

## **Life History of Delbert Taylor**

### **Son of Franklin Danial Richard Taylor and Eliza Priscilla Merrill Taylor**

I was born February 18, 1908 in Mapleton, Idaho. I had a twin brother named Albert. We were almost identical. I remember mother later in our years said when Al was born, father was there by her side and then left to go to the barn and when he came back to the house a half hour later I was born. He said, "Good heavens another one." Sometimes even our parents couldn't tell us apart. I remember mother calling out, "Delbert, Albert, whichever one you are get over here." I think we even looked more alike as we got older. We would take our girl friends to the dances in Afton. When I would ask a girl for a dance she would say, "I thought I just danced with you." I would say, "That must have been my twin brother." We sometimes had people fooled for our own reason.

There were twelve of us, eight boys and four girls. Starting from the oldest their names were - Franklin Vaughn, Lila Eveline, William Aquilla, Lenora, Clarence, Mable, LeGrande Spencer, Raymond, Delbert, Albert, Marie, Vernal.

While we still lived in Mapleton, my father was called on a mission to Mobile, Alabama. My older brothers were left to care for the farm and family. My oldest brother Vaughn was only fifteen years old. This was quite a responsibility. I remember the older boys telling us some of the experiences like hitching up the horses to the buggy and taking us all to church. That was the only means of transportation in those days. If I had been older I would have remembered more things. I was only about two years old. I don't know how long it was after father came back off his mission that he sold the farm and bought a ranch in Star Valley, Wyoming. It was a little town called Fairview. I remember we had an old log house with a dirt roof. Father, after awhile built a nice big home to accommodate the family. As I grew up on the ranch, my father would give Al and me jobs that we could do together. We would take the cows up in the foothills to graze and then in the evening go back and drive them home. There were many other jobs that we did. It seems like my father was always on a saddle horse and driving cattle. I remember he went to Bear Lake to buy cattle. It would take them several days to go over there and back home. There wasn't any railroad or trucks so the only way to get the cattle home was to drive them.

I have told a little about my father. Now I will tell something of my mother. She was a very hard working person. She had to be to cook, clean and take care of her large family. She would always see that we went to church. She was a person to roll with the punches, she just took what life had to offer. She worked in the Relief Society for quite some time. I don't ever remember her to say a bad word. I have heard others of the family say the same. She died June 20, 1971 at ninety seven. Three children preceded her in death, Mable, Albert and my oldest brother Vaughn.

My oldest brother Vaughn went on a mission to West Virginia while we were on the ranch in Fairview. He was the only one of the twelve that went on a mission. I am sure my parents would have sent others if they would have wanted to go. We were a very close knit family with lots of love and compassion for one another. My twin brother and I found a true love between one another. We were one in one in all things. We did everything together.

Father sold the ranch. We couldn't understand why. He was doing quite well. He bought a place in Montpelier, Idaho. We lived there for two or three years. I think my father was quite uneasy about doing this. It was hard to get us to live in a town after living out on the ranch. He then bought a small farm outside of Logan, Utah where we raised a lot of strawberries and two or three hundred chickens. My twin brother and I had the job of cleaning out the coops. We would rather have done other work than this but we were always taught to do what we were asked.

One night we were coming home from a Fourth of July celebration. We saw in the distance a fire. It looked like it was by our place. We got closer and discovered that it was our barn. Neighbors came to help. The door of the garage was too close to the fire so one neighbor drove our car out the side of the garage to save it. The barn burned to the ground. Luckily there was only feed in the barn. We had fifteen to twenty pickers to work in the strawberries. I remember father, Albert and I driving in an old green Buick to deliver strawberries.

Shortly after the fire, LeGrande wrote and told us that he could get a job for either Al or I on the ranch he was working for in Star Valley. Al and I flipped a coin and I won. I was about fourteen and wanted to quit school and go out on my own. The ranch where I went to work for was called Stage Valley. It was about fifteen miles from Afton, Wyoming. We put up hundreds of tons of hay. My job was raking. They knew I was good with horses so they gave me a pair of colts that hadn't been broken for very long. I was raking one day and had stopped for the noon meal. I got off the rake to unhitch the horses. You always get off on the left side. I made the mistake of not holding the lines while unhitching them. The one on the right side got scared of something and they both started running. I grabbed the one on the left by the bit and tried to stop them as they were running quite hard. I heard someone telling me to let go. When I did the wheel on the rake hit me and I rolled about twenty feet. If I had fallen inside of the rake wheel, I would have surely been drug to my death. Someone caught the horses about a mile up the field. The rake was broken to pieces. I went up to the bunk house and told the boss what had happened. He said, "Kid, I'll give you another team but be more careful this time." There were always a few runaways so I didn't feel to bad bout it. I worked with about fifteen or twenty men and I happened to be the youngest on the ranch.

A short time after I left to work in Star Valley, my father traded the strawberry farm for an eighty acre farm with a heard of cows on it. They traded sight unseen. They even traded the furniture in the houses. Mother was quite disappointed in the furniture she had gained. She had left a lot nicer. The older ones of the family had married and gone their own ways before the move.

After a year or so I decided to quit my job and live with my family and help on the farm. We had lived on the farm for a few years when my father rented a large ranch about two miles form where we lived. It was just across the river. There were six hundred acres of meadow-land where we raised hay and about one thousand acres of hill ground where we ran cattle and sheep. We ran this place for several years then father decided to buy part of it. We bought two hundred and fifty acres. There were four of us boys at home at that time, Ray, Vern, my twin brother and I. Ray was the oldest. LeGrande was always out working with the sheep for other ranches.

Al was married to Vivian Jensen. Father gave him eight or ten cows to start his herd. He ranted his wife's uncle's place in Grover.

My father passed away February 6, 1933. This was three years after Al married and went his own way. This left the three of us to look after the farm and take care of mother. We divided up the cows among us. Later we decided to have Ray take the sheep and Vern and I would take the cows. Ray took ninety acres of the two hundred and fifty, Vern took eighty, and I took eighty. Vern and I shared the home place. We built a barn down by the river and milked the cows there.

Eleven years after my brother Al married I decided to do the same. I fooled everyone. They all thought I was a confirmed bachelor. They all thought I was a confirmed bachelor. I married Inez Charlotte Pugmire Gubler of Montpelier, Idaho. She was a woman with three daughters. Their names were Laura Jean, Atheleen Gale, and Sherrel Rae. My intended wife lost her youngest daughter Sherrel in death before we were married. We were married June 4, 1941. This was also my wife's birthday. I forgot to mention that Vern was married to Wilda Linford in 1934.

I took my wife and family to live on the home place. We took over the west side of the house, it was called to parlor. Ray, Vern and his wife and our mother had the main part of the house. Just a short time later we broke up the family. Ray took the sheep and bought another three hundred and twenty acres. He first rented an apartment in town. He took mother to live with him. Later he bought or built a home. Mother decided she wanted to go to Boise, Idaho to live with her daughter Marie and family.

We were all struggling to pay off mortgages. We would always change work with one another. Al came over to help me with my hay. We went in for dinner and then went back out. It looked like it might rain. I had only about two hours of mowing to do and wanted to get it finished. We had gotten about two hundred yards from the barn when a bolt of lightening struck my brother, killing him and his team of horses. Al had two colts and I had two older horses. We put one colt and the one older horse together on his mower and I had the other two on mine. I was a few feet in front of Al. My team bolted and ran. I went off. I got to my feet and walked back where he was. He was laying across the cutter bar. His clothes were smoking. My wife came running out to where we were. I was in a state of shock. We knew Al was dead. I unhitched the horses because I was thinking that they might get up and start running. They were still breathing. We managed to get my brother down from the mower. My wife took me to the house. There people coming in to take care of what had to be taken care of. I don't remember them coming and taking Al and the horses away. He left a wife and four children, one boy and three girls. Vivian, his wife took losing her husband in this way very hard. Mother took it hard also but did better than I.

At this time of our lives we also had four children, Laura and Atheleen, and son Frank and another daughter Julie. A short time later I decided to sell the farm and move to Boise. I bought a dairy farm with sixty acres. I bought an additional twenty acres adjoining it. I sold grade B milk at first and then I worked it into a grade A set up. I sold milk to the Triangle Dairy. I was milking sixty five head of cows. I couldn't raise enough feed for them so I rented an eighty acre place that was across the road. Our place was one half mile east of the Five-Mile Store. This is gone now and a big shopping mall is there in its place. This kept me quite busy taking care of a hundred and forty acres and keeping up the dairy.

I forgot to mention that just before we left Star Valley, another daughter De Ette was born. Here in Boise we had another two sons named Larry and Loy.

After we lived here a few years I was called to work as a second counselor in the Sunday School for about two years and then was called to work as second counselor in the Elders Quorum. I had a problem living the Word of Wisdom. This was not easy but I did overcome it. I had a fear of standing before a group of people to conduct a meeting. I have never overcome this.

I built a new home on the farm. We lived in it for about three years when I decided there was something else for me to do besides milking cows. I sold the farm and all the cows and everything we had. I then bought a hundred and sixty acre ranch near McCall, Idaho. It was a little place called Lakefork. I ran beef cattle for fourteen years. We lived in Boise and I would run the ranch in the summer time for about six months or until the snows came. I loved this ranch with its meadow and hills. It was more like being home. I always felt better being there.

During this time, my wife became ill. We took her to the doctor who ran several tests. Through some x-rays they found it was one of here kidneys. We took her to the hospital, put her in her room. The doctor called the members of the family together in a separate room. He showed us the x-rays. There was a large white spot that covered almost all of her kidney. I asked the doctor what this was. He said her kidney would have to be removed for he was sure this was a malignant tumor. I and my family fasted and prayed two days

before the operation. During the three hour operation, we were all waiting in the waiting room of the hospital with a prayer in our hearts. Finally the phone rang, they called me to it. They told me that everything was fine. My wife was doing well. They didn't even have to remove the kidney for it wasn't malignant. The doctors were amazed. We all hugged each other and rejoiced. We knew the Lord had answered our prayers. My son Loy was with us. He had been home for about six months from his mission in Northern California. He turned up missing when we got the good news. I went to find him. When I found him I rushed to him to tell him the news. He calmly said, "Dad, I knew the whole time she would be alright." "Bishop Castelton our Bishop gave her a beautiful blessing." We know the priesthood and prayers works.

Just before my wife was to leave the hospital, I had to return to the ranch to take care of things there. I had bought me a saddle horse. He was a big sorrel quarter horse named Snuff. I had ridden him about a month. One day I was riding him to turn the water in the meadow. There was a creek running through and as I took him through he wanted a drink so I let him have his head. I dropped one rein and used my shovel to bring it back up. This frightened him so badly, we must have thought it was a snake. He jumped to the bank and started wildly bucking. He must have thrown me quite high for when I hit the ground I knew I was hurt but didn't know how bad. I later found out I had six broken ribs. My glasses were broken and I had blood running down my face. As I lay there I remember saying, "Why did this have to happen to me." I was thinking of my wife still in the hospital. Well, I got to my feet and walked a quarter of a mile to my neighbor's house to call home and get some help. I should have asked my neighbor to take me to the hospital but I guess I wasn't thinking. Laura answered the phone and told me someone would be up right away. I then walked up the hill and down again to my place. I went in and the pain was getting worse. I stood there in the kitchen looking out the window for two hours until my son Larry arrived. I couldn't walk or sit down. I shuffled my feet to get out to where his truck was. Larry couldn't handle me or lift me into the truck so we went back into the house. I asked Larry to go to the neighbors and call for an ambulance. We didn't have a phone at our place. When they got there they put the stretcher on the floor for me to get on. I couldn't so they raised it to my waist and I painfully eased myself over on it. It seemed like I was completely helpless because of the pain. They took me to the hospital in McCall. The doctor injected something in my back that eased the pain. Oh, what a relief it was. I was in the hospital for a week. The family traveled the hundred miles back and forth to visit me and be with my wife. It was six weeks before I could ride that horse again. I was a lot more cautious about handling him from then on.

I then sold the ranch and retired. We have a comfortable life and we travel quite a lot in our motor home. I go to the Family Fitness Center three or four times a week to try and keep in shape.

When my mother died in 1971, we buried her next to father in Afton. At this time there are six of us still living. Their names are: Lenora, LeGrande, Raymond, Marie, Vern and I.

I want all to know that I have been tried and tested in my life. I know that God lives and Jesus is the Christ. I thank the Lord for giving me all these opportunities to grow and become stronger. We plan on attending the temple often and I am so grateful for the gospel. I am also grateful for the heritage that my parents gave me.

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