

Glen Doral and Della Bingham Campbell
Written by Della Bingham Campbell

We met at the first dance that Doke had gone to after his Father's death. The dance was held at the Berthana Dance Hall in Ogden, Utah.

Doke had danced with a friend of mine and I wanted to meet him so I asked my friend, Floria, to introduce me to her friend. He heard what I said and so she had to introduce me. At that time we had chaperons so I had to get permission to ride home with him. That is how our lives together started. We dated from that time on.

One night we had a date and he didn't show up. A nurse from the hospital called me and told me he was in a car accident. I knew he had been going with this nurse so I didn't know whether to believe her or not. Late the next morning he came to see me with his face all bandaged up so I knew it was really so.

That spring my folks were moving to Rock Springs, Wyoming and of course I didn't want to go so we decided to get married. We were married February 29, 1925 in Brigham City, Utah.

Doke told Mr. Baliff and Mr. Deamer about our marriage. He told them to keep it under their hat. They were both old teasers so they put a broom stick up in the window of the service station with a hat on top and wrote "Doke and Della are married Ha Ha, Mr. and Mrs. Doke are married." We lived in the little apartment at Doke's Mother's as he was taking care of the farm and milking the cows.

When Donald (Doke's brother) came home from his mission, we moved to the little brick house on Orton's Lane (2100 North, North Ogden) which was owned by Doke's Mother. Vera and Ray Woodfield had been living in the home and had just built a new home a few doors east and were moving out of the home. Our next door neighbors were John Aaron and Margaret May Woodfield, Ray's parents.

Doke built a new shed for the cows and a chicken coop. We raised a lot of chickens. When they began to lay eggs, the market price for a dozen of eggs dropped to 10 cents a dozen.

On May 15, 1929, we went to the Salt Lake Temple and were married for time and eternity, later that night we went to the hospital and our little daughter was born May 16, 1929. Lois Berrett Baliff was having a baby also. It was getting harder all the time to make ends meet. The farm just wasn't bringing in enough to live on.

On April 30, 1930, we had our baby Ronald. On July 5, 1931, our son Vern was born, we had quite a little family.

After Donald had been home from his mission for a while he took over the farm and we moved to Ogden, Utah. Uncle Kurt (Curtis Campbell, Doral's brother) worked for Wallace Kimball.

He owned a little house one Kimball Ave and rented it for \$10 per month. Kurt arranged for us to rent the home.

We purchased our winter's wood supply and stored it in a place where we had to crawl through the bedroom window to get it. This was the only place to store the wood.

Doke went to work for the radio studio selling radios and going from house to house selling radio tubes. He received \$1.00 for each tube he sold.

Our daughter Janet was born August 15, 1933 at home as we didn't have money for the hospital. Things were really bad in Ogden. People were in soup lines etc. I remember taking our last dine and buying three loaves of bread.

On January 7, 1936, our son Russell was born. At that time Uncle Delbert (Doral's oldest brother) was field manger for McNess products and he had an opening in Emmett, Idaho so we decided to move to Emmett. We put everything we had along with five children and moved. People in Emmett didn't seem to know there was a depression.

Doke went out on the McNess Company route and traded products for chickens, eggs or what have you. We went out in the orchards and picked fruit, obtained potatoes, and onions and got along pretty well. A year later we were able to buy a trailer court with six units and trailers. Doke was on the McNess Route and I took care of the court and in that way we paid for our home.

World War II started and Doke went to work for the Saw Mill in Aimer and I took over the McNess route. Also, people in our rentals were moving to Portland to work in the ship yards.

Doke learned the lumber trade and after a while started to make wooden toys in our garage. We were doing really well with the toys until there was a railroad strike in Portland and all of our boxes for toys were held up and orders began to be canceled and pretty soon everything came to a standstill. We found ourselves out picking fruit again. One day while picking fruit we asked the owner of the orchard if he could get his boxes in Aimer if he would do it and he said he would. We then stated the box factory.

Doke went to San Francisco and purchased a rip saw. We had all the other equipment that was needed. The box factory is still in operation only they now use mainly card board boxes.

We purchased a ranch 2 miles west of the box factory and sold the box factory to our foreman. The ranch was 240 acres and Doke was in the height of his glory. Shortly thereafter we found out that he had diabetes. He was working very hard on the ranch and things always had to be just right. After a short time he had a heart attack.

Doke was Stake Clerk at the time of his heart attach. Our Stake President was called to Germany to open a mission and he asked Doke to go with him, however, because of Doke's health it was impossible.

We sold the ranch in 1962 and moved to town. The day we moved into our new home (1963) he had another heart attach and he didn't have a good day after that. He passed away September 10, 1981.

I still miss him.

Love,

Aunt Della