



Life Sketch – from familysearch.org

Joseph Graham Taylor Born Feb. 29 1914 Died May 06 2008 As Remembered by Verna D. Taylor

My Father was born in Kelowna B.C. on February 29 1914. The family moved to Princeton B.C. when his Father, John James Taylor took a job in a sawmill there. Dad attended a one room school in East Princeton. He travelled there by horseback carrying his lunch in an old lard pail – there weren't fancy lunch kits in those days. The temperature in that area in winter often was 40 below zero and snow was easily 6 feet deep. Dad was in his youth when his Father began his own sawmill and named it "Taylors Sawmill" which was situated 2 miles east of Princeton. He and his 3 brothers worked the mill each having their own area of responsibility. As a child I loved to go to the mill at 4:30 and pull the steam whistle indicating the work day was over. I still love the smell of freshly milled wood. The mill was sold in the 70,s and Dad began working for the B.C. Forest Service as a scaler until he retired.

As my Father grew to marriage age he met and married Myrtle Lubie and had 3 children, myself being the oldest. Alvera born two years after me only lived 6 months. Dianne was born 5 years later then I on January 3 1945. This marriage only lasted 6 or 7 years. My Father got custody of us children and I recall having housekeeper after housekeeper as they were called in those days not "nannies". One housekeeper Mary Ellen Patricia Hickey was a keeper whom Dad married in 1952. With her came her child to her first marriage Bonnie Joan. She was just 9 months younger then I. We were dressed as twins until we began to complain at about grade 5. When I was 10 years old Russell Graham Taylor was born to this union – Father was so happy to finally have another male member of the family. Two years later Katherine Patricia was born – we were now a happy family with 5 children and Mom and Dad.

My Father was a very caring man. A gentleman at all times. Table manners were important to him and to enjoy ones food by eating slowly. We never left the table without asking to be excused. Fishing was a big part of our recreation as a family. As young as 6 or 7 years old I remember Dad taking us to summers creek which is north of Princeton and we would have a willow stick with line and a worm on the end and still catch fish. On a hot summer night after Dad got home from work Mom would have a cold picnic ready and away we would go...we always caught brook trout and saw at least one water snake. As we grew older Dad took us camping at lakes between Merritt and Kamloops. We were bigger and the fish were bigger – we did lots of tenting. We camped up above Tulameen, outside of Princeton, to pick huckleberries. One vivid memory was as we called it picking bottles. When the snow receded Dad would drive the family up the Hope Princeton Hwy. with Bonnie on one side of the car and myself on the other side we would

watch for bottles and get all excited if we found more than one at a sitting. Dad was an avid vegetable gardener and always grew a large garden of which us children had to weed

A hundred percent in whatever he undertook to do Dad taught us many valuable lessons – if one had a job to do it was to be done well the first time so it would not have to be done over. He taught me how to tell time and my multiplication table and how to write with my left hand and be a good writer like he was. I recall having to pile wood as we only used wood as our heating and cooking source. Electricity was not available at this time. If when Dad came home from work and the wood was not piled to his satisfaction it was to be redone.

Grandma Hickey and her daughter Bonnie [Mom's Sister] had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints in Kamloops and sent two Missionaries to our house feeling we would benefit from hearing about the true Gospel . We felt the truthfulness of the Gospel as the Missionaries taught us of its principles and we were all baptized in the river which flowed past our home except the two little ones who were not yet 8 years of age. This special event took place on JUNE 4 1955. Another family had moved into Princeton thus a home Sunday School was formed and it was held in different members home and eventually a community hall was rented. Dad was the Sunday School President.

Russell Graham was deceased on Nov. 10 1967 from a tragic car accident. It was a great loss to both Mom and Dad to lose their only Son. He had been attending private school in Vancouver and he and his buddies had come home to go hunting when the car accident occurred just a mile and half from home.

Dad and Mom spent the rest of their retirement visiting their children and grandchildren and helping wherever needed. He helped daughter Bonnie by selling ice cream in the park in Vernon. He taught Matthew to hunt . He helped Kathy with wood supply each winter. Mom and Dad often went to Vancouver and stayed with Tom and daughter Verna and would go to Bellingham and Seattle for shopping which they enjoyed. But most of all they loved to return to Princeton to the old home by the Similkameen River.

Dad was very much loved by all his children and grandchildren.