

Joseph F. Naylor 21 February 1884

My great, great Grandfather
February 21, 1884- June 18, 1955

By: Maycee Hayes

This is the story of my great, great Grandfather. Before he was born, his mother, father, the children Samuel, Elisabeth, Sarah Ann, and Emma May had lived in England and were very poor. Their dad left them and went to Utah and worked on the Utah Central Railroad and sent money to them. In 1870 they also went to Utah. In 1875 his sister Alice was born, then in 1878 Mary was born. Last in 1884 he was born.

He had a very rough childhood. In his first eight years of life their family traveled from one railroad town to another. They lived most the time in house cars. He almost got killed a few times in his childhood. He and his sister Mary were in a house car when it rolled down a steep hill. Another time was when a goat pushed him into a river and he nearly drowned.

In 1892 their family moved to Bountiful and bought a farm which is now 4th East and I' South. They lived in a small cabin which is where he and his sisters Alice & Mary grew up. (All his other brothers and sisters were married) Later that year on August 28, he was baptized in the LDS church.

On October 19, 1905 he eloped or snuck away with Josephine Chase Wood; she was very rich. They were married in the Salt Lake City County building. One of Joseph's friends invited them to a party. It was a wonderful wedding party. Then on December 21, 1905 they went to the Salt Lake Temple and were sealed. For their honeymoon they lived with Samuel, Joseph's older brother, for about two months. When they lived with Samuel he had a job in the mines.

They moved in with his mother, but she didn't like Josephine because she thought she was too rich and snooty for her son. After awhile she filially learned to love her. They took turns at cooking and other things.

In the winter Joseph went to work in the General Store in Bountiful. He enjoyed this job very much. He was a good Manager and great with numbers. But in the spring he had to stop that job and be a farmer, he didn't like being a farmer very much, but he did it for the family.

In their first year of marriage his mother got very ill and never recovered. Josephine cared for her and helped her. Her last days were made bright by their little son, Fred who was born in August. She loved him very much. She died December 25, 1906.

Then other children came along: Alice December 7, 1907 and Celia July 8, 1910. The cabin was getting too small for their family so they built a cement block bungalow or a one story house next to it on the farm. They made the plans then his sister Mary's husband John, built it for them. They moved into it in the fall of 1911. Then they had another son named Sam who was born on November 7, 1911. Alan came August 17, 1913; and George, May 17, 1915.

While George was little Alan ate some paint and nearly died. It was a miracle he didn't.

Josephine was born on September 13, 1916 and Joel, December 22, 1917. (Joel is my grandpa's dad.) -

In 1919 tragedy struck his family. Alice and Celia went on a harmless swim in Irvin Burningham's reservoir that wasn't very deep, or so they thought. They were on a small raft and Celia jumped in and fell down, not knowing how to swim. Alice jumped in after her but Celia grabbed onto her neck and didn't let go. They went under 3 times; then Celia let go, letting Alice climb to the bank, and then went unconscious. A man came walking by named Jonathan jumped in and got Celia's body out of the water. He did CPR but nothing helped, she

was gone.

When the next child came Max Ray on October 19 1919, something was wrong. He was very small and never grew. Joseph explained him, " His face looked like an old man but his body was like a baby." He died when he was a year, September 21, 1920.

On September 28, 1922 Zora Pearl was born. When she was about a year old, Josephine got diphtheria. They made all the boys including him go out. They lived in a tent in the orchard near the house. The little girls went to their aunts. Alice took care of Josephine and the baby. She had to get up almost every morning to help her mother. The baby was getting sick too. Josephine finally got better. But in January, the next winter Josephine got up in the middle of the night saying the baby was dying. The power went out. The doctor came but Zora left them in the night.

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September 20, 1924 little Earl came to cheer our home" Joseph said. " He seemed to be necessary at our home to keep us happy"

In the early spring Earl got pneumonia. He was in the hospital for quite some time. The Doctor said that he wouldn't get well. But Josephine wouldn't give up. Finally he was okay to take home. After a few days he was home he got burned. Alice was getting breakfast for the family; and Earl was in his little chair next to the stove for warmth. Alice turned from the stove to set the table and her apron caught on a pan filled with boiling water and it fell on him. He died at about noon that day.

That fall, November 26, 1926 their last son Daniel, was born. He was delivered in the Salt Lake hospital.

In 1935 Louise was thrown by a horse and killed. It was in the summer when she died so at the funeral not many people came.

By this time all the kids were married except Daniel. The house became very quiet for them. Joseph said everywhere in the house held memories of every child.

In the winter of 1945 Joseph got very hurt. He went to the hospital for an operation on his legs. All the kids came to support him. They came from almost everywhere in the world. He said "if it wasn't for the prayers and support I might not have gotten better."

They had 13 children total but only 8 lived to adulthood. Fred became a electrician, Alice was a school teacher, Samuel was a rancher, Alan was a businessman, George was a lawyer, Josephine was a businesswomen, Joel became a radio and T.V expert. And Daniel was a musician.

On June 18,

1955 at 71 years old he literally died in his boots. After a hard day's work he sat down, weary but happy to finish his job. Alice said, "We know that the Savior said he has gone to prepare a better place for us."

I think that Joseph F. Naylor was a hard worker and a wonderful man. If he was alive I would tell him, " I love you SO much, you are amazing."