

Thursday, April 25, was a bright day in Ogden. It was 1889. That day, Edward Dana was born to Chauncey and Mary Ellen. His two-year-old big brother, Charles, thought it was okay to have a baby boy in the family.

By the time Edward was six, he had Chauncey and William as little brothers. At that age, his father wanted him and Charles to help with the work. Father Chauncey raised vegetables in greenhouses; he knew well how to get things to grow and produce. He could keep the grocers happy most all year long with his produce. He also had fields planted, and during the growing season, he had Charles and Edward hurry home from school to keep the fields and garden weeded.

By the time Edward was eleven, he had gained a baby sister. Edward had learned how to grow the vegetables; he was a good help to his father.

But his father was lonesome at times. In his despair, he had taken to drinking -- first beer, and then liquor. Quite often he was irascible; and he would be rough at those times. Still, he loved his family. Edward watched all this in awe.

Ogden had room for many farms and fields. As a teenager, Edward found he could earn spending money by working in the fields for others. A good many of the fields were planted in green beans. Father Chauncey kept large fields of beans.

He also built houses, one for each child, as they grew of age. By 1909, he had made a new house (on 17th St.) and his family lived in it. Mother Mary Ellen had a belated baby boy there. It had been thirteen years since little Katie had joined the family. Giving birth to a child at age 44 was a stress; Chauncey hired a maid, Nellie Knight, to help around the house.

One spring day when Edward came in from weeding for a drink. He found a young lady there, cleaning; he found her attractive. After his drink, he went to the door. Knowing that an open door might invite dust or cold, he asked the young lady if she wanted the door shut. She simply said, "Suit yourself." Edward was impressed. He began courting the maid. Three months later, the two married. It was early June of 1910. It was a simple ceremony by the bishop in the Slaterville schoolhouse.

The young couple moved into one of the houses Father Chauncey had built on 17th St. Father wanted Edward to stay close to him; he still felt lonely at times, and still got drunk regularly.

Things went well. Vegetable crops grew well and sold well. Just before their second marriage anniversary, Nellie got Edward to take her to the temple.

But, Edward had dreams. He grew to love open spaces. He heard plenty about Idaho, how its southern parts had just enough rain each year to make a dry farm worthwhile. After seven years of being a help to his father, Edward moved his family -- Nellie and three children -- to Holbrook, Idaho -- some miles west of Malad. They tried one spot, then soon moved a bit north and settled in. Edward built a two-room house (bedroom and kitchen), a barn, and a windmill to pump water from a well. He planted wheat on 60 acres of land. All this took a year to do. Sagebrush grew on the land, and had to be rooted out. And Edward had to build the house and windmill himself. But it was good to live there; in the cities, the flu epidemic was raging. Like Edward had dreamed, the nearest neighbor was a half-mile away. Two years passed.

Things change. In the dead of winter -- January of 1920 -- word came from Ogden that his father was dead -- shot himself. That brought a call to move back to his family. Well, Edward thought, the dry farm had suffered last year. It wouldn't

pay to stay longer; he had to "give" the farm away.

The houses on 17th Street had all been sold by this time, so Edward found a place for his family in Marriott, north of Ogden, where there was more room to raise crops. He also built greenhouses. Edward still knew how to get vegetables to grow when no one else could. He also worked odd jobs to supplement their income.

Living close to his mother was nice, but there still seemed to be something missing. Edward saw nothing wrong with drinking and getting drunk. After all, that's what his father had done. A few beers with friends wouldn't hurt.

Nellie didn't like that at all. Her oldest, Gert, married twelve years after they arrived in Marriott. The children numbered nine, the smallest a toddler. And Edward, her husband, took what money he could for alcohol. Nellie had tried to reason with him; now she had to hoard and hide money to buy food. She threatened divorce, time and again. Edward didn't care. He liked drinking. Nellie endured on and on. The family even tried living in California for a couple of years in the mid-1920s. That's where there was work in the grape fields that the wineries ran. One benefit was free wine, which fed his appetite for alcohol. In Utah, they tried places in Bountiful, Pleasant Grove, Tooele, and once in northern Nevada.

When they came back to Ogden, the desire for farm work had ebbed, mainly due to Edward's alcohol habit, and Edward and Nellie got a house on 806 Canyon Road, in Ogden proper. By the time her youngest was married (1950), she had chronic stomach pains. She died in six years of liver trouble.

Edward woke up. He realized what a burden he had been. And it was too late. But his oldest girl, Gert, took him to the Genealogical Society in Salt Lake City. That would assuage his guilt some. They made regular visits there.

While researching, a lady about his age, Theodocia Melville, said she was researching a similar line. This common interest --- and loneliness which Edward had vowed not to attack with alcohol this time -- led to courtship and marriage. For eight years they enjoyed life together. It was a church-oriented life, with visits to temples included.

In 1964, Edward succumbed to lung and heart trouble. He died July 16th in Salt Lake City, where he and Theodocia were living.