

Walter Evan Taylor

Born: Nov 1, 1873 @ Salem, UT
Died: March 9, 1915 @ Salem, UT

Married: Zenetta Curtis on August 3, 1893

Zenetta Curtis

Born: February 19, 1875 @ Salem, UT
Died: June 24, 1983 @ Salt Lake City, UT
Buried in Salem, UT

Their History in Rhyme

There once lived a beautiful maiden
In a little country town.
Her cheeks were as fair as the roses,
And her hair was the darkest brown.

She lived with her father and mother,
And she was the joy of their life,
But her school boy friend loved her,
And wanted her for his wife.

Her mother said, "You will break my heart,
For you're much too young to wed."
And her father said, "Oh, my daughter
Go to school for awhile instead."

But Nettie and Walter were married,
For their love for each other was true.
Folks said, "She's the prettiest girl in town,"
And he was a favorite, too.

She had a beaded yoke with fringe
That she wore with her velvet dress.
the dress was a beautiful midnight blue,
And she looked like a real princess.
In a year or so came baby, Clee.
Yes, he was a handsome child,
And then a lovely baby girl.
Little Jennie so sweet and mild.

But life doesn't always run so smooth.
There is pain that comes with pleasure,
'Old trouble' is always waiting near.
And we all seem to get our measure.

So they went to live in the old log house
that was nestled in the trees,
Right near to the high green mountains
In the feel of the canyon breeze.

There was one large room and a 'lean to'
And a porch with a wide board floor,
and they could hear the footsteps
When anyone came to the door.

In the house was a stove and table
With pictures on the wall.
They put one big bed in the big room
Two beds in the 'lean to" that was small.

On the floor was a home-made carpet,
A flour bin made by hand,
A cupboard, chairs and looking glass,
A wash basin on a stand.

In the back were two silver maples
That waved with the wind when it blew,
An out-house, a cellar, an orchard,
There were currants and gooseberries, too.

Clear water was dipped each morning
From the brook that ran over the rocks.
The oak brush that made the firewood
Was cut and put in a box.

The coyotes that roamed the hillside
Hungry barked and howled at night,
Hoping to find the hen house
While the moon wash shinning bright.

And the family were real happy.
Walt love to sing and tell jokes.
He took part on many programs
Put on by small town folks.

Eight years rolled by; and then one day
When the air was crisp and clear,
Their baby, Merrill, came to them
the very first day of the year.

One day he toddled off alone
When summer time was fair,
Into the path of a reptile.
Oh Mercy! What a scare!

But they milked the cows and corralled the swine,
And fed little Kimo his hay.
The children rode this faithful horse
To School three miles each way.

Then Cleo left home and school one day,
Laid his book by a cottonwood tree.
But came back and said, "Jen where's the bread?
Home is good enough for me."

The meals were always wholesome.
They raised most of what they ate,
And company was right welcome
To sit up and have a plate.

One can almost smell the sweet cooked ham
With milk gravy and biscuits hot,
The yellow juicy cantaloupes
Picked fresh from their garden plot.

And now it's time for Arvilla
To be put on the family tree.
Such smiling eyes and cheeks so pink.
A little beauty was she.

And little Alice with long black hair
Was born the very next year.
She only lived for fifteen months.
What a sorrow to lose such a dear.

Straight-way as if to soothe their grief
and help their home to bless,
the sweetest baby boy was born>
It was Ellis, did you guess?

Time rushed on and Jennie dear
Is struck with a sickness mean
She suffered---Oh it was very sad.
She was just "sweet fifteen."

The medical aid seemed to do no good.
She begged them to pray with love.
On sorrowful day! When they laid her away
To become a bright angel above.

They are living in the new house now.
The stork again opened the door.
This time to bring Leola,
And he did not come any more.

She was a lovely baby girl
With dimples sweet and dark black hair,
And Grandma said when she looked in,
"Another Nettie, I declare."

It was March, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.
Husband and father was called to go on a long,
long mission away from home
To the land of no trouble or woe.

Nettie missed her husband so very much.
Her children numbered five in all.
Clee had already married,
but the four were still quite young.

But she carried on most bravely
And did the best she could.
She loved her children dearly
And taught them to be good.

She lived to see them married
To helpmates of their choice,
And she adored her grandchildren.
They made her heart rejoice.

But her heart is torn again with grief.
this time its Clee, her oldest son,
Met with a fatal accident,
September, Nineteen Hundred Forty-One.

This story to you seem very sad,
but the happy days were many.
Now Nettie has gone to join the four.
Walter, Alice, Clee and Jennie.

Children:

Walter Cleon Taylor – May 25, 1894
Jennie Wanetta Taylor – February 27 1896
Merrill Curtis Taylor – January 2, 1904
Arvilla Taylor – July 13, 1907
Alice Fern Taylor – September 9, 1908
Ellis Curtis Taylor – December 31, 1910
Leola Taylor – May 19, 1913
