

A Perspective of St Clair Nixon's Life

By His Son, Richard Smoot Nixon

Compiled and Edited by Loretta D. Nixon



Preface

I have many positive memories of my father, St Clair Nixon. I have chosen to write of these memories. Although St Clair had negative aspects of his life, I believe through the Atonement of our Savior, his faults can be forgiven and he can and has overcome them. This is what I hope that my children will do for me. Remember me for good. No one, except one, who is born into this world is perfect. My greatest hope is that my posterity will overlook my faults and dwell on what good I have done.

Forward

It has been a pleasure beyond words to have worked side by side with Loretta Dalbey Nixon, my wife, in producing this book. I can not express enough the deep love and admiration I have for her in her great ability in putting this book together. She is the love of my life. I wish to express my appreciation and love for her. My father and mother feel the same.

I want to thank Reed, my brother and Marion and Maline Nixon Hansen , my sister and brother-in-law, for their help with this book.

I wish my posterity to know after eighty-seven years of life on this earth, I can honestly say I **know** God the Father lives, His Son, Jesus Christ is my Redeemer, The Book of Mormon is a miracle given to us in this dispensation to entice us to prove whether it is true or not. Joseph Smith was not only a true Prophet of the Lord, but was a man our forefathers, who lived and knew him, could sustain. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is the only true and living church on the earth today. We have at the head of our Church a Prophet of God. I can personally testify, through personally knowing many of the General Authorities in my life, that they are truly men of God. With deep love and humility, I bare this witness to my posterity. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Richard Smoot Nixon

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A Perspective of St Clair Nixon's Life

St Clair's Legacy

St Clair and his wife, Lyle Glazier Nixon raised three faithful children in the gospel. They have a large posterity. Lyle was a very loyal and faithful wife. Each of his children knows, without any doubt, that he loves them individually with an undying love. Each of his children reciprocates that love back. There is something in St Clair's spirit that is intangible that provokes this reciprocal love. We do not know what it is, nor can we describe it to others, but it is as real as our existence. Family is all that any man can take into eternity with him when he passes from this life. It is his family that will endure throughout the eternities.

St Clair' Birth and Description

St Clair Nixon was born June 18, 1897, at Huntington, Utah to James William Nixon II and Effie Dean Woolley who were both born and raised in St George, Utah. St Clair was one of six children and was the fourth child. He was short in stature, but he had a powerful body. He was a very hard worker all his life. He always had a ready smile and a positive outlook on life. His children's friends always liked him and expressed what a great dad he was. He was a natural born salesman and people were naturally drawn to him.

Heritage

St Clair's father, James William Nixon II, was a prosperous merchant, rancher, farmer, and a bishop of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saint Huntington Ward in Huntington, Utah. James William Nixon II lost his father, Feb 19, 1882, seven months prior to his turning sixteen in September. James William Nixon II, being the oldest son, took the leadership responsibility of his mother's family after the death of his father. In the wild west of the Arizona and Nevada mining camps of 1882, J. W. carried wagons of silver ore to the Colorado River, from Silver Reef, Utah. He later carried the United States mail by mule from St. Thomas, Arizona to Mineral Park, Arizona. He had many hair-raising experiences during this time of his life. (For more details see *Autobiography of James William Nixon II*)

J. W., as he was sometimes called, was a strict disciplinarian and taught St Clair how to work. During his mission to California in 1896, his first convert was a Dr. St Clair. St Clair was born while he was on his mission, and he named his second son after Dr. St Clair. The culture of the time when St Clair was growing up was austere. St Clair, however, never carried this stern heritage into his family. In fact, he was quite the opposite. However, when it came to the gospel teachings, St Clair was unbending with his children. He insisted they were to attend their meetings and be faithful in the gospel.

His mother was loving, warm and sensitive. This offset the sternness that was the culture in which he was raised. St Clair adored his mother and would do most anything for her. St Clair had a very sensitive soul, and he took great solace from his mother. She was the glue that bound the work ethic and the sense of heritage of the Nixon family together. Effie was very head strong, and she knew what she wanted. As well as keeping the household together, she worked hard along with her husband in all his enterprises. His mother made certain that all of her children be given the best education possible. As well as being pregnant and giving birth to St Clair while her husband was on his mission, she ran all the businesses and kept the home together while her husband was away from home.

St Clair's siblings were, James William Nixon III, Olive Nixon Elgren, Nina Nixon Bowman, Myrtle Nixon who died at sixteen, Grace Nixon Stewart, Ezra John Nixon and Jessco Cowley Nixon.

St Clair's World at the Time of His Birth and Early Youth

St Clair, being born at the very end of the 19th Century, his awareness would have started at the beginning of the now famous 20th Century. He was born three years before the turn of the century during the time known as the Victorian Era, named after England's Queen Victoria. It was a time mostly of peace and prosperity. A strict high morality was stressed and for the most part was lived by society.

In 1900, St Clair was three years old. William McKinley was president and oil was discovered in Texas. **In 1901, he was four years old.** President McKinley was assassinated. Theodore Roosevelt became president. **In 1903 he was six years old.,** The United States took over Cuba having previously won the Spanish American War in which Roosevelt played such a big part with his Rough Riders. Panama and the Canal were positioned to be given to the United States to complete.

In **1906, he was nine years** old. The San Francisco, California earthquake and great fire took place. The first Naturalization Law was passed and now everyone who came to America had to qualify for citizenship rather than just applying for it. In **1908, he was eleven years old**. The FBI was organized. The first model "T" came off the Ford assembly line. In **1909, he was twelve years old**. Millikan proved the charge of electron's by the oil drop experiment.

St Clair received the Aaronic Priesthood when he was twelve. He was a strapping boy freighting from Huntington to Price where his Aunt Emma Mathis and Aunt Hannah Whitmore lived. St Clair was the only one who could take a double team into and out of the Smoot Lumber yard without unhitching the team.

The hot desert trail to and from Huntington was hot and lonely. The roads, as we know them, were non-existent during the time he freighted for his father. His dad hauled lumber off of Mount Trumble when he was twelve years of age along with his brother George who was even younger. They would haul material from Mt. Trumble to St George and from St. George to Mt. Trumble . If his dad could do it at that age so could he.

St Clair's Teenage Years

The second decade of St Clair's life, 1910-1919, was to be a really significant one. It would be his teenage years and his maturing into a man. In **1912 he was fifteen years old**. The U.S. Airplane Designer Glenn Curtis demonstrated the potential of the first successful flying Boat. New Mexico became the 47th State. The Ocean Liner Titanic sank on her maiden voyage, drowning 1513 passengers and crew. Democrat Woodrow Wilson defeated Republicans Taft and Teddy Roosevelt to become the 28th president of the USA. These were teenage years of work in the store. His dad had the kids sort potatoes in the basement of the store-while they rested.

St Clair worked the farm in plowing, sowing seeds, harvesting and irrigating. The other boys were equally as good as they became old enough. St Clair worked on the farm several years before we left it... (J.W. Nixon II Journal)

St Clair had a horse he loved. His dad had many horses and had great love for them. His older brother, Willie, was away to medical school so most of the "manly work" fell to St Clair. One night when he was bringing in horses and cattle from off the range, a killer storm caught him in the open. His pony saved his life by bringing him home in the storm. He had to be lifted off the saddle because he was in such bad shape.

In **1914, he was seventeen years old**. President Wilson proclaimed neutrality to the war in Europe.

In **1915, he was eighteen years old**. Alexander Graham Bell again summoned his assistant Thomas Watson (as in 1876), but this time Bell was in New York and Watson in San Francisco.

Dad had a good friend and cousin, Clarence Nixon, with whom he played baseball. Today, Richard Nixon, son of St Clair, and Bert Nixon, son of Clarence, find joy in comradeship and in researching the Nixon family history.

College Years

In **1916 he was nineteen years old**.

The following autumn St Clair wanted to attend college at the Utah Agriculture College. I hadn't finished high school. However our parents wanted me to go to Logan with St Clair because they knew he would take care of me as he always had... St Clair, along with his other classes enrolled in R.O.T.C. where he made an outstanding record. We took several pictures of St Clair, in his R.O.T.C. uniform, with our friend Verna Lunquist in her Red Cross uniform. They were attending to the supposed wounded. The following winter St Clair went to Logan to college with me. Again we had an apartment and again he did much more than his share of the house work. (History of St Clair, Grace Nixon Stewart) The complete account is found in the appendix.

In **1917 he was twenty years old**. The US National Defense Act established the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC). April 6th USA declares war on Germany.

St Clair's relationship with his father.

It is appropriate at this point of St Clair's history to say something of the relationship of St Clair with his father J. W. Nixon II. To get an insight to J. W. Nixon's attitude toward **his** farm in Huntington I quote from his journal.

*In my farming, I took such pains in the fertilization of the soil and the observation of other good practices that I had the reputation of producing better crops and making more money per acre than any farmer in that county. I took a great pride in doing things well and appreciated the many compliments I received from my neighbor farmers. I always felt that it paid to keep down the weeds and raise things more profitable. At the same time, I was in the bee culture and took the same pains in looking after them and protecting them so that they proved a profitable investment to me. When I was entrusted by large Eastern seed firms with their money to secure a good share of the best seed in the country, I took a pride in being the early bird and in succeeding in accomplishing my purpose; likewise with the jobbing of honey which I made a part of my commercial business..." He [Willie] was always obedient and cheerfully helped from the time he was old enough to understand the value of service. The other boys were equally as good as they became old enough. **St Clair worked on the farm several years before we left it**, and Ezra did some too, but did more in the store, having taken a little more to that kind of employment. Jessco was too young to do much of either at the time we left Huntington; (Journal of J.W. Nixon II)*

There can be no doubt that J. W. Nixon II felt that the farm was **his** pride and joy. His boys, Willie and St Clair worked on the farm as his sons, but this in no way made his sons partners. Sons working on their dad's farm were just what all families did as a matter of course. At this time all the children were attending BYU in Provo as the preferred school to attend. However Dad wanted to go to college in Logan and not BYU as it was an agricultural college. He was very much interested in farming and ranching. Willie, his older brother, went east to medical school and J. W. Nixon II paid for his education. But J. W. Nixon II, also supported and paid for St Clair to go two years to Logan to fulfill his dream of becoming a rancher. It seems that James William Nixon II was a great support to St Clair in his dream of a career in agriculture.

Family Moves to Provo

Later, in the year 1919 [St Clair was 22years old.]

...my second son St Clair was called to fill a mission in the Central States, laboring mostly in Missouri. In 1911 we purchased the home in Provo from Mrs. Hatfield. My wife stayed there with the family who were attending the BYU during the years of 1916, 1917 and 1918. [In 1916 and 1917 St Clair and Grace, his sister, were at Utah State University at Logan, Utah.] The house [in Huntington] was leased to Mr. Vick. In the fall of 1919 we moved permanently to Provo having sold the merchandise in Huntington to E. G. Geary and leased the building for five years to him at \$40.00 per month. We also leased the picture show to Evert Johnson for \$150.00 per month.

In the year 1920, I took up the Life Insurance work with the Inter-Mountain Life, at the age of fifty-two, with the same zeal for success that I had always had in my former occupation I had some remnant of property there [in Huntington], such as horses, machinery, wagons, etc., I had not yet disposed of, and I felt that it would be a good plan to have a place I could always come to for a home without going to the hotel when in Huntington. (J.W. Nixon II Journal)

While St Clair was on his mission, James William Nixon II sold out most of his financial holdings in Huntington and moved to Provo, Utah.

St Clair's Mission

St Clair's mission was very interesting. He labored in one of the toughest missions in the church. This is where Parley P. Pratt was murdered just, sixty-two years earlier. It was a hot bed of anti-Mormonism. The following gives the account of Parley P. Pratt's murder.

Soon after the last extract from his journal, President P.P. Pratt left St. Louis for Arkansas, where he was followed by three bloodthirsty wretches, who had previously declared their intention to kill him. To aid them in their sanguinary designs they preferred fictitious charges against him, from which he was honorably discharged by a United States Court at Van Buren. These assassins then followed him and murdered him in cold blood, near Van Buren, Arkansas, May 13, 1857. Parley P. Pratt, Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt, edited by his son, Parley P. Pratt, p.415

St Clair went without "purse or script" which means he had to live off the charity of the people he was called to serve. They ate and slept with people they ran into as they went from farm to farm in the countryside. He was allowed little or no money. When they wanted to write home or report they would go to the nearest town and to the hotel. They would use the hotel stationary and get their mail. They did not register or stay in the hotel. He served in Missouri and Arkansas.

Excerpts from St Clair's Missionary Journal

May 31, 1920 and June 1, 1920 - He was 23 years old.

We got in a long argument with Mr. Burris. Before leaving next morning, we visited an old gentleman and wife. The husband had been out to Salt Lake City. I had a long talk with him and sold him a Durrant (a missionary pamphlet).. He gave me 25 cents for it, leaving 15 cents for the treasury or our future use. We tracked on and came to a flood in a small creek. Elder Buchi takes his staff in hand and walks on the rocks in the middle of stream. I handed him the grips on the end of his staff. He puts them on the other side. I make a log stay against two rocks. With the staff in hand, I stepped across. About 6 P.M., we came to Mr. R. Yeoman, a hard shell Baptist. I got in an argument with him until dark and after supper we argued until 2:30 the next morning. About 6:30 before we were up, he asks us how we feel. He hits us again before we were awake on spiritual Israel being saved. Then after and during breakfast he argued until 10 a.m. He then started back on the same things all over again. We told him we didn't want anything to do with a man that won't take the Bible as it is and not put on his own interpretation on scripture. We bid him "farewell." and went into the woods and had a devotional.

We tracked for a while. We then came to large a stream of water. There was no way of getting across the flood only to ford it. We decided to wait until someone came with a car or a wagon. Finally someone came. The gentleman, who was the "hard shell" the night before, came to our rescue with a wagon. After we had reached the other side, a car got stalled in the water behind us. A man had to get out in the water and crank [his car]. Meantime this gentleman had his wagon backed to it. "April fool" the car got out itself. We landed in West Plains. I received one letter from Nina, another from Mama. I was sure glad to get them. I did some shopping. I bought a hat, etc.; later we looked for place to stay for the evening. They all thought the next fellow could keep us best. One house shut out their lights and made their boy go to bed just before we knocked on the door. We kept on asking where there was a light in the house. Finally a young lady invited us in. Her husband was there, and her father and brother were living there at the time. Her aunt was visiting. Their name was E. Burgess. We were treated fine and sure rested.

June 2, 1920

We had strawberries and cream for breakfast and talked on religion for a long while to the aunt. We went on trackting. The first home gave us a dish of cherries. The next place was a preacher of the Methodist church. He gave us our dinner. We talked for awhile. We tracked on and came to an old man. He said, "go on with your "D" stuff" of meanness. There was no one home next place. We went on and sat in the shade. Mr. Burgess came along with a load of wood. We talked awhile. We came on and went in the woods and had a devotional. The people in the second house we asked invited us in.

"Sept. 24, 1921

We got up early to go to Carthage, and Nauvoo, Illinois. We caught the train at five thirty and reached Quincy at six thirty. We had breakfast. At 7:30 we left for Carthage, Illinois.

Here we saw the Carthage Jail and the depression of the well. The lady's name was Mrs. Green . She charged 15 cents to see it. We took pictures outside. We made arrangements to go to Nauvoo in a car. A gentleman took us for a ride around the city of Carthage.

We then came to Nauvoo and saw the Prophet Joseph Smith's home,. We also saw what they called Brigham Young's home. We got pictures of both. We saw where the Nauvoo Temple once stood. We saw the building which contained some of the stones from which the temple was built or supposed stone. We went to hotel and saw where there were many pictures of ancient dwellings of Nauvoo.

In this hotel was what the helper said was the Prophet Joseph Smith's bed, a wooden bed with fancy trimming on the legs in front and also at the foot. It was a good strong bed. The dresser, also in the same room, was his. The checker table was there as well and probably a few other articles of furniture there in that room.

We got some pictures of different homes. We got a picture of the oldest church building and took a picture of it with the bench in front. We rode past some old homes and buildings. We came to Keokuk, Iowa and crossed the Mississippi River. We saw the dam which cost \$32,000,000 with locks in the dam to give way for ships. The dam is made to keep a certain depth of water in locks. The dam is about a mile and a quarter long from one bank to the other. We were in Keokuk awhile and then had a ride around it awhile in a Ford. We came to the depot in town. We roamed around town awhile and had dinner (supper). We met at the cafe then decided to hold a street meeting. They kept on not deciding. I took off my hat, stepped off the curb and started out with them. We sang one song, had a word of prayer, and then Elder Criddle was first speaker. We left and then came to the train station. We caught the train for Hannibal, Missouri.

Excerpts from St Clair's History, by his sister, Grace Nixon Stewart.

That Autumn Edith Christensen and I were on our way to school in Boston. I visited St Clair in Hannibal, Missouri. This was a choice experience. St Clair met us at the train station and took us to the home of Church members with whom he had arranged for us to stay. That evening we attended a cottage meeting. St Clair conducted the meeting and gave an inspiring talk. I was so very proud of him.

The following day St Clair and his companion took us to Mark Twain's home and several other familiar historical places. That evening we watched the moon rise over the Missouri [City of Hannibal is located on the Mississippi river. It was the home of Mark Twain.] Then regretfully we had to say goodbye, and take our train to Boston.

It was at this time that the Missouri Conference (Central States Mission) had a conference at their headquarters in Independence, Missouri. The whole mission had their picture taken. On the left end was St Clair and on the right end was Elder Croft who is the grandfather of Bryan King, my daughter Catherine King's husband. It is a small world!

St Clair's mission ended in March of 1922 he was 24 years old.

End of Mission and Trip to Boston

"Mar. 20, 1922

We met to be assigned our fields of work. I was given my release which I appreciated. That day we had some good talks among ourselves and were sociable. That evening we had a big farewell . It was for the missionaries we who were released and for those going out into the country. We had songs, stump speeches etc. The six of us sang, "The Old Missouri Hills." We had a grand time and had cake and ice cream to top it off."

Grace Nixon Stewart's Journal

We attended a recital at the Power School. I was scheduled to be on the program that evening. I shall always remember my brothers comment on my reading, it has been a joyous guiding star to my

endeavors since.

A friend invited us to visit the Joseph Smith farm in Vermont and to stay overnight. So when school was out, on Friday, we took a train to Vermont. We were met by a man at the station. It was a memorable drive to the farm. Our escort must have weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. He took up three fourths of the front seat. There was still room for me. St Clair and Edythe occupied the back seat. He kept us laughing constantly with his jokes and "tall tales". Jake, our driver, was an employee at the farm. He ushered us into the living room where logs hissed and crackled in the fireplace. We were warmly greeted by our hosts, and then had a delicious dinner.

Later that evening neighbors were invited in to greet us. Their stories of the past and experiences were fascinating. It was a delightful evening which extended until nearly midnight.

The next morning, after a hearty country breakfast, we reluctantly took our leave, despite our host's urgent invitation to stay the entire week end.

That evening St Clair took a train for Provo. It was difficult for us to say good bye to him. We had had five glorious days together. Each day had been filled with memorable and happy experiences."

St Clair's Journal

April 8, 1922

I arrived in Boston early in the morning and had a good time. When I arrived in town, I was very glad to meet Grace whom I met at the other apartment house. We met the lady so friendly to Grace. That afternoon I had a good visit that I will never forget. That evening we met some of the elders. We talked on the street few minutes. We went with the elders over to Lime.

April 9, 1922

We went to Sunday school. I taught the small children. We held services. I spoke most of the time. That afternoon I did some visiting with the other young men from Harvard , also with a young lady. We had a good time visiting and went walking. I was late for the street meeting. We came back home and retired.

April 10, 1922

We met the other two elders on Post Street. We had a good time visiting and sightseeing. We went to the Bunker Hill Monument, then to the Tower. From there we went to the State Capitol for dinner. We then walked and took pictures with our cameras. We then went to a room with the Elders for the evening.

Grace Nixon Stewart's Journal

April 11, 1922

When St Clair's mission was completed he spent a few days with Edith and me in Boston. A friend in our apartment house had a bedroom where he slept. It was just great having him with us.

St Clair's Journal

We had breakfast, and I came to Boston to do some work. That evening we went to a Vaudeville with Edith. Then we visited with Grace at the confectionary. We had a talk with proprietor.

April 12, 1922

I visited school, enjoyed Grace's reading extremely much. We came to dinner that evening and had good time at the play with my sister Grace.

April 13, 1922

Visited museum enjoyed it very much. Had dinner, had good time then we visited. We went out.

April 14, 1922

We had a day well spent in visiting places of note. That evening we attended a show and had a good time.

April 15, 1922

I was well entertained on way up to the Memorial Farm of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The ride on the train was fine, cheerful and the scenery was great. The ride from the station to the farm was entertaining and new. That evening was spent in country home life in real style. They treated us great. We had quite a visit from the time we reached there until retiring late. At Memorial Farm Edith Christensen, Grace, the Edwards, Brother Smith and others helped to bring about an interesting time.

April 16, 1922

The breakfast was simply splendid with the real syrup and maple sugar etc. We had a real interesting time at the cottage farm. The snow was very deep, a contrast of the sunny day before. We rode from the cottage to the station in a buggy for three miles. It was fine. We got our tickets for Boston cheaper by a little persuasion, and then we came to Boston. We then arrived at the apartments that afternoon. I went to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was simply great. I returned that evening late.

April 17, 1922

We attended Sunday school; I took part with the rest in the discussion on Baptism for the Dead. I also, after Sunday school while in Services, was asked to address the people. I talked on the evidence and proof for believing in a God with body parts and passions. Then Elder Egerson was asked to speak. He followed the same line of thought as I did. That day was spent very well in visiting my friends, Edith and Grace mostly, while walking up and down the river side. That evening we went to the Old South Church, the five of us, the boys from Harvard, Grace, Ellen Anderson and me. We then spent the evening afterward at the apartments. I called on Edith at the New Paris at twelve p.m. and took her to the apartments. We had a good time with them. I bid them good night, and then retired."

Courtship and Marriage to Lyle Glazier

St Clair married Lyle Glazier in the Salt Lake Temple **September 27, 1923. He was 26 years old.**

As far as his courtship of Lyle, we know she wrote to him on his mission. They had close mutual friends. Grace, his sister was Lyle's close friend. Lyle Glazier's maternal grandfather was A. O. Smoot, a prominent early Pioneer of Utah and Stake President of the Utah Stake from 1868 to 1895. Her paternal grandfather, Charles Dean Glazier served on the Utah Stake High Council under A. O. Smoot. We know that St Clair and Lyle were closely involved with BYU's social life.

Some months after their marriage St Clair took Lyle, who was pregnant with Jim, and went to Chicago to attend optometry school. He was to be supported by his father and mother. Soon after they were there and enrolled in school they were told that his father had serious reverses in his financial affairs and could no longer support them.

They then returned to Provo. St Clair and Lyle worked at the Bonita movie house that his father had an interest. Lyle played the organ as the silent movies were projected on the screen. The music set the mood for what was on the screen. It took some talent to coordinate the music to the screen.

Birth of Children

James Glazier was born **July 15, 1924** in Provo, Utah. **St Clair was 27 years old.**

They moved to Los Angeles, California where Stanley Reed was born on **May 30, 1926. St Clair was 29 years old and Lyle was 26 years old.**

They moved back to Provo. Sometime during this period St Clair went to Jacob Lake and worked at the Whiting saw mill in Fredonia, Arizona.

On **April 14, 1930** Richard Smoot was born in Provo, Utah. **St Clair was 33 years old and Lyle was 30.** They then settled in Salt Lake City. They baked donuts and St Clair took them downtown and sold them. One time a man tried to hold him up with a gun, but he was not going to let go of his money quite so easy. He knocked the man down and kept his money.

In 1934 the family moved back to Los Angeles, California. They first moved to the Westlake Park area and rented a home. Several apartments later, they moved to the "Courts." It was a group of rental bungalows. While they lived there Maline was born **March 3, 1936. St Clair was 39 and Lyle was 36 years old.** During this time Lyle baked bread, made sandwiches and pies and St Clair sold them in the nearby park.

St Clair and Lyle moved to Culver City and bought a home on Colonial Avenue between Washington Place and Washington Blvd. it was in a bankrupt subdivision. It was here that Lyle continued to baked pies that were seven inches across that St Clair sold at Westlake Park to the retirees. He offered sandwiches, soft drinks and half or whole pies. He had a carrier that he carried which held the food. It took a strong arm and back to make it work. This was **1938** at the height of the "Depression". **St Clair was 40 and Lyle was 38 years old.** Money was hard to come by and St Clair did other things to make ends meet. He serviced candy machines, was a Cab Driver and many other odd jobs. He was strong, healthy and knew how to work. They were by our standards poor but we did not know it as almost everyone we knew was in the same boat. Unemployment was at 25% and jobs were not to be had.

In 1939, St Clair and Lyle, with the help of their parents bought a bakery in Montrose, California. It was on the main street. They moved there from Culver City. They rented their home on Colonial Avenue and rented a home on Honolulu Avenue in Montrose. Financially things were looking much better for them. Lyle baked and ran the bakery, and St Clair was the outside salesman. It was a dream come true for them, and all was looking very bright.

Then the roof fell in and tragedy struck. Helms and Van De Camp Bakeries decided that there was too much competition from the small operators. These big bakeries started a bread war. The price of

baked good went to the bottom. The grocery stores were giving bread away to lure customers into their stores. St Clair and Lyle could not compete in the market. They tried to hang on, but the bread war lasted way too long. They had to walk away from their dream.

They moved back to Culver City and tried to pick up what was left. It did not work. They lost their home on Colonial Avenue in Culver City. They moved into a duplex and Lyle went to work for "The Blind Company" which was making blinds for the B17 Bomber. During those years, Lyle worked at various jobs to help ends meet. St Clair started his own Janitorial Business and cleaned offices, theaters, apartments that were vacated and cleaned a Jewish Center that was being remodeled.

For the rest of their lives Lyle had various jobs to help sustain the family. In her later years they moved to an apartment near the Los Angeles temple on Malcolm Ave. Lyle worked as an ordnance worker in the Los Angeles temple for nearly ten years. St Clair kept up his business and was a wonderful support to Lyle in her temple work.

St Clair died **May 7, 1969**, he was **72 years old**. He died while at his work. He is buried in the Provo Cemetery. Lyle moved to Provo after his death. She had a small home where she had students in the basement and one in the upstairs bedroom who took care of her for the student's room and board.

One Last Incident in Lyle's Life

On the 17th of October 1987 Lyle called Richard, her son who was the only one in town and asked him to come over and give her a blessing. When Richard arrived she was in a talkative mood, and they spent a couple of hours having her relate various things in her past. Most importantly she bore a very strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel. She had been reading the Book of Mormon and felt very strongly that she knew that it was the word from God! Then Richard gave her the blessing. The blessing contained a very definite statement that "a great and wonderful event was about to come into your life..." Richard said that it was such a wonderful feeling and such a strong impression that he went home feeling very good about her.

The next morning October 18, 1987 she told the student who was taking care of her that she wanted to go to church and needed to get ready. She got into the tub for a bath and then with the help of her student was able to get out and into her wheelchair. The girl reached down to pull the plug in the bathtub. When she looked up Lyle was gone. She died in just a moment and it was just as she wanted to leave this life.

This ends the events in the lives of St Clair and Lyle. They loved their children with a deep and abiding love. They lived through the turn of the Century, World War I, the Roaring 20's, the Great Depression, World War II, and the Cold war with Russia. They lived when horses were the rule to the walk on the moon. They lived the impossible dream with a great desire to have a true and faithful posterity.

Summary

St Clair fought, as all of us do, the fight of mortality as best he could. As to his successes and failures, it is left to The Savior to judge. However he had an unusually sensitive spirit that required him to fight the battle of this life with unusual vigor. As with all of us sometimes he succeeded and other times it was very hard on him.

This I do know: He was generous to a fault. He was very well liked by my (Richard's) friends. He was a great story teller. **He held his children to a high standard.** He would not allow them to buy on Sunday, play with face cards, insisted they live the Word of Wisdom to a fault, attend all church meetings without fail, and we had to tell the truth. He was a hard worker. He was devoted to his wife who was unusually loyal to him. He was devoted to his mother. He was proud of his heritage. Most of all I can say without equivocation that **he loved me deeply!** I know Reed and Maline feel the same. What more can be said of any man? Lyle gave her all to her faith, her heritage, to her marriage and to her children. She worked hard, was trustworthy and teachable. What more can be said of any woman?

Time Line, St Clair and Lyle Glazier Nixon

Year	Date	Event
1897	June 18	Birth of St Clair Nixon, Huntington, Utah
1900	Apr 11	Birth of Lyle Glazier, Provo, Utah
1911		J. W. Nixon II purchased the Provo home.
1903-1916		St Clair's attended grades 1-6 in Huntington, Utah. He then attended BYU Training School until about 1914. He and Grace attended the Emery Academy for two years before going to Logan, Utah. He spent his summers in Huntington, Utah.
1916		St Clair attended college, Utah State University, Logan, Utah.
1919	Fall	J. W. Nixon II family permanently moved to Provo.
1906-1922		Lyle attended the BYU Training School and graduated from the BYU Normal School. She taught school in Hinckley, Utah.
1919-1922		St Clair served in the Central States Mission.
1923	April 3	St Clair's address was 244 South Grand, Los Angeles. (Letter from Aunt Becky Nixon)
1923	September 27	St Clair and Lyle were married in the Salt Temple.
1924		St Clair and Lyle moved to Chicago. St Clair was to attend optometry school. They remained in Chicago only a short time.
1924	July 15	James Glazier Nixon born Provo, Utah
1925		St Clair and Lyle moved to Los Angeles, California.
1926	May 30	Stanley Reed Nixon born Los Angeles
1926	After June	The family moved back to Provo.
1927	September 26	James Glazier Nixon died Provo At this time, St Clair and Lyle were living with J. W. Nixon II.
1928		St Clair and Lyle worked at the Bonita Theater in Provo, Utah.

1931-1932		Family moved to Salt Lake City. (Reed recalls moving several times)
1933		421 South 4 th East, Salt Lake City, Utah (Directory)
1933	Summer	St Clair and Lyle Family moved to Los Angeles.
1933		1 st apartment, Hollywood, California
1934		2 nd apartment, Lake Street, near Westlake Park, Los Angeles
1934		3 rd apartment, South Los Angeles, California
1935		4 th apartment, South Los Angeles, California
1936	March 3	5 th apartment, 1687 Catalina Ave., "The Courts", West Los Angeles, California Maline Nixon born here
1936-1938		4058 Colonial Avenue, Culver City, California
1939-1940		2323 Honolulu Ave., Montrose, California, (Census)
1940		4058 Colonial Avenue, Culver City, California
1941	November 4	Duplex, 3119 Watseka, Los Angeles, California (Letter from Harold I. Bowman)
1942		Duplex 1481 Crest Drive, Los Angeles, California
1943	Summer	Hope Street, top of hill, downtown, Los Angeles Hope Street was two blocks north of the Los Angeles Library. Angels Flight was south of the library. At the bottom of the hill that Angeles Flight was on, you could walk one block to the Grand Central Market. This was a popular market where St Clair and Lyle shopped. This area on Hope Street was not a desirable area to live, but it was all they could find. It was war time and apartments were scarce.
1943		Reed graduated from Hamilton High School. He enrolled and graduated from Cal Tech under the Navy V-12 Program.
1943		Apartment 3950 West 8 th Street, Los Angeles
1947	March 27	Reed married Joyce Johnson March 27, 1947.
1949		Richard graduated from Los Angeles High School. Richard attended BYU after graduation.
1949	August 16	Birth of Mark Reed Nixon, grandchild #1
1949	December	Richard called as a missionary from the Wilshire Ward, to the West German Mission
1950	August 11	Birth of Robert Dean Nixon, grandchild #2
1951	November 14	Birth of Clair Johnson Nixon, grandchild #3

1952-1953		Lyle and Maline lived with Reed and Joyce. Maline attended high school during her Junior year in Idaho Falls. She spent the summer at Jacob Lake, Arizona
1953	March 31	Richard married Loretta Dalbey
1953		Lyle and Maline moved back to Los Angeles, Their apartment was in Hollywood, California.
1954		St Clair, Lyle and Maline moved to an apartment on Sepulveda Blvd., San Fernando Valley, California.
1954		St Clair, Lyle, Maline moved to 1815 Malcom Ave., Westwood, California
1954		Maline was a Freshman at BYU.
1955	November 27	Birth of Evan Glazier Nixon, grandchild #4
1956	July 5	Maline married Quince Marion Hansen.
1957	Jul 20	Birth of Carl Butler Nixon, grandchild #5
1954-1971		1815 Malcolm Ave., Los Angeles, California Mother was a temple worker in Los Angeles Temple.
1958	December 2	Birth of Richard Steven Nixon, grandchild #6
1959	April 3	Birth of Annette Hansen, grandchild #7 First granddaughter
1959	October 4	Birth of Jay Harold Nixon, grandchild #8
1960	November 19	Birth of Christine Leona Nixon, grandchild #9
1962	January 16	Birth of Kenneth Marion Hansen, grandchild #10
1963	January 8	Birth of Catherine Ann Nixon, grandchild #11
1964	October 19	Birth of Karren Hansen, grandchild # 12
1966	January 4	Birth of Donna Hansen, grandchild #13
1966	December	St Clair involved in a serious automobile accident
1967	February 10	Birth of Reed Smoot Hansen, grandchild #14
1968	October 30	Birth of Carol Lyle Nixon, grandchild #15
1968	December 10	Birth of Merrill Ordell Hansen, grandchild #16

1969	May 7	St Clair Nixon died at the Ivar Theater in Hollywood, California
1972	November 30	Birth of James Melvin Nixon, grandchild #17
1973	December 25	Birth of Darleen Hansen, grandchild #18
1971		Lyle moved to 39 East 900 North, Provo, Utah.
1987	October 18	Lyle died at home, Provo, Utah.

MEMORIES OF MY DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER ST CLAIR NIXON

BY GRACE NIXON STEWART

St Clair was about two and a half years older than I. We lived in Huntington, Utah, a small farming community of approximately fifteen hundred people. St Clair had many friends. People responded to him because of his interest in them. He had the rare ability of desiring to fulfill their need before his own. His sense of humor was contagious. St Clair was always dependable. If he said he would be at a certain place at a designated time, he would be there. We knew that he would complete successfully an assignment.

St Clair belonged to a baseball club. They had special uniforms. He delighted in this sport and was considered by the members as an excellent participant. We took a picture of him, on the baseball court, with the baseball club in his hands ready to strike the ball.

St Clair attended school in Huntington for the first six grades. He was a good student. After school he would come home, worked in the orchards picking bushels of plums, apples and pears. Then he would take care of the horses and cows, filling the mangers with hay, the horses feed bags with oats, and filling the water troughs with water. After dark he would fill the water buckets with water from the water barrels for our household use. The water barrels would need to be cleaned of sediment and refilled from the ditch water which flowed just outside our property. He would then fill the coal buckets with coal for the cooking stove, heating the house and the fireplace. It was then time to prepare lessons for the following day.

Our parents felt that the schools in Huntington were not as good as those in Provo. So mother took us to Provo where St Clair, Ezra, and I attended the B.Y.U. training school. Ezra was in kindergarten. St Clair was particularly protective of him.

This first year in Provo we rented one side of a duplex on second east. In the spring of that year (1911) our parents bought a beautiful home. We returned to Huntington for the summer where St Clair worked, with our brother Willie on the farm, and freighted from Huntington to Price [Utah]. They drove four horses, and two wagons coupled together. They would load five gallon cans of honey, and lucerne seed [alfalfa], which papa sent east in car loads.

Willie and St Clair would reload their wagons with dry goods for our store until dark. They would then stay the evening with Uncle George and Aunt Becky, or Aunt Emma Mathis, both of whom owned hotels. Then early in the morning they continued to load their wagons heavily. They would tie the load with ropes to secure the heavy boxes. It was often two o'clock in the morning before arriving at our store. It was then necessary for them to unload their wagons. They would tie a rope around the boxes; attach them to a pulley, then pull a heave rope which would place the boxes on the second floor landing of the store. St Clair and Willie would take the boxes inside the store after which it was necessary to bring the wagons and horses to our corral, feed and water the horses. Mother would never go to bed until Willie and St Clair were home; this was often three o'clock in the morning. There were no paved roads in those days. When it rained my brothers would often have to get out of the wagon and lead the horses up narrow roads going up hillsides.

St Clair had a favorite straw hat he would wear to our farm, which was across from the

Huntington River. While they were working on the farm, a terrific storm came suddenly. The bridge was washed away. It was nearly dark when Willie and St Clair left the farm. They had to ride their horses across the swollen river. St Clair's straw hat blew off. He would not continue across the river until he retrieved his hat.

It was necessary for papa to be away from the store much of the time to take care of his other business interests. A trusted friend, George Johnson, who was a widower, spent much time just sitting on a counter stool and observing what went on in our store. When mother brought us back for the summer he said, "Sister Nixon some of your clerks are stealing from you constantly." So mother decided to not return to Provo but to help take care of the store.

For the next two winters St Clair and I attended the Emery Stake Academy in Castle Dale, ten miles south of Huntington. We had an apartment in the home of Francis Hickman, principal of the school. I did the cooking St Clair did most of the house work. We both enjoyed school. St Clair was popular with both boys and girls. We both had parts in the school play. St Clair liked to sing. I was taking piano lessons and practiced on the piano at the home of Stake President Overson. At times I would practice later than usual. St Clair would come for me. I would then play the piano, and he would sing some of his favorite songs. He had a good singing voice. Many years later when I returned to Castle Dale and Huntington for a visit it was always St Clair our friends wanted to know about, not me.

After our two years at Emery Stake Academy, St Clair and I went to Provo where we attended the B.Y.U. High School. We stayed with our sister Olive and her family on University Avenue. At the B.Y.U. High School we had religion classes. St Clair became deeply interested in the Bible, and spent much time after school in the class room reading the old and New Testament. Olive would need to send me for him to come to supper. During the summer, we would return to Huntington and work on our families various projects.

The following autumn St Clair wanted to attend college at the Utah Agriculture college. I hadn't finished high school. However our parents wanted me to go to Logan with St Clair because they knew he would take care of me as he always had. Again we had an apartment, and again he did much more than his share of the house work. This was another especially happy year for both of us. There were a number of friends, from Huntington and Castle Dale, attending the college, and we made new friends. Although I had not completed high school, I was permitted to attend college because of my grade point average. St Clair, along with his other classes, enrolled in R.O.T.C. where he made an outstanding record. We took several pictures of St Clair, in his R.O.T.C. uniform along with our friend Verna Lunquist in her Red Cross uniform. They were attending to the supposed wounded. The following winter St Clair went to Logan to college without me. Our brother Willie was on a mission in Germany and our parents needed my help at home in Huntington. Later St Clair was called on a mission to the Southern States

Papa sold the farm, our home, the store, leased the apartments and picture show. We moved to Provo permanently. I graduated from college in 1921. That Autumn Edyth Christensen and I were on our way to school in Boston. I visited St Clair in Hannibal Missouri. This was a choice experience. St Clair met us at the train station and took us to the home of church members with whom he had arranged for us to stay. That evening we attended a cottage meeting. St Clair conducted the meeting and gave an inspiring talk. I was so very proud of him. The following day St Clair and his companion took us to Mark Twain's

home and several other familiar historical places. That evening we watched the moon rise over the Mississippi [Mississippi] river, then regretfully had to say goodbye, and take our train to Boston.

When St Clair's mission was completed he spent a few days with Edyth and me in Boston. A friend in our apartment house had a bedroom where he slept. It was just great having him with us. We attended a recital at the Power School. I was scheduled to be on the program that evening. I shall always remember my brother's comment on my reading. It has been a joyous guiding star to my endeavors since.

A friend invited us to visit the Joseph Smith farm in Vermont and to stay overnight. So when school was out, on Friday, we took a train to Vermont. We were met by a man at the station. It was a memorable drive to the farm. Our escort must have weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. He took up three fourths of the front seat. There was still room for me. St Clair and Edythe occupied the back seat. He kept us laughing constantly with his jokes and "tall tales". Jake, our driver, was an employee at the farm. He ushered us into the living room where logs hissed and crackled in the fireplace. We were warmly greeted by our hosts, and then had a delicious dinner.

Later that evening neighbors were invited in to greet us. Their stories of the past and experienced were fascinating. It was a delightful evening which extended until nearly midnight. The next morning, after a hearty country breakfast, we reluctantly took our leave, despite our host's urgent invitation to stay the entire week end. That evening St Clair took a train for Provo. It was difficult for us to say good by to him. We had had five glorious days together. Each day had been filled with memorable and happy experiences.

St Clair went back to college, and I assumed it was then that he became better acquainted with Lyle. I am not aware of the enfoldment of their romance. They were married September 27th 1923. Soon after their marriage they left for the east. St Clair thought he would like to become an optometrist. Lyle was expecting a baby. The pressure of class assignments, financial problems, and his intense desire to take proper care of his pregnant wife, combined with his determination to be successful, climaxed in coming home to Provo. They returned home without his having achieved his objective. After which St Clair never seemed the same happy, optimistic, serene man of former days.

Their son James was born July 15th 1924. When my husband and I returned from England, we often saw little James, we loved him and would take him for rides with us in our car. He was an adorable child.

As the years passed it was heartbreaking to see my beloved brother St Clair being continually frustrated in his efforts to gain distinction. His chief joy was his children. He was so proud of his two sons, Reed and Richard. St Clair often said to me "Grace, did you ever see any child so beautiful as Meline." he idolized her.

St Clair, more than once sent me a two pound box of Mrs. Sees chocolates, with a precious short note. **In later years St Clair seemed to gain much satisfaction from writing on various subjects. He had a vivid imagination and a creative mind.**¹ He sent me several stories asking for my opinion of them, and for any suggestions I might have. His stories of the "Wild West" seemed the most realistic, and they were convincing.

1. "But For The Turn of A Card" by St Clair Nixon is found in the Appendix

St Clair loved Lyle deeply through all their years together. He was very protective of her. He was a devoted and loyal husband through their many trials and disappointment..

There is no one in my family for whom I have greater respect and love than for my brother St Clair. There is so much for which I have to be grateful to him in our association. I shall always be proud of him and love him.



Grace Nixon Stewart May 1934

1912



Back Row: St Clair, Nina, Effie, Olive, Willie Front Row: Myrtle, James William, Jessco, Grace, Ezra

Appendix

ST CLAIR NIXON LETTERS TRANSCRIBED BY MALINE NIXON HANSEN (A DAUGHTER)

9/15/92

Edited by Richard Smoot Nixon © 2013

From Mama

No Date (Probably 1916 when he and Grace were in Logan.)

Dear Grace & St Clair

I was glad to get your letters and to know you were getting along so well. St Clair I think you are being noticed more up there, and I am glad of it. I hope you can go there next year, but I am afraid Grace will have to stay in Provo with me for I do not feel like I could go on another winter like this. I do hope, St Clair, you get so you can play some tunes on your violin but do not worry. Then take extra notice in your military drill. **If you have to go to war and can get through with your military work and become an officer** you can get three thousand a year and not have to work up through the ranks. That is something to work for don't you think so?

I am sorry Clarence left school. I do hope things will be so you can stay until the end of the year. When does school close? All the schools close here on the 9th of next month. For the want of money I think the high school and all [BYU] will close. I will put 5 dollars in this bunch of butter(?) so you can keep your bills paid up. I thought I would let your papa send all the money this year but guess I will have to send some, a little. When I wrote to Nina she came down and stayed a few days, but I was out of bed before I wrote to any of you. I do not feel well yet and just drag around. There is nothing doing in the store so I get along quite well. Well, I do not know what else to write about so will close with lots of love.

Mama

[This letter was written when St Clair and Grace were at the Utah State University in Logan, Utah. They were attending in 1916/1917.]

Logan, Utah October 23, 1918

Miss Grace Nixon, Huntington, Utah

From: St Clair Nixon, Logan, Utah

October 22, 1918

Dear sister:

I stayed with Movell last night. We had a nice talk about the girls, why we liked some better than others, and the qualities fellows liked about the girls, and oh a lot of things you know.

Movell said every since he was old enough to form any opinion or judgment of girls, he always liked and admired you. He said you were just as affectionate as a girl could be Still you had enough self respect and stamina to not be led away by kisses or things that were not always, if ever, considered very nice. He said the boy that gets Grace will know he has a real young lady, a clean girl that has not allowed her self to be contaminated with the foolishness of most boys. We mentioned a lot of things that I don't remember now, about girls.

Then we mentioned how much we liked Lillian Morgan. but Movell said you deserved a fellow's respect a little more than her even in his opinion.

Before this Mr. Potter was there and we talked about boys and girls. Movell showed us the picture you gave him they both liked your picture. I liked you in that pose very much. When Potter left, Movell and I began to talk about different girls. So you see Grace you are thought of even though you are a long way off.

I had my bed all fixed up fine yesterday morning with the intention of staying up there. I had my tick full of nice new straw, my blankets spread over it nice and even. The bed was in a room that hadn't yet been used, I don't think, until us four fellows got in it. I don't know their names they were new men there.

Well I was getting settled down alright. I went down stairs and a sergeant and lieutenant urged us to take a ten day furlough on account of no classes were allowed to go on, on account of so many sick fellows . One hundred and sixty five sick reported yesterday. They don't know what they have got but, they are very sick. I went to the captain and asked him what he thought about it, if he would advise me to leave and he said yes, and told the fellow doing the induction work and issuing passes to encourage collegiate men to take a furlough for ten days. I guess they were afraid of it scattering for the beds now, until they get the next barracks built are only about a foot apart. So you see it could spread and get a lot of us in one night, because of being so crowded. Just as I was leaving I asked Captain Moyle for a pass and he told me to wait until that afternoon, that he had some telegrams he had not yet read and that they might effect me, that he might send me to an officers training camp. So I waited. That afternoon they lined the men up that wanted to go to the officers training camp and chose forty. I think the captain is waiting for my 2006 to come from Washington D.C.. Then he might send me away to some officers training camp.

I am waiting an answer to my night letter to you then I am going to Preston to work in the beets making from five to ten dollars a day. While writing this letter my answer came from you, I am not sure whether I will go to Preston or to the Logan sugar company. I will know in a little while. I will see what kind of an offer they can give me. They told me to call on them in the office today. I will know . . .[watermarked and unreadable]

where I am going.. . . [watermarked and unreadable]my main general delivery Logan, Utah

Tell the boys hello!

St Clair

Envelope

Price, Utah, June 25, 1919 1:30 PM

To: Miss Grace Nixon, 225 E. South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

From: St. Clair Nixon, Huntington, Utah

Cowley Ranch, Utah

June 22, 1918 [1919?]

Dear Sister Grace

I received your most welcome and interesting birthday letter and I certainly did enjoy reading it. The chocolates were fine, and papa and I enjoyed them very much.

At the dance last Wednesday night, I saw Miss Killpack. She said you were at their commencement exercises at the B.Y.U.. We sure had a fine time that night, Price and Castle Dale both were over there with Huntington, music. The Hayians(? no dictionary) gave a concert in our hall which was fine. Tom and Slim stayed here that day. Slim went in town last night.

I left Huntington last Friday about seven thirty and got in Cleveland just right for a dance . I always carry my suit case along with me in case of emergency. That night I had a swell time in Cleveland and with the Hiawatha orchestra. Tom and I might hook up this afternoon and go to Castledale, Cleveland or Elmo. I mean tonight. It is sure hot here today we have got a lot of hay in piles and are going to start to haul tomorrow.

I wish I could get to see you soon it seems so lonesome too. I saw two of the prettiest girls I ever saw in "this neck of the wood" at Cleveland not long ago. If all goes well, I might see them again before I die. I wish I could get to see you soon it seems so lonesome to be so far from my "baby sister. But I guess it isn't very lonesome for you. Now you can get to be with Nina more often.

Just now a big whirlwind came by the house and all the doors slammed at once. I thought I had written my last for it made such a noise. I and Tom thought we were shot.

Things are not looking so well now the water has quit. But it was looking fine until then, Now we are fighting and scratching to get enough for our stock to drink.

I should have liked to gone to Provo for the "Fourth" but I am sure I cant' on account of having to be here with the boy. But you want to have a good time and be careful

With lots of love,

St. Clair

Envelope: St. Louis, MO, March 22, 1922

To: Miss Grace Nixon, 18 Haviland 14 Suite, Boston, Mass.

From: St Clair Nixon, Central States Mission, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, 302 South Pleasant Street, Independence, Missouri,

St. Louis, Mo.

March 22,

Dear Grace,

I received your most interesting and inviting invitation to come to Boston. by the twenty seventh I cannot be there. I am waiting now for my eastern clergy book. I expect to be on my planed out trip by Saturday or Monday. I'm going by way of Washington D.C. ,then New York to Boston. I can buy a through ticket by way of Washington D.C. to New York, with ten days stop at Washington D.C.. I will go to Boston from there. There is another elder going with me. He has a brother in Washington whom he wishes to visit. I may then leave him in New York, for Boston. I am required to labor in St Louis a week yet before I leave. Don't expect me before then. I will not be over a week in Washington, about the same time in New York. Maybe for a longer time with you in Boston. That will be the center of attraction for me. I can let you know about when I will be there when I leave, so be prepared.

I intend going through Chicago on my way back, then by way of Wyoming, I will return home as I have planed now. We had a wonderful time at conference. There were several of the elders released, six of us. The elders were given three minutes to talk so all could talk. They gave me my turn. I gave a good one. They seemed to have appreciated it. Then Monday night we had a farewell for the elders released and leaving for their fields of labor. Every body had a good time.

With love,

St Clair

Be good, will you?

Salt Lake City, Utah Jan 12, 1923

To: Miss Grace Nixon, c/o Powers School of Expression, Boston, Mass.

From St. Clair Nixon, Provo, Utah

Provo, Utah

Dear Sister

I sure received your letter just now, it was appreciated. You flatter me with your confession of your fondness of me, but it certainly was appreciated.

I might just as well commence elaborating what it all meant about my going to California to school. While talking to Dr. Cannon (Harry F.) one day, he told of his intense desire for me to take a partnership with him in his business. I wanted to know something of dentistry along that line. He afterward told me he desired me to follow his line. I learned some favorable points of his profession as an eye specialist. I could see it was the coming profession yet. So I considered it. I concluded to carry it out after some consideration. His desire was that I go to California to a special training for this work. It would be a six months training first, then return to practice, then vacation afterward, and return to the school for another nine months. [I would]return here, afterward and practice. It also was necessary that I should deposit with him in the business five hundred dollars to assist in the business while I am gone. We are opening another office in Springville to carry on, in a latter installment include Payson along with the rest of these. It no doubt seems quite an undertaking, but I am sure we can carry it through alright. I intend to do. at least, a little of my portion in all of it.

It seemed I couldn't do the stunt of getting the necessary money. With it I expect to go to school and be prepared to leave them each and every one in this business soon. I thank you for your encouragement in this line of business.

Then as for my intentions of the concern with Lyle, I can tell you it has gone a little bit too far already for one to consider it stopping, judging just from the thought spoken of by each of us. So no doubt you understand most thoroughly now. Just the same not much decision was made on her side. What is your decision? I thought I had your decision on a few conditions I was to look at, then when I saw I was willingly complying with it, then I would, to a very small extent, advance to it. But remember nothing can transpire in that direction until you give a certain definite answer.

St Clair

[St Clair Nixon and Lyle Glazier were married on Sept 27, 1923]

Note: 1920 Polk Directory lists Dr. Harry F. Cannon Scientific Eyesight Specialist. This is probably the Dr. Cannon that St Clair mentions in his letter. It is also seen in this letter how close St Clair was to his sister Grace. He was asking for her approval of his marriage to Lyle.

Letter from Lyle Nixon to Richard and Loretta Nixon postmarked December 17, 1966 relating St Clair's accident.

Address: 1815 Malcom Ave, Los Angeles California 90025

Saturday

Dear Nixon family,

I think at last I can get my thoughts collected enough to write you a thank you note for all the help you have given! We haven't the words to express our feelings because they are so deep, so thank you very, very much.

Now the accident- Dad was coming west on Santa Monica Blvd. on the south side of the tracks, and he made a right hand turn under the tracks on Beverly Glen Blvd. The light was in his favor to make a left turn on the north side of the tracks coming toward the temple. As he just got into the intersection, a car came down Santa Monica Blvd, going east, and crashed into Dad, hitting his left front fender and spinning him around, and he was thrown out of the car and hit the curb, or at least that is where we think he was hit.

His head was scratched and his face, especially where his glasses dug into his nose. The doctors or police cannot understand why he didn't have a concussion, but x-rays didn't show any. His right shoulder is broken in two places and also two ribs.. His hands are swollen and there are quite a few scabs on them. Under his left arm is a very bad bruise from the arm pit to the elbow. His ankles are swollen and the left one, where the car ran over it, is very sore. There are also sores and scabs on both of them. You see, as the car was pushed up the hill it ran over his leg and then as it came down, it ran over the right ankle.

They came and took him to the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, and he was there for over four hours. There they took x-rays, but nothing else. At last they decided they didn't have a bed for him, so we took him to Santa Monica hospital where they told us they had a bed. When we got there, they didn't have one, so once again, we put him in the ambulance and got him located in the Beverly Glen hospital which was not too far from the accident.

At 3:00 o'clock, he was finally in bed and had the proper medical attention. My Dr. took over, and we got a bone specialist and an internist for his heart and diabetes which had flared up way out of control. It was a very frightening and hard day for all of us. Of course, Joyce was by my side all the time and Reed after he left us at U.C.L.A. kept in touch, so I wasn't alone thank goodness. I was happy to go out there and stay until dad came home. [Reed and Joyce were living in Woodland Hills at this time.] We are getting the diabetes under control now. I had to learn to give him the insulin shots for a while, but the doctor says he thinks he can go back on pills after a while. I hope so.

Now, the insurance man came over and admitted his man ran a red light due to brake failure and so all medical, hospital, car damage will be paid, beside compensation, so you will all get your money back as soon as we settle. I really don't just know when that will be, because, I don't know when the doctors will release dad. I am afraid not for a while at any rate. We were so happy it turned out this way because of our lack of insurance etc. I feel like I was relieved of a very heavy burden. Reed took over the car business and got a 1961 Cavalier. It is nice and runs very well. Thank goodness I can drive for it will be sometime before dad can handle a car.

Marion was in Washington D.C. with Mildred and Jess, so they called and talked to us. Also last night, Olive called from Salt Lake and talked to dad so he had his share of attention from coast to coast!! That has pleased him very much.

If the things I sent the girls don't fit, you can adjust them by taking tucks etc. I hope they do but it is hard to know their size etc. I must go get my washing out and get my work done so I'll let dad finish. I love you all very much and wish you could be here. A Merry Xmas. Love, Mom

[An addition to Lyle's letter from St. Clair to Richard and Loretta]

Thanks!!! "Heaps" for your so quick response" to us. Lyle just merely touched on that nightmare of "a ride" from hospital to hospital. I was pretty "banged up". Anyway [I] was suddenly coming alive as they moved me from the stretcher to the hospital bed, then back to stretcher, then on to x-ray table. It is impossible to describe. Both my arms seemed paralyzed etc. They were cut deeply. I learned later, someone threw a blanket over me, thinking I was a "gonner"

Thanks again for everything as we highly admire you all very deeply!!!

LOVE you ALL

Descendants of St Clair and Lyle Glazier Nixon

St Clair Nixon

+Lyle Glazier

James Glazier Nixon

Stanley Reed Nixon

+Joyce Laura Johnson

Mark Reed Nixon

+Sheryl Marie Brown

Raelene Nixon

+Mark Aaron Norman

Reed Mark Norman

Rachel Renae Norman

Kayla Tove Norman

Cecilia Sheryl Norman

Kristian Kent Norman

Grace Laura Norman

Renae Nixon

+Jeffery Scott Ellis

Lisa Renae Ellis

Robert Mark Ellis

Scott Reed Ellis

Michael Wade Ellis

Amy Rae Ellis

Reed Brown Nixon

Robert Scott Nixon

+Katherine Eliza Donaldson

Elisabeth Alice Nixon

Iris Katherine Nixon

Natalie Nixon

+Joshua Kent Dayton

Allyson Esther Dayton

Annalise Dayton

Megan Marianne Dayton

Jacob Kent Dayton

Kent Mark Nixon

+Kayla Nicole Nauman

Kyson Kent Nixon

Jay Isaac Nixon

Natalie Nicole Nixon

Lydia Nixon

Robert Dean Nixon

+Tamara Jan Masterson

Brian Robert Nixon

+Amanda Moody

Amanda Faith Nixon

Dallas Brian Nixon

Angel Nixon

Steele Brian Nixon

Easton Brian Nixon

Ann Laura Nixon

+Daenen Kieth Walker Merrill

Dax Christian Merrill

Dade Walker Merrill

Dirk Nixon Merrill

Elle Paige Merrill

Kathryn Jan Nixon

+Stephen Gardner Johns (Divorced)

+Michael Barton

Michelle Diane Nixon

+Nathan Richard Garick

Sabrina Garick

James Masterson Nixon

+Brooke Meldrum

Alison Brooke Nixon

+Colin Daniel McGrath

Boston Michael McGrath

Clair Johnson Nixon

+Laura Helen Newman

Julie Clement Nixon

+Neal Scott Daley

Leah Hathaway Daley

Sarah Elizabeth Daley

Michael Roger Daley

John Henry Daley

Mason Leonard Daley

Anna Catherine Daley

William Reed "Will" Nixon

+Kelly Olsen

Cody William Nixon

Carter Alan Nixon

Chase Reed Nixon

McKinley Elizabeth Nixon

Elizabeth Glazier Nixon
 +Lorence Allen Harmer
 David Lorence Harmer
 Maxwell Howard "Max" Harmer
 Caroline Harmer
 Catherine Cora "CC" Harmer
 Olivia Harmer
 John Butler Nixon
 +Sheree Halverson
 Andrew John Nixon
 Eva Sheree Nixon
 Elsie Laura Nixon
 James Timothy Nixon
 Isla Bess Nixon
 Michael Clair Nixon
 +Julia Ricks
 Kate Lynn Nixon
 Cole Mihael Nixon
 Drew Stanford Nixon
 David Robinson Nixon
 +Jessica M. "Jessie" Sieminski
 Nathan David Nixon
 Laura Catherine Nixon
 +Bryan James Pyfer
 Charlotte Elizabeth Pyfer
 Rachel Newman Nixon
 +Craig Tanner Bills
 Emery Madeline Bills
 Owen Bills
 Emily Rogers Nixon
 +Taysom Shawn Hill
 Timothy Nixon
 Evan Glazier Nixon
 +Cheryl Lynn Loftus
 Nichole Carol Nixon
 +Justin Huntington
 Genevieve "Evee" Huntington
 Grayson Huntington
 Everett St Clair Huntington
 Evan Grant Nixon
 +Aubrey Anne Greatbanks
 Ashley Joyce Nixon
 Danielle Lynn Nixon
 Carl Butler Nixon
 Jay Harold Nixon

Richard Smoot Nixon

+Loretta Dalbey

Richard Steven Nixon

+Deborah Kay Charles

Rachael Lyne Nixon

Ariana Perez

Alexa Perez

Richard Stewart Nixon

+Niltza Santillan-Castillo

Leslie Ann Nixon

+Stephen Daniel Oates

Ryiot Khloe Oates

Christine Leona Nixon

+Don Carl Fletcher

Matthew Reed Fletcher

+Amy Crandall

Mark Smoot Fletcher

Sarah Fletcher

+Jakob Colton May

Catherine Fletcher

+Tyler Harmon

Catherine Ann Nixon

+Bryan Croft King

Bryce Nixon King

+Stacey Jane Probst

Kaylee Claire King

McKell Ann King

Sadie Jane King

Cooper Thomas King

Tyler Nixon King

+Jody Kaye Pickett

Lucy Mae King

Maggie King

Cameron Nixon King

+Rebecca Tanner

Caitlyn King

+Andrew Bangerter

Ellie Catherine Bangerter

James Melvin Nixon

+RuthAnn Bringhurst

Alicia Loretta Nixon

Richard Joseph Nixon

Jessie Anna-Christina Nixon

Riley Kelly Nixon

Carol Lyle Nixon

+Phillip Joseph Tree

Giselle Anne Tree

Phillip Jakob Tree

Dahlin Gershon Tree

Makenna Irene Tree

Tigernan Nixon Tree

Gwendolyn Greta Tree

Maline Nixon

+Quince Marion Hansen

Annette Hansen

Kyle Spencer Stewart (Divorced)

Michael Shiloh Stewart

Jubal Seth Stewart

Aurelia Jewell Stewart

Kenneth Marion Hansen

+Beverly Estelle Crawford (Divorced)

Diana Hansen

+Evan Taylor Arny

Vienna Lynn Arny

Isabel Grace Arny

Jenay Hansen

Sarah Danielle Hansen

+Matthew Therry Cattin

Daniel Reed Hansen

+Karlie Beaver

Karren Hansen

+Kyle Derek Clonts (Divorced)

Morgan Kyle Clonts

+Sheila Castro (Divorced)

Cumorah Clonts

Ethan Derek Clonts

Diahman Clonts

Logan Clonts

Moriah Clonts

Donna Hansen

+Michael David Stout

John Michael Stout

+Sara Evelyn Ott

Samuel Stout

Levi James Stout

Maria Lenora Stout

+Kevin Richard Nester

Elsie Lenee Nester

Kenneth Kevin Nester

Kirstina LaRene Stout
Paul David Stout
Sariah Maline Stout
Hannah Mildred Stout
Reed Smoot Hansen
+Teresa Marie "Teri" Kaiser
 Spencer Kimball Hansen
 Rachel Marie Hansen
 Anna Marie Hansen
 Michal Marie Hansen
 Jacob Reed Hansen
 Jared Smoot Hansen
 Matthew Reed Hansen
 Joshua Levi Hansen
 Elizabeth Marie Hansen
 Luke Joseph Hansen
Merrill Ordell Hansen
+Darladee Larsen
 Jordan Ammon Hansen
 Merrill Quince Hansen
 Christian Dunk Hansen
 Jacob Joseph Hansen
 Noah Hansen
Darleen Hansen
+George Daul Loch
 Lauren Anne Loch
 Jarom George Loch
 Audrey June Loch
 Dallin Smoot Loch
 Abigail Lyle Loch

"BUT FOR THE TURN OF A CARD"

Transcribed by Maline Nixon Hansen

By St Clair Nixon

Edited by Richard S Nixon

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Coming to the end of a long and hazardous trail drive and that long, long anticipated sight, stout, but wiry Mitch had finally come to something that was really his!

Lean and trail-weary, the cattle cascaded like a towering waterfall down the embankment to the flat sandbars of the Huntington River. Nostrils flared and tongues seeming to fall out, the thirst-crazed cattle had scented the first water in a too many dreary mile a long distance back. But there below them now was quenching relief.

Below them, glistening in the low sun like a silver ribbon, a tiny, hoof-deep stream of water was almost lost in thick shrubby growth along its banks. A stout, but hungry rider, deeply tanned and covered with dust, pulled up his bald-faced bay, letting sun-squinted, hazel grey eyes wander over the eager herd opposite the river. He looked east at the rolling hills, which yet had to be reached before bedding down. No use taking unnecessary chances on a surprise attack.

"High ground for me," said Mitch to his sidekick, who also seemed to share the humility felt when witnessing such beauty as a rising sun over these rolling hills. "Right there she is, pard--the promised land". Mitch pointed east with a wide sweep of his gnarled fist, looking with some pride at that which he had long anticipated should belong to him.

He repeated the term, "The promised land," letting it roll off his tongue slowly as though tasting a long-craved delicacy. There, down the river, was the new home of his cattle. It was rich in fertility and opportunity, and the successful drive of miles of work, thought and anticipation. Behind them now were the hardships of uncertainty and deprivation, those long days without food, work, and lost privileges, not to mention exposure to lashing rain, cold and illness among his men from too much bad water or too many baking powder biscuits. None of the men even dared to complain, to the cook anyway, lest even that would be put on rations.

But, at this moment, it all belonged to the past, momentarily at least. The magnitude of the triumph over all sorts of hardships left them, in spite of it all, quiet and humble. They slithered their

mounts down the embankment, let their horses sink muzzles into the cool, clear water. Their train, including four pack mules, had already fanned out into the river, satisfying thirst, chomping at growths on the river bank, already half a mile distant.

"Could it be, Mitch," his old partner asked, "that that dreamy look in your eyes is caused by the girl waiting your success and return, or by this "promised land"?"

Mitch felt the flush rush to his face at the mention of "the girl". But at that moment another love occupied his mind--Mother Earth and her husband--Work--creating, beautifying her with his own two calloused hands, and molding things of her out of his own creative love of nature. Although he had never admitted it, this was his first love long before he'd met any special girl, the one now anxiously awaiting his return. Now, his native love of all nature became even more exciting and purposeful because of her.

"Are you sure your dad left the deed properly signed over to you?" asked his sidekick. "You'd have taken a hell of a beating if he suddenly decided to sell it. "You can bet your best saddle on it," Mitch replied, "He's never yet--" Then he paused, thinking, "Oh, he couldn't have--not after all my preparation and his promise right before Mr. Goring and Mother. No, he couldn't". Mitch mused, "I've put up with plenty, preparing for this. He knows better than that--"

"Do you think," asked his pard, "that would make a hell of a lot of difference if something he felt more important should come up?" "I am hoping so" responded Mitch.

"Well are you or are you not going to ride on in and let her know you're all together and in one piece?" his pard asked.

"Oh, my mother's away," mused Mitch, "visiting her sister."

His friend grinned. "You know who I mean."

"No," Mitch replied, "I'm going to be sure before I tell her anything. Damn you, you've created a doubt in my mind. After all these years, my dad wouldn't have sold the place. He couldn't! Yet, it is too quiet. I don't hear any cattle bellowing or horses whinnying. Something is wrong. I just don't feel I can take another minute of doubt. Yet, I've got to know before committing myself." But he was spared the trip or any further uncertainty, for someone was coming.

Mitch smiled broadly. "It's probably the old man coming out to greet us, after all." He continued, "Nice of him, now, ain't it? I'd say that's a relief, coming right out to tell us to move right on in. Now, what do you think of your suspicions?"

But before he could get an answer, four horses rode up out of the brush. His pard managed, "I'll still stick to my suspicions, and my saddle too!"

The riders were not yet close enough to be recognized because of the mist coming up from the early sun above and the dewy vegetation. But Mitch was frowning by now, muttering half to himself and half to his pard. "I' don't remember the old man ever having a white horse, and so big, for a saddler. Besides, where did he get that hat? Dad always wore store clothes, being a merchant. He never bothered to wear anything else.

"You're right. It's not your old man. It's a stranger, and from here seems a little hostile. Never even answered any of our welcome gestures even at this close range. Don't tell me they couldn't see my "five gallon" Stetson," and he laughed. But it was a short laugh, for the strangers were now upon them, not a friendly grin in the lot of them.

A bulky fellow with a cropped black beard rode a few paces ahead of his men.

Mitch recognized three of the other men--"hangers on" to anything or anyone who could use a "gun slinger." They all sat in their saddles, not one making a move, even fingering the Winchesters on their saddles. Their leader looked up to Mitch and his partner as though they'd caught someone at something, as though looking for justification or someone to blame something on. Mitch felt a recoil as though the man's gaze was contaminating. He tried hopelessly to fight down the uneasiness, not because of this man, but because something had gone wrong.

"Howdy, fellows," he greeted, trying to muster a smile. "Glad to see you. Glad you came along. Now we've got some help with the cattle."

"You've got help with the cattle all right," muttered the leader of this unfriendly cluster of unkempt horsemen. "This land and those cattle are mine now, your dad is dead and I did it, finders keepers and you've lost!" Mitch was sure of it now, with that old feeling coming back, from hot to cold, centering in the pit of his stomach. He thought, "If the law were here, the outcome could be anyone's guess. Dad dead!?" His long-fingered right fist clasped and hugged the worn handle of the Colt .45 tethered to his leg. If he could be sure just what was waiting for him behind all this. Still, he knew he could beat this would-be bad man and the whole filthy bunch in any situation. Yet, he might be able to avoid a fight. He'd never made it a practice to look for trouble if it was at all possible to avoid it. Neither was he shy of it if it was thrust upon him, but this wasn't the law. He had no stomach to oppose what he had learned, by the greater percentages, to respect. Yet Dad dead? Mom will be ok. I've got to get this straight before I go any further.

All of these things were going through his mind in rapid succession, still leaving him somewhat in the dark and confused. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, an explosion was heard. It sounded almost like his own gun, but it was his sidekick's gun that smoke was coming from. Without hesitation, he had shot the gun belt right off their leader's waist. The leader turned white. He seemed to have suddenly lost his sun tan! And with this unexpected turn of events, he also lost interest in any further palaver thereabouts. Off they rode like scared jack rabbits. Never to be seen again. Mitch took a long shot with his rifle and ran a hole in the ear of the fleeing "high binder" gunman. "That's for Dad," he shouted.

Then, for the time being, after seeing to their bedding-down and turning that situation over to his foreman and sidekick, Mitch hit out to take care of still another most urgent situation that had developed the night before. It was to get some much needed provisions to his "holed up" friend who was in hiding for a shooting he'd not actually committed or so it seemed.

Approaching the secluded cabin, all was too quiet. The law actually had nothing against him now, except this small favor of fetching provisions for Gordon and Leon. There had been hard scores to settle in other places, but now the slate was clean. He'd been happy about that until meeting Leon out in this secluded spot yesterday. He was even more unhappy about it because Leon was at last wanted for murder and couldn't share his freedom.

Still their kid days in the wilds of Colorado, taught him a lot about Leon. He'd thought of the pale, slender Leon as a younger brother. So now it was no new thing to find himself feeling bound to give him his support, come what may. He hadn't got around to telling Leon of his partner, that he was through with the old ways, when Leon had said that they were hiding out here, waiting for Frank to fetch the bank loot they'd cached at The Sinbads.

After the bank holdup, he'd asked him to ride to town for provisions. Just a little bit dubious, he'd consented to go. Mitch accused himself of being several kinds of a fool for having anything whatsoever to do with this gang at all; he just wanted to finish clearing himself with his future father-in-law. But he couldn't see any harm in one last favor, even if it was a short step outside of the law for his old friend Leon. Then, "So long; it's been good seeing you again," and ride out.

"Just as well make it appear I have nothing to hide," he decided, riding up to the cabin door. He was leaning from his saddle for a squint through a crack in the cabin wall when the door opened. There in the door, Gordon was standing, a steady gun on Mitch. A fool way, jumping into the light like that--Gordon must have been drinking.

"It's Mitch," he shouted, his voice tight with the nerve friction of the past moments. He spoke hoarsely.

"It's old Mitch," Gordon said in relief, then slowly holstered his gun. The way he did it told Mitch that he was sober after all.

"Got the grub, Mitch?" Gordon asked, one foot on the top step, peering at him. Mitch slowly and cautiously eased his subtle frame from the saddle, never for a second turning his back on this trigger-fingered outlaw.

A moment later, Leon came to the door. Handsome, slender, seemingly nervous, his voice in greeting Mitch had an edge to it and it cut into Mitch a memory of this man and his ways. Leon, he knew, wasn't drinking. He was "high", but it wasn't liquor that left him there.

"Why don't you lump heads build a bonfire off a canyon, beat on a tin can, then maybe the sheriff wouldn't have to look so hard to find you?"

Gordon stopped a laugh. "Frank came in with the cash a couple of hours ago. Want some help with the provisions, Mitch?"

Mitch stepped up with the bag of provisions, then stopped, eyeing Gordon. "With Frank here with the cash," Mitch said, "you don't need all these provisions. You'll probably be riding out soon."

"We can take it all along," Gordon said, watching Mitch.

Mitch walked to the door and nodded to Frank, who was sitting at a homemade table, a bottle and a deck of cards in front of him.

Frank grinned at him, his thin dark face twitching as if from pain. Gordon then commented on the fact that an old gent had driven Frank from the river in a road wagon. "Slick, eh? Who'd expect a couple of farmers in a road wagon to be hauling the bank loot around?"

Mitch's thought was then of his horse. A quick get-away was always a more likely proposition in a situation of this sort. Leading his horse around out of sight of the cabin, where he could cool off and browse, Mitch loosened the saddle, but thought better of removing it or the bridle just yet. Turning in the direction of the cabin again, Mitch almost ran into the road wagon which was out of view in the bushes. Wondering what had happened to the old gent, Mitch struck a match. The wagon was empty, but there was a smear of fresh blood on the seat. Behind him, a light sputtered on and off against the cliff wall. The cabin door had evidently been opened and closed. That meant that someone from the cabin was watching him from outside in the shadows.

For an instant it seemed, Mitch never moved a muscle, scarcely taking a breath. Then suddenly Leon's voice, low and guarded, sounded right beside him in the darkness. "It's Leon, Mitch. I've got to speak to you alone."

Not letting his nerves relax even a moment, in spite of the fact that he recognized his friend's voice, Mitch could see the pale blot that streaked Leon's face, even in the dark--an old bullet graze of their younger days. Mitch waited a moment more, then asked in a low tone, "Yeah?"

His old pal whispered so low that Mitch himself could scarcely hear him. "Then," his pal continued, "Frank killed the old man. There was a fuss about pay. That's the reason for the blood stains you see on the wagon seat." Leon's voice continued low, controlled, but with a peculiar hesitancy about it. Mitch was reminded of a time when a dance hall girl had teased Leon in a manner that whipped his passion, and when he found out the girl was only teasing, Leon had tried to kill her. He'd been "high" then, like now, and all edgy and hot.

"Frank forced the old man to drive over here." Leon finally got the words out. Then there was a long silence. Mitch knew from experience with this lad that there was more coming. When only the horses in the corral, intent on their hay, could be heard, Mitch said, "I'm riding on tomorrow. None of this is anything to me."

"It is though," Leon finally stammered out. "There was a girl with that old man. She's in the cabin now."

Mitch drew a small, light breath. TROUBLE!"

Then came that old familiar hot and cold feeling in the pit of his stomach--only this time it was accompanied by a drumming in his ears. "The old man's daughter, maybe?"

"She won't talk," Leon said.

"Does she know Frank killed the old man?" Mitch asked.

"No."

"Well, she's got the team and wagon. She can manage without our help."

"Sure," Leon replied.

"Why won't she talk, Leon?"

"Frank tried to "make sweet" with her. Since then she hasn't spoken."

"Where about in the cabin is she? I saw the whole inside of that cabin at my first glance. There's no place she could be in that cabin," Mitch insisted.

Leon finally admitted she was in the loft.

Mitch started to ask why Frank had been permitted to mistreat the girl but thought better of it and changed his mind. There would be plenty of time for that question while looking down his gun barrel at Frank.

Still, the fact that Frank had been permitted to mistreat the girl made it plain that others had consented to his actions. Then that meant his pal was in on it too. The thought was revolting. The three of them had plans for the girl later. that's why Leon was following him out there. Leon was "feeling him out" on the deal!

Mitch and Leon had been separated for the past two years. Plenty of time for a change in them both in that time. Too long and too easily, Leon had taken what he wanted from others. His speed and strength, his masterful skill with a gun had spoiled him. In the old days, a boyish uncertainty concerning the limit of his powers had held him in check. Now that he was a man, he's past that. Yes, the last two years had changed Leon and they had changed Mitch, too, while they were at it.

Mitch himself couldn't be too critical. "I'm no angel." he finally commented. "What's the play?"

"A game of stud for the girl," Leon replied evenly. "We talked it over. You're in Mitch."

Mitch was silent for a moment. Then he laughed. It was a shivery sound. Leon laughed with him, hotly, hungrily.

"I got a look at her," Leon said.

"Is she pretty, Leon," Mitch inquired.

Leon's reply was a throbbing purr, "She's beautiful."

On the way to the cabin, Leon said, "I thought you'd kick up a fuss, Mitch. Two years ago you wouldn't have gone in on a thing like this."

"That was two years ago." Mitch replied.

Gordon lit a lantern and handed it to Mitch. "She's a wildcat, Mitch," he warned. As his abrupt laugh stopped, he winked at Mitch. "It will take a lot of riding to make her bridle wise."

The ladder to the loft led up through a small, dark hole. Mitch climbed it cautiously, expecting the girl to kick him back down in the head. He didn't see her at first, not until his shoulders were well into the loft. Nothing had happened yet, now if ever -- a gag?

"No one up here," he was about to protest. Then the lantern light being circled about the darkest corners of the loft almost fell from his grasp as he gasped, gazing upon her in the farthest corner she could get into. He saw her face first. Boy, what a beauty! But some of her clothes had been torn from her, and a portion of her figure was also exposed.

There seemed about her a frailness and lack of fear. Still, there was something else, a sort of defiance, waiting, watching like a trapped wild animal. Yet, as he looked closer, there was also the sug-

gestion of a cornered fawn, watching and waiting the approach of the hunter. He felt ashamed, sort of "whipped", looking at her.

She was dressed in a white blouse which had been torn a gray skirt, which showed the effects of a struggle, well-worn black leather boots which could use a shine, but not out here. All this Mitch took in at a glance, but his eyes lingered hungrily at the contrast of her rich olive skin against the whiteness of her blouse, draped with the lustrous yellow hair about her shoulders and her eyes were clear blue and large.

Sensing his hesitation to come farther, she stood erect, like someone fighting a fear in a nightmare. He gazed at her, noting she was a rather large girl, full-bosomed, with shapely legs. He didn't see her face as pretty now, but as a sensation, beautiful in a way to rob men of their wits. Looking into those frank eyes, he felt a timidity, a chasteness, a complete femininity in her gaze at him. It made his pulse hammer. It made him weak and dizzy. It overwhelmed him, and he burned with a hard yearning.

"Just who are you?" he asked. His mouth was dry.

She replied instantly, her voice a rushing murmur.

"I'm Lucile Dean."

"Is the old man your father?" Mitch asked.

She shook her head quickly. "He's my father's foreman. My father is Ted Dean. He owns the Double D Ranch."

"Where were you going tonight?" he asked.

She replied, "To a dance at the Granger Junction."

He glanced at her feet. "Going to a dance wearing boots, in a road wagon?"

"Jake, our foreman, was going to the Granger Junction on an errand that required a road wagon. I was going to change at a friend's home there."

Mitch remembered seeing a sign in a Granger Junction restaurant, advertising a dance for that night.

He said to the girl after due consideration, "You heard them, what they plan to do?"

She drew a deep breath that sounded very close to a sob. "I'll die first!"

He shrugged. "Suit yourself about that," he said, turning to climb back down the ladder. His body was trembling, but not with fear. To think any man could be so low! Their plan was abominable. Lower than a snake. But just before disappearing from her sight, he looked back at her, giving her a reassuring smile which he didn't at all feel

himself at the moment. Three against one were odds even the "slickest gun slinger in the country" had no stomach for.

As Mitch seated himself at the table, his mind was not entirely on the cards in his possession, even though better than good were his chances, as he could see now, as far as the cards where concerned.

Gordon rubbed his pudgy paws together, grinning. "Well, Mitch," he leered over his cards, "what do you think of her?"

Mitch knew that now was not the time to show any feeling for any woman. He grinned back at Gordon and winked. "You boys," he said, "sure have all the luck. You rob a bank and make a clean get-away to this neat hideout. Here I come along to tote you your groceries. Then her," looking up in the direction of the loft. He shook his head in admiring amazement. To Gordon, he said, "She's plenty of woman."

"Cut, Mitch," his old pal broke in, his voice raspy.

Mitch, next on Leon's right, rated first cut. He drew an ace. Gordon laughed that dirty self-assured gurgle of his with just a trace of edginess.

"Your deal, Mitch" he said. "That ace you have saves us time!"

The deck of cards was moist and cold to Mitch's hands. He guessed his pal had been doing some thinking on his own while Mitch was up in the loft. He rifled the cards slowly, saying, "She says she's Ted Dean's daughter, that her father owns the Double D outfit. Any of you know anything about the Double D?" Mitch asked. Waiting for an answer, he went on playing his cards as though the question were really nothing anyway.

Gordon, the talkative and most vicious of the outlaws, nodded in the affirmative, commenting eventually on how really big a spread it was. Dean used to be a county judge, probably stole the spread from under someone he'd branded a horse thief just by hitting the mallet on the desk.

"That's what I term luck," Gordon sneered, "if you're asking me. Got himself a lot of influence by doing it, while he was at it. Stay clear of that boy--he'd shoot his grandmother if it'd get him anything."

"We're biting off a lot of trouble," commented Leon, "bothering anyone's girl. In this neck of the woods, they'd hunt you down like dogs." Then he controlled himself, went on playing, studying his cards, from all appearances, but doing plenty of thinking.

Gordon broke into his thoughts like a common thought had suddenly broken loose. "Who said anything about her living to tell?" All the time, Mitch was shuffling the cards, shuffling them over and over again for too long a time. The others were getting edgy, but all Mitch could

hear was the cards saying to his inner mind. "Slip - slip - moving - slowly."

He heard their sounds, as small, slow steps. It took him back and back - and back, way back to his boyhood days. Yes, his early boyhood ached in him like a dry sore. The little place, a few good acres, back in the wilds of rugged Colorado. His mother, silent, hard-eyed, bereft. Just the two of them, and the grave on the slope where the shrubbery grew the greenest. The bleakness of that time and a lot of the time after. Those cheerless, grim, womanless years came back to leave a hurt in his very innards. He'd never been too far from the love of a woman, but to him Milanda was someone different.

By then he was near the age of 27, with the strain of a hell of years behind him.

He was still wondering now why he'd listened to Milanda, begging him to forget all that hard past. It all came back to him. He remembered standing there, the soft pulse of her body, tight against him, the sweetness of her lips close to his. All of it came rushing back to him now, and he knew very well why. The girl in the loft had brought all this back, in spite of his evil surroundings. For so many years. He thought how he should persuade Leon to go back and face trial --for even being associated with such "cut throats" as he now found himself involved with. "Go stand trial, Leon", he wanted to say. "The judge and jury will be men just like yourself. They'll take the good in you and balance it against the bad, just as God will someday, too. If they do that, you're bound to win." This, he knew, was going to take some doing this late in the game, and this sort of thinking could only get him more involved.

Right through Mitch's thought of Leon, Frank's voice ran like a slow stream of acid.

"Any old time, Mitch. Just any old time at all."

"Thanks, Frank," Mitch mused, and dropped a card face down in front of the dark-faced outlaw. Frank put his thin, strong fingers on the card, flicked up a corner of it and peeked. His dark face held no indication--he always had the same mean, pained expression peculiar to him.

Then Mitch let a card fall in front of the other outlaw, Gordon. The biggest man laughed a nasty laugh, murmuring to himself, half out loud. "I'm not looking at mine. What's the use? The bets are all in. Or all up--in the loft."

But Leon looked at his hole-card with eager eyes. Mitch put down his own hole-card with a pause. Frank's cold voice had stayed the deal. "I wonder," Gordon said, the evil suggestion seeping right through his half-closed eyes, "if this was a shoot-out between me and you, Mitch, just who'd win."

Mitch just shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "I've never seen you work, Gordon. Maybe we'd both win," he was about to add, "Are you prepared to meet your Maker?" Then he thought better of it as Gordon probably wouldn't get the idea anyway. Besides, he happened to know that Gordon was too fast to be seen on a quick draw, and Mitch was counting heavily on surprise. There was no use tipping him off. Just how fast he really was, he'd learn soon enough. Besides, he had Frank to watch, the deadliest of them all, unless it was his pal Leon.

Then Frank continued, "Remember Duke?"

Before Mitch could answer, Frank cut in again, "Sure, you remember Duke. You used to deal beef for him down on the Pecos." Frank grinned, passing it around the table. Looking at Mitch, he let the grin dry out under the smoke. "Duke was fast with a six. It's said he might have had you "edged" the night you killed him there on the river bank, only his gun hung on him. Is that true?"

This is the time to put the sneaking outlaw off his guard, Mitch thought. "Yes, Duke's gun hung on him all right. I've wished a heap of times it hadn't."

Disbelief rattled in Frank's laugh. "Duke was your chum before you got sweet on that girl. Isn't that right, Mitch?"

Mitch dropped a card in front of Frank before the evil smirk on the outlaw's grin had a chance to fade. Mitch didn't want to look Frank straight in the eyes just yet--he didn't want the tricky outlaw to see his own death warrant. Not just yet. So, placing the card in front of Frank, he continued looking at his own cards. He wasn't smoking or drinking now; he needed all his wits about him for his next move, if it was necessary. But to put Frank off his guard, he continued to comment on Duke, saying "Duke meant to kill me--to kill me to stop me from standing trial on his boss's activities below the border."

The vicious reply from the outlaw didn't come the way Mitch had expected it. But his past trails had taught him not to be surprised at anything and to be prepared for anything. Frank's cunning move didn't come altogether unprepared for by Mitch.

Frank dropped his cards on the floor, but was covered before he had half bent down for them--not by Mitch, but by the more slimy of the two outlaws, Gordon. "That's as old as the hills, Frank," he mused. "I'm sure we can all think of something smoother than that."

Frank's answer was surly. He'd planned to draw attention from Mitch, to see just how fast he was. But Mitch "wasn't buying it." He hadn't moved a muscle but to deal Gordon a card. Frank's card was a Jack, as was Gordon's.

Frank continued gazing at his cards, saying, "Mitch, it's said this sweetie of yours lives over on the Green River. Her pa owns a whopping big ranch with those mountains his own backyard grazing range.

That you're headed that way now to tie up with blooded stock. Is that true?"

Mitch's eyes narrowed behind his cards. This outlaw had been badly underestimated. How'd he learn? No one knew just where he was headed but he and---

Reference to his plans set up a rushing in Mitch's brain. Then the thought suddenly came to him. This outlaw is too talkative and knows too much. In spite of Hell, he's got to go down in front of my guns, Mitch thought. He slowly started to rise. Then he relaxed as his pal Leon cracked his lips just slightly, more like a kiss, telling Frank to lay off. "Every man to his own business in this country. No questions asked.

Eh?"

"Is it now?" Frank was ignoring Leon's warning. Leon, the fastest gunman of them all, would have killed him right there but for just a hint of a warning in his old pal's eyes meaning "not yet."

Frank misunderstood Leon's hesitation to act and became even more overbearing in his questions and inferences. But he did finally come out with a world of truth in his next statement. He couldn't have thought up a good one like that all by himself. He must have heard of or maybe even read it somewhere. Oh, yes, in spite of his evil past, he had had an education, but it takes more than education to make a man think straight.

It helps a great deal, but that depends upon the man, or whether or not he is a man capable of facing life squarely or illegally, or maybe sneakingly as Frank finally had to resort to.

His next statement made them all sit up and take notice. This outlaw had finally run onto something. "It's been said," he continued, "by the best authority, that once a man reaches the high plane where he really loves one woman, he acquires a much higher regard and even sort of a love for all women."

Even Gordon, the slick-eyed leader, looked up in surprised admiration. Where did such a guy find that out, or even hear of it? They were all so taken off guard that none spoke until Frank's next question came like a whip in the quiet air. "Which is it, Mitch? The girl back home or the one in the loft?"

That did it. "Shut up, Frank," Gordon, the outlaw leader rasped, his slick face going solid. "If you've got a crow to pick with Mitch, pick it after the deal with our guest," and his snake eyes broke away from the cards just long enough to look longingly up at the loft.

Frank then slumped back, a resigned smile on his lips. Mitch then dealt Leon's second card. It was a Queen. He dealt himself an Ace.

Again he started the deal, then paused at the sound of footsteps in the loft. He waited until the sound stopped near the loft hole, then dropped Frank's third card. The girl was now at the loft hole, he guessed, watching the hole. The stealthy sound, her presence so near, sharpened the growing tension at the table. It made Mitch strangely nervous, made him more conscious of the tenseness about the room. For some reason or other, the presence of the girl up in the loft made his mind revert back to his mother. This, he couldn't account for. He was so young at the time. Could she be a relative? But the disturbance about the table broke any further conjectures. He was here playing a game of Death with himself as bait.

Frank was speaking directly to him (would that guy never shut up before someone put a bullet between his eyes?) He was saying, "Not many of the old Walker gang around anymore, eh. Leon? Just the toughest ones left. You, me, Gordon here, and a couple of others all scattered." Frank glanced at Leon, and went on. "Your pal was too young then to shoulder off with the old crowd."

"I told you Frank," Gordon warned irritably, "have your little tet-a-tet with Mitch later. Let's get on with the game."

But Frank was working up to something. Mitch had an idea but could easily be wrong as far as Frank was concerned. Still, in spite of the fact that Gordon (the most dangerous of them all) didn't have much to gab about, Mitch has a sneaking idea it was Gordon who looked the most hungrily at the loft when he thought he was not being watched.

Frank just laughed at Gordon's impatience to finish the game. But to Mitch, Frank's manner of ease suggested he had something up his sleeve. He didn't seem at all worried about the outcome of the game or the loft either. This put Mitch even more on guard as far as Frank was concerned. But it was Gordon, that Leon was watching with deep interest, for some reason that even Mitch hadn't as yet figured out.

Still, Mitch resumed the game. Gordon's third card, another Jack, had brought a sharp click in Leon's throat. He stared at the pair of Jacks. As the deal resumed, he glanced at Mitch, a twitching frown between his eyes, which Mitch remembered well. Gordon drew a ten-spot to his Jack. Leon drew a Trey to his Queen. Mitch drew a nine-spot to his Ace. Frank's Jacks were the only ones in sight. Nobody spoke. Mitch dealt slowly. Frank's fourth card was a King, Gordon's a Deuce, Leon's a Nine, Mitch's a Five.

Mitch paused before dealing the final round. Gordon, plainly excited now, exploded his sloppy laugh. "I think I'll have a gander at my whole hand now," Gordon said. "I feel lucky tonight. I feel tremendously lucky." He was tremendous in size, anyway. So he peeped at his hole-card. His face stayed slick, but the gleam in his little eyes seemed to bounce.

"You got a Jack in the hole, eh?" Leon asked. It really wasn't a question, but a guess.

His dark, younger eyes burned. Gordon winked at him. But it was Frank who seemed calm now. He said, "Deal, will you, Mitch. You're making the girl nervous, waiting so patiently! Ha! Ha! Ha!

This brought a roar from the usually quiet Gordon. Leon never did quite like Gordon and shuddered to hear him laugh. Mitch remained silent and dealt a Duce. Frank spouted an oath, slumped back, a little color appearing in his swarthy cheeks. Gordon's card was an Ace. He chuckled over it. The chuckle slipped away as Leon's card fell. It was a Queen. Leon now had the highest pair in eight. The slender man was silent.

But Mitch gave himself a Trey. He put down the deck, leaned back. Frank spouted another oath, flipped over his hole-card. It was a four-spot. Frank laughed. It was then a laugh filled with disappointment. He turned up a ten-spot. "Had you worried, eh?" he asked Leon.

Frank looked at Mitch. "Queens," he snapped. "You see them." He didn't bother to turn over his hole-card. Mitch turned up an Ace.

"Aces," Gordon sighed. "Had them back to back all the time." He stood up and away from the table. Frank rose beside him. They'd played it for as long as it was convenient, or as long as they were the winners, but this was different.

"Congratulations, Mitch," Frank said. He looked at Leon, who seemed surprised. He was sitting limp and shaken--apparently--but came suddenly alive when Frank said, "You had it in your mind all the time, Leon," and laughed coldly. "It was an interesting picture while it lasted." Gordon said to the youngest, "Come on. Leon, let's get out of here." Gordon and Frank left by way of the back door, better to watch the horses and the loot. It was pitch dark outside, but they didn't mind that. They worked best in the dark. With one long, searching look at Mitch, Leon went for the door. In that last moment, his eyes were soft and round as when he was a kid. They were like the eyes of a slim mountain kid he'd once loved as a brother. When they'd scarcely stepped off the top step outside, Mitch went quickly and barred the door.

Going back to the loft ladder, he went up a couple of steps, then stopped, thought a moment, then shouted, "You can come down now, girlie."

The only reply was a sort of hoarse, jerky mutter, mixed with what could be thought to be desperation, maybe fear. "And if I don't?

His bold reply was, "Come on, forget it; you have nothing to fear from me."

There was a short silence; then her feet appeared at the top of the loft hole then on the ladder. she turned to face him when her feet touched the floor. Her back was pressed against the ladder. "I don't see how any sane man could--" she began, and a sob broke from her lips.

"Who said anything about a man being sane when a pretty girl is around?" Then he smiled.

Her hand came up quickly.

she looked into his face with widening eyes. "Oh," she murmured, "You don't mean you--why, you're so decent!"

"Please be careful, Miss Dean. I'm the worst of the whole bunch. But I'll get you out of here first." He went to her, touched her hair. "You're still not safe here with me."

"Oh, no!" She grabbed his arm and seemed to get support from his nearness and calmness. Here was a man, not a cowardly dog, who took advantage of helpless women and girls. She would have clung longer, but he pushed her behind the door as two shots came from just outside the door. Gordon and Frank never did trust one another. Mitch felt relieved. The odds against him were cut down that much. Anyway, he was still in a "plenty tight spot," even then.

The girl clung to him saying, "Before you came, they said you were the most dangerous gunman and killer in the West. I was sure hoping you'd never get here. But, oh, I'm so glad you did! It wasn't until I heard your voice that I took any hope--before that I was just waiting for death or the worst. I hadn't decided which. It's strange how the sound of the voice of a certain caliber of man can instill confidence in a woman, and sometimes even a wild animal. You have a kind of unwavering courage in your voice. It gave me my only hope, in spite of what they said about you. Your voice puts one at ease in spite of the surroundings."

"Maybe what you heard that bad man say was right--about when a man's in love with one woman, he instinctively has a high regard for all women."

She started to speak. It was too silent outside. She hesitated and looked at Mitch, her expression wavering.

Mitch looked at her, thinking out loud. "I guess the kid wouldn't play along with those two hyenas and not go back on an agreement. If Gordon and Frank decided to change their minds and come back to make it rough for you, and me too, the kid would try to stop it."

"Yes, but the shot came from out in the back," she said.

Mitch nodded agreement and added, "We'll have to walk out of here. If we go for our horses, we're done for. They'll know." He looked at her questioningly "It's a long walk to Granger's Junction."

She smiled up at him. "I won't mind it. In fact, I'll love it."

"You heard what they said about me and my girl?"

"Sure," she replied.

"But if they've killed him--" he glanced fearfully at the door.

"Oh, you mean Leon?"

Mitch smiled, knowingly. "I don't think they've accomplished that. Maybe they've winged him. It's too quiet out there anyway, and I know they'd never get the drop on him. He'd figure out something."

"Oh, I hope so," she breathed.

"Still, if they did kill Leon, of course they'll try their dead level best to take you away from me. They'd burn the cabin, if need be, to force us out. Until they can get a crack at me, they can't harm you--"

Then Frank's cold voice said, "Mitch, when you've had your turn, come on out. Then I'll come in, then Gordon and Leon."

"Leon? Where is Leon?" Mitch shouted. "Are you there, Leon?", with a definite trace of surprise and alarm mixed as one.

Frank answered him finally. "He ain't here now. He tried to stop us from coming back; got Gordon in the back as we stepped off the steps. I didn't have a chance with him running around loose."

Mitch squeezed the girl's arm. "stay beside and behind the door--back flat to the wall, where they won't see you until they are well inside."

"Until--until they are inside?" she asked, questioningly and definitely uncertain.

Mitch nodded, "I'll signal when you're to open the door, you break outside. they'll grab for me. Maybe that would be too risky--maybe they won't even try. Maybe they'll be too busy watching."

She hesitated, studying his face. Then nodded, started to obey--then came back and put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips. Her lips were, cold, trembling, sweet. "If I get away, if I do, and anything happens to you."

He finished for her, giving her that reassuring smile.

The door opened and in came Frank with guns blazing but he was no match with the lightning draw of Mitch. Frank's first shot grazed Mitch's ear but Mitch's first shot went right to Franks heart a hole in the middle of the tag on Frank's tobacco bag in his left pocket and then two more shots almost as one through the same hole. Frank fell to

the floor with his filthy hand stretched out to the girl. He was dead before he hit the floor.

The beautiful Miss Dean ran into the arms of Mitch. Mitch thought in that moment of his girl in Green River and the feel of this lovely lady in his arms. The temptation was strong but he lifted her chin and looked into her eyes, and what beautiful eyes, but he said, " Lucile you know I have a gal that I'm true blue to." She said in reply, "I knew you were a real man. Thank you Mitch and my dad will see that you are properly rewarded." As she said this she reached up and planted a kiss on his cheek.

As they pulled apart he saw Leon in the door! His old friend gone bad with a killing on his head. Mitch knew now that he faced the deadliest gunman in the West. Leon said, "step away from her Mitch, she's mine." Mitch stepped away and in that split moment Leon went for his gun and as he got it half way up he saw the blossoming at the end of Mitch's 45. With a look of astonishment on his face he went to his tip toes and fell to the floor and turned over. Mitch was at his side and said, "I'm sorry Leon you left me no choice." Leon with the last breath in him said, "Mitch, I should have stayed with you. You were and are my best friend, forgive me Mitch!" With that his eyes glazed over and he died.

All the outlaws were buried now along with the past. Mitch and Lucile mounted their horses took a long look at one another and as their eyes met each knew what the other knew - happiness was in separate trails but what they shared would make them life long friends. The two riders rode off to the Junction and happiness in each their own way.

Pictorial History of St Clair Nixon

Early Years



St Clair



Back Row: Olive, Willie Front Row:
Nina Myrtle, St Clair



St Clair



Ezra, Nina, Jessco, St Clair, Grace



Willie, St Clair

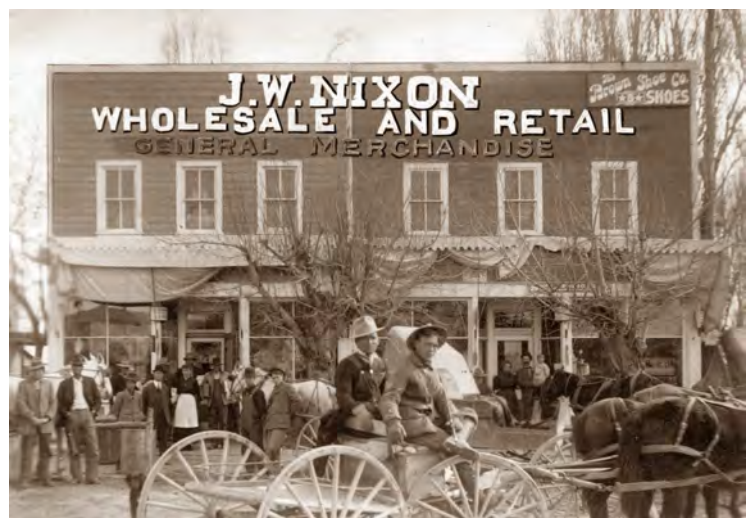


Graduation



St Clair, Nina, Effie, Olive, Willie,
Myrtle, James William, Ezra, Grace Jessco

**James William II and Effie Woolley Nixon's Home and Store,
Huntington, Utah**



Early Friends and years in Logan,



Clarence Nixon, St Clair's cousin, a close childhood friend



Baseball Buddies, Huntington, Utah



St Clair, Utah State University, Logan, Utah



Simulated Disaster Victims

Utah State University, 1916-1917

St Clair's Family



Willie, James William II , Myrtle, Nina, Effie, Olive



Olive and Grace



Myrtle and Nina



James William Nixon III, Ezra, Jessco, Olive, Grace, Grace and Nina

St Clair when he was young



1917



Standing: Ezra, Nina, Effie, Grace, Olive, Seated: St Clair, James W. II, James W. III (Willie), Jessco



According to Grace Nixon Stewart , St Clair attended school in Huntington through the sixth grade. The family then moved to Provo for the winter and He attended the BYU Training School. The following spring, J. W. Nixon and Effie purchased Senator George Sutherland's home. The opposite picture is the picture taken in 1912 when Olive married Frank Hickman. The family moved back to Huntington during the summer months.

Back row: Emma Mathis, Nina, Josephine Nixon Whitehead, Clarence Nixon, Effie, J. W. Nixon, St Clair, Olive, Clara Emma Mathis Thomas, Grace Nixon, Frank Hickman, John Arthur Thomas, Johanna M. Nixon, Juanita Hutchison Boyle, Estelle Thomas, J. W. Nixon III, Sena Barton, Ida Woolley McArthur

Young Children: Florence and Ferrin Hickman, Jessco and Ezra Nixon

1923



Back row: Frank Hickman, Olive, St Clair, Effie, James William NixonII, Grace, Myrtle Seated middle row: Jessco, James W. Nixon III, Margaret, Marjorie Dean, Nina, Effie Dean, Harold I. Bowman, Ezra Nixon Front row: Dean and Erma Hickman, Grace Lea Nixon, Elaine and June Hickman

1930



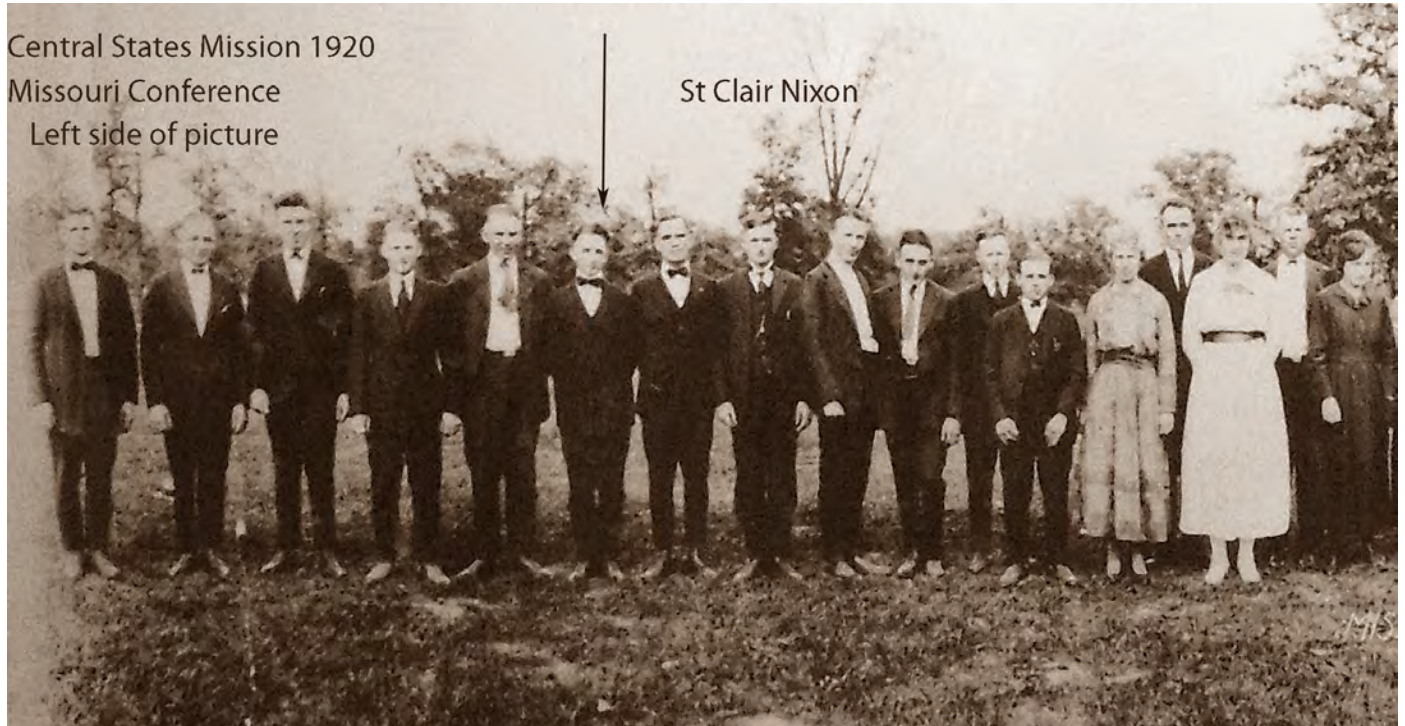
Back row: Nina, Harold I. Bowman, Harold I. Bowman Jr., Olive, Frank Hickman, Devirl Stewart Bill Stewart, Grace, St Clair, Lyle, Dean Hickman Seated: Margaret and James William Nixon III, Effie, James William Nixon II, LaRue and Ezra Nixon, June Hickman Front Row: Grace Lea Nixon, James W. Nixon IV, Reed Nixon, Marjorie Dean Nixon, Effie Dean Bowman, Elaine and Erma Hickman



Mission 1919-1922

Elder Criddle an Elder Nixon

Central States Mission Conference 1920



This is a picture of the Central States Mission, Missouri Conference in 1920. St Clair and Thomas B. Croft served in the same mission. Elder Croft is the ancestor of some of St Clair's great-grandchildren by his granddaughter Catherine Nixon King. Thomas B. Croft is the grandfather of her husband Bryan King. It is a small world!

Marriage - September 27, 1923



St Clair and Lyle were married in the Salt Lake Temple



Lyle and St Clair, Bonita Theatre, Provo, Utah 1926-1927



The Bonita Theatre, was a J. W. Nixon II Business Venture.

In 1929, St Clair hauled logs in the Kaibab Forest which is located in Arizona. Jacob Lake Inn is located in the Kaibab Forest. It was developed and owned by St Clair's sister Nina and her husband, Harold I. Bowman. Through the years, many family members worked here.





Another view of the J. W. Nixon home in Provo, Utah. St Clair and Lyle were living here when their first child, James William Nixon died. The home was located where the parking lot of the new Provo City Temple is. Lower left: James Glazier Nixon Lower right, Lyle, Reed, James and St Clair Nixon





Upper left: Richard Nixon



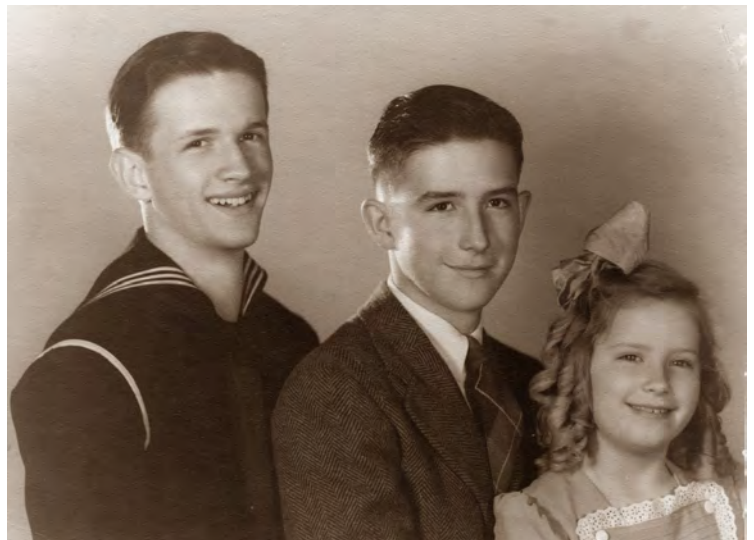
Upper right: Reed and Richard

Right: Reed, Richard, Maline

Lower left: Reed, Richard 2010

Lower right: Maline Nixon Hansen

Picture taken while she and her husband served a temple mission in Nauvoo



Reed and Joyce Johnson Nixon Family



Reed and Joyce Johnson Nixon

1995



1 Evan 2 Julie 3 Clair 4 John 5 Elisabeth 6 Will 7 Natalie 8 Kent 9 Raelene 10 Mark 11 Renae 12 Mark Ellis
13 Kathryn 14 Mark 15 Jay 16 Nicole 17 David 18 Catherine 19 Michelle 20 Michael 21 Grant 22 Cheryl 23 Danielle
24 Ashley 25 Laura 26 Timothy 27 Reed 28 Joyce 29 Rachel 30 Emily 31 Sheryl 32 Tamera 33 Alison 34 Ann
35 James 36 Brian 37 Reed 38 Rob and Katherine 39 Carl (Renae's Wedding 1995)

Mark Nixon Family 2007



Mark and Sheryl Brown Nixon



Back Row: Jeffery Ellis, Lisa Renae Ellis, Katie Donaldson Nixon, Kayla Nauman Nixon, Kent Nixon, Mark Nixon, Sheryl Brown Nixon, Joshua Dayton, Kayla Norman, Natalie Nixon Dayton, Megan Dayton, Allyson Dayton
Front Row: Robert Mark Ellis, Renae Nixon Ellis, Mark Wade Ellis, Scott Reed Ellis, Robert Scott Nixon, Reed Brown Nixon, Reed Mark Norman, Kristian Kent Norman, Cecelia Sheryl Norman, Mark Norman, Raelene Nixon Norman, Grace Norman, Rachel Renae Norman, Annalise Dayton

Mark and Raelene Nixon Norman Family



Back Row: Kayla, Raelene, Mark, Rachel Front Row: Reed, Grace, Kristian, Cecilia Norman

Renae Nixon Jefferey Scott Ellis Family



Scott Reed, Michael Wade, Renae, Amy Rae, Jeffery, Lisa Renae, Robert Mark Ellis

Robert Scott and Katherine Donaldson Nixon Family



Robert Nixon, Elizabeth Alice, Iris Katherine, Katherine (Katie) Donaldson Nixon (insert)

Joshua Kent and Natalie Nixon Dayton Family



Jacob, Joshua, Annalise, Megan, Natalie, Allyson

Kent and Kayla Nauman Nixon Family 2016



Kyson, Kent, Lydia, Jay, Kayla, Natalie

Reed Brown Nixon

Reed Brown Nixon, was in a serious automobile accident that left him and his brother Robert paralyzed. For nearly thirty years he was on life support but continued to accomplish more than many people who had full use of their bodies. He graduated from Bentley College and influenced many lives during his life on earth. He passed away October 24, 2016.



Reed Brown Nixon 1979-2016

Robert and Tamera Masterson Nixon Family 2015



Tamera and Robert Nixon



Faith, Brian, Easton, Amanda, Angel, Dallas, Steel, Brooke, James, Tamera, Makenzie Barton, Brooke Barton, Annie Grace Barton, Michael Barton, Kathryn Nixon Barton, Robert Nixon, Dade Merrill, Dax Merrill, Ann Merrill, Daenen Merrill, Dirk Merrill, Colin McGraph, Allison McGraph, Boston McGraph, Michelle Garick, Nathan Garick

Brian and Amanda Moody Nixon Family 2016



Amanda, Steele, Angel, Dallas, Amanda Faith, Everett, Brian Nixon

Daenen Kieth and Ann Nixon Merrill Family 2016

Derk, Daenen, Dade, Ann, Elle, Dax



Michael and Kathryn Nixon Barton Family 2015



Kathryn and Michael Barton



Annie, Brooke, Mackenzie Barton

Michelle and Nathan Garick and James and Brooke Meldrum Nixon Families



Michelle, Sabrina and Nathan Garick



Brooke and James Nixon

Colin and Allison Nixon McGraph Family



Allison and Colin McGraph



Allison, Colin, Boston McGraph

Clair and Laura Newman Nixon Family 2015



Clair and Laura Newman Nixon



From left to right:

Timothy Nixon, Catherine Nixon Pyfer, Charlotte Pyfer, Craig Bills, Rachel Bills, Emery Bills, Larry Harmer, Elizabeth Harmer, David Harmer, Max Harmer, Caroline Harmer, Catherine Cora Harmer, Olivia Harmer, David Nixon, Jessica Sieminski Nixon, Nathan Nixon, Cody Nixon, Will Nixon, Kelly Olsen Nixon, Carter Nixon, McKinley Nixon, Chase Nixon, Laura Newman Nixon, Clair Nixon, Michael Nixon, Julia Ricks Nixon, Kate Lynn Nixon, Cole Nixon, Drew Nixon, Michael Daley, Neal Daley, Julie Nixon Daley, John Henry Daley, Mason Daley, Leah Daley, Sarah Daley, Anna Daley, John Nixon, Sheree Halverson Nixon, Andrew Nixon, Eva Nixon, Elsie Nixon, James Nixon, Isla Bess Nixon, Tay-som Hill and Emily Nixon Hill.

Neal Scott and Julie Nixon Daley Family



Michael, Leah, Neal Scott, John, Anna, Julie, Mason, Sarah Elizabeth

Will and Kelly Olsen Nixon Family



Will, Cody, McKinley, Kelly, Chase, Carter

Larry and Elisabeth Harmer Family



Back Row: Caroline, Max, Larry, David, Front Row: Elizabeth, Olivia, Catherine "C.C."



John and Sheree Halverson Nixon Family

Front Row: Andrew, Eva, Elsie, James

Back Row: Sheree, Isla Bess, John

Michael and Julia Ricks Nixon Family



Cole, Julia, Kate, Michael, Drew

David and Jessica Sieminski Nixon Family



Jessica, David, Nathan David



**Bryan James and Laura
Nixon Pyfer Family**

Laura, Charlotte, Bryan

**Craig and Rachel Bills
Family**



Rachel, Craig, Owen, Emery

Taysom and Emily Nixon Hill Family



Taysom and Emily

Evan and Cheryl Loftus Nixon Family



Grant Nixon, Evan Nixon, Justin Huntington, Nichole Nixon Huntington, Cheryl Nixon, Ashley Nixon, Danielle Nixon Nixon

Justin and Nichole Nixon Huntington Family 2016



Grayson, Justin, Nichole, Everett St Clair, Genevieve Huntington



Evan and Cheryl Nixon



Ashley and Danielle Nixon

Grant and Aubrey Greatbanks Nixon Family 2016



Aubrey and Grant



Carl Butler Nixon

Jay Harold Nixon

Jay Harold Nixon

Jay was born 4 Oct 1959 in Redwood City, California. Jay never married. He was a dedicated temple worker. He died February 6, 1995 in Orem, Utah. Jay had a loving, warm personality. All who knew him loved him.



Richard Smoot and Loretta Dalbey Nixon Family



Richard and Loretta Dalbey Nixon



Richard Smoot Nixon Family 2010

Back Row: Steven, Debbie, Stewart (Nixon), Mark, Matthew, Don, Christine (Fletcher), RuthAnn, Alicia (Nixon), Cameron, Kaylee, Caitlyn, Catherine, Bryan King.

Middle Row: Phillip, Carol, Greta (Tree), Catherine Fletcher, Loretta, Richard S. Nixon, Richard Joseph Nixon, Bryce, Stacey, McKell (King), Jody, Lucy, Tyler (King)

Front Row: Giselle, Makenna (Tree), Ariana, Alexa (Perez), Tigernan, Jakob, Dahlin (Tree), Jessie, Riley (Nixon), Sarah Fletcher

Family Members not in attendance at 2010 reunion: James, Rachael and Leslie Nixon,

Steven and Deborah Charles Nixon Family



Stewart, Deborah and Steven Nixon



Rachel Nixon and her daughters, Ariana and Alexa Perez



Leslie, Stephen and Ryiot Oates



Richard Stewart Nixon and Niltza Santillan-Castillo, md. Jan 6, 2017

Don and Christine Nixon Fletcher Family



Catherine Fletcher and Tyler Harmon Wedding, August 2013

Don, Christine, Mark Fletcher, Catherine Harmon, Matthew Fletcher, Tyler Harmon, Amy Crandall Fletcher, Sarah and Jakob May

Bryan and Catherine King and Carol and Phillip Tree Families 2016



Back Row: Maggie, Tyler, Jody King, Caitlyn, Ellie, Andrew Bangerter, Bryce and Stacey King Front Row: Lucy, Cameron, Rebecca, Bryan, Catherine, Sadie, Kaylee, Cooper, McKell King



Back Row: Dahlin, Carol, Phillip Middle Row: Makenna, Giselle, Jakob Front Row: Tigernan, Greta

James and RuthAnn Nixon Family 2014



Richard Joseph, Jessie, Alicia, RuthAnn, Okie, James, Riley



Carol Nixon Tree, Christine Nixon Fletcher, Catherine Nixon King, Steven Nixon,, James Nixon

Richard and Loretta Dalbey Nixon

It all began the day they were married March 31, 1953. As of January 17, 2017, they have been blessed with five children, 21 grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.



Family Reunion of the Richard Smoot Nixon Family, New Years Day, 2017.



Standing Back Row: Alicia Nixon, Daniel Beddoes, Jessie Nixon, James Nixon, RuthAnn Nixon, Jakob May, Mark Nixon, Sarah May, Don Fletcher, Deborah Nixon, Steven Nixon, Leslie Nixon Oates, Bryce Nixon, Catherine Nixon King, Giselle Tree, Jakob Tree, Carol Nixon Tree, Phillip Tree, Maggie King, Jody King, Tyler King

Seated Middle Row: Christine Nixon Fletcher, Loretta Dalbey Nixon, Richard Smoot Nixon, Dahlin King, Mckenna Tree

Seated Front Row: Riley Nixon, Greta Tree, Lucy King, Tigernan Tree

Quince Marion and Maline Nixon Hansen Family 2014



Maline and Quince Marion Hansen



Back Row: Christian Hansen, Quince Hansen, Dallin Loch, Audrey Loch, Daniel Hansen, George Loch, Darleen Loch, Rachel Hansen

Third Row: Diana Hansen Arny, Evan Arny, Vienna Arny, Logan Clonts, Moriah Clonts, Cumorah Clonts, Ethan Clonts, Diahman Clonts, Spencer Hansen, Teri Hansen, Elisabeth Hansen, Kenneth Hansen, Josehua Hansen, Michael Stout

Second Row: Jacob J. Hansen, Hannah Stout, Jordan Hansen, Jarom Loch, Marion Hansen, Maline Hansen, Karren Clonts, Sariah Stout, Donna Stout

Front Row: Merrill Hansen, Noah Hansen, Abigail Loch, Michal Hansen, Matthew Hansen, Jacob R. Hansen, Jared Hansen, DarlaDee Hansen

Annette Hansen Stewart Family



Annette Hansen with her children Michael, Jubal and Aurelia Stewart

Kenneth Hansen Family 2016



Matthew Cattin, Sarah Hansen Cattin, Kenneth Hansen, Daniel Hansen, Evan Army, Vienna Army, Isbel Grace, Army, Diana Hansen Army



Evan and Diana Hansen Arny Family
2016

Evan, Isabel Grace, Vienna, Diana

Daniel and Karlie Beaver Hansen Family



Daniel Hansen and Karlie Beaver married January 7, 2017

Karren Hansen Clonts and Michael and Donna Hansen Stout Families 2016



Ethan, Cumorah, Karren, Moriah, Diahman, Morgan, Logan (insert)



Back Row: Donna Stout, Michael Stout, Kristina Stout, Kevin Nester Middle Row: Paul Stout, Hannah Stout, Sariah Stout, Maria Nester, Sara Ott Stout, John Stout, Front Row: Kenneth Nester, Samuel Stout, Levi Stout, Elsie Nester

Reed Smoot and Teri Kaiser Hansen and Merrill and Darla Dee Larsen Families 2015



Back Row: Elisabeth, Spencer, Teri, Matthew, Jacob R, Jared, Reed, Joshua Front Row: Anna, Michal, Luke, Rachel



Back Row: Christian, DarlaDee, Merrill Front Row: Jacob J., Quince, Noah, Jordan (insert)

George and Darleen Hansen Loch Family



Dallin, Abigail, George, Darleen, Lauren, Jarom, Audrey



Darleen Loch, Maline and Marion Hansen

Homes and Other Memories



View of Salt Lake City a few years before St Clair and Lyle moved there from Provo in 1931.



Lake Street, Los Angeles, California



The Courts



West Lake Park, now McArthur Park, Los Angeles

St Clair and Lyle moved to Salt Lake in 1931 and remained there until the summer of 1933. This was the time of “The Great Depression” In order to sustain their family, Lyle made doughnuts and St Clair sold them on the streets of Salt Lake City. On one occasion, a man approached St Clair with the intent of robbing him of his money. He swung the doughnut holder at the man and was not about to part with what cash he had made selling doughnuts on the streets of Salt Lake that day. They only remained in Salt Lake until the summer of 1933. Their next move was back to Los Angeles. They lived in several apartments up until the time Maline was born in 1936. The picture showing the home near West Lake Park was identified by Reed in 2002. While living near the Park, Lyle baked bread, made sandwiches and pies for St Clair to sell in the Park. St Clair was short but of a stocky build. He had great strength. He carried the pies, sandwiches, and soda pop in a large metal container.

Just prior to Maline’s birth in 1936, Lyle and St Clair moved to “The Courts” Richard and Reed caught the Whooping cough. They had shots and Richard remembers having to have their arms in slings. There was a bully on the block and Reed insisted that Richard stand up to him. Sadly, Richard lost the fight.

Colonial Avenue is the first and only home they ever purchased in their lifetime. It was located in Culver City, California. It was in the boundaries of Culver City, but the postal address was Venice., California. The family enjoyed the Santa Monica Beach that was close by.



Colonial Avenue , Culver City, California



Lyle, Maline, St Clair, Reed, Richard



St Clair, Maline, 1938



The "Walnut Tree", Colonial Avenue

Richard has fond memories of playing in the "Walnut Tree" located in the backyard of their home on Colonial Avenue



Santa Monica Beach, Santa Monica, California

The family lived on Colonial Avenue, Culver City, California from 1936 to 1939. Reed was 10-13 years of age. Richard was 6-9 years of age and Maline was 1-3 years of age. There was a back yard where they had a garden, chickens, pigeons, turkeys etc. This is where "Susie" the hen was born and was the family pet for several years until she went on to her reward.



Betsy Ross Elementary School. This is where Reed and Richard attended school while living on Colonial Avenue.



Mar Vista Ward where the family attended church



This is the movie house that Reed and Richard would go to for the Saturday movies. St Clair would give each of them 10 cents for the movie and 5 cents for candy. Five cents would buy a great big bag of candy. Reed had a bicycle. Reed would sit on the seat and Richard would stand and pedal or would sometimes ride on the handle bars, or cross ways on the frame.

Each movie had two main attractions, a newsreel, a Flash Gordon Series, stage entertainment and a cartoon—all for 10 cents.

The corner drug store which was located just down the street from St Clair and Lyle's home on Colonial Avenue. A malt was only 10 cent, a **BIG** Glass.





In 1939, the extended family helped St Clair and Lyle purchase a bakery in Montrose, California. It was located on the corner of the main street in Montrose. (upper left photo) The photo on the right is where the home was that they lived in. It was located on Honolulu Avenue. St Clair and Lyle hired a young girl to take care of the family while they worked in the bakery. Lyle was the baker, St Clair the outside salesman. The bakery business went well until the larger bakeries started a bread war to run the small bakeries out of business. The grocery stores gave away bread as a premium for shopping at their stores. St Clair and Lyle lost the bakery within a year after purchasing the business.



Pictures taken in 2002



After losing the bakery, the family moved back to Colonial Avenue for a brief period. St Clair and Lyle were not able to keep up the payments and lost their home. They moved to the duplex on the left, 3119 Watseka, West Los Angeles. They were living here December 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed which was the beginning of World War II.

After living in the Watseka Duplex, the family moved to 1481 Crest Avenue. Reed attended Hamilton High School. When the family moved to West 8th Street, Reed lived with a family in the area and graduated from Hamilton High School.



After living on Crest Drive, the family moved to Hope Street. The Los Angeles Library was about one or two blocks from the apartment they lived in. It was not a desirable area and they only remained there for the summer.



Hope Street showing Los Angeles Library after high rise buildings were built



Apartment 3950 West 8th Street



Upper left photo, Hope Street showing the Los Angeles Library. After the summer of 1943 on Hope Street, the family moved to 3950 West 8th Street. They lived in this apartment from 1943-1952, longer than any other place during Richard and Maline's time at home. Richard left on his mission in January 1950 from the Wilshire Ward, which was where they attended church during their time they lived here. He and Maline attended and graduated from The John Burroughs Jr. High School and Los Angeles High.



Upper left: John Burroughs Jr. High School, Upper right: Los Angeles High School Middle left: Ebell Theater where Richard worked as a stage hand and the family did janitorial work Middle right: Service station where Richard work during his high school years Lower left: Wilshire Ward, Lower right: Richard, Maline and Reed in his Navy uniform while serving in the V12 program



St Clair and Lyle walking on the Los Angeles Temple grounds.

Lyle was an ordinance worker in the Los Angeles Temple for ten years. St Clair was very supportive of Lyle in her work in the temple. Near the end of St Clair's life, he again qualified for a temple recommend. He died before he was able to reenter the temple. Reed, his son, placed his recommend in his hand before the casket was closed.



1815 Malcom Avenue, Westwood, California

This was the last home of St Clair Nixon. He and Lyle were living here when he passed away in 1969. It was located just a few blocks from the Los Angeles Temple. These apartments have been torn down and replaced by large apartments.

St Clair and His Cars



Marriage of St Clair and Lyle's Children



Lower right: Maline, their youngest child was married to Quince Marion Hansen in 1956. Top: Reed was married to Joyce Johnson in 1947 and Lower left: Richard married Loretta Dalbey in 1953. With all their children married, a new era in their lives began. They became empty nesters, and the joy of having grandchildren and great-grandchildren brought added blessings and joy into their lives.

Children and Grandchildren Early Years



Stanley Reed and Joyce Johnson Nixon Family

Back Row: Mark, Robert, Clair, Evan Front Row: Jay, Joyce, Reed, Carl Nixon

Richard Smoot and Loretta Dalbey Nixon Family

Back Row: Steve, Richard Front Row: Catherine, Carol, Loretta, James, Christine



Quince Marion and Maline Nixon Family

Back Row: Donna, Reed, Kenneth, Annette Front Row; Maline, Merrill, Darleen, Marion, Karren.



St Clair and Lyle's later years were less stressful. They were very proud of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren. It was their "Golden Years". Top left and middle and bottom were taken in 1959 in Palo Alto at the home of their son Reed.



St Clair passed away ten years later in 1969. He collapsed working at the Ivar Theater in Hollywood, California.





Provo Home



70th Birthday, Salt Lake City, Utah with Catherine and Christine Nixon



Lyle at Maline's home in 1977, Cupertino, California



80th Birthday Celebration

After St Clair's death, Lyle's children bought a home in Provo for her to live in. She was happy to return to Provo where she was born and grew up. She was able to spend extended time with her daughter Maline in Cupertino, California. Reed moved to Utah in 1971 at the same time as Lyle. Richard was in Salt Lake and later moved to Mapleton. This was a happy time of her life to be with her children and grandchildren. Lyle passed away in October 1987. She would have been eighty-eight years old the following April.



Maline and Marion Hansen Family

Reed, Annette, Marion, Kenneth, Karren, Donna, Merrill, Maline holding Darleen. About 1976

