

All in all it was a happy life looking back. I wonder how my mother held up with all the work incident to a farm woman's life and it is small wonder that her health was not good and after many years of semi-invalidness due to a worn out body, she died at the age of 67, passing away on February 27, 1931, at 9 a.m. after being bedfast for three months. Her funeral was held March 1st in the Lake View Ward Meeting House. My father lived alone in the old home for two years or more, it being his wish to do so, until Karl and Mar purchased the property and moved in, taking good care im until his death, December 30, 1936, which came suddenly of a heart attack.

(William Joseph Taylor and Abby Jane Scott were married August 3, 1882, in Provo, Utah.)

Father and mother gave their children all the privileges and advantages that it was possible for them to do and I suppose a lot more than some were given in those days. I was given the opportunity to study music which I did for several summers under Professor Fitzroy and so I was given the job of ward organist and played for funerals and solo work. I was not too proficient but enjoyed it very much especially the organ which I became quite adept at at one time. We children had ice and roller skates using the loft of our large barn as a skating rink. My brothers had missions and some advanced schooling. My father and mother were generous and hard working and their children cannot say that they did not do all that was possible for their education.

My education began in the Lake View Elementary School. Annie L. Nuttall was my first teacher and Fred Davies was the one under whom I was graduated from the eighth grade. We usually had three grades in each room and seemed to get along well though crowded somewhat. I remember Dora Stewart, Ernest Rowley, both deceased, James Jensen in addition to the two others. There may have been others but if so, they have slipped my memory. They were good teachers and had a lot to put up with in a small country school. They were not able to give us much individual help and for this reason and the fact that I had to miss a whole grade, the 6th, due to mother's poor health, Marjorie's coming into the world and Ruth needing help, I did have some difficulty in the 8th grade with arithmetic. My health that winter was bad. I was constantly missing school through tonsillitis, hardly a month would go by without an attack, and it was during the 7th and 8th grade that my eyes began to fail and we did not realize in those days the importance of eye care, and it was let progress until when in the 8th grade a traveling doctor came to the house and asked to test my eyes. He

was dumfounded in finding how little I could see. He fitted me up with some ugly, gold rimmed spectacles and my headaches which had been constant and, which I thought was a part of life, disappeared. The glasses did not add to my appearance. I was not a beautiful child, at least in my own eyes, but I am sure I was not exactly homely either. Mother and father bought us good clothes. Our best dresses were made by a dressmaker, but as compared with the girls today, we were behind the times. We usually had one party dress, a best dress for Sunday and two school dresses. We were all satisfied and happy and enjoyed our school and church associations.

After graduating from the 8th grade, with a new white dress and diploma much the same as they graduate today from high school, I entered the B. Y. U. High School which was then set up as a high school and college combined, the students of both schools mingling together in assemblies and dances. We had to pay $75.00 per quarter in those days, so it was a privilege afforded the fortunate to be able to go to high school. The first year Delvor Scott, Elva Bunnell and I "batched" in one room, three sleeping in one bed, cooking our meals on a small step stove. Mrs. Crane was our land lady, one small room taking care of we three. We had fun even though at times it was hard to keep the room warm. It was dark, a northeast location, and we often ran out of food before the week was over. Elva used to scold at our meals of bacon and water gravy over bread. She had never tasted water gravy at her home.

The second year we lived in Mrs. Josephine Goodridge's basement. Vera Williams came and joined us. This was a much more comfortable place. We had two rooms there. Toward spring Delvor became tired of our clatter and left to room with some older girls, so we were obliged to move to cheaper quarters at the foot of college hill.

My two years of high school were of great importance in my life. My contact with the teachers at B. Y. U. was a factor that I know shaped my character and thinking. W. J. Snow, who taught me history, Professor Boyle, math. Aretta Young, art. Algie Eggertson Ballif, physical education. Professor N. L. Nelson, English. H. R. Clark, business English. Professor Holt, shorthand and Myrtle Hone Smith, type. T. Earl Pardoe, theology. All had tremendous influence on me. I am listing them more for my remembering than for the interest of any reader.

After two years, which was about all my father could afford to send me, I left school to accept a job with the Utah County Crop Pest Inspector and County Agent, Heber J. Webb and Mr. Welch. I worked there for some time, then for Baker and Baker attorneys. I left there to have my tonsils removed and worked for Startup Candy Co. for a while, then to the Hedquist Drug Company where I worked very happily for two and one-half years.

I had the usual number of boy friends and happy and unhappy love affairs. Then after a peculiarly unhappy experience along that line, I decided to go to Salt Lake City and secure work as most of my girl friends had married. So, in May 1924, I arrived in Salt Lake City. August and Ruth brought me and deposited me at the Beehive House for L. D. S. girls. (Grandmother Taylor also accompanied her per her diary entry.) I soon met many lovely girls and renewed my friendship with Vinna Bunnell who was already in the Beehive House. I was put in a room with Anna Adair from Paragoonah and we became fast friends. I also became acquainted with Marie Fresh and Emerett Millar who lived across the hall as well as all the girls in the home. I secured work at Schramm-Johnson Drugs office where I worked for three months, then worked at the Relief Society Offices for Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde in the magazine department. I also worked for Alice Reynolds who was then the editor of the Relief Society Magazine and for Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary of the Relief Society Association. Ada Jones was secretary to Mrs. Lyman and she and I became good friends. I worked here two and one-half years.

I lived in the Beehive House from May 1924 until March 1925 when Mabel Lemmon, Vinna Bunnell, Jerda Peterson and Anna Adair and I took an apartment in the Hollywood Apartments on 100 South, going from there to the

Caithness Apartments on First Avenue and "B" Street. It was while living at the Beehive House that I met Willard O. Olson. A group of girls went to Saltair on an outing on Labor Day, 1925, and there I was introduced to him by Emerette Millar who had known him in Idaho. We went together off and on for about a year when he went on a mission to Sweden.

(Excerpts from diary, dated July 7, 1929:)

"Almost four years have passed since I made an entry in my diary. At the last writing I was working at the Relief Society Offices where I continued working until just a year ago. During that time I lived with Vinna, Mabel, Anna and Jerda in the Hollywood and Caithness Apartments sharing expenses and work and having a wonderful time. Later moved to 409 - First Avenue with Anna where we lived one winter but as Anna had measles very badly and was unable to work, she went to her uncles to live and I moved to 212 B Street to board with Edith and Mollie Higginson. Had a fine room and met some nice girls. Later Miss Emilie Fuhrer took charge of the place and our home life was very enjoyable. Some of the people living there while I was there are: Doris Newton, Vinnie Cuffland, Bettie Hooper, who married Felix Gunther. Bill Hutchings, John Wilkins, Arnold Newstrom, Myrle Anderson, Ellen, Margaret, Anna Adair, now Allan. Violet Johnson, now Monson, Mary Rockhill and Alice Anderson and Norma Bradley. Miss Fuhrer lost the home and it was closed May 1, 1928, the day I was married. While living there I enjoyed my temple work very much, Doris, Violet and I going quite regularly.

"I left on February 27, 1928, for Chicago to meet Willard Olson on his return from a two year mission to Sweden. We saw Chicago sights and then went to St. Paul and Minneapolis, thence to Cambridge to visit his relatives - Sandquists, Ericksons and Ferdeens. Coming home by way of Omaha and Denver, arrived home March 15th. Received my diamond April 5th and was married in the Salt Lake Temple, May 1, 1928, at 12:30 p.m. Spent our first night at the Hotel Bigelow in Ogden. Lived in the Brown Apartments in Murray until February 3, 1929. While there met with an accident being struck by an automobile driven by Mary A. Lewis. This happened on September 28, 1928. I received $650.00 from the insurance company. On February 3, 1929, we moved to 169 East 4800 South, Murray, Utah, Willard having charge of Frank's Garage.

"On Friday, April 19, 1929, our first child, a little son, was born at the L. D. S. Hospital at 2:30 a.m. He weighed six pounds ten ounces, and we named him Willard Russell for his father and the doctor. He is the loveliest and best baby in the world. We can't love him enough. He was blessed July 7, 1929, at Murray First Ward by his grandfather, W. J. Taylor.

"These happenings of interest in my life may be of some value to me later if jotted down. My life is just beginning so it seems, as married life is so different from the independent and careless singleness. We are being blessed greatly in our little family and trust the Lord will continue to guard and guide us aright that we may never lose sight of our duty and the object of our existence."

April 2, 1930, . . . We are still at the above address. Russell is 11 1/2 months old and very well and fine. He cut his first teeth on February 23 and his second on March 25. He can stand alone but does not walk. General Conference convenes next week. The 100th Annual Conference. We hope to attend the pageant one night next week. Russell weighed 22 pounds 9 ounces at one year of age.

August 21, 1931, . . . On the 1st of August 1931, we moved to 277 East 4800 South, Murray, Utah. Willard became a Watkins Dealer November 24, 1931. Mother passed away on February 27, 1931, at 9 a.m. after being bedfast for three months. She was 67 years old January 30, 1931. The funeral was held March 1st in Lake View Ward Meeting House. Russell is to have his tonsils removed tomorrow, the 22nd.

May 24, 1932, . . . We are still living at 277 East 4800 South. Willard is a Watkins Dealer yet and we have passed through a hard, slow winter. Conditions generally are bad although we have been blessed greatly and have all had excellent health. Our second child, a girl, was born on November 12, 1931, at 5:20 p.m. in the L. D. S. Hospital. At birth, she weighed 7 1/2 pounds. She was blessed by her father in the Murray First Ward and named Ruby Lorraine Olson. At six months she weighed 18 pounds. Willard is chairman of the Murray First Ward Genealogical Society and goes to the temple once each week. He was ordained a seventy on the 4th day of April, 1932, by Levi Edgar Young. Our fourth wedding anniversary was celebrated by a family dinner and party, May 1, 1932. Lorraine cut her first tooth at six months of age, her second today.

On February 2, 1934, our third child, a daughter, was born - a little groundhog - which we named Norma Janice. She put in her appearance so quickly we barely had time to get to the L. D. S. Hospital. She was always a good happy baby. Our fourth and last child, Eleanor Rae, was born January 22, 1937, three years later while we were still at 277 East 4800 South. (The family moved to a new home at 549 Vine Street in September 1937.) During these years we had made many good friends in Murray. Willard was active in the church. After the Genealogy Committee, he was in the Sunday School Superintendency a few months, then was taken into the bishopric of the Murray First Ward. Samuel E. Bringhurst was bishop, C. Keith Wiseman, first counselor, Willard, second, and Franz Westover, ward clerk. This group became very close friends and many outings were enjoyed together and a social group was organized for a New Year's party which was carried on for almost 25 years or until the passing of Franz and the three missions which Sam and Leah Bringhurst were called on.

My duties were many and so my church work had to be limited somewhat and I was unable to get to Sunday School regularly but taught a class in Relief Society for many years taking the babies with me. Many of the older members of the ward recall Lorraine and Janice as babies sitting on the rug beside me while I gave the lesson and chuckled at Lorraine stuffing cookies under the rug.

My experiences in genealogical research have been extensive and over a long period of time, during which I have found that this work gives one many valuable lessons in patience, persistence, learning the value of prayer, and dependance upon the Lord and many fine ministers and helpers for one's success. I commenced the work in about 1943 and when my four children were in school, would board the bus and spend a day in the library which was then in the Joseph Smith Memorial Building east of the Temple. My problem at this time was to find the marriage of one of my second great-grandfathers, George Taylor, who married Hannah (surname unknown), and raised a family in Trowbridge, Wiltshire County, England. I had spent many hours in the library looking for this marriage and had a missionary cousin in England helping out. One particular morning, I had spent several hours in the library going through Phillimore's Marriage Indexes and about noon, I went over to the Temple to check some sealings which at that time were not on microfilms. I finished there and decided to go home as my children would soon be home from school. I climbed the stairs and went through the east gate of the temple block and looked over my shoulder thinking, "If I hurry I can just catch the next bus," but the thought came to me, "Why don't you go back to the library and look for George again?" but I brushed the thought away with "I must go home. Those children will be hungry and if I don't go now I will have to wait one hour for another bus," and started down Main Street. But my feet would not let my mind go where I knew it should go. They started walking north on Main Street toward the library and kept walking, all the time listening to my thoughts which said, "You are a nice one, you are tired and you should go home," but I still walked . . . at last shrugging my shoulders and finally climbed the stairs at the library, tired but consoling myself. "Oh well, I only get here once a week." I went again to the shelf and picked up another one of Phillimore's Marriage Indexes and hurriedly thumbed through the book. What I found made

me start and exclaim, "Oh, my goodness!" The lady next to me smiled and said, "Did you find something?" Well, I surely had found something - my second great-grandparents' marriage entry: George Taylor, Weaver, Trowbridge, married to Hannah Naish or Nash of Chisledon, 22 October, 1794. At last by listening to the still, small voice, even against my best judgment, I was able to find this link which ran the Naish line back to 1691 and the Taylor line back to 1618. There are many faith promoting experiences along with the work which makes genealogical research, even for young mothers, a very rewarding diversion as well as filling a commandment given to us.

(The above account was published in The Era, July 1969, in an article entitled "Testimonies of Answered Prayer - Reports of the Faithful" by Jay Todd.)

Genealogy, to mother, was a consuming hobby as well as a divine calling. It filled her life. She was employed at the L. D. S. Hospital as a nurses aid in about 1945, working from 3 p.m. until 11 p.m. I remember going with dad to pick her up from work late at night in the old grey Hudson. She worked as bookkeeper at Cook-Alsop Lumber Company when Russell went on his mission in 1947-48; as bookkeeper at Redi-Foods, a frozen food producer and distributor in Murray until I was out of high school, 1956-57. She was active in the Auxillary of the Vetrans of World War I organization serving in leadership positions on a local and national level. She was a good cook and a good housekeeper and thrift was a way of life. She had a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ and a relationship and awareness of scripture that inspired and impressed me. She found it hard to sit and do nothing, but was anxious to be busy. Dad's involvement with the Welfare Program was matched by her dedication to genealogy almost to a fault. She loved her children and her grandchildren, and was always concerned with their welfare, dedicating many hours to helping out in times of illness and with babysitting services. Her Thanksgiving dinners were masterpieces to be remembered, always consisting of the creamy whipped potatoes and gravy, the candied yams, turkey, "Taylor" fruit salad on a lettuce leaf topped with a maraschino cherry, frozen grapefruit sections with 7-up poured over as an appetizer, pumpkin, mince and applesauce pies with whipped cream for dessert. The table was spread open to fill the entire living room, and the thought was annually expressed in the rush of preparation, "I'll never do this again!" but was forgotten as quickly as the family gathered.

On December 5, 1969, the illness mother had thought to be the flu, nausea and weariness, was diagnosed as Acute Leukemia. She entered the Cottonwood Hospital, was transferred to the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah, where she passed away on December 27, 1969, two days after Christmas. The family was together for Christmas, mother attending though extremely frail, and a family photograph was taken to record for posterity, her family group.





KARL ROE TAYLOR

Karl Roe Taylor was born December 4, 1904, to William Joseph and Abby Jane Scott Taylor in Provo, Utah. He was the youngest of 11 children. His sister Della wrote the following:

"A Sunday morning in December, I was just five years old. I had noticed my mother was not feeling well and Aunt Teenie Sorensen was there. But that wasn't unusual, as she often came to help. My brother Glen and I were sent to Sunday School down the street. Our house was on 100 South and 600 West and the church was on 300 South. When we came home from Sunday School, we had a darling baby brother. We named him Karl Roe.

"I don't recall much of his baby days - but when he was about three he would dress up in some long clothes and put a hat on his head and go outside. In a few minutes we would hear a knock on the door and he would come in and say, "I'm Mrs. Keats" and he would sit down and say, "How are you?" and visit for awhile. Sometimes he would be carrying his cat. This was just before our family group picture was taken, as they cut his hair after that. He had golden ringlets and he was a cutie. We used to go visiting relatives in town, in the one seated buggy with a horse. Karl would stand in the center, back of ma and pa, with Ruby and I on a board across from the front of the dashboard."

The W. J. Taylor family wanted a farm and moved to the Amos D. Holdaway farm in Vineyard, while Karl was a baby. They lived there one year and bought the J. J. Dillitush or George C. Scott farm in Lake View. Later the land of Frank Hopkins on the north and Hyrum Scott on the south was acquired. The family established the Cherry Hill Dairy in 1906, so there was plenty of work to keep Karl and his family busy. He learned to work at an early age. They lived there until Karl's mother's health required an easier house to care for and in about 1914 they bought the Hans J. Zobell home where Karl was to spend most of his life. Karl was a happy person and was always whistling and singing as he worked.

He attended school at the Lake View School until he graduated from the eight grade. He attended the Lincoln High School but did not graduate because he had to stay home and help with the farm work. During these school years, he would stay after school and play ball and then walk home to milk 20 cows by hand.

One night at a school dance he was supposed to sing. He got the "giggles" and had to start the song two or three times before he could get it going. Margaret Reese played the piano for him that night.

It was hard for him to attend school because of the farm work. He could not go until the sugar beets were harvested in November.

One year he went to Yellowstone Park with five or six fellows. The car they went in, took 40 quarts of oil. But they had a good time. He also traveled to Zions Canyon with his father and Lynn Goodridge.

He and Margaret Reese, knew each other all their lives and after attended school and church together.

He was baptized June 15, 1913, by John Foot and confirmed the same day by his father. He was ordained to the following offices. Deacon: February 5, 1917, by W. J. Taylor; Teacher: April 25, 1921, by August J. Johnson; Priest: May 6, 1923, by W. J. Taylor; Elder: April 12, 1925, by W. H. Boyle; High Priest: September 21, 1946, by Charles A. Callis, an apostle.

While courting Margaret, he would watch when other young men walked her home and go ahead and watch from Grandma Reese's big trees. She went to Salt Lake City to business school and he would drive up to see her. She

lived on a steep hill and his car would not make it up the hill so he would turn and back up to her house. Karl gave Margaret an engagement ring at Christmas in 1924. They did not have a car so Aunt Mary and Uncle Asael Dahlquist lent them their car and they went alone to be married in the Salt Lake Temple, August 19, 1925. Their wedding reception was held in the Fourth Ward Chapel in Provo.

They lived in the little red house that stood south of the Cherry Hill Farm. Dorothy was born October 15, 1926, in Provo. Karl was hauling beets that day. Two years later Arlene was born October 1, 1928, at home in the red house. Karl was duck hunting that day and had to take some teasing about that.

He had been farming on the family farm and in June 1929 he went to work for DTR Co. as a salesman and collector. They moved to Lehi for six weeks and were transferred to Nephi. His work took him into San Pete County and he drove back and forth. They moved to Mt. Pleasant for a while. They would drive to Provo to see their families. It was a long cold trip in the winter and all had to be dressed warm and bundled in quilts with hot rocks to help keep from freezing.

While in Mt. Pleasant Karl liked to go to ball games. Margaret liked to go too but one night there was either measles or chickenpox going around and Karl told her she had better stay home so the girls did not get it. He got the disease and passed it on to the little girls.

New Years Day in 1933 they moved to Lake View into a house south of David Reese's home. Karl Lloyd was born November 1, 1933, in Provo.

They moved back to the red house on Cherry Hill Farm and went to farming and milking cows again.

Karl loved ball games and was a good pitcher. There was a bit of rivalry between Lake View and Vineyard Wards and on Saturday they would play ball. Everyone came and it was like a party. Margaret and her mother and sisters made two six quart freezers of ice cream to serve. The men did not have uniforms but played in their overalls. Once Karl went to Pole canyon for a wagon load of poles and was gone all week. The ball game was at Vineyard that Saturday and they had to play without him. He was going home past the game and the Lake View people saw him and stopped him so he could pitch for them. Aunt Rosetta Johnson would run out and give him candy for energy. Margaret was unhappy with him because he was not cleaned up. They won the game.

Karl was very careful to keep clean. He always changed clothes and washed after his work, before he would eat. Sometimes he would hook the hose over the grape arbor or a stall at the barn and shower. When that cold water hit, he would yell so loud that the family always knew where he was and what he was doing.

Karl and his brother, Scott, were very close to each other. They helped each other in work and play. Karl moved his family into the present home in about 1935 to live with his father. He had his cows in the Cherry Hill barn for a while and then moved them into a barn he had built, on the west side of the road. Uncle Scott and Uncle Will's boys and Margaret's family exchanged help on their farms as needed.

In 1942 while hauling hay at Grandfather Reese's farm a rope broke and let him fall from the top of a high load of hay onto a pad of cement. His back was broken but he walked from bed to chair, very ill for three days before they discovered the broken back. He was put in a cast from neck to thighs and also operated on for a double hernia and was quite miserable. Uncle Golden came to the hospital every day to shave him and when he learned Dorothy was milking and going to school, he insisted on milking the cows. There was one who kicked him right through the door several times.

Once while Karl was in this cast he went fishing with Lynn Goodridge.

He could not farm for a while so he went to work at Geneva Steel Plant for six months and hired Doug Peterson to run the farm. Later he went back to farming. He rode a bike from the house to the barn and sometimes a gate was put up across the head of the cow lane. He thought it had been removed and rode right into it in the dark of early morning. He had been whistling, as usual, as he rode. Paul tried to stop him but could not. He had some bumps and bruises from that.

He always sang and whistled. He would sing "Ain't She Sweet" and hug Margaret. Other songs he enjoyed were: "My Buddy" and "Ma! She's Making Eyes at Me" and "Silver Haired Daddy of Mine."

He was always willing to help others in trouble. When the Bunnells and Ovesons had fires at their barn and house, Karl was one of the first there. His shoes were not even tied.

He had poor health the last years of his life but he kept going. He was a member of the Utah Federated Milk Producer Association, serving as Utah County representative. He was also a member of the State Board as Director. He served as Secretary of the Lake Bottom Irrigation Canal Co. and as water master. He served in the Lake View Bishopric from 1946 to 1951 with Alfred Madsen, bishop; Karl Johnson, as the other counselor. He was serving in the presidency of the Sunday School at the time of his death. One day he went to Cache Valley with Phil Edwards and bought more cows. He became very ill before reaching home. He had suffered a stroke and died August 13, 1894, at the age of 49. He had always been a source of happiness and strength to his family and friends.

Dorothy Taylor Madson



Uncle Karl and Lloyd and man's best friend.

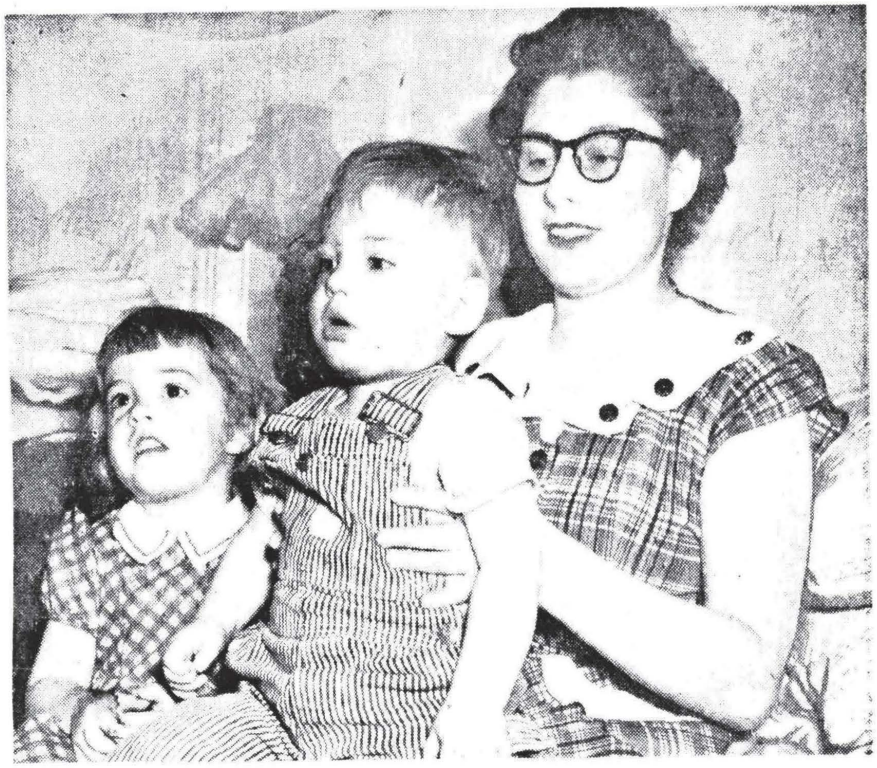


Sweethearts--Karl and Margaret

From the Taylor Chronicle of July, 1951.
Margaret reporting:



Dorothy and Sheldon were burned out of house, home and furniture last winter. It happened in the middle of the night and they were happy to escape safe and sound. You will all remember the old house in which almost everyone of you started married life.



FROM THE NEIGHBORS—Rosemary, Michael, and Mrs. Sheldon Madsen are surrounded by gifts from friends, neighbors and members of Lake View Ward, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who gave the Madsen family a reception after their home was completely destroyed by fire recently. Silverware, bed clothing, lamps, an iron and other household items were presented to the family.

HOME GOODS GIVEN

Ward Holds Benefit For Destitute Family

PROVO — A Provo family, whose home was totally destroyed by fire last week, has been honored at a reception given by neighbors and members of the Lake View Ward, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Everything from silverware and an iron, to blankets and clothing, were given to the Sheldon Madsen family of four.

Their home, which was located on the Geneva road northwest of Provo, burned to the ground at 2 a.m. a week ago Monday. Two babies, aged 2 and 4, a cedar chest, a sewing machine and some clothing were saved from the fire. Mr. Madsen is employed at the Geneva Steel Company.

More than 100 ward members attended the reception at the ward, which was arranged by Thelma Cropper, Elva Scott, Clara Birrell and Cleo Johnson, neighbors of the Madsen family.

A dance was also given at the ward recretaion hall Saturday night by the Elders' quorum to help raise funds for the Madsen family.