

I was born in 1912 in Ogden, Utah on dads farm on 15th st.
the same house most of the Dana's were born in. Grandpa Dana's
first place, I think, on Mill Creek.

The population at that time was about 15,000.

Brigham young knew what he was saying when he said this is
the place. I was in on some of its beginning. The horses and
wagen days with its sleighs and very few cars. I thought we had
cold winters and hot summers, but found out latter I didn't know what
hot and cold was. Utah is a paridise. I love it, every inch of it!

My first memery of life was after I had my tensels out at Dee
Hospital. I was 4 years old. That year we lived in a chicken coop
or shanty between Uncle Chauncey house and grandpa's place on 200-
17th st. tempery. Aunt Hazle and Uncle Chance brought me a candy bar.
It was a Hershey bar. Delicious but i could hardly eat it. They brought
me home in a two seated white top buggy. Class in those days. Two horses
on it and a baddy face sorrel with stocking legs.

Next I remember the dry farm at Holbrook, Idahe. Rough but sweet.
Grandpa and grandma Dana came up several times in about a 1918 buick.
He was a good trapper and had coyotes drying all around the house. Uncle
Dell and Walt Thursten made a lot of trips up to see us. Also Grandma and
Grandpa Knight came up one year in a wagen. Brought Dad up a team of soral
horses. About that time 1919 Aunt Delphy died with German flue with two twins
at her side.

OF LELAND FRANCIS DANA

I remember when Edward was born at Aunt Delohys house in Marriott. Then Max at Uncle Chances house on 17th st. Later Leslie house next to 200-17th st. Also Ken at West Ogden. Carl at Stockton, Calif. The only one born out of the state. Then Beth and Valerie at Marriott. We went six miles to school on the dry farm. White top in summer and bob sled in the winter. Hauled drinking water, burned sage and coal. Moved to Marriott when I was 8 yrs old. Dad and I in a wagon loaded with furniture. Three sheep and three cows following. It took seven days to go 100 miles. Deep ruts in the road. Lost a wheel at Brigham City. Les, Dad, and I went back the next spring to plant grain. It also failed. That ended the dry farm. Which is now under sprinkler system. If we only had the water then. Our house is the only one left in the valley. It has been 42 years since I seen it last. Vanderhoofs, Alex Hox were the only ones left out of a dozen familys. The Government moved them out and shipped them to Oregon, 20 Miles from Salem. Beautiful Valley. Seen them two years ago.

Dad worked at Cleve Mills. We moved to Wilson Lane. Grand Pa Dana passed away that year. Then moved to Bountiful. North Salt Lake also lived in Salt Lake. Dad worked at a Produce house. Left North Salt Lake after building a new modern home on 10 acres. Dad truck garden. Also had 65 acres of potatoes. Paid \$3.00 per hundred for seed and potatoes were 25¢ a hundred. Went broke. Moved to Stockton, Calif in a Studabaker special side curtains. Ken was just learning to walk.

Mother never got over the death of her only sister. She brought it up often.

Dad worked at a Produce house. Uncle Charces and Uncle Chance were moved to Lockford and farmed. Carl was born. German town close to Lodi, Calif. Things got rough. Dad got to drinking to much free wine. Mama had Uncle Floyd come and get us in an old stutz car- took 10 days to get to Burley. Broke down in Southern, Utah near an Indian school.

We lived with Grandma Knight that fall and winter. Next spring Dad came and got us. Moved back to Marriott and farmed several years. Dad was an expert farmer. Just like his dad. He furnished all tomoto plants to the State of Utah. 3.50 Pr thousand . year after year. Raised under hot beds and sash glass. Then transplanted . He had 55 acres of wax and green beans, 300 pickers. Philipenes and white people, 10¢ a pound for picking. Make \$2.00 pr day if you wre fast. Never had a weed in them. Edward and I lived on a cultivator-two horses gided by your feet for 6 weeks. Daylight to dark, for several years. Also had 10 acres of carrots 6 acres of red beets, contracted to the caning factory.

Dad gave it up and moved to Declo, Idahe. Valerie was two years old. I stayed with Jim and Gertrude for quite a while. Uncle Delbert herded sheep in his early life. Got me to go trapping with him.. I was about 16.1. In the winter befor we left Marriott. I had a 1927 For Redster with a seat in the rumble seat. We loaded it up with food and traps. After Coyotes and Badgers. Were headed for Kelton where the first two steam engines

8

met in 1886, I think. Went up to his mothers in View spent a day or two. She gave us a cake that morning we left. Got back to Malta about 10 a.m. Where the road cut off to Kelten. 4 ft of snow on the level. The road had one wagon track. We got on mile and slid out of the tracks. Uncle Delbert said it was about 10 miles to our trapping quarters and Aunt Cindys brother was working there 10 miles to Kelten hauling corn and hay to the thousands of stranded sheep. Usly no snow there. So we took off, took no feed. Ploughed snow untill way after dark. About 8 miles. Coyotes were on our trail and kept getting closer. They were also hungry. We found a bowl in the hills. Three green cedar trees in the bottom. Put us out of the wind but cold. Worlked all nite trying to keep a fire. Teek turns trying to sleep. Nex morning around the bowl there was a packed trail where the coyotes circled around us. We had no gun. Didn't take a club. Took off at day break, got about a mile and coyotes put up a fort in front of us. one was a half dog bob tail and large. He carried on like a chained dog and warned us to come no closer. We backed off and headed for the car. The wind was bad but froze the snow so we didn't sink. Got back to the car at dark. Dug it out. Turned it around. Didn't even get any thing to eat. Had the cake gone at noon the day befer. Got to the main road and drove to Hopper arrived about 2 a.m. Later on we went back, snow was about gone on the road but muddy. Found the sheep camp must of been 20 miles. Set traps but couldn't catch anything. Uncle

Delbert went to work for the sheep co. I looked at traps, No luck.
So hired out to Jack Spires. He never did pay me. He was the first
million air in Utah outside of Browning. The winter broke all sheep
men.

Now back to Decle, Idaho. I had a 28 Ford sedan and went to
Decle. Dad was working for Simplot. Talked me into trading my car in
on a truck Ford 1932, I think. We hauled potatoes to Utah and cool
back. The depression was in full swing 1931 or 32. Rosevelt closed
all banks. Couldn't get a doller. Everyone wanted cool but no money
and checks were worthless. We didn't last over 3 months. Lost the
truck. Met my wife while there. I was 20. Her brother, Melvin, went
to Utah with me that winter hauling spuds and coal. Her Dad had an 80
acre farm but every body was poor. Just existing but mostly happy. (
didn't know it then.)

The caning factory wrote dad to come back and raise beans again.
They sent a truck up to move him to Layton. I went out with the sheep
for 6 months. but some how I couldn't forget my girl in Decle. The
sheep parished by the thousands that bad winter. The bank took over
all sheep but Dell Adams. I went to work for him. I had Leslie take
me back to Decle. I stayed thre until the bean crop was ready to pick.
Melving, Le Rue and I went down to work for dad. Got seriousious that
fall and got Married 5 Aug 1933. Dad gave us 24 hrs off. Melvin and
I hauled the beans out after they were picked and they had to hauled.

Melvin got drunk on our wedding night. The folks moved to Ogden.

The folks moved to Ogden. La Rue and I moved out to five points. 1 mile out of city limits North of Ogden. Jim and Gertrude had a big house rented from his dad \$30.00 pr month. We took $\frac{1}{2}$ of it and 6 acres of ground for 15 dollars. We were on W.P.A. Couldn't pay our rent. Lived there at least one year. Paid the rent later on in vegetables to Mr. Burton. Next year moved to Dinsdales on West 17th st. Farmed theretwo years. Leu Dean was born. May kept house while La Rue was in the hospital. Edward lived with us about a year.

Own story of Leland F Dana June 1980

to be continued