



Victor "Vic" Taylor

January 27, 1950 - March 19, 2026

Victor Marshall Taylor, 76, passed away Thursday, March 19, 2026, in Silver Lake, Kansas. Vic was born on January 27, 1950, to Henry Marshall and Ruby Lee Quigley Taylor in Washington, Iowa.

Vic graduated from Washington Highschool in 1968 and immediately joined the United States Air Force. He served for four years during the Vietnam War, spending one of those years in Thailand. After being honorably discharged, Vic achieved an associate's degree in aviation mechanics from Ottumwa Community College. Vic did a variety of jobs, a true jack of all trades.

Vic married Jill Marie Allen in 1986. Together, three children were raised, Amy, Jennifer, and Jeff.

Vic is survived by his wife of 40 years, Jill; children, Amy (Kurt), Jennifer (John), Jeff (Yuki); six grandchildren; four great-grandchildren with one on the way; sisters-in-law, Kathryn (Leonard), Phyllis (Ron), Ellan; and three nieces and nephews; and special cousins, Karen and Jim.

Vic was preceded in death by his parents and a sister, Linda.

There are no services planned.

Condolences may be sent online at www.kevinbrennanfamily.com

Tribute Wall

JW

“ *My heart goes out to you, Jill. Vic was a brother to me, even though we were cousins. Love you!*
Jim

Jim Waggoner - March 26 at 08:03 PM

RE

“ *Ron, Phyllis & Ellan purchased the Serene Retre at for the family of Victor "Vic" Taylor.*



Ron, Phyllis & Ellan - March 23 at 02:41 PM

MV

“ *Vic was my uncle. My mom's brother. We had about 5 conversations my entire life. He was an unassuming and quiet guy but I always thought he was really cool. He built some impressive cars in the shop. A yellow jeep and a very tough silver El Camino are some that i remember. Although we never became close I think he was very witty and sharp. A good bit like his parents and my mom. He will be missed my many, I'm sure of it.*

Michael Vayan - March 22 at 10:12 PM

MM

“ I’ve known Vic for a very long time. When we met we were in grade school, he three years behind me. How we met was that he was a good buddy of Stan Dorsch, the little brother of my then good friend; Stan’s older brother Gary. In those early years I never really got to know Vic well, I guess because it just wasn’t cool for big kids to hang out with little kids.

Flash forward a few years to junior high and high school. Vic and Stan were in junior high and at age 16 I had just acquired my first car, a ‘57 Ford two-door sedan equipped with the 312 Thunderbird Special V8 with three carbs and a three-speed overdrive. It also had glass-pack mufflers, so it sounded really sweet. I really don’t recall the exact circumstances, but one Saturday Vic, Stan and I took my car to Kahoka, Missouri to spectate at Tri-County Dragway. We had an absolutely great time, and I also came to realize that these two “kids” had a spark of passion (very familiar to me) for hot rod and custom cars.

Vic, Stan and I hung out a bit, mostly kicking around dreams of cars we wanted to build, but other things were happening in my life too; such as beer, dating, marriage to wife Mary Ann (59 years now!) and the Viet Nam War. I was returning to town after three years in the Army shortly after Vic left for four years in the Air Force. Life was just kind of happening.

At that time Stan and I immediately reconnected, but for a long while Vic and I were really just acquaintances. We frequently met each other in passing, most often at one of the local car parts stores, and chit-chatted cars. However, we never really hung out together. In fact, this scenario didn’t change much until retirement.

Years later Stan was the initiator of our monthly “Lunch with the Guys” at our local Pizza Ranch. Attendees included Stan, Vic, Dwight Sutton, Larry Walton, myself, and occasionally a guest. Cars were always a hot topic; local cars from our youth, race cars, hot rods and customs, drag racers, dirt track racers, etc. We also

touched on other issues such as health, RVs and travel, a bit of local gossip, and even ay bit of light politics limited to issues but not specific politicians. It was through these get-togethers that's Vic and I grew closer; and we enjoyed many a bench-racing session most frequently in my home shop. We stayed in touch since Jill and his move to Kansas.

I'll remember Vic mostly for his subtle wit, his light Texas drawl, his calm and easy manner, his never-ending praise for his lovely bride Jill, his love of Louis L'Amore, William Johnstone and other western novelists, and cars. I'll miss you Vic; and I'll see you on the other side. In loving memory. Bob Minick!

Mary Ann Minick - March 22 at 06:43 PM