

Dear Jean:

You asked me to record something of my life for you. My life has been so unimportant judged by the standards of biographies I have read that I find little to record. It is the introspective that stands out most clearly in my remembrance, the effect that events, many trifling, had on me when a child. A few of these I will pass on to you.

I was born in Woodruff, Utah, November 3rd, 1872. This was only two years after the town's settlement in 1870; three years after the meeting of the two railroads at Promontory Point in Utah, uniting the east and west coasts; and five years before the death of Brigham Young. Ulysses S. Grant was President of the United States; the Civil War had closed just seven years before. My mother had a good singing voice and the first songs I remember hearing her sing were Tenting on the Old Camp Ground, Old Black Joe, and other songs of that war period.

I assume we moved back to Bountiful right after my Grandfather Duncan's death in 1874, as Nellie was born in Bountiful in 1874. The move was made, no doubt, in order that Father might take over my Grandfather's farms. At that time, Grandfather had two moderate sized farms. The homestead stood on the main farm. This was a story and a half house across the street from the Willey property and homes. Here, my Grand-