

Vera Jane Campbell Woodfield

The following history was written by Vera Jane Campbell. She started writing the history on April 16, 1978. Vera died on September 16, 1983, at North Ogden, Utah.

I was the 11th child of Warren and Mary White Campbell born in Liberty, Weber County, Utah, Nov 17th 1903. My Grandparents were Solomon and Lavina Campbell and John and Eliza Brown White. Solomon and Lavina, with Solomon's brother Jonathan Campbell were the first settlers of North Ogden. They stayed for one year. Twins, a boy and a girl were born to them while there. They were the first white children born in North Ogden. They were driven out by the indians and moved to Providence, Cache Valley, Utah. A year later Solomon and Lavina, with several other families, moved back to North Ogden and made that their permanent home.

Two years after I was born my father's poor health made it necessary for him to move to a lower altitude. They sold their home in Liberty to my oldest brother Delbert and moved back to North Ogden. They had just built them a beautiful new home. Their farm was at the foot of Nordic Valley which is now a beautiful ski resort.

My parents home in North Ogden was located on 550 East and 2600 North just a block west of the North Ogden Stake House. There were 5 acres of fruit, a berry patch, cherries, apricots, peaches, pears, and apples. A few years later they bought 20 acres of farm ground on 1700 North. When they paid off those mortgages they started to remodel their home. They added a new kitchen, bathroom, bedroom and a screen porch. Before it was finished a 10 acre farm came up for sale. It had belonged to Mother's father John White. Mother wanted that 10 acres so she talked Father into buying it. That ended the remodeling and Father mortgaged their home once more. By the time the mortgage was paid off Father's health become so poor that he died a few months later at the age of 65.

Mother and Father never had many of the luxuries of life and with a family of 14 (seven girls and seven boys) they had to work hard for the necessities. There was always plenty of good food and the children were always dressed well. Mother was a good seamstress and the girls always had beautiful dresses. She always saw to it that they had new Christmas dresses which made it necessary for her to stay up all hours of the night. I was the youngest daughter, and Mother's health wasn't too good by then so my sisters made most of my clothes. I had one sister Etta who was eight years older than I and she was always very special to me. She was working away from home and she always was buying me pretty clothes and shoes. She took me to the dentist when I needed to go and was always buying me new hair ribbons for my hair. One time I had a real bad toothache and was really frightened about going to the dentist. My sister Etta had to bribe me to go. She promised me a special treat. The pain got so severe that I consented to go and after she took me to Driver's Drug Store and bought me an ice cream soda and boy was it good.

I always had my Sunday clothes and my everyday play clothes. I was never allowed to play in my best clothes. One instance I remember, we had relatives come to visit us and were there when I came home from Sunday School. I had on a beautiful new white embroiled lace dress. I failed to

take it off and my cousins and I were riding in a play wagon when my dress got caught in the wheels and it ripped it so badly that it couldn't be repaired. My Mother was so angry with me but she never punished me. I can never remember having a spanking and I'm sure I deserved it many times.

My childhood was not any different than other children for those times. We always had our chores to do, but we also had our play time. I had three girl friends who lived close, Lettie Chadwick Campbell, Venna Deamer Storey and Leona Holmes Rhees. We always played together. In the summer all of the young kids would get together and we would play ball, run sheepy run, hide and seek. My father would let us play in the barn. We had swings made of rope and we would swing from one manger to the other and if we would fall there was always soft hay to fall on. In the wintertime there were many hills to sleigh ride on. We didn't have to worry about cars or traffic. The snow would stay on the ground all winter and every day after school and on Saturday's we would sleigh ride. At school we had two 20 minute recesses and one hour for lunch. The school was situated on the block where the Stake House is, so during our recesses and lunch hour we would sleigh ride from the school down to Washington Ave. We had time for one ride at recess and about three times during our noon hour. In the summer we would always have our marble games, and then when the baseball diamond was dry we would play ball. I was crazy about baseball and never had time to play it as much as I wanted to.

The winters were hard and cold. The houses were heated by wood and coal. In our house we had a kitchen range and a coal heater in the parlor or living room. The bedrooms were cold. We had no indoor toilet or bathtub. Our sink was on our screen porch, where the family washed up. On Saturdays there was always a large boiler filled with water and heated for our Saturday night baths. There was also a reservoir on the side of the stove that was always filled with hot water. Our baths were taken in a large round galvanized tub in the kitchen by the stove in the winter and in the summer in a room off the kitchen that was supposed to be a bathroom when finished.

I started school when I was 5 years old. I would be six on the 17th of November. I remember my teacher was always asking me when my birthday was. I was so happy when I turned six and she didn't ask me anymore. As soon as I was old enough I had chores to do along with my brothers and sisters. In the summertime it was picking berries. My father had a large berry patch and some large cherry tress. I was never good at picking cherries. I was frightened of height, but my sister and brothers always picked them. When the berries were on they always helped with them. I remember we had one row of berries that was so thick it took us a whole day to pick it. We could sit down in one place and get a whole case of berries.

Father would load up the fruit that was picked and take it to the City every day. He would go from door to door to try and sell it. He would have some good days and then some days he would have to practically give it away so he wouldn't have to bring it home.

To keep us interested in picking the berries Father would pay us 1 cent per cup. There were two celebrations that the town had in July. The national holiday on the 4th and our own 24th of July celebration. The berries were always on during those holidays. Father kept all the money received from the fruit in a large money bag so in the mornings of those holidays he would pour the change from his money bag and pay us what we had earned. It was a glorious day because we always had

some money to spend that day. We were allowed to spend one dollar of our hard earned money. I remember I would spend 25 cents in the morning and save 75 cents for the afternoon. Popcorn, candy, ice cream and soda pop would cost 5 cents each. There was always a prize in the box of popcorn.

The celebrations always started at sun up with a cannon going off, then a band concert followed by a program at the Church until 12 o'clock, then at 1:00 PM the sports took place at the town park. There would be all kinds of races and contests ending with a baseball game. At night a dance was held in the ballroom of the Church. Those days North Ogden had a very good band led by a Mr. Storey. They also had a good baseball team and the team would play the neighboring towns every Saturday afternoon and there was a lot of enthusiasm in the town and the members would go from town to town to support the ball team.

Mother would always raise chickens and take care of them herself. In the spring she would save the eggs and when the hens were ready to sit on the eggs she would put about 12 to 15 eggs under each hen. It took about 3 weeks for the eggs to hatch out. Most of the eggs would hatch out. Sometimes the hen wouldn't stay on the eggs and they would get cold and wouldn't hatch. Mother also made butter and would sell it at the local store. Her butter was always in demand. She would collect a bucket of eggs and a few pounds of butter and then we children would take them to the store and trade them in for groceries. I was always happy when it was my turn to go to the store. Mother would count out the eggs and then would put one or two in for me to buy some candy. We always received a little sack of candy for the egg.

My sisters all got married and my oldest brothers. That left me home with 5 brothers. One brother just younger than I, died when just a month old. Three of the boys were dating and they were real fussy about their clothes. That meant there was a lot of washing and ironing. Their shirts had to be ironed just so, and their suits pressed, and that was my job. Also Mother loved flowers and always had a beautiful flower garden. She would get breakfast and then go out and work in her flowers and leave me to do the housework. She did all the cooking. I really learned how to keep a clean house. Mother always insisted on the corners being clean. She always said "if the corners were clean the rest came easy." Another saying she said that has stayed with me all my life was "see a pin and pick it up and you'll have good luck all day. See a pin and let it lay and you'll have bad luck all day." To this day I can't sweep up a pin or let it lay.

One special event happened when I was a small girl. Our chapel was added to with a recreation hall, stage, hall and some classrooms. Rest rooms and a baptismal font. They had it dedicated this certain Sunday and President Joseph F. Smith was coming from Salt Lake City to dedicate it. He came by horse and buggy. He got as far as our house, stopped his horse and ask if he could wash up before going to Church. I remember how thrilled I was to have the President of our Church come in our house.

My Father's family left North Ogden, some moved to Corinne, Utah and others to Lake Point. Every time one of them died they would bring them back to North Ogden for the funeral and burial. They always brought them to our home for burial preparation and viewing. One Uncle Levi Garrard was brought to our home. They didn't have an embalmer in Corinne, so they had Larkin Mortuary

come and take care of him. They had him laid out on a table in our parlor with just a sheet over him. My sisters were going to Mutual that was held on Sunday evening. I asked them if I could go with them. They consented but sent me back for a coat. I had to go through the parlor to get my coat. I forgot in my hurry that Uncle Levi was stretched out in there and I landed right on top of him. I was scared and petrified and it took me hours to recover.

I always enjoyed my sisters boyfriends. They always made a fuss over me and brought me gifts. I'm sure they were trying to impress my sisters. One of them, (Ira Short who was interested in my sister Myrtle) always brought me a box of candy every time he gave my sister one. My sister Luella's boy friend (George Alvord) brought me a beautiful doll. My sisters Etta and Bessie were going steady with Robert Gibson and Lewis Randall. One Sunday after Sacrament meeting they were supposed to tend me and they had planned with two other couples to go to Brigham City for a steak supper. Of course I had to go along. The four couples had their own rubber tire buggy and fancy horse. So it was planned that I would ride up with my sister Etta and Robert. Then I would ride back with Bessie and Lewis. Well I had never been to a real nice restaurant so it was a very special event in my life especially when they ordered me a big steak dinner just like theirs.

Those days we went to eight grades in school then graduated with special graduation exercises held in the Ogden Tabernacle. From the sixth grade up our music director Mr. Powell (he just died May 1978) would visit all the schools about a month before graduation exercises and would listen to our voices as we sang and then would tap our shoulders if we were selected to sing for the special music. I was lucky and was always selected. We were expected to attend about three special practices at different schools and then at the tabernacle. That was always one of the highlights in my life.

Not everyone had opportunity to go to high school especially the girls. My sister didn't have that opportunity. There were two high schools at that time. One, the Ogden High up 25th street, the other, a church owned school called Weber Academy. The building is torn down now but it was located on the old Weber Junior College campus between 24th and 25th street on Jefferson Avenue. To attend Weber Academy we had to pay twenty six dollars as a tuition fee. Money was really scarce in our large family but my folks decided they would let me go. I was real happy to be able to go because several of my girl friends were going.

My freshmen year, because I had played ball nearly all of my life, naturally I was interested in getting on the high school team. I and Venna Deamer Storey were the only ones from North Ogden on the team and we won the championship that year.

I never finished high school. In my last year I had a chance to be a receptionist for Dr. Ira J. McKell (a chiropractor) who had his office in the Kiesel Building on 24th street and Kiesel Ave. Before that I would work in the local canning factories in the summer. One summer when I was just 13 years old I worked in the factory canning apricots and earned enough to buy me my first new winter coat. Before that I had hand me downs or made over coats. I worked for Dr. McKell for four years.

During my school years the Church was very important to me and I held many positions in the different organizations. I always liked music and my sister Etta paid for the few lessons I took. My parents had an organ that I had to pump with my feet. Most that I learned was how to read music and play Church hymns. My first job was Primary Chorister. I was only 11 or 12 year old then. We attended Primary until we were 14 years old. When I attended Mutual I was asked to teach a Bee Hive class. I taught that class until I was married. I also sang in the Ward Choir. There were three of us girls: Lettie Campbell, Venna Deamer Storey, and I who were asked to join the choir. We were the only young unmarried women at that time. Harold S. Campbell was the Choir Leader and we sang every Sunday. I have sung in the choir ever since (1978). I also sang in the Mutual Ladies Chorus and mixed chorus and had the privilege of going to Salt Lake and singing in the Tabernacle many times.

I had many wonderful times going to our ward dances, home parties, sleigh riding, playing ball and going on many bob sleigh parties and then going to a home after for chili and hot chocolate. We also went to the silent movies. We would have dates but would always go as a group. Many times I and my brother Curt would be in the same group. When I went to the dances my brothers, three of them then, John, Floyd, and Curtis, would always dance with me. I also attended dances at Glen Wood Park (now called Lorin Farr Park), Lagoon and Berthana. The Berthana was a very special formal dance hall.

I knew very little of Ray Woodfield, and had been out with him just a few times before he left for his mission. He wrote to me all the time he was in England for two and a half year. When he came home he started to date me and on March 4, 1924 he gave me my diamond and the following year March 27th we were married in the Salt Lake Temple. My Mother and Ray and I rode the Bamberger train to Salt Lake. It took all day to go through the Temple. President Joseph Fielding Smith married us. At that time he was an Apostle in the Church.

Going back a few years I would like to tell of a childhood experience I had that has always been important to me. My two older sisters Etta and Bessie were 8 and 10 years older than I was and at that time were really popular with the young men in town. This particular evening they were going down to visit our Grandmother Brown who lived in the first brick home built in North Ogden, situated between 2100 and 2600 North on Washington Blvd. They took me along with them and I will never forget the story Grandmother told us. She told my sisters that they couldn't possibly have a happy courtship as compared with hers. This is her story. With her father John Brown and brother George they left England the first of June. They were on the water almost six weeks landing in New York Harbor July 18, 1863. From there they went up the Hudson River by boat and from there by train to Albany, New York to St. Joseph Missouri. That took 10 days. For two days and nights she and the rest of the company were forced to stand up in filthy cattle cars. They traveled from St. Joseph, Missouri to Florence, Nebraska on a steamboat. They were met in Florence by ox teams that had been sent by the Church to help them across the plains. Here she formed an acquaintance with one of the teamsters, a handsome young man several years her senior who became her future husband. John White, was baptized in England when 9 years of age and had emigrated to Utah and then settled in North Ogden. Grandmother was very definite about her courtship riding with this young man in his wagon across the plains and how romantic it was. Soon after arriving in Utah, they were married and made their home in North Ogden. Their marriage didn't last very long,

Grandfather took with a sudden illness and died. They had three girls, my mother Mary, a sister Sarah who died when 18 years of age, and a sister Annie who was born 4 months after their father died. For more information on Grandma and Grandpa's life there are sketches that go into detail.

Ray and I started our married life in a small red brick two room house owned by my father and was on land joining Ray's folks. Our rent was \$7.00 a month. We had no electric lights, water or bathroom. There was a small well of iron water that took over an hour to fill a bucket. We couldn't use it for wash water because of the iron. So for wash water we would use water out of the ditches around the house or carry it from Ray's folks. Our first wash day was a total disaster. We tried to use an old hand washer that was left on the place. We heated the water and soap, put it in the washer and it slowly leaked out of the wooden tub, and we could hardly push the handle back and forth, so I ended up rubbing them by hand. After that we either washed our clothes at Ray's mothers place or up to my Mothers. After two months of going without electric lights and a washing machine we paid to have the lights wired in. Utah Power and Light promised to bring the lights to the house if we would buy a washing machine and pay \$2.50 a month for the electricity we used. We were so happy to have the lights that we would promise anything to get them. The water was still a problem. We lived there for three years and Ray would carry the water from his home.

There were six large poplar trees around the house some wild grass, a wooden walk from the kitchen door to a storage shed, and a worthless cellar and an outdoor toilet by some bushes. Our first furniture was a beautiful kitchen stove, blue and white with a lot of chrome. I loved it and kept it clean and beautiful as long as we had it, a dining table buffet, six chairs, a bed and dresser, my cedar chest, a rocking chair and a used cupboard and washstand.

Norman, our first baby, was born April 5th, a year after we were married. I had very little experience with little babies because I was among the last of our big family. I stayed in the hospital for 10 days then had a girl work for me for two weeks. I remember she would sing constantly "The Prisoners Song". It really drove me crazy. She was good help every other way.

My Father was really sick all this time and my Mother was really tied down with Father being bed fast. The Sunday after I came home from the hospital, while Father was really critical, several of my brothers and sisters were helping Mother. They came to see me and all they could talk about was Father. We had a terrible storm that day with a lot of thundering and lightning. Ray was doing the chores over at his Father's, the storm made him late getting home so I was alone in the evening. I got so upset about Father, nervous about the storm, and I didn't have any milk for the baby so he cried constantly. I didn't realize he was hungry so he cried all night. Ray didn't know what to do. I didn't know how we survived the night. It was terrible. Two or three days later they took father to the hospital to have his leg amputated. He died in September but never was out of bed after that. Before he went to the hospital he asked to see our baby. Ray's father wanted to go up and see him, so he took Norman and I up. Father sat up in bed and played with him for a few minutes, and that was the first and last time he held him. Father loved little babies. I guess that is why they had 14 children.

Norman was always such a good baby after I was able to give him enough food. From one day to another you could always depend on him to sleep regularly during the day and stay awake just so long. He was such a pleasure.

Ray's folks had their last child just two months after we were married. Mark was born in May and the next April Norman was born. We lived so close to Ray's folks and his work was always over there so it was just natural that the two boys were always together, so they were more like brothers than nephews.

After Father died my brothers, Doral and Donald took care of the farm. Father had just paid off the mortgage on the property before he passed away.

Mother sold some pasture ground down Canning Factory Lane, that she had inherited it from her father. With the money she received she was able to pay off the doctors and hospital bills and put some in savings. To this day I don't know how mother made enough to live on. The boys didn't farm like their father so the income was small. During this time she sent Donald on a mission and kept him by making quilts. She would piece them all with scraps of cloth and most of the time she would receive \$12.00 to \$16.00 for them. I'm sure Donald never did appreciate how hard she worked during that time.

Doral got married and wanted to live in the house we were living in so we had to have a place to more to. There was no money so Dad Woodfield signed a note at the Ogden State Bank for \$2,000. We talked to a Mr. Wade from Pleasant View and told him we wanted a four room house with bath room. He drew some plans and his contract was \$1600 and Ray was to dig the basement and haul all the sand and gravel that was needed. He had to put a full day on the farm so he would get up at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, take the team and wagon and go out near the Utah Hot Springs and get a load of sand or gravel until he had enough to make the cement for the basement. When he was digging the basement he got down about two feet and it filled up with water so before he could finish we had to buy drain pipe and put it all around the house so he could finish. With the expense of the drain pipe and piping the well water over from his father's place it took the rest of the money.

When the house was finished we had a home with a living room, two bedrooms, a bath, a modern kitchen with water piped into the kitchen and bath. We moved in our new home in July and in January the following winter Keith was born (Jan 27th). That same night my Grandma Brown died but not before she had been told about Keith's birth. Mother was with her when she died, and she remarked that she could die in peace knowing that everything was O.K. with me.

That winter was a terrible winter, lots of snow, wind, and zero weather. I came home from the hospital on the ninth day. It was snowing and that night the wind started to blow. It lasted for 3 days and nights. They had horse drawn snow plows and it was impossible to keep the roads open. We had casement windows that weren't weather stripped so the wind came into the house so bad we had to move out into the living room to keep warm. Our bath room pipes would freeze even though the bath was near our kitchen stove.

Spring was late coming and we thought winter would never end. We surely appreciated good weather again. Keith was a sweet baby. Unlike Norman we never could get him on schedule, he was never the same two days in a row, but his personality made up for it. Mother came and stayed with us for two weeks. She was lonely after Father's death, and my brothers gave her plenty of worries. She enjoyed staying with us during that cold weather.

There was always so much work to do on the farm that it was hard for Ray to get time to work around our new home. We had a lot of fill dirt to haul before we could plant our lawn. After the chores were finished Ray and I would take the wheelbarrow and Normans red wagon and go to the high places for dirt. Ray always like flowers and a pretty yard. Although he worked long hours for his Father, he was never too tired to work into the evening to landscape our home.

Ray and his Father went into the chicken business. Ray tended the chickens for a third of the increase. We seen (saw) less and less of Ray. If he had a few hours rest from farm work there were always chicken coops to clean, but we needed that extra living. Ray received part of the milk check and a little at the end of the year, if there was anything left after farm expenses. It always seemed as though there was nothing left.

The depression came and then money was really scarce. The bank went broke and the bank examiners were demanding payment of all their mortgages. People were losing their homes and we would have lost out but the government stepped in and set up the Homeowners Loan Association. We were able to get one to save our home. Our payments were \$19.00 per month. That sounds very small now but then, during the depression it was hard. We were blessed with plenty of food. We would take our eggs to the grocery store and trade them in for groceries. The small milk check made it possible to pay our utilities and keep our car running and buy what few clothes we needed.

We were still able to have a few pleasures once in a while. We bought a used Ford from my brother Curtis for \$250.00. It didn't have a gas gage so we would measure the gas with a stick. The tank was never full but if the gas measured a inch or two and we had 50 cents in change we would take the boys for a ride and purchase an ice cream cone. We never could go up a hill if the gas was low. One time we tried to go up Pole Patch road. It ended by Ray turning the car around and going up in reverse. Eventually we had a truck box on it and used to haul feed for the chickens in it.

Keith was a little over 2 years old when I realized we were going to have a new baby. We had a different car by then. Ray's brother Elman had a Ford coupe. Elman was leaving for a mission to England and sold the car to us for \$50. Arlo was due the 28th of February but arrived January 31st. We went to the hospital in a terrible snow storm. The roads were not open. The windshield wipers wouldn't work so Ray would have to get out every little ways to clear the windshield. We went up 24th Street, we thought we seen (saw) the hospital, so drove in a driveway. I said to Ray, "that they had changed the entrance: we were stuck and couldn't go anywhere." Ray shoveled us out after we found out we had driven in a private driveway. I was having close labor pains by that time. We finally arrived at the hospital only to find out that our Dr. (Dr. Stranquist) was in Liberty delivering a baby. Arlo was born a couple of hours later. It was evident that something was wrong with the baby. Several hours after his birth a Dr. Smith came in and told us that our baby had brain damage. Arlo lived 24 hours. We had a private funeral at the home, then buried him on the cold zero weather

in the North Ogden Cemetery. It was hard to go home without our baby. This was the first sorrow we had in our family.

Two years later during the worst part of the depression our fourth son Leon was born, January 13, 1934. That weather was just opposite from the winter when Keith and Arlo were born. There was no snow at all. In February it snowed a few skiffs and that was all. Leon came six weeks before he was expected. He was very small and had breathing problems due to his premature birth. We were tied at home with him. It seemed like if we took him anywhere at all he would have asthma that night. Dr Stranquist would stop quite often when he was out our way. We had one extra bad night with Leon and the Doctor happened to stop in the next morning. He told us to stop all our treatments and then call him the next morning. We did as we were told and Leon slept all night and his breathing was perfect. We found out by that experience that he was allergic to the medication, also to vaccine for childhood diseases. After that his health improved and we were able to really enjoy him. He has always been a very special child. He never caused us any trouble. When he was a little over a year old, he nearly died from polio but came through that with some leg weakness for awhile. We felt very blessed after that experience.

I will have to write what his hospital and doctor bill was so it can be compared with the expense of having a baby now. I was in the hospital for 10 days and the entire bill was \$25. The doctors bill was also \$25. We didn't have the money, so Ray borrowed \$25 from Aunt Lizzie Woodfield and paid off the hospital, and the doctor waited. It is unbelievable that Dr Stanquist would make so many home calls and never charge for them.

This is the end of this history written by Vera Jane Campbell Woodfield. In 1939 Ray and Vera had their fifth child a baby daughter, Mary Lou Woodfield. Vera lived in North Ogden her entire life. Refer to the History of Ray W. Woodfield, written by Ray W. Woodfield for additional Vera Jane Campbell Woodfield references.