

**THE WEAVER FAMILY HISTORY**

*A poem by Mrs. F. C. Cummings, Logan, Utah , for event of 20 June 1912*

Long ago in years gone by  
    A man named Frank laid down to die.  
He left beside his bed to weep  
    Three widows and a flock of sheep.  
When he departed to his rest  
    He met some in the land of blest.  
But left behind him feeling blue  
    Children in number twenty-two.  
His widows did their duty well  
    As all the children here can tell.  
They three have passed to meet him there  
    Where there is no sorrow, grief or care.

Sadie, Miles, George, David, Rebecca and Helen--  
    children of love  
    Have joined their parents up above.  
Our parents who we all revere  
    Hoped that all remaining here  
Would each a place and name hew out,  
    Would live this life without a doubt  
That God above us watches o'er  
    Till Father and Mother we meet once more.  
So brothers and sisters, let the love for each we give  
    In our breast forever live.  
Let us not doubt one another here,  
    For we to each other are most dear.

Our father happy now should be  
    To see the spreading Weaver Tree.  
Ed, his eldest son--a gem--  
    Was looking for flour so he chose Graham.  
Mina got a great big Birch  
    Who sometimes takes her to the church.  
He sings some songs and tells some yarns  
    Upon his feet he has some corns.  
Now you can go and ask Aunt Mel  
    If she has high-priced eggs to sell.  
'Tis not a goose that lays eggs of gold,  
    But she has a hen I have been told.

Frances is devoted to the making of hay;  
    She has a large crop of Timothy which she makes pay.  
Horace in arithmetic seems to delight;  
    He can multiply, divide and Add about Wright.  
Wells Davis climbed the golden rod  
    And took from us our Hannah Maude.  
Nora next comes in line;  
    She's cut a diamond genuine;  
Although to rest her husband's gone  
    She still is faithful to her Tom  
Josephine Octavia Ann  
    Caught quite a wealthy man.  
Her big long name doesn't seem to scare us,  
    But there it charmed Mister Alec Harris.

Maggie Duncan gazed highly  
    And looked with favor on our Riley.  
Franklin bears his father's name  
    I'll tell you he is might game.  
You need not sneeze, nor grin nor cough;  
    His wisdom pushed his hair right off!  
Then comes Marietta across the plain  
    Without a car she takes the train.  
Now there's Marinda--good with a plot  
    When just a young widow she roped John Scott.  
Big jolly John went to the circus  
    And when he came back he brought Estella Curtis.

For Oscar we will shed no tears  
    For he owns a small bunch of Steers.  
Now Phebe May was coming with  
    She got half way there and met a Smith.  
Now I've told my little speel  
    I hope quite pleasant you will feel.  
The Weavers are a happy lot.  
    I sign myself Forget-Me-Not! <sup>1</sup>

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**THE WEAVER TREE** by Idella Weaver Robison

There's a grand old tree called the "Weaver Tree"  
With roots running deep as the deepest sea,  
Through the length and breadth of the earth.  
It rises majestically from the sod,  
And stretches it's giant arms abroad.  
It's proud head uplifted to the sky  
It stands the elements to defy.

A thrifty tree is this "Weaver Tree"  
It springs forth in every clime.  
It's tendrils entwine those of other trees  
And their growth they then combine.  
Sometimes a branch will downward start  
Contrary to the old tree's will,  
But in time it yields and upward turns  
It's mission to fulfill.

Such gorgeous flowers has the "Weaver Tree"  
Rare blossoms of every hue  
Fairer than roses or lily blooms  
Dipped in the silvery dew.  
The flowers of truth and chastity  
Of faith and hope and charity.  
Integrity bursting each bud from the fold  
Love pouring out from each heart of gold,  
Wafting their fragrances through the air  
Flaunting their beauty everywhere.

Hanging in great luscious clusters  
Are the fruits of this blessed tree,  
Growing mellow in the soft glow of harvest time  
To be stored for "eternity."  
Happy reapers shall sing as they gather  
The fruits of unexpressed joy  
Of righteousness and eternal life,  
Fruits that worms cannot destroy.

The Master tends well his "Weaver's Tree"  
Sometimes pruning with chastening touch  
But more frequently showering out blessing  
And always loving it much.  
He guards it from Satan the stealthy thief  
Who seeks it to uproot.  
Who yearns to mar it's beauty  
And blight it's precious fruit.

And such a family of leaves as the "Weaver Tree" has!  
Leaves both great and small  
Just hundreds and thousands of eager leaves  
Who have answered the spring's glad call.  
With "Israel's blood" flowing through their veins  
They are pulsing with life's great cause  
Joyously working together  
Obeying nature's laws.

All through life's lovely summer,  
They whisper, they dance, and they swing  
When they feel the cool breath of autumn  
Close to the branches they cling.  
But, just like all leaves they too must fall  
Some tender and green flutter down  
Some fall when but tiny leaf buds,

And some in their yellow and brown  
But most of them fall when the white  
Of winter rests on their brow  
A few dried and faded and withered  
Far into winter still cling to the bough.

Softly they sink down to slumber  
Amid the dust that gave them birth  
Trusting place of the body and spirit  
In the bosom of "Mother Earth."  
And oh, what a rustling and welcoming  
When the first sweet blast is blown,  
When the "Weaver Tree" calls forth his children  
To inhabit a world of their own.

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## The Weaver Reunion Song

(Tune: Here We Have Idaho)

Hello, all you Weavers from east and from west  
How lovely to see you today,  
With greetings and handclasps and wishes so true.  
What happier thoughts could we say.

Chorus:

Welcome reunion time, happy and joyous day  
Isn't it grand to meet again  
To visit and sing and play.  
Let us be happy all of the while  
Don't lose your smile  
For that is the style  
We'll remember meeting you here,  
So welcome reunion time.

2nd verse:

We love every leaf on the old Weaver tree,  
It's branches so sturdy and strong.  
So if you're sad or inclined to be blue  
Just whistle or sing this song.

Repeat chorus

Words by Sarah W. Madsen Hulse

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## NOTES FOR APPENDIX C:

### Children of Franklin Weaver:

#### 1. Identity of Individuals in poem:

The identity of those mentioned in the genealogical poem of June 20, 1912, by Mrs. F. C. Cummings of Logan, Utah, are as follows:

*Long ago, in years gone by,  
A man named Frank laid down to die;*

This is, of course, Franklin Weaver, our progenitor. He passed away in Bennington, Idaho, on June 12, 1884, predeceasing his three wives.

*He left beside his bed to weep,  
Three widows and a flock of sheep.*

The three widows:

Rachel Reed - died December 24, 1893, Bennington, ID

Sarah Holmes - died May 24, 1908, Millville, UT

Sarah Clark - died February 18, 1910, Gentile Valley, ID

*Sadie, Miles, George, David, Rebecca,  
And Helen, Children of Love,  
Have joined their parents up above.*

The six children named above had all passed away at the time of the writing of the poem on June 20, 1912.

Sadie is: Sarah Jane Weaver, the daughter of Miles Weaver and Sarah Clark. She was born December 8, 1852 in Provo, UT and passed away May 22, 1856 at the age of four, probably at Provo.

Miles is: Miles Joseph Weaver, the son of Miles Weaver and Sarah Clark. He was born November 7, 1849 in Provo, UT, and passed away April 9, 1909 at Egin, ID. He was married to Annie Marie Lindsay.

George is: George Gregory Weaver, son of Rachel Reed and Franklin Weaver. He was born June 12, 1862 in Millville, UT. He died July 29, 1909 at Idaho Falls, ID. He married Miriam Amelia Davis December 9, 1882 at Bennington, ID.

David is: David Weaver, son of Sarah Holmes and Franklin Weaver. He was born May 8, 1878 at Millville, UT and died February 13, 1904.

Rebecca is: Rebecca Weaver, daughter of Miles Weaver and Sarah Clark. She was born March 4, 1854 at Provo, UT and died November 30, 1909 at St. David, AZ. She was married to John Smith Merrill.

Helen is: Helen Weaver, daughter of Sarah Clark and Franklin Weaver. She was born January 17, 1859 in Millville, UT. She died November 10, 1909 at Magrath, Alberta, Canada. She married Joseph Kenyon Shaffer, July 16, 1877 at Logan, UT.

*Ed, his eldest son, a gem,  
Was looking for flour, so he chose Graham.*

Franklin Edward Weaver, son of Rachel Reed and Franklin Weaver was born December 23, 1848 in Salt Lake City, UT and died [incorrect date]. He married Christianna Graham in Salt Lake City on January 18, 1868.

*Mina got a great big Birch,  
Who sometimes takes her to the church.*

Elmina Ann Weaver, daughter of Rachel Reed and Franklin Weaver. She was born May 10, 1852 at Provo, UT and died June 8, 1928 at Idaho Falls, ID. She was married to George Washington Birch.

*Now, you can go as Aunt Nel  
If she has high priced eggs to sell;  
'Tis not a goose that lays eggs of gold,  
But she has a Hen, I have been told.*

Mary Jane Weaver, daughter of Rachel Reed and Franklin Weaver was born Decembr 15, 1854 at Provo, UT and passed away April 15, 1924 at Clark, ID. She was married to Henry Edward Hulse.

*Horace, in arithmetic seems to delight,  
He can multiply, divide, and ad about Wright.*

Horace Weaver, son of Rachel Reed and Franklin Weaver was born August 28, 1868 at Millville, UT and died March 22, 1924 at Bennington, ID. He married Adelaide Wright. [A story appeared in the March 1989 Ensign, "The Fifty-Dollar Switch;" p. 65 about this family.]

*Wells Davis climbed the golden rod  
And took from us our Hannah Maude.  
Although to rest her husband's gone,  
Still she is faithful to her Tom.*

Hannah Maude Weaver, daughter of Rachel Reed and Franklin Weaver was born September 19, 1872 at Millville, UT and died May 4, 1937 at Lovell, WY. Her husband was Jesse Wells Davis.

*Josephine Octavia Ann,  
Caught a wealthy man.  
For her long name don't seem to scare us,  
But there is charming Mr. Alec Harris.*

Josephine Octavia Ann Weaver, daughter of Sarah Clark and Franklin Weaver was born March 9, 1856 at Provo, UT and died February 22, 1938 at Logan, UT. She married Alexander Harris, Jr.

*Maggie Duncan gazed highly  
And looked with favor on our Riley.*

Riley Weaver, son of Sarah Clark and Franklin Weaver was born November 24, 1868 at Millville, UT and died September 4, 1929 at Raymond, Alberta, Canada. He married Margaret Duncan. [He was very tall and she was very short.]

*Franklin bears his father's name,  
I'll tell you he is mighty game.  
You need not sneeze, nor grin, nor cough,  
His wisdom pushed his hair right off.*

Miles Franklin Weaver, son of Sarah Holmes and Franklin Weaver was born November 11, 1857 at Framington, UT and died May 24, 1908 at Millville, UT [?]. He married Sarah Elizabeth Lindsay.

*Then comes Marietta across the plain,  
She can't afford an automobile, but she got a Train.*

Marietta Elvira Weaver, daughter of Sarah Holmes and Franklin Weaver was born November 17, 1861 at Millville, UT and died February 19, 1917. Her husband was Enoch Trane Hargraves.

*Now there's Marinda, good at making plot,  
When a young widow, roped in John William Scott.*

Marinda Vilate Weaver, daughter of Sarah Holmes and Franklin Weaver was born July 31, 1864 at Millville, UT and died June 16, 1945 at Pingree, ID. She was married to Samuel Alexander Hargraves. After his death she married John William Scott.

*Big jolly John went to the circus,  
And when he came back brought Estella Curtis.*

Jonathan Holmes Weaver, son of Sarah Holmes and Franklin Weaver was born September 21, 1857 at Millville, UT and died November 24, 1936 at Malad, ID. He married Estelle Curtis.

*For Oscar, we will shed no tears,  
For he owns a small ranch of Steers.*

Gilbert Oscar Weaver, son of Sarah Holmes and Franklin Weaver was born October 11, 1870 at Millville, UT and died February 15, 1925 at Idaho Falls, ID. He wife was Hannah Irene Steers.

*Now Phebe May was coming with,  
She got half way and there was Smith.*

Phebe May Weaver, daughter of Sarah Holmes and Franklin Weaver was born June 21, 1881 at Millville, UT and died October 25, 1957 at Idaho Falls, ID. She married Edward "E" Smith.

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