

Nellie Knight came into this world on the 15th of October in 1893. Father John and Mother Eliza Hannah loved her. George, age six, and Hannah, age 3, adored her. They lived in Slaterville. Her parents took her to meeting to be blessed on December 7th.

When Nellie was three and a half, she got a baby brother, Delbert. Before she turned eight, she gained another brother, Elmer. Nellie's father arranged for her to be baptized on her eighth birthday. Almost three years after, another brother, Floyd, came. Four years later, Leon joined the family.

Nellie had blue eyes. She had soft, light brown hair, which hung loose and flowed over her shoulders. When she was sixteen, she hired out; she could help her family, and get a little spending money. She and her mother put an ad in the paper so she could find work.

A Mrs. Mary Ellen Dana answered the ad. Nellie went and helped with the housework there. Mrs. Dana had been through a rough childbirth -- she was 43 -- and needed the help. One day in spring she was sweeping the kitchen floor, and a young man came in from the field and got a drink in the kitchen. As he left the house, he asked the maid, "Do you want me to shut the door?" Nellie replied, "Suit yourself." The young man, one of the Dana boys, was impressed with the maid. It wasn't three months before they married.

Edward Dana wanted to be independent. He dreamed of homesteading a dry farm in southern Idaho one day. But his father wanted him around, and gave him and Nellie a house to live in -- near him -- with land for a small orchard. They were able to go to Salt Lake and be married in the temple. That was good, but a drain on Nellie; she was within a week of delivering her second baby, Leland.

After four years in Ogden, Edward decided to take the leap. He moved Nellie and their four children (Gert, Leland, Melba and Edward) to the Utah border in the north. Then he got a homestead in Holbrook, a few miles across the border, in Idaho. There, he -- by himself, over a year -- built a house, a small water system, and cleared sagebrush from 60 acres and planted wheat. News from home told them they had isolated themselves just as the flu epidemic of 1917-1918 began.

The weather didn't cooperate; the dry farm didn't produce. In 1920, they abandoned it and moved back to Ogden. There, Edward made ends meet by growing vegetables for the local grocery stores. He made greenhouses, and had a "truck farm" also. They were getting by. Nellie was pregnant when they had moved back. She bore Max that June. Four and six years later, there was Kenneth and Carl.

There were nine mouths to feed. Edward worked hard, but he worried. Then, like his father had, Edward turned to liquor for relief.

That was a worry for Nellie. As the Great Depression deepened, the family had increased to eleven. (Two girls.) But their oldest, Gert, had married, and Leland soon followed. But life at home was terrible for Nellie; Edward got drunk more often.

Nellie threatened divorce. Twice (or more) she filed for divorce. Nothing changed. Edward moved the family to Monterrey, California in 1941.

In the months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Nellie's sons began to leave for war duty. As if that weren't enough, she had become sick. Her doctor operated on her in June (of 1942) and took a tumor off her uterus. The next week, he operated again, this time it was her bladder. The older children were married; they had

also come to California in case there was work there. After the operations, they left. Edward, Nellie, Beth and Valerie also returned to Utah. Before the summer of 1942 was over, their oldest girl, Gert, bore a baby girl, Joan.

The Edward Dana tribe had tried California for work. Now they tried Tooele, Utah. Melba and her husband, Paddy, had bought a trailer to live in and follow jobs. They had a wreck with it on their way to Tooele, so they got a small house. Edward built a small lean-to onto that house that autumn. That winter the tribe began to migrate back to Ogden.

At this time, Nellie's life was dotted with telegrams and furlough-visits from her three sons who were in the service. Edward (Jr.) had got drafted, and sent to North Africa, and later to Germany; Ken went into the Army and had not yet been sent overseas; Max was okay, in training. Carl wasn't old enough to enlist; he worked with Leland for a while.

But in 1943 Edward rented a house for them in Marriott. She loved being near her growing bunch of grandchildren. Leland and LaRue's girl, LouDean, had her tonsils out. Seven months after that, another granddaughter arrived -- a cute dark-skinned girl, Marva. At that time, Edward had moved his family situated at Devil's Slide -- there was work there, but it ended in early 1944.

Edward thought there was work in Pleasant Grove, and moved his family there. Leland had found work there. Nellie had another operation there; Edward Junior -- in North Africa -- sent \$155 to pay for it. Just before the Christmas of 1944, Carl signed up with the Coast Guard. That next spring, Edward moved his family back up to Ogden. He was able to get a house -- 806 Canyon Road. Valerie started attending Mound Fort School -- after she had her tonsils out. Nellie's three boys came home over a period of some months. The last to arrive was Max. He had been a prisoner of war in the Philippines. Each of the boys searched for jobs.

Daughter Beth married Don Hoffeecker about Thanksgiving time in 1946. The next February, Nellie got word that Leland's house and belongings had been lost in a house fire. On her own account, Nellie still had pains. She was operated on to remove some dense scar tissue. The doctor told her that her liver was in trouble, and he began treatments. Those made Nellie begin to like the peelings of oranges.

In 1950, Nellie's youngest, Valerie, married a handsome young serviceman named Jack. Soon, Nellie found herself putting on a baby shower for her daughter. Soon Valerie and Jack were transferred to North Carolina. Although Jack wasn't a church member, he could see the damage that Edward's drinking had caused. As he and Valerie (& baby Steve) left for North Carolina, Jack told Edward, "When we get back I expect to see that you have stopped drinking!" [We're not coming back until we hear you've stopped drinking!"]

In some way, that registered with Edward. In three months, he stopped his drinking. He began attending church. Nellie was happy. At last! After twenty-plus long years!

But Nellie still often felt ill. Her liver was catching up to her. Within three years, her liver gave out. Early in the afternoon of Friday, June 22nd (1956), Nellie died.