

## SKETCHES OF THE LIFE JAMES WILLIAM NIXON [II]

I was born September the seventh in the year of eighteen hundred and sixty-six at St. George, Utah, where my parents, James William Nixon and Johannah M. Nixon, had been called by Brigham Young to settle the Dixie country. They had formerly lived on East Weber and later in the ninth ward of Salt Lake City where my father had learned the tanners and sheet metal trade. They had three daughters born to them—Annie, Emma, and Hannah. Therefore my coming to the world brought a great deal of happiness into the Nixon home being the first son.

My earliest recollection of my existence was impressed upon my mind by an incident that happened when I was very small, a child of perhaps four years old. My father was working in a city lot, across the road from our home mowing alfalfa with a scythe, when my mother, just for a joke, dressed me up in my sister Annie's clothes (this sister had died) and sent me over to see my father. I remember definitely how my father looked when I approached. He had only one thought in his mind—it was his little daughter Annie who had passed away only a short time before. The effect was stunning and he stood motionless for a few minutes. Then seeing the joke he took me up in his arms and said, “you little rascal you frightened your father nearly to death”.

My father being a tinsmith had made a shop of the basement of our house, where he had a nice lot of, then, up-to-date machinery which I can still see in my mind's eye. Among this machinery was a large rolling machine about three feet long used for rolling out tin and making stove pipe. I can remember seeing my mother bring her dough down there and after washing and cleaning the rollers well she would run the dough through them to flatten it out for making crackers and cookies. On one occasion while my father was using this machine I, still a little chap, sat beside it on the bench and amused at seeing the cogs mesh into each other I started flipping my fingers up and down the cogs un-noticed by my father, when all at once my second finger was caught in the cogs and ground off. Even though I could not have been more than about four years old I can remember distinctly what happened. My father first slapped me, and said “you little rascal, didn't you know better than to put your finger in those cogs?” He then kissed me and told me not to cry and quickly replaced the finger and bound it up. It grew together but has always been a little shorter and it bears a sear as a result of the accident.

It will be my purpose in writing this history of my life to relate that part that I can recall myself and that may be, not only interesting, but faith-promoting, and perhaps stimulating to my children and grandchildren, in their business activities by profiting by my experiences.

My first schooling, at about six years of age, was at Martha Coxes which was held in the granary upstairs of the old Isiah Cox home. I there learned my a-b-cs. Later on, school was held in the third ward schoolhouse where I was taught to read and spell both from the old blue-backed spelling book.

At this tender age I developed a mania for going to the swimming hole which was situated at the foot of the red hill and known as Branches Reservoir. I played truant more than once to go with older schoolmates to the reservoir to swim and dive, roll in the sand and then into the water, and play chase with one another. I am now reminded of an incident that happened

during one of these chasing affairs. I was trying to follow a Lamb boy, who went into the deep water. As I had not yet learned to swim I naturally sank and came up the third time struggling for breath when I was noticed by some of the larger boys who had thought up until that time that I was just playing. I was grabbed by Jed Woolley before going down the last time and was carried out and rolled on the ground for the purpose of expelling the water from my lungs which resulted in my being saved. I always expected a punishment from my mother for running away from home and especially for going to the reservoir to swim as we called it. My brother George who was more than two years younger than I cultivated the same mania for water. My mother used to undress him and confine him to a room to keep him away from the reservoir where she feared we both would drown. On more than one occasion my brother slipped away from the house with only a nightgown on and ran to this reservoir. This pond to us always seemed to be a very large body of water until in later years we visited it and found it to be only about eighteen by twenty-four feet and ranging from three to six feet deep.

When about seven years old I attended Mrs. Purses school at the second ward. Also the same teacher in Windsors home and later in the upstairs of Mrs. Whitmores home. While there one day I broke a pane of glass from the Whitmore house and my mother compelled me to take another one to her and ask her forgiveness for being so careless.

When I was eight years old I was baptized by William Empy in the Kelsy reservoir on the foot hill north-west of town beneath large fig trees. About this time I went with the family to Pioche, Nevada where my father was engaged in the mercantile business and was familiarly known as the Mormon Trader. I remember that among his employees was a man by the name of Steven Wells of St. George; also John Staley of the same place. My father took counsel from Brigham Young and borrowed \$300.00 to into business at Pioche. He was the only Mormon there in business and will be remembered by thousands of people upstate who took their produce to him to sell. He prospered from the beginning. Brigham Young had told him that if he would use the means that came into his hands for the upholding of the church that the Lord would bless him and prosper him. Many of his friends and people who had done business with him have told me of the wonderful way he succeeded. In some cases for instance a man would bring him a load of lumber which he would pay him the gold for at the market price and before he got it unloaded some party came and wanted just that kind of lumber badly and in a hurry and willingly paid my father twice the price that he had paid for it; so the teamsters were hired take it on up to his place. Every thing was gold in those days. My father's store was just across the street north from Sherwoods Lumber Yard. During the time of his prosperity there he let a contract to build an addition to our home in St. George Miles P. Romney and Lois Larsen, who also two years later built a store building in St. George west from the court-house.

After about three years of business rush at Pioche my father sold his entire holdings and came back to St. George to live. According to my mother's statements he had made more then twenty-five thousand dollars besides the building that had been done at St. George. He had paid an honest tithing and much donation during his career at Pioche and when he came home he donated one thousand dollars to the poor of St. George. Also he donated one thousand dollars to each temple that was in course of erection and later when the United order was organized at St. George he put all he had left into it except my mother's home. He was made the president of the order.

About 1876 he was called to go to Mt. Trumbull. The purpose of his going was to take charge of the mill and property there owned by the united order. Since returning to St. George from Pioche my father had married Hannah Faucett, and Zepher Kelsey, both of whom went to Trumbull and lived there during the summer months. My mother who was the first wife and all of her children (Annie, Emma, Hannah, J.W. Nixon Jr., George, Sena, Josephine, and Della) also spent a part of the summer at Mt. Trumbull. During the time we spent at Trumbull my grandfather William Nixon came from St. Cloud, Minnesota and spent one year at Trumbull. During the winter months we lived at St. George where we children went to school.

I was now about twelve years old and took part in the care of cattle and horses on the range, riding with the cowboys among which were: James M. Whitmore, who later married my sister Hannah, Brigham Whitmore, George Hunt, Sam Kelsey, Calvin Kelsey, Tom Price, Bill Peskins, Ute Perkins and others. We milked about twenty-five cows and a part of my work was to take the calves away from their mothers when they had had their share of the milk and when milking was over let them out into the cedars and pines to pass the night. Then very early the next morning my brother George and I had to round them up in time for each milking. This part of my daily duty always seemed an irksome task on account of having to rise so early, when I would have given anything to have had one more hour of sleep.

The following year at age thirteen I worked around my fathers saw mill and learned, to drive ox-teams which were used for logging as it was termed. The process of logging was as follows: Two yoke of cattle, or oxen, were driven out into the timber to haul the logs which men had chopped and sawed from the large pine trees into lumber lengths, back to the mill. We placed what we called a skid on the top of the wheels at each end of the cart or low wheeled wagon. We extended this chain under the log to be loaded, brought it back over the log and over the wagon to the opposite side of the cart where I would hitch one yoke of those oxen on and by pulling on the chain it would roll the log up on to the cart. After securing this there, with blocks of wood I would roll another and another until I had from three to five large saw logs on the cart. Then I would place my chains over the entire load both forward and back and by means of a long oak binding pole I would put a twist in the chain and fasten the load on to the cart. I would then haul it to the mill and unload in a location where they would, by gravity, roll down to the carriage into the mill to be sawed. All this work I did at the age of thirteen and during that and the next two years, I did at various times some of all kinds of work at the mill except the running of the saw (or sawyer) - attending ratchet, offbearing, engineering, hauling away sawdust and piling lumber.

We had between two and three hundred head of cattle at this time and a number of horses on the range which I took my part in caring for, including corralling, marking, branding, and butchering for our own use.

I became accustomed to riding broncho horses (unbroke horses) as you have seen at Rodeos. In this I took a real delight and as my memory serves me was never thrown from a horse in my life, except that one fell to the ground with me once; so I became quite confident in riding.

Some incidents during these years spent on Trumbull have impressed themselves on my mind. One was a Bull fight at what we called Little Spring. It might be well to explain

that while Trumbull was a beautiful timbered country and had wonderful grazing land; there was no water except at three springs. One of these springs called the Big Spring in order to reach it it was necessary to descend a large mountain. Two miles east of Big Spring was what was called the Little Spring. Then there was the Nixon Spring about five miles north at the Trumbull mountain. It was at the Little Spring that we saw the fight which resulted in the death of one of the bulls. There had been great enmity existing between these two animals for some time. One of them was considerable larger than the other but not as active. They came into the Little Spring to get a drink at the same time and after roaring like lions and pawing the earth for a while they came together and fought like tigers. My brother George and I were up out of their way on the water tank where we looked on with some thrill. Finally the younger and smaller, a black bull which was more active, got the big fellow (red bull) on the run. Things settled down for a few minutes when the black one, and smaller one, came up to drink at the water trough. In doing so he had to reach his head through two large poles placed there to prevent the animals from getting into the trough with their feet. No sooner had the bull gotten started to drink than Mr. red bull sneaked up on him and with one furious bound punched him into such a position as to fasten his head while he gored him to death, ripping his abdomen open and allowing his entrails all to come out on the ground. This was a real bull fight in which no Mexican took part.

Mt. Trumbull which is situated on the Arizona strip is one of the beauty spots of the earth and is just ten miles north of the rim of the Colorado river. When lumber for the St. George Temple was needed, the building committee concluded to place a saw mill out at Mt. Trumbull and it was run by a man by the name of Bryce from Pine-valley as engineer; Eli Whipple and other mill hands aided in the directing and Samuel Carter did the logging. Among the hands that worked there were: McConnel and Will Perkins. Later it was found necessary to have much longer and wider timbers for the frame work of the Temple and accordingly, A. McDonald, who was manager of this part of the work, and the other members of the committee arranged to ship a big mill in for the cutting of these timbers. With this mill David Park and others from Provo Bench came to Trumbull. The mill was run by Will Perkins, Pen Wilbanks, John McConnel, Fred Blake, Sam Carter who did the logging, and through A. McCullough who spent most of his time in hauling the lumber a large boarding house was built for the accommodation of the mill hands. The cooks were Retta Pierce Hall, Maria Empy Gould, and Millie Pearce who afterward became the wife of William A. McCullough and Rettie Tom Pierces wife. When the lumber was ready to haul A. F. McDonald who was manager or chairman of the Temple committee asked Fred Blake if he would take charge of the lumber to which he replied "yes if you will get W.A. McCullough to help me". They accordingly took the church ox-train from Isaac Hate who had been foreman of the church ox-train and went to Trumbull to haul the lumber to the temple by oxtteams. The hauling part was soon left to Brother McCullough while Fred Blake spent his time at the mill. Among those who were employed as drivers were William Hunt, William Ferry, Sam Carter, also a transient from California by the name of Isom Walker. Two of these men were used to care for the water wagons which were used as trailers. One of the water wagons was a tank and one was a wagon bed filled with fifty gallon barrels all of which were used for the oxen on the road and then many times they ran very short of water.

The cattle had to be herded at night and this took one awake all night watching them that they did not stray far away. One million feet of lumber was hauled in this way; besides one trip was made to upper Kanab to McDonalds Saw mill for lumber. W.A. McCullough

relates an interesting experience that he had on this trip returning by way of Johnson at a season when the fields were thrown open. The oxen were turned in and during the night they strayed and some were put in the stray pen; so McCullough was arrested for trespass. But then the owners learned that it was church business so McCullough and the cattle were released. A man by the name of Bunting was the pound-keeper.

At Trumbull during the running of the big mill I remember certain characters who had connection with the Mountain Meadow Massacre had come to Trumbull for hiding while they were being searched for by the officers. Among them was a man by the name of Hate (Horten), Stewart (Alias Cameron) and another by the name of Higbee (Alias Juo Mount). I was impressed with the uneasiness of these men whenever strangers would drive up to the house. They would invariably run to hide. I remember one of them had a hut built out in the lava bed to which he would invariably flee if a stranger came in sight. These men had all taken part in the massacre, for which Juo D. Lee paid the supreme penalty of death.

It was customary to haul the lumber to the Antelope Springs during the summer and then on into St. George during winter when the snow was deep at Trumbull. The last of this lumber was hauled by mule teams. An amusing story is told by bishop John Johnson of Provo while hauling lumber down the Hurricane hill. The brakes of the wagon gave way and the wagon ran over the mules killing one out right and crippling the other. They got fixed up and left the dead mule by the side of the road and went on to St. George. After three days this white mule, which they had left for dead came walking into town.

When the big mill was no longer needed for the temple building it was shipped to Arizona and in crossing the Colorado river, bishop Lorenzo Roundy and Tenny were drowned.

As four years of my experience was mostly spent on the Trumbull mountain, at least the summer months, I must continue with this part of my life which I have now brought up to about fourteen years of age. About this time my father lost his health, having overworked at the mill. Many times I have seen him take the cart hook (a tool for turning logs over) and turn the logs alone rather than wait for his men whom he had called to come and assist to move, while perchance they had to take time to roll a cigarette. He was very ambitious a man who always crowded his work and was called a hustler. He had always made a success of his business matters until he had this ranch and the second hand saw-mill thrown on to his hands which he had to operate under adverse circumstances. One of the drawbacks was that the water for all purposes had to be conducted down the side of a mountain one mile in open troughs and the stream was so small that it only run one gallon per minute. Most days several trips up the mountain had to be made by us two boys or someone else to take out obstructions from the stream placed there by the squirrels and chipmunks, in order to back the water up so that they could more conveniently drink. The cattle would often knock the troughs out of place. These troughs were made by sawing out a V shaped piece from a four by four timber. Then too the mill was old and continually needed repairs, which were expensive and took a long time to get extra parts for the mill or engine. Often a shut-down was necessitated while repair went on. Father's health finally failed him and he became bedfast. Tumors formed under his arms from over lifting. These he had removed in a Salt Lake Hospital; but they continued to grow. The summer he took down he called me to his room one day and explained that our food supply was getting low and asked me if I thought I could make a trip to Silver Reef (a distance of about

sixty-five miles) with the oxtteams and take lumber to buy sortie flour and groceries and other things which the family was in need of. As I have already related, though only fourteen years old at this time I had had quite a lot of experience in driving the oxtteams—logging etc. So without any hesitation I told him that I thought I could, for I was really thrilled with the venture. We decided that my brother George, then between eleven and twelve years of age should go with me. We set to work loading up our wagons with lumber and getting barrels in shape to hold water. We loaded three wagons with all that was safe to put on, rounded up our oxen and placed our barrels on the load which had been so built as to hold them. We filled the barrels with water and with provisions enough for a weeks journey we started off, myself with three yoke of oxen and two wagons and my brother with two yoke and one wagon. Father had given us complete instruction, one of the things which he stressed being that we should attend to our prayers morning and evening. He said if we would do this the Lord would help us perform this task and that we would make the journey all right. We averaged about ten miles each day but invariably the cattle would wander away so far at night that it usually took us until nine or ten o'clock in the morning to get them back yoked up and started. We had one old Ox called Nig that was so hard to catch and yoke that we left the yoke on him all night and he was compelled to drag one end of it where ever he went. He had a habit of groaning or lowing all night. (not as a result of the burden that we placed on him of carrying the yoke all night; for he would do this whenever and wherever he laid down) By this mournful sound we could locate the herd even at night until they got out of hearing distance. Many nights we were entertained by doleful and gruesome noises of the coyote and even mountain lion which ordinarily would have chilled our blood and made our hair stand on end; but having had our supper and made our bed down under the wagon and said our humble prayer, we usually went off to sleep in spite of these sounds, and slept all night; for we were generally very tired, having had to walk much of the time in driving our teams. Among the difficult things we had to do was watering our oxen; for in order to do this we had to lift these fifty gallon barrels around out of their hollow place on the load and crawl the water out in buckets and then into a tub. Neither of us alone was strong enough to handle the barrels so we had to both lift them until they were lying crosswise of the load when we would pull a plug out and empty them. In yoking up our oxen both of us had to help as the ox-yokes were heavy and many times the oxen were not so anxious to be yoked up that they would stand still wile it was being done; but the process was generally to take the bow that went around their necks and go to where the ox was standing and put it up on his neck and lead him to the yoke then raise the yoke up and lead him under it. After several days travel we reached the Gould ranch and up until that time we had never had an accident; but here for some reason my oxen became unruly and made such a quick and short turn that they broke my reach, which necessitated my unloading the lumber and taking a two by six out of the load and making a new reach. We had no auger or brace and bit so had to make a hole through the end of the reach. This used to be a common practice in these days when they had no tools. Rawhide was frequently used to wrap around the end of the reach to prevent splitting; but a better method was to put a bolt through. Our next exciting experience happened when we were going down the Hurricane Hill, near where the town of Hurricane now stands. As was customary before going down this hill we stopped and tightened our binders. These binders usually consisted of two by six planks from twelve to sixteen feet long. They were usually tied down with a rope unless they were hanging quite low. I remember in the case of the one on my brothers load that it stood up quite straight and we fastened it securely with a rope to the lumber. My brother was too small to drive his own team down this terrible hill; so I, after rough-locking my wheels drove down a ways and then came

back to drive his team down to mine. As he was so small I had him sit on his load and ride while I walked beside his oxen and drove them down the hill. It was so steep that in spite of our rough locks of both hind wheels the load crowded on to the oxen very hard and the wheelers, as we called the yoke next to the load, had to hold back with all their strength to keep the wagon from running away with them. I had not gone very far down this rough steep hill, when the rope holding the binder, broke, which let the binder (a 2 x 6 - 12 ft. long) come over on my brother's head, cutting the scalp open and knocking him off the load where he lay with his head bleeding profusely. We had only one gallon of water left in our canteen which we had been saving and using very sparingly; for we did not know how soon we would reach water again. This was in the afternoon of a hot day. The first thing I thought of was to give him a drink and then put some of the water on his head which continued to bleed. Then I remembered what my father's parting instructions were about prayer; so also remembering how the Elders administered to people I put my hands on his head and prayed for him and asked the Lord to stop the blood and not let my brother die. When I ceased praying the blood had stopped flowing and I put him on the wagon and gave him all the water he could drink, washed the blood off from his face and went on, first driving my team ahead for a distance and then coming back up to his wagon and driving his team to mine. This I continued until we reached the bottom of the steep winding hill.

We reached the Virgin River that night where our cattle's terrible thirst was satisfied and where I remember I took my first drink since the accident on the hill and was conscious for the first time that I was really thirsty. This drink I took from the canteen which still contained some which was much better water than that of the Virginia river.

The next day we made our way to the Reef, as it was called, a rich mining camp of those days -- 1880. I remember well that when going through the town of Leeds that a man called to me and asked me where my father was. When I told him that he was out at Trumbull sick in bed he said, "where is the man that is with you?" I told him there was no man with us. He replied, "You don't mean to say that you two boys have come all the way from Trumbull alone do you?" I said, "yes sir we have made the trip all alone", (and yet I really felt all the way that we had not been alone). Though my father was on his back and could not do anything, his thoughts and his prayers were sent up to the throne of grace importuning for his boys who had as a matter of necessity undertaken this man's job. So we felt all the time we were on the road that we had some unseen help.

We reached our destination on the 7<sup>th</sup> day from the time we left Trumbull. We delivered the lumber according to father's orders and our supplies and provisions we obtained and returned as we came in only a little less time, as our travel was about as rapid loaded as with empty wagons. Father was a little improved and very thankful to see our safe return. He praised us both for our heroic effort and the successful trip which we had made.

It was in this year of my life that, among other men who came to Trumbull and who owned an interest there and ranged cattle in those parts, was A.W. Ivins, now in the first presidency of the Church. He soon became my ideal. As a boy I watched his conduct, language and habits. I rode on the range with him and soon learned to admire his manly characteristics. He seemed to take a great deal of pride in fine horses and saddles, and equipment and later on I bought a very nice saddle from him. He always seemed to like me and to have me with him and he then called me Willie which he calls me to this day whenever he meets me.

As an illustration of what ownership means to a boy I will relate an incident that took place while I was caring for the calves. Among them was a poor little orphan heifer calf about as wide as it was long that had been motherless about all its life, and only subsisted by what it could occasionally steal from the mothers of other calves. This calf was considered a pest by the milkers as it was always in their way. I too sometimes wished that it would go off somewhere and die. But one day my father said to me "Willie if you will feed that calf and take care of it you may have it". My attitude toward the poor little buttermilk orphan changed at once and from then on I saw that it had its daily rations of nice fresh milk. When the cold weather and snow came if there was any room for any calf in our barn I saw that my calf had it and if I could find a fork of hay just a little brighter and better than the rest I saw that it was placed over by my calf. It grew to be a nice cow and gave me a start in the cattle business. I think it is a good thing to give every boy something when he is yet a child besides his food and clothing, that he can call his own that he may enjoy the thrill of ownership and delight in saying, this is mine. It gives him a new inspiration and appreciation of values.

During this part of my experience at Trumbull I frequently was given a dime or quarter for some little service and I remember that I kept it safely secure in a tin cap box until it got full and it was with this money, thus saved, that I bought my second calf.

In the year 1881, up until which time my father had not recovered, he decided to take a trip to Panguitch Lake, a summer resort near Panguitch, Utah, for his health. I was to drive the team (Dock and Prince) and my sister Hannah was to go along to wait on him. We went from Trumbull across the Pipe Springs, and then to Kanab, and upper Kanab, and from there on to Panguitch and Panguitch Lake. From here we went to the Mammoth Creek where the Cameron boys and others of father's old friends were running a saw-mill and where fish were plentiful in the stream and where they were also running a nice dairyherd which furnished father with plenty of good fresh milk and buttermilk and butter all of which he was very fond.

While we were here an opportunity presented it-self for me to haul a load of wool from the sheering place to Salt Lake City. I was in company with three other men and teams who kindly assisted me in doing anything I could not do myself such as loading and greasing the wagon while loaded. I do not remember anything of special interest that happened on the trip which took about two weeks to make, but I do remember vividly of passing through Provo city and how I wished I could live in such a beautiful place. I remember too of falling to sleep while turning the point beyond Lehi and remaining asleep until I had started north. When I awoke I was not aware that I had made any turn and never thought but what I was going west all the way to Salt Lake City.

When we reached there and had unloaded the wool and received the pay for hauling I set about to find my mothers sister Mrs. Sena Barton; but before going to her home I thought it very proper to dress up a little; so I went to a store and bought some new overalls, jumper and shirt and sox and underwear. As I was about to change I discovered the cause of my itching so much, which I thought was wholly the result of not having a bath since I left Panguitch; but very much to my surprise and mortification, I found that I was covered with body lice. This was indeed a new experience for I had never even seen one before. Instead then of going to hunt my people, I hunted a secluded spot where I could clean up. I found it by driving out of town in a north-easterly direction til I was past all houses which at that time did not extend



on to the hill and there among the sage brush, hidden by my wagon, I made a fire and put my camp bucket on to boil my clothes and cleanse my body. After I had had a good bath with soap and hot water and had boiled every stitch that I had been wearing for about a half an hour, to make sure that every louse would be killed, I dressed in my new clothing and took up my search for Sena Barton home, which I found at 448 west third south where the Denver and Rio Grande Depot now stands. I received a very cordial welcome and it was several days after reaching there that I discovered that I was turned around and that what I thought was north was really west; but I had been accustomed to the city as thus turned and though I have been to Salt Lake City hundreds of times since and watched my directions both going and coming and on nearing there can see my mistake, yet when I get into the city I see it and know it as I first learned it and the sun still sets in the north, I never did know where I got my live stock that I boiled up, whether from my companion on the trip or from the wool that I sat on; but I learned afterward that they were real body lice. I can see the big fat fellows now in my minds eye, floating on top of the water which I boiled my clothes in; but the cure was perfect for I never had one on my body afterward.

I remained in the city about a week and had a wonderful visit with my aunt and uncle George Barton as well as with my cousins Alice, Clara, George, Jay (who is now dead), Tom and Stella who was then the baby.

I returned to Patguitch alone and clean, and with all the money that my trip made except what I had paid for my actual traveling expenses and the clothes in Salt Lake. This money was quite a help to my sick father, who concluded after I returned to go down to Kanab. While there we stayed with fathers friend Brother McAllister and at this place, he was called upon by the St. George stake authorities President J.D. McAllister, brother Cannon and Jas. G. Bleak and others who were there in what was familiarly known as the temple wagon. They invited and counseled my father to go with them to St. George instead of returning to Trumbull, which he did. That left Hannah and I to make our way, back to Trumbull. On my way home I had bought a load of flour on the Sevier to take to Trumbull. We had a good road as far as Pipe Springs; but from there on it was not traveled much across to Trumbull; but we got along all right and made the trip in two days. I remember how hard a time we had getting up one hill; but my team was good to pull and I tied the lines and rolled on the wheels while Hannah blocked, for me, that means she carried a rock to put behind the hind wheel when the horses pulled as far as they could without resting. This was to keep the wagon from running back. Some times they would not go more than two or three feet to a pull; but we reached home safely.

As school time approached we went into St. George for school. Our father never kept us out of school for the purpose of working. I remember of his asking me one day what I would like to be and I replied that I would like to become a good blacksmith. He told me that anybody could be a blacksmith and that I should aspire to something greater than that. It may be interesting for me to relate something that happened on this trip to St. George. We had a lot of half grown pigs that we could not winter over at Trumbull so I fixed up the white top carriage and put them in it and covered them over with a board floor on which my Aunt Hannah was to place her bedding and other effects and ride to town. It was not so bad the first day even for her in the back of the carriage, but by the second day the aroma from the pigs was any thing but pleasant and especially after we got into the hot weather near St. George, but something more striking was yet to happen, as we got nearer to the city the greater the travel had been on the dry

road and it was very badly cut up and dusty. As the intensity of the odor increased my aunt asked me to drive as fast as I could to create a breeze and thus lessen the stink; so to be very considerate and comply with her request, I whipped up the horses and no sooner had gotten them up to high gait than we ran into one of these deep chuck holes filled with dust. Naturally the carriage made a great rebound on its springs; but aunty who had gone up with the rebound had not returned in time to light in the conveyance; but just behind it in the big chuck hole which we had just emerged from. I happened to look back and found that my passenger had left her seat; so I stopped as soon as possible and went back. I found her sitting in the road covered with dust so deep that I could hardly help her for laughing from which attitude she always claimed that she thought I had run into the chuck hole on purpose to throw her out; but she was mistaken about that. Fortunately nothing serious resulted from this high dive as her daughter Jennie was born alright about a week later.

Among the schools I attended after I was eight years of age was one taught by a teacher by the name of Schultz in the third ward school house, later to Mr. Shopman in the basement of the Tabernacle. My most intimate friend and Pal was John McQuarie with whom I studied and exchanged books. During the school months we were together almost constantly. Our next and most wonderful teacher was J.A. Whitelack who taught in the upstairs of the court house of St. George. It was while attending his school that I finished my high school work. He still lives in Salt Lake city.

I should not pass this epoch of my life's history without due reference to my Love Romance. As early as the age of eight years while attending the school of Martha Cox, I was especially attracted by the looks and conduct of little Effie Woolley, who was then six years old and many incidents of our childhood were deeply impressed on my memory. On one occasion while attending this school there was a party given in the hall, afterwards known as Woolley Lund and Judd Store. I wanted to take Effie to this party and submitted the matter to my mother, who fixed me up with my best clothes and a new pair of red suspenders and told me how I should act and what to say when I went down to sister Whoolleys to ask if I could take her little daughter to the party. I found on arriving there that Effie too was ready to go. I found sister Whoolley sitting at her machine sewing by the south window in their west room. I appreciated with some feeling of embarrassment, modesty and bashfulness and yet sufficient courage to make known my wishes. I learned afterward that my mother had followed me and came into the house at the back door to listen to how well I carried out my program; so after I had gotten the mother's consent and as we were walking off from the porch I remember hearing Sister Whoolley remark to my mother, "wouldn't it be a strange thing if when they grow up if they should marry". Of course as yet I had not thought very sincerely of that part of it as I was only eight and she six years,. But I can remember how proud I was walking hand in hand down to the hall. This proved to be only a commencement of a real love affair; for at the age of twelve years I concluded that she was the loveliest girl in the whole town and at that age I can remember I became jealous if she paid any particular attention to the other boys. We attended school together, both lived on the same block. We attended the same Sunday School and church house and with the exception of a short time she spent in Salt Lake while her oldest brother Frank was filling a mission in England, we were sweethearts from the age of fourteen and sixteen on. I will leave this subject here now and relate more of my experience while in my fifteenth year.

Most of the summer months were put in hauling lumber from Trumbull to St. George with a horse team called Prince and Dock. My father had bought them from Will Thomas of St. George who had used them on the ore-road at Leeds and fed them so much corn that they were what we termed in those days "burned out" and it meant that they could not stand a hard days work without having a lot of grain to eat. One of them particularly (Prince) would frequently give out entirely with me on the road and I traded him to a man by the name of Shirts for a large bay horse which was quite deaf but always on the job for when he felt the other horses move he would start quickly and keep his advantage on the double tree, broke a colt on Trumbull that we called Prince; so he with the bay one still made us a team called Prince and Dock.

My brother George has suggested that I include in this History an account of my selling molasses that we had taken in exchange for lumber. Father sent us to Silver Reef from St. George to sell the molasses. He says (and it must be true for I never knew of him telling a lie) that when I called at peoples houses and asked them if they wanted to buy some molasses that in answer to their question as to how much per gallon the molasses was I replied that father told me to sell it for one dollar per gallon if I could get it; but if not to take seventy-five cents and he insists that all who bought took it for the price of seventy-five cents. He thinks that is a real joke on me and perhaps it is but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I did not overcharge them.

When father's health completely failed, we closed down the mill and concluded to let the oxen fatten on the range and market them for beef. It was in making preparations for this that I had some experience that I have forgotten. My brother George and I spent several days rounding up some of the oxen, and we had in mind a milk cow that run on Pine Mountain that we could never control, which we thought should be driven off and taken to market with the oxen. We finally got her down from the mountain after running our saddle horses nearly to death to get her and the first day out from Trumbull we reached the top of the Hurricane hill about 20 miles from our ranch. It was a bitter cold day and the wind blew terrifically. Night was upon us and there was no corral to put them in for the night; but the road at the top of the hill had been out through solid rock which formed a gateway and on either side of this it would be impossible for an animal to get by; so we concluded to drive our cattle down that far and then make our bed in the road and then keep them back for the night. Accordingly we unsaddled our horses which we hobbled and put below the pass and after eating our supper we spread our saddle blankets down, and this was all the bedding we had and they were damp with the horses sweat. We tried to keep the covers on us and to sleep but the wind blew so hard that it was impossible for us to hold the blankets on us; so we laid and shivered and nearly froze to death, before morning. I never spent such a night before or since in my life. The wind went down as the sun rose and Tie felt thankful that we were still alive. Our plan to hold the cattle down the hill had worked perfectly, and after catching our horses and saddling them up we -proceeded down the hill, to gather up our cattle which we hoped to find lying down or grazing around; but we found that our Pine Mountain cow had outwitted us for she had said to herself (and her brethren the oxen). "I don't want to be slaughtered and eaten by those miners, I prefer to live on Pine Mountain for several years yet and have a lot of fun with the cowboys in trying to find my haunts and places of refuge and escaping from them as I have done ever since I was a calf, by my mothers side who too was never corralled". So she continued, you follow me and I will take you back by another route to the green pastures of Mount Trumbull. The oxen said "this is a bitter cold night and there is no comfort to be had here among the rocks, let us go down to the foot of the hill (1 mile of steep winding road) and graze awhile and take under advisement and suggestion, made by our sister

Mrs. Wild Pine Mountain. Evidently the decision reached-by the council was to follow her ladyship, for all that we found of them was their tracks leading in her proposed direction. They must have traveled all night for we never did overtake them; but from this experience like all other experiences in life there was a lesson learned and that we took advantage of. The second time we started out later in the day and drove all night with our beef while it was cool and rested while it was hot. This time we were successful in reaching Silver reef; but there was one thing happened just before reaching our destination of a very unusual occurrence. One of our oxen (old Roney) was blind in one eye and in passing a deep prospect hole (which is a round hole in the ground about eight feet in diameter) and this one was about twenty feet deep from which the windless that they used for pulling up the rock, had been removed. The blind ox fell in head first. The poor fellow bellowed terribly and a crowd soon gathered to see what had happened. Richard Morris of St. George, whom my father had arranged with, to be there and see about the weighing and selling of the cattle, was soon on the scene. He told the boys to get some ropes and help get the animal out and he would treat the crowds. It must have taken a full hour before they succeeded in bringing him to the top all of which time he was mooing and bellowing most pitiful, which naturally touched the hearts of the bystanders and made them work harder for his extrication. As he went down headfirst his head was doubled back and his horn run into his neck. His flesh was quite badly brushed and therefore quite a reduction was made by the butcher on his purchase price. But Morris sent to one of the winemakers and got a ten gallon keg full of wine for the crowd, who all went away feeling good. While thinking of Richard Morris, I will state that he proved to be my mothers beat friend and financial adviser and later became interested in the Trumbull ranch. I received a great many good suggestion from him and profited many times by following his counsel,

My father had laid sick for two years and gradually grew weaker, He was born in Liverpool, England, January 17, 1836 and died on the 19<sup>th</sup> of February 1882 at the age of forty-six years and one month. During his last illness the doctors prescribed gin for him to drink quite freely, I remember vividly the night he died. For several hours he lay quiet gazing up at the ceiling not even winking his eyes; but occasionally smiling; finally he roused and began to tell us how happy he was and that he was going. He called us all to his bedside including his second and third wife who had been expecting his passing for several days. I remember my sister Hannah who had nursed him so much, began to cry and father said, “you foolish little girl you to cry when papa is so happy”. He asked for his gin and offered it to different ones who stood around his bed and finally to me end said “drink some of fathers gin”. I answered “no papa I don’t want to drink liquor”. Thereupon he replied, “That is right my son, I hope you will never be a drunkard”. Those were his last words to me and have been a sort of an anchor to me all my life. He passed away within a few hours from then. His funeral was held in the St. George Tabernacle to which structure he had made many liberal contributions. The speakers were president of the stake D. D. McArther, John D. McAllister and Jos. G. Bleak. He was laid in the city cemetery beside my sister Annie. This lot is occupied at this date by him, at the head, Annie on one side, Sena, another sister of mine on the other, my mother opposite at the foot, my Aunt Hannah beside her, and there is room left only for Zepher K. Nixon, his third wife, on my mothers left side. There is a monument at the head inscribed for each one.

Now my real history begins: for being the oldest son the responsibility of my mothers family fell upon me. The brothers and relatives of Hannah and Zepher assisted them. An equal distribution of property all except my mother’s home was made by will. Each wife

received a portion of the cattle and ranch at Trumbull and other property. When all obligations had been met as provided for by the will the actual available cash to each child was sixty-five dollars. I was now sixteen years of age.

Before proceeding further with this history I want to go back a few months to a date when while my father was still alive I think about November or December of the previous year, my Aunt Sena Barton accompanied by one of her dear old friends, Sister Luir came to St. George to visit my father, as she felt for his last time. After her visit was over and she was ready to return home, it became my duty to take them in a lumber wagon to Milford our then nearest railroad station. I remember well my father's last words to me then, which were, "remember your prayers and you will get along alright". I had never yet been over this road and it took several days to make the trip. There was nothing in particular that impressed me until the evening of the third day in leaving Parowan and following instructions, as well as I remembered them given by men from each place we passed through. As it began to grow dark and the road seemed to be less traveled, yet I could not think of any other road that I should have taken, I went on. That my readers may more fully appreciate the mode of travel-our conveyance was a 3-1/4 bail wagon with spring seat and bows and cover. At this point of the story my Aunt and Mrs. Luir were in the back of the wagon sitting on the bedding while I sat out on the spring seat driving, with the wagon cover drawn down tight between us just behind the seat. It grew darker and darker and while I remember I was a little worried, yet I did not know what to do but keep going, in hopes of reaching some farm house or some one who could tell us how far it was to Beaver the next town. Finally it became so dark that I could not even see my horses heads, and all at once, when everything was quiet except the chuck of the wagon wheels, I heard some one say "stop", I pulled up my lines and threw on my brake, and turned around to my aunt, and said "What for?" She replied, "what did you stop for?" I told her "because you said stop" then she replies "we have neither of us said a word for quite awhile". I said "some one said Stop, very plainly and this means something". I thereupon tied my lines, and got down on the ground, in front of my horses, struck a match and discovered that if I had gone about eight feet farther we would have gone over an embankment about thirty feet deep. Here the road had been washed out by a heavy flood, and therefore abandoned. It was with some difficulty that by backing and cramping my wagon and backing this way several times that I finally got the team and wagon turned around to go back and got on to the right road which we did and at a late hour reached Beaver. We all felt then and I have ever since felt that it was a voice from the unseen world that sounded the warning "Stop", that saved our lives.

At this time my aunt was not taking any part in the church work, though she and my mother had walked every foot of the way from the Missouri River across the plains to Salt Lake. They had left their native land Denmark, with their parents and brothers and two sisters for the gospel sake. They had buried their father on the ocean without any funeral services, just wrapped in his featherbed and strapped to a plank with a sack of coal attached to sink him to the bottom of the ocean. When they reached America (in the state of Iowa) their mother and brother and two sisters all died of cholera leaving my mother - who was then thirteen and my aunt who was eleven years old, to walk to Utah. My aunt retained her faith in the Gospel but as I said before was not taking any part in the church and in later years of her life in raising her family she had left off all church duties. Her husband had apostatized from the church and died a drunkards death, the wages of sin. Now back to the warning voice, which merely mentioned one word, "Stop." I have always felt that it was brought about for a purpose. A powerful testimony for me

as a young man and a semaphore for my future life. There could be no more important word spoken to any human being when found about to make a serious mistake to go wrong, say the wrong thing, do the wrong thing-hundreds of times since then I have been impressed by some good influence to "Stop". My aunt who was with me after being divorced from her husband and struggled to finish raising her family, found herself alone and with time to listen to good brethren in the church at her house as ward teacher and from the pulpit and thus her spirit was revived and her testimony renewed to the divinity of the work of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Furthermore she became a zealous worker and did a lot of temple work before her death. I visited her in her last illness in July 1930 and her last words to me were -- "Will do talk to my children" she died in full faith in the Gospel and was laid away in her temple robes. She never forgot the warning voice to me in her presence. As for myself it was the beginning of a series of testimonies by the hundred that I have received that God lived and that the Latter Day work is His message to man for their eternal salvation. I expect as this history is written to relate some of the remarkable things that I have witnessed for after all these are the most worthwhile things to record for the benefit of my children and grandchildren who may read this brief history. As I have thought of what that simple, single word has meant to me in molding my life in giving me a perfect knowledge that there is such a thing as a man's guardian angel that it meant to me at the time in all probability life instead of death. That I have been permitted to live on and perhaps have done some little good in the world, seems to me wonderful instead of being cut off in my boyhood by a serious accident that in all probability would have resulted, had I not been warned by that kind personage whoever it may have been to "Stop".

This winter 1883 I attended school taught by Richard Horn in the 15<sup>th</sup> ward in Salt Lake City and lived with my aunt and family, Mrs. Barton. George Barton who was just a year younger than I slept with me. I remember one night when I had been out late some place alone I came home and found the house locked and not wishing to waken the people I concluded to raise a back window and crawl in quietly and get to my bed without disturbing anyone. No sooner had I landed on the floor inside, when a voice called out "Who's there?" I replied promptly it is Will, whereupon my Uncle George who had been awakened came into the room and said "young man you should never have done that; for you may have been shot for a burglar. My aunt was a very lively and jolly character and one who was very attractive to other people and my uncle was very jealous of her; but always treated me very well. I used to take pleasure in driving his horse (Dolly) and buggy up to town in the morning and take him to his work at Jennings's Store. Masquerade parties were common that winter and we had some very good times. It was at Richard Horns school that I got my first real insight into fractions.

A year before going to Salt Lake after fathers death, I went to Silver Reef to get a job and found one working for an old in the cedars burning charcoal for sale at Silver Reef. He was a kind old fellow but very dirty and profane and so I took the first job I could get and left him and went to work for A.P. Hardy (Gus) hauling ore with four horses up from the Reef down to the Benella Hill on the Virgin River. While still working for Gus Hardy, he had been selected by the mail contractors to start the Star route mail from St. Thomas, Nevada to Mineral Park, Arizona. He selected me as one of his riders (as this was to be a Pony Mail) for the reason that I had done so much horseback riding in the last four years. Edward (Ted) Kelsey was hired for the other riders. Mr. Hardy went with up over the route for the first trip. This route was from St. Thomas, Nevada down the Virgin River to Benella's Ferry which was kept by Mr. Banella and his wife who always reminded me of an old witch, yet they were always kind to me. There we

crossed the Colorado River on a Ferry boat, and from there we crossed the desert to Eldorado Canyon where we had to again cross the river to get to the Eldorado city or mining camp. Here we changed mail and then returned back across the river to the same point we had just left and from there we started for Mineral Park, Arizona across the desert of about forty-five miles, which brought us to a spring kept by a Mexican. There we changed horses again as we would do at each of the former stops, and go on to Mineral Park. This took continuous riding and there we were allowed to lay over and rest for three days and then start back and ride continuously day and night for four days with only time to rest while the mail was being changed. This meant three hundred miles every four days, then rest three days and repeat. Many scores of times I have gone to sleep after sitting in the saddle for three or four hours awakened from some unusual occurrence as the mule stumbling or some unusual sound and found myself fifteen or twenty miles farther along on my journey than when I went to sleep. On the longest part of the desert we used small mules and made the trip principally at night. We carried the mail in leather bags tied on behind our saddle and had a canteen or two of water suspended from the horn of the saddle. The mule became so accustomed to the trail that he would always follow it without being guided in fact could do so much easier than I could guide him; so I could banish all care and sit there supported by my stirrups and my hands on the horn of the saddle and sleep on. The distance as I now remember across the desert between the river and the Mexican spring straight across was about sixty miles without going around by the Eldorado Canyon. This country was mostly sand and grew cactus and joshua principally. Some of the most heartrending experiences of my life happened in the time I was carrying that mail. Many men who for various reasons attempted to make the trip on foot across this desert without knowing the perils that were to be encountered. In some instances they would start out alone or perhaps with a companion in the evening from the river expecting to reach water again before morning or at least before they would get very thirsty. The soft sandy road made their travel much more laborious than they had anticipated, besides the weather being so hot and the distance before they reached water so much greater than they frequently anticipated they were frequently overcome with the heat and for want of drink till they had to give up and their bodies were found in some instances many days later lying beneath some Joshuas whose shade they had sought. Many men perished in this manner during the time I was riding there. I will here relate one or two instances of this kind. On leaving the old Mexican ranch one morning, out about ten miles, I met one of these unfortunate fellows who had traveled all night and without water and I encouraged him by telling him that he had only ten miles further to go. On my return trip I found this victim of this perilous trip lying on the porch of the Mexicans, who told me that when he reached there his tongue was so swollen that he could not drink. I spoke to him, and asked him if I could do anything for him and all he could do was to point to the spring and grunt out the word water, when I brought it he could not get it down his throat. The Mexican had tried the day before to get this fellows boots off and thus give his feet a chance to rest; but when he made an effort to do this the man would prevent him, and would not allow them to be taken off. He died the following day and when the county officers come out to bury him, as they were frequently doing whenever they were reported before wild animals had discovered them, they found in taking his boots off that he had considerable greenbacks in his boots and a picture of some woman, perhaps his wife or sister.

Another occasion, after about five miles on my road from this same station I met two men who were nearly famished for water and they asked we how much further it was to water. I told them and offered them, a drink from my smaller canteen. They, however only took

a few swallows to moisten the mouths and remarked "this boy will need all he has to save his own life we must not rob him; but we would be thankful when you come to our families back about fifteen miles further if you would encourage them and if you think you can spare a little water give our little children some. I went on my way rejoicing in having given a little comfort and as I approached the camp that had been forced, as a result of the teams completely given out, I found the two women and a number of little children crouched in the shade of their wagons, and as I approached they began to thank God for what they hoped to be some relief. The children began to cry and plead for a drink. I had only one thought in my mind, and that was these children shall have drink if I have to go without all the way to the river for I had a good grain fed, strong horse, and I felt that the Lord would protect me and not let me suffer for water if I gave this to save these little children that were then choking to death for a drink.

Accordingly, I got down from the horse and took my large canteen, one gallon, and let each child have a drink from it and found it was with great difficulty that I was able to pull it from each to give the others some in order that all may have a small drink before it was all gone. The mothers too took a few swallows, but preferred to leave any remaining for their little ones. Some of whom were not more than two years old and still crying for more water. Never in my life, before, had my heart become touched as it was then. I could not go on without giving them a little from my small canteen (two quarts out of which their fathers had had a few swallows). It was now about noon and the sun beat down upon us terrifically. I bid them all good-bye and told them I was sure their fathers would reach the water all right and get some to bring back to them, by the next day and for them to keep as quiet as they could and lie in the shade. I went on my way lighter hearted and happier than I had ever been before on that route. I felt that I had been able to give great relief if not save the lives of those children. I also went with a prayerful heart believing that as a result of my service that the Lord would not allow me to suffer with thirst too much. I remembered that the Lord had been considerate enough of me on two special occasions to answer my prayers and one of them to save my life and I hoped for some good purpose. Once my prayers were heard when I prayed for my brother whose head was bleeding profusely from the wound made by the lumber binder, and once by protecting me from going over the embankment by the one word "Stop". So I rode away from this grateful little group with their prayerful expressions of gratitude and their blessings. Now another new witness of Gods blessings and that he hears and answers prayers was about to come to me. Never did my horse seem more willing and anxious to go. It had never been our custom to ride faster than a job trot with our heavy bags of mail; but this time I felt impressed to increase the speed and get to water as soon as possible and therefore I kept him on a gallop most of the way to the river, only slackening down to the usual gate for time to get his wind. Now the remarkable thing is my prayer and those of my beneficiaries was answered by my not thinking of water or getting thirsty on the entire trip and the little water that had been left when I left the unfortunate camp was still in my canteen when I reached the river. It is needless to say that the trip was greatly shortened, that my heart was rejoicing, and that I had learned the value and blessing that comes through sacrifice and service. Here I am reminded of my father who in my opinion was one of the best men that ever lived. When I was a little boy about ten years old I was with him in his hardware store at St. George. He also carried some provisions as flour and grain. One day a very good and very poor brother by the name of Henry Schlappy came into the store, and asked my father how he could pay him for a sack of flour that his family were entirely out, and that he would be glad to work for him or he would pay him from the first that he earned. My father told him to take a sack of flour home with him using these words which I have never tried to forget, "When



you get better off than I am you may pay for it. Until then don't think about it." This thing would not have seemed nearly so inconsistent to me as a boy had it not been that only an hour before this I had asked my father to give me a dime to buy some candy and he refused me saying, "You have enough candy and we can't afford to spend that much money for candy for little boys." The line of reasoning that went through my childish brain was this, "No you can't give me ten cents but you can give that man a whole sack of flour". I had not learned yet that to give the poor was lending to the Lord. If my father had one fault greater than any other it was being too liberal a giver.

Now back to my history -- I had just brought myself to the river with water still in my canteen. Time and space will not admit of my trying to write all that happened while I was thus employed as a mail rider for nearly six months; but there are some things I am impressed to write because of their importance, in my opinion, and in the hopes that my posterity may be benefited by them.

I had sent a little money home to help my widowed mother, but the major portion of it I had saved till I was about ready to go home. In the early part of the last month that I remained on the job there was a company of home-seekers going through the country with horse teams and among their big fine teams was a large young horse that had taken sick, along the road and had become very poor in flesh; but had pretty well recovered from his ailment. This horse was not able to make the drives that the train was wanting to do and so they concluded they would sell him to some rancher let him go cheap. I had always been a horse fancier and loved a nice big team, as such a horse was worth at least two hundred dollars when in good order, I fell for the proposition and gave them their price for the horse which was sixty-five dollars; and I thought I had made a wonderful bargain. I kept the animal there for a short time till he had rested up and recuperated a little when I got a chance to send him to St. George from St. Thomas where I had purchased him. I wrote to my mother to care for him till I came home, which I did a few weeks later.

Before leaving my mail service experience, I want to acknowledge the Lords goodness to me in the wonderful way I was blessed with health and strength to endure the task I had undertaken as a boy of sixteen years.

As I have already related Ted Kelsey was my riding mate and he was a moral man of good habits except that he smoked cigarettes. He was two years my senior. We made our regular trips for about a month when he became so weary and worn out for rest that his brother, Sam Kelsey, who was then living near St. Thomas took his shift, and rode for two or three weeks when Ted resumed his task and rode for a few more weeks and then quit. Will Sullivan then took his job and was riding when I quit. In this way I had really rode against four men, and I never missed one single trip, in the whole time, I did however the last few days contract chills and fever (or ague) which I had in my system when I went home. On arriving there I found my horse had put on considerable flesh and I felt very much encouraged with my investment. I bought me some clothes and after paying for the horse's food, I got down to just twenty dollars. I remember well I had on twenty-dollar god piece, when my mother for the first time ever offered a suggestion as to what I should spend my money for, reminded me that I owed the Lord a tithing of what I had made which would be twenty dollars. My first thought was to comply with her wishes and this law and pay my tithing. Then I thought if I could fatten my horse up

and sell him, I could spare the tithing so much easier. Just then a man came to our door who had some oats to sell and at a reduced price for he was from the north and was just closing out his load and offered me a few sacks of oats at a bargain. I thought I could see how another ton of hay and these sacks of oats would put my horse in fine shape for selling and so I concluded that that was the best thing to do, and I bought the oats. Before they were quite all fed up I took down with the chills and fever and lay very sick for several days and my fever became very high. The food was now gone and it was time of the year when the grazing was fine out at Trumbull and the only thing my mother and I could think of was to send the horse to Trumbull. We found a splendid chance to do so by a very responsible party, who when he returned told me that he delivered him all right and the food and water plentiful and he thought the horse would do fine. This of course all sounded very encouraging to a sick boy who had his hard earnings invested in this animal. It was less than a week from then while I was yet very sick that my mother came into my room and said, "Willie I have some bad news for you". Without another word said, I suggested, "I know what it is, my horse is dead". "Yes my mother said, Ben Blake came in from there and brought us that word." No sooner had that been made known than it flashed upon me, "I did not pay my tithing on that money I bought him with. I have robbed the Lord and it really serves me right". The bad news and its consideration made me worse and I was out of my head for hours at a time. In the midst of this very serious thought I will relate a joke that they who set around my bed told me afterward as an evidence of my unconscious mind. A couple by the name of Lydia Lang and Brigham Meehan had just been married and they hearing of my serious illness came up to see me and it appears that I must have been conscious of my folks having said something of the marriage but unconscious of their presence. It was afterward told that I made use of this remark while the young couple sat there. "Well I think Brigham did fine but I surely think Lydia drove her ducks to a poor market," and while this may have been true I was sure I would not have said this about this good young man if for no other reason than he was the man who was kind enough to take my horse to Trumbull without charge.

One evening while I was still very sick brother Jas. G. Bleak and David H. Cannon came to the house, and inquired of my mother how we all were, and she told them that all were well except me and that I was a very sick boy. My mother asked me if I would not like to be administered to by them and of course I was very glad to be, so they came in to my bed room and when they saw me they said to my mother, "Now I think I can see why we were directed to come in here. When we left the office, we merely went out for a walk and kept coming till we reached your gate", when one of them suggested, "let us go in and see how widow Nixon is getting alone", and so we came in not knowing of your son's illness". After they administered to me I began to feel better at once and the next morning I ate some food for the first time since I took down.

In September of this year I turned seventeen. I arranged with my mother to let me go to school and take the sixty-five dollars of my estate money for my board and charge the balance to my portion that may come after. As a result of the increase from my calf (the butter calf milk that I once despised) and the other I had from savings I had a number of cattle and some horses and from these I paid for my board and clothes that winter. During the summer I hauled lumber from Trumbull with Prince and Dock. Also hauled wood from Diamond Valley and in the fall I earned our winter potatoes working for Jim Ranchell, helping him put up his grain and potatoes. I also made a trip or two to the Grand Gulch for copper which was smelted at St. George. I remember also one trip I made with a Mr. Leavit from Trumbull to the Colorado

River at Pierces Ferry with two loads of lumber. We went down the Hurricane at the Fred Bloke road nothing very unusual happened until on our return when one of the mares in his team became very sick and he gave her the most of the flour we had, in a batter. It seemed to cure her but left us very short of food. I remember also that we secured some beans from the Indians at the river and at one point on our road, the elevation was so great that we could not cook them soft. Our food gave out entirely and the last three days before we reached Trumbull we did not have any at all. This was my first experience in fasting more than two meals, I can vividly remember the first thing I found to eat was on top of the Hurricane Hill. I came across some prickly pear apples that were ripe and red and juicy. I don't remember how many dozen I ate; but I do remember that I never had tasted anything in my life that seemed quite so good. Brother Richard Morris was a great friend and helped to find jobs for me with the team such as hauling freight from Milford railroad station and hauling hay to Silver Reef and it helped me provide for the family that father had left. In the meantime my sister Emma had married John Mathis and moved to Price, Utah. Hannah too, married about this time to J. M. (Tobe) Whitinore who had also moved into that country, having taken his cattle from Trumbull to what is known as the Park, east of Price.

While I had to work hard during these two years in the summer time I have always thought of them as my happier time. I attended Mr. Whitlock's school the following winter and completed the High School Course.

The early affinity that grew up between my young sweetheart at the ages of eight and six years persisted, and we were still sweethearts going through school together. Her parents both being dead, her father had been killed by the Indians when she was less than a year old and her mother, when she was about nine years old left her to be raised by her sister Idie, and provided for by Frank B. Woolley her oldest brother, assisted later by Jed and Ezra. All of these except Ezra she could do better than to stick to me for a future husband. But Ezra who was nearer my age and more intimately acquainted with me always gave me a welcome. This situation created within me a deep determination to make good. As most boys at that age I tried the cigarette as an entertainer while on the road, and while I hadn't used it long it was enough to create an appetite for tobacco. When Effie learned that I had been smoking she told me that if I wanted her company, I must quit the use of tobacco. I loved her more than the cigarette and so I quit it. It was soon after this that I went through the St. George Temple and had my endowments. I had been baptized for several hundred men previous to this. As a result of my determination to make good and finally make a real home for the girl that had made her choice from among a lot of suitors that she could have had; I was determined to make a man of myself and become an honor to my parents who had done so much for me. I often thought if I could live to become as good and useful a man as my father had been, I would be very thankful.

In the spring of 1884 when I was eighteen years of age I rounded up my horses and started for Castle Valley primarily for the purpose of visiting my sisters—Emma, Hannah, and also to see the country of which I had heard so much. When I reached Panguitch Lake they were celebrating some holiday and a special portion of the day was horse racing. It happen that I had an old race horse which had a trick connected with his running, which was to never go past the starting line unless he could get a little the start, and if he found that he could not keep the lead, before he fell behind he would always take the other horses track and keep in front of him dodging either way the rival would. A race was made for quite a purse of money and I entered

with the rest for the sport. It happened that my horse was a whirl wind for a short distance and led the others which was longer winded and made better time toward the end. But as was his custom when he saw the other horse coming close upon him he went over and took his tract and kept the lead to the finish. It seems that in those days, not only was all fair in love and war but fair in horse-racing, no matter what happened from the time they were tapped off till they crossed the line of the outcome. Whichever horse crossed it first had won, so I was not even accused of jockeying, but the purse was readily handed over to me. I don't remember anything that would be interesting that happened on the trip till I reached Keslers ranch north of Panguitch where I camped for the night. But to show how unimportant things will make an impression on ones mind especially in youth I will relate a remark a boy of the Kesler family made. When we had all set up to the table to eat, as there were other campers taking their supper there it took all the room and plate there were to supply the visitors, one boy of the family about six years old who wanted his supper, was told by his mother that he would have to wait as they did not have plates enough for him, but they would get some plates when they got rich. He replied, "I don't want to wait for my supper till you get rich."

The next morning the boys asked me if I could ride a bronco and I told them I could, and would ride their horse once for \$5.00, They said they did not have \$5.00 but would give me that amount in cheese if I would ride him for them. So we agreed and they caught the wild horse that had never been ridden and helped me put my saddle on him and get on. Then the free for all began. I had ridden worse horses, but he was mean enough to make it interesting and when I had ridden him long enough to suit them, they delivered the cheese and I placed it in my pack and went on my way rejoicing.

When I reached the town of Emery in Castle Valley I stayed at the home of Sam Williams and on the following day he invited me to go out with him to see his field on the bench. When we reached there I noticed all over the uncultivated country a lot of little mounds on which in most cases, there was a bush of some kind but the earth seemed to have been swept away from the little mound. I asked Mr. Williams how he accounted for this rough condition, and he willingly answered, "That is an evidence that we don't have much wind here in this Valley. If it blew hard enough it would sweep those mounds all away". I readily took the hint, which meant that the wind did blow so terrifically that everything that was loose was carried away, and but for the bushes whose roots were holding the earth fast around them these little knolls would have gone too. This was my introduction to Castle Valley breezes.

As I passed into Ferron the animal I was riding ran a nail into his foot from which he became very lame; but by treatment of liniment which I secured at Mike Molens and by changing horses I managed to make my way to Huntington where I stopped for the night. I found a number of former St. George friends there among them was Don. C. Robbins, William Mathie, Oliver Harman and others.

I next went to Price and after a few days visit with my sisters Emma Mathis and Hannah Whitmore we went up to the Park where Tobe Whitmore had his cattle ranch. I was hired by Tobe to ride the range and to break horses to work and ride and to also work on the winter ranch at a point that afterward became Sunny Side Coal Camp.

On one of my trips from the Park down Soldiers Canyon to the winter ranch I had hitched up in the team with "Old Dutch" a big fine sorrel horse called "Keno" that I had only had hitched up a few times before. I stopped to give them a drink at a creek crossing and after having undone the tugs I went in front of Keno to let the neck yoke down. He struck me with his front foot in the face inflicting an ugly wound from which I wear the scar till this day on my cheek

It might be interesting to read of my daily duties which I performed while at this farm. The Whitmores, (George, Tobe and Sam) kept a number of breeding cattle and horses there to feed. They also had some alfalfa and corn land that they farmed. This first summer they did not have a mowing machine; so all the alfalfa had to be mowed by a scythe -- by hand. They left me with a man by the name of George McCall (Dad) who was several years my senior. This was our daily routine: get up in the morning as soon as it was light, go out and feed about forty head of cattle and halt as many horses; then come into the log cabin and cook our breakfast. After breakfast we went down into the field and commenced our task, of mowing seven acres of alfalfa with our scythes -- one following behind the other until about eleven o'clock when we would pick a dozen ears of corn, dig some potatoes and return to the cabin where we watered the stock and then cooked our dinner of flapjacks, bacon, beans and vegetables from the field. At one o'clock we were back on the job and continued till the sun was nearly set. After setting the water (irrigating) for the night we would return again for the choring and to prepare supper at the cabin. We were frequently visited by other cowboys and one of the owners. On such occasions they used to have us shuck corn either by moon or fire light until nearly midnight, just for a rest and of course we were highly entertained by the songs and jokes that came from cowboy life. One of the interesting things connected with all this is the remuneration I received -- one whole dollar a day and my board. I kept this up until about the first of October and the most of my wages were still coming to me as all the clothes that were necessary were overalls jumper hat and shoes.

When fall came I went back to Price and was encouraged by some of my friends to apply for a position of teaching their school there that winter. I was now only turned nineteen and had never given teaching any thought. There were three other applicants for the job -- Mr. Teancum Pratt, Will Tidwell, and William Halverson who afterward committed suicide while being incarcerated in the county jail for larceny. I was the successful candidate, providing I could pass the county examination. Elias H. Cox of Huntington was the county Superintendent and I went to him to be examined. He passed me with high percentages in the studies I was expected to teach. Accordingly I returned to Price (Carbon and Emery were then all one county called Emery County) and made a contract to teach for '\$60. per month.

I opened school in the old log house which up to that time was used for all purposes. Before I was through registering pupils I had seventy of them ranging from beginners up to married people. I rode back and forth from the John Mathis farm, where my sisters lived, for a while. Later I took up boarding with William H. Branches family. In my judgment I had a very successful year -- so much so that the trustees and county commissioners choose to send me to the Deseret University for a two years course as a county normal, my books and tuition being furnished by the county. By accepting this opportunity I obligated myself to return and teach in that same county from which I had been sent for the same length of time that I had attended the University.

During the time that I taught at Price I took part in all the activities of the ward including, the dramatic work. Mrs. Ella Branch was one of the leading characters. Her children all attended my school except the youngest. Olive Branch Milburn of the Yale Ward in Salt Lake City took her first lessons There. Among some of the older ones were Mrs. G. Faucett, Mrs. Anderson, her sister, Enoch Bryner and all the older ones, Joe and Arthur Burch, Henry Allred and others. I also gave private lessons to a Japanese who worked on the railroad. It was during this winter that I finished reading the Bible which I had commenced a year before, after coming back from my mail riding trip.

When spring came I purchased a good work horse called Prince, from the Whitney brothers at Huntington and I took for my pay for working at Whitmores ranch the horse Keno that I had broken to both work and ride. For a short vacation I rode him from the Park Ranch to Provo to see my sweetheart Effie Woolley who had attended the B. Y. University that winter and was then living at Aunt Ann Jones whose house stood across the street East from brother Jeppersons which was then a log house. I put my horse up at James Beans while I was a Provo.

After returning to Price I used my sister's wagon and with my new team I made several trips hauling freight from Price to Fort Ducheone and Vernal. On one of these trips while going to Soldiers Canyon quite heavily loaded my Keno horse slipped on a rock with his hind foot which threw his stifle out and I had to borrow a horse (old Kate, a yellow mare) to finish the trip, leaving my crippled horse up to the ranch in care of Whitmores. The night after I left him there tied in one of their stables, one of their big stallions got loose in the night and going into my horses stall he kicked him to death. This broke up my team and while I always thought that Whitmores should have given me another horse from the hundreds they had on the range to replace the one their horse had killed for me and that I had worked so hard for—yet they would not entertain the proposition and I was left with the one horse, which I sold to Charlie Johnson on price river for one-hundred and fifty dollars.

In the fall of 1806, at the age of twenty I went to the University. Henry Mathis also went and we boarded first with Caroline Rawleigh, Charles H. Hart, Fred Killpack and others were my room mates. We later moved up to Deans, -who had three beautiful girls in their family -- Bessie, Emily and Kate.

I took part in their M. I. A. work in the 19<sup>th</sup> ward. The program in those days provided for a critic and I was chosen for that position and acquired that part of my education that I have never appreciated very much -- that of watching for errors in the language of the speaker. This habit has stayed with me more or less ever since.

Among the professors under whom I took subjects this year were President J. R. Park, J. T. Kingsbury, J. H Paul, Orsen Howard, Ottinger (drawing), Evan Stevens (Music), J. B. Tronto (Mathematics), and William Stewart. Only two of these are now (1931) living. My course of study was a normal course which then comprised two years work.

In the spring of 1887 I returned to Price and entered the employ of Thomas H. Taylor who was managing a mercantile business for S. S. Jones of Provo. I worked for him all

this summer and both in and out of the store. On one occasion I was sent to Woodside to load a car of potatoes. Doll Faucett and Joe Farer also worked for him at that time.

In the fall of '87 I returned to the University again to take up my work and for awhile I stayed with my Aunt Sena Barton; but later I went in with five other young men and we boarded ourselves. The five men were Steve Ostler, Walter Stringham, A. C. Christensen (late Supt. of Schools Salt Lake City) Hyrum Haron, and Jessie Harmon. Julia Harmon a sister to Hyrum and Jessie, kept house for us. We lived on center street just at the top of the hill. We bought everything in quantity and lived very reasonable.

The following spring of 1888 found me in Price again where I secured a position with L. H. Olsen, Manager of the Emery County Mercantile Co. While in his employ I learned a great many things that, have been useful to me since in my business career and in social life. He recited to me once an axiom that has carried weight with me ever since. It was this he said, "Friend Nixon, there are two things that a man should not worry about." When asked what they were he replied. "One is that which he cannot help; for if he cannot help it what is the use of worrying about it. The other thing is that which he can help; for if he can it he should help it; but don't worry about it." I could see a lot of good logic and good sense in this and it has helped to make life a little happier; for when I have been prone to worry, I have thought of it and reasoned with myself -- can this thing be helped, if not I must dismiss it from my mind -- if I can help it, how am I to go about it and then, set to work to change the conditions. It has saved me a lot of worry. There is another quotation I have committed to memory expressing the same sentiment. It is as follows:

"For every evil under the sun,

There is a remedy or there is none.

If there is one try and find it,

If there is none, never mind it."

Working with me in the store were his two nephews Hyrum Olson and Charlie Olson. During my stay with him, I learned to be accurate and to value my time and to keep things in an orderly condition. Mr. Olson later became the county superintendent of schools.

About the 25<sup>th</sup> of August. I hired a team and white top buggy from Mason L. Snow and started for St. George to be married to Effie Dean Woolley, who like myself had been attending school the past three winters, only she had been at the B. Y. U. while I was at the University of Deseret. She spent her summer vacation learning dressmaking from Mrs. Dykes. Naturally I had taken occasion to visit her at intervals during these last two years; for in spite of the fact that I had met many beautiful and talented young girls during my school days I never once had a serious thought for any but her. I arrived in St. George about the 4<sup>th</sup> of September 1888 and was married on the 7<sup>th</sup> of September which was my birthday. We were married in the St. George Temple by John D. McAllister, though Effie had chosen to be married by James G. Bleak an old family friend of both families. This was made known to brother McAllister but for some reason he preferred to perform the ceremony himself. We were both very happy after a courtship of about twelve years to be sealed together for time and all eternity.

During Effie's school work and while at Aunt Ann Jones' she was taking fancy work and had made some very pretty pieces which she intended for her home when she was married. Her brother Ezra was staying with her and attending school at the same time. While I always felt that he was the only friend I had in her family, yet I suppose it is natural for all close relatives of a girl to think the fellow she is intending to marry is not quite good enough for her, he took occasion to say to her one day while she was working on some beautiful pieces that.. there was no use of her wasting her time in making up all those nice things; for if she married Will Nixon she would never have anything but a log house to live in and Effie told me what he had said, and while it annoyed me, for a few minutes, there never was anything said with reference to me that did me as much good for it stung me with a determination that "I would show them that she would not be kept in a log room very long." It was a sort of stimulus to me to rustle and plan for a good home and to make good and some day to make the Woolley family all feel that she had made no mistake in choosing Will Nixon for her husband.

All of my family were in attendance at our wedding, except Emma, Hannah and perhaps Josephine who may have been out in Castle Valley. None of Effie's folks, except Ida her only sister, were in St. George at that time. Therefore they were not at the wedding.

About the 10<sup>th</sup> of September 1888 we started on our way to Huntington where I had made a choice of teaching and was under contract to be back by the 1st of October. The bulky part of our belongings we shipped by freight to Price, our nearest railroad station, while we drove by way of Pipe Springs and Kanab to visit her folks on our way out. At that time Ida and Meaks were living at Pipe Springs. Frank, Jed, and Ezra were at upper Kanab with their families and there we stayed a few days to visit. I remember that we bought a five-gallon-keg of butter on our way up the canyon. We had a very pleasant trip all the way up the Sevier River. At Panguitch, we stayed at Churches Hotel. Leaving Salina we went through the canyon to Emery, where we stayed at Sam Williams and enjoyed Mrs. Williams music on the organ. At Farron we stayed at Fred Killpacks and from there we went to Huntington. We secured the old George Johnson home for the winter. This was on the same block as M. E. Johnson, one of the school trustees, and they took us in for the first night. Miloy and Hannah had just been married a short time and we became very fast friends. Brother Charles Pulsipher and wife (Aunt Ann) wanted to go to conference; so we took care of their home while they were gone,. This gave me time to get the Johnson home fixed up for the winter. Effie and I went to Price to get our household goods that we shipped from St. George, and on our return to Huntington we found that it had been raining so hard that the roads in some places were washed out badly; particularly so at a point where the Cleveland Road now leaves the Huntington road. The wash across the road was cut out so deep that we had to carry rocks from the adjoining hill and fill it up in order to get across. This was my wife's first road building; but we finally reached our destination safely. I had contracted to teach for \$65.00 per month and \$5.00 extra per month each year that I gave satisfaction.

I opened school in the old Guymond store building. Later I was transferred to the log meeting house and Stello McMullin, Don George \_\_\_\_\_ Alexander Smith taught where I had been. Among those who registered in my school were Zillie Caldwell Brinkerhoff, James Washburn and wife and a large number of people who now are grandparents. My pets were Alex Johnson and Tommy Loveless, who tried my ability to keep my patience -- but I had good support from parents and trustees.



A principal feature of their sport then was sleigh-riding and racing two and three abreast on the streets especially on moonlight nights. We made our own amusement in the way of dancing and drama and did considerable visiting with friends about town. Among our intimate friends the first year were Job and Ira Whitney and wives, M. E. Johnson, Isaac Allen, Albert Guymon and Earnest Grange.

The following spring we moved over into Don Robbins' frame house across the street from Ira Brinkerhoffs. There on June 5<sup>th</sup> 1889 our first babe was born and good old grandma Robbins was very kind in helping care for Effie. She had lived a neighbor to her formerly in St. George. We did not have much furniture and so we used a large dry-goods box for his cradle. We had it filled nearly to the top with clothes and he occupied the upper deck. Of course that was the most important incident in our lives and naturally we thought he (James William Jr.) was the most wonderful baby ever born.

It was about this time that my brother George came out to see us and the farm that I had purchased for him from Hiley Burgess. He stayed with us off and on that summer. About this same time I purchased my city lot of Joseph B. Meeks. At that time it merely had a crude fence around it and had been used for a pasture. Mr. Meeks had owned the whole block. I set to work excavating a large reservoir where I wanted my house to stand. My purpose in this was to thoroughly settle the ground by having water stand upon the ground for several weeks, which I did and the result was that my space covered by water sank down from fifteen to eighteen inches and there was a crack all around the edge of the water that you could put your foot in. I had never seen this done any where before, but it proved to be a good plan. Then while the ground was still very muddy I hauled large rock and embedded them into the mud as a preparation for the foundation I would build upon it. Then I set to work and hauled rock, sand, adobes and brick which I traded my buggy for and a black mare that George had driven out with other horses allotted to my wife as her part of the Woolley Estate. I paid for my brick and lumber and labor principally with horses. Will Mathie laid the foundation and the brick. Oliver Harmon, George Hales and Huntsman did the carpenter work and later on William Hunter built my porch. By fall I had the roof on four rooms and two of them furnished up to live in for the winter. We had now been married about one year. I hauled with my own team every pound of material that went into my house from the material that went into my foundation to the shingles which I hauled from Joes Valley. The next summer I hauled poles from the canyon and made me a corral and later with the help of Jessee Washburn, I built a barn. A little later I built picket fence all around the city lot. The following spring (1890) I hired Albert Guymon to plow my lot and my wife and I set out, our orchard. Every thing seemed to work to our hand and it wasn't long till people began to admire our little house with its shade trees and lawn and nice little orchard.

Our second child (Olive) was born on the 15<sup>th</sup> of February 1891. I taught school this third winter, my wages having been raised \$5.00 twice. I was now getting \$75.00 but all except the states part, I was obliged to take in the produce of the county as people had to pay one half the tuition.

Ira Whitney was running the coop store. I well remember our first clock which we purchased from there. I bought some shares of stock in the store. M. E. Johnson also had a store and was postmaster as well. Brother Elias Cox had a store where the Hiller Mercantile Co. later stood.

Nell Truman was our hired girl and during this time George came to stay with us again. He remained with us through the winter. Mr. Pogue a school teacher also boarded with us at this time. In the spring I built a picket fence around the lot and Mr. Pogue helped me nail the pickets on after school hours and on Saturdays.

In the spring of 1889 I purchased twenty acres of land from Mr Wimmer from the Chriss Wilcock Timber entry. This proved to be what is now known as slate land and a very shallow soil. It could not be plowed more than five inches without bringing up slate rock in which there was no fertility. I remember well a conversation that took place between Hyrum Loveless a brother-in-law of Wimmer and my sister Emma at Price in which he made the statement to her that they had her brother James William now for a school teacher for the rest of his life and when asked why he stated that they had sold him a farm and the longer he farmed it the poorer he would get. When I heard of this statement, I was again stung with the remark and became determined that I would show them. This spring I hired Chriss Jorgensen to plow the land and put the crop in. I did the irrigating of the oats and at threshing I found that I did not have the minimum amount for threshing. I hauled the grain to town that I might have the straw to cover the shed; that I had built; so before finishing my stacks out (which my wife stacked for me) while I threw the bundles to her from the wagon) I borrowed a load of grain from a neighbor to make up the required amount to get a thresher. (50 bushel'). We were delighted to have some grain all our own and a space in all the world covered that we could call our own and a shed covered with straw -- under this I made a stable and manger for horses. Dick and Buck which horses were the colts of old Betz (George's mare) and had been given to me in payment of the money I had advanced in buying the farm from Burges for George. After I had moved into our house I had a cistern dug and lined it with plaster cement. On this I placed what we called a bucket pump.

In 1892 I finished the house giving us four rooms and a porch. This year I was chosen as second counselor to Bishop Pulsipher with Peter Johnson as first. I continued teaching school which was later held in a new brick school house on the south-west corner of the block east of our home. D. C. Woodward taught in the lower grades. Also Mr. Pogue. About this time we commenced building the brick meeting-house to which I contributed from the foundation to the topping out of the chimneys. I remember of hearing President Francis H. Lyman say in church at that time, "If any young man is building a home here now and he will contribute liberally to the construction of this house he will get his own built easier and quicker". The log meeting house that stood just south of this on the corner was used for dancing, theatres, services, and all purposes as well as for school. The town was gradually growing and the trees had grown old enough to give it quite a nice appearance. Where the city lots on main street, on the south side of town, are now all a mineral swamp, there were beautiful orchards and a store owned by J. K. Ingle. This part of town gradually went wet and boggy; but we had been fortunate in selecting a part of the town that had deep soil and was less apt to bog. Elias H. Cox lived on the one corner and Hugh McKee on the other and the tithing office on the corner across east, with Joseph B. Meeks as a neighbor on the south corner of our block.

We never had any trouble at any time with our neighbors; but always had pleasant gatherings at our home to which our neighbors were always welcome. From the beginning of our married life we prospered in all of our financial operations. One of our early investments was the purchase of a number of colonies of bees from Victor D. Cram for which I built a willow

bowery or shed in the south west corner of our lot. In this year (1893) the 17 of February our daughter Myrtle was born. In these days we could have babies without going to a hospital or employing doctors. Sister Aunt Jane Woodward was in attendance at the birth of Willie, Olive, Myrtle, Nina and St. Clair. Mira Leonard was then our hired girl, about this time a man by the name of George Ipson frequently came to visit me to give me his ideas and have me put into drawings some of his plans and inventions. he clearly saw and described the present airplane and was working toward the construction when he died at this time.

In the summer of 1894 I was set apart as a missionary to the North Eastern States, particularly to Minnesota to visit and labor with my relatives, with a view to converting my grandfather Nixon and bringing him home with me. After spending some weeks at St. Cloud., Minnesota with my grandfather and other relatives -- and some time at St. Paul, I persuaded him to come with me to Utah and live with my family. As his wife had died and deeded the principal part of the estate to her children -- after about six weeks We started home. We visited other of his children on the road home. One of his sons (William) was at St. Paul. He was my father's oldest brother and had black curly hair. Our next stop was at Sioux City, Iowa where we visited his daughter Mathilda for several days. There I gained my first knowledge or raising crops without irrigation. My Aunt Mathilda had married a man by the name of Gregory and had among other children a beautiful daughter by the name of Nina. I was well treated by all my relatives and given a hearty welcome. I was interviewed at St. Cloud by newspaper men who gave me a write-up in the papers. We came home to Huntington where Grandfather made his home with us for two years, a few weeks of which he spent at Price with Emma and Hannah, and then back to our home. His birthday was on the 24<sup>th</sup> of March the same date as Effie's, and I recall a very pleasant surprise we had made up on them. It happened on Sunday and we were visiting at Lyde Kinders, where we held my wife and grandfather quite late while a big preparation was being made at our home for supper and entertainment. When we reached the house all was dark and on entering with grandpa it suddenly became illuminated and there we beheld a throng of our friends, some of whom we had just left at Kinders who had hurried on ahead of us and were there to welcome us. It was a wonderful shock to my folks who did not even think of it being a birthday.

Grandfather stayed with us till the summer of 1896. He had made some intimate friends. Among them Dr. Snider who was a Dentist, M. E. Johnson, and Father Chase, who tried to preach the Gospel to him by example of living and also talked to him some on the subject; but having explained to him the doctrine of salvation for the dead he saw a way out of his being baptized then by having his work done for him after he was dead. Father Chase spent time after that with him, but it was hard to hold his mind to it as he grieved a great deal over the treatment he had received from his family back home.

As usual I was teaching school during the winter months and farming during the summer. During this time I had purchased ten acres of alfalfa ground from Wash Coldwell down on the river bottom east of Mr. Trimballs farm. Later I bought ten acres from George Hales just north of this and then another ten from David Cheeney and finally ten acres from Brother Alonzo Wall -- making a square forty acres. On this farm there were some hard spots that took a lot of work to subdue and the last part was covered with greaswood, during the summer of '95 and '96 I had crops in the entire forty acres. Most of it was in alfalfa. I had hauled hundreds of loads of

manure on to it and done a vast amount of leveling and working so that it was producing well in 1896.

On April the 21<sup>st</sup>, 1895, our daughter "Effie" was born. We called her Nina after the cousin in Sioux City (Nina Gregory) which also pleased my grandfather. This made a family of one boy and three daughters all of which we were very proud. We often put them to bed and went to a party and left them alone.

As usual I taught school the winter of 1895 as principal of the district schools which position I had filled since the year 1888. I took care of my farm on the south of town which by the way I had greatly improved by cultivation and fertilizing. After I had had such discouraging experience in my first years farming crops only about twelve bushels per acre, I was determined I would make it do better the next year; so I went around town and bought up all the barnyard manure I could find that people had not valued enough to haul out on their land and I got to work hauling this (I paid all the way from 10 cents to 25 cents per load) on to my poor farm, until I covered 20 acres. By this time I had my own team and plow and I put in my own crop and this fall I harvested sixty bushel per acre from the fertilized ground. It produced about forty the following year, without fertilizing; but I demonstrated the value of proper fertilizing. I had also had a good patch of alfalfa and corn patch, I had planted some trees to shelter my wagons and machinery from the sun. They still stand there as reminders of the pleasant hours in farm work when we sat down in the shade of the trees to eat our dinner.

An incident that occurs to me now happened the first year I was farming out there about one mile from the center of town where we were then living in the Don Robbins house. My good wife who was always so attentive and so helpful to me had on June 4<sup>th</sup> 1889 walked all the way out there to bring my dinner, and she ate with me after which she visited until three P. M. when she walked back home feeling quite sick. During the night we sent for Aunt Jane as labor pains had begun in real earnest; but to no avail and by morning the midwife concluded the child could not be born, so I sent for Bishop Pulsipher, who administered to her and the child came right away. Old grandma Robbins took care of my wife as she lived in the same house. She defined babies as being "troublesome comforts".

In the spring of 1898 I received a letter from Box B. inquiring about my circumstances and when I could be ready to fill a mission. After consulting with my wife and mother, we both gave me every encouragement, I reported I could be ready the following spring of 1896. I worked to that end during the summer of 1896 and in order to obtain means I found it necessary to sell my farm on the south of town. I succeeded in selling it to Orsen Robbins for three hundred dollars to be delivered in the fall. I taught school this fall in preparation for my mission.

My wife had had a long hard siege at home in caring for grandfather who was quite deaf and not the most pleasant, so she asked to go to Salt Lake for a visit, which I gladly consented to and she employed Lizzy Brasher to keep house for me while she was gone. Lizzy was one of my pupil's and now teaching school. A few days after my wife went, and took the children with her, my housekeeper asked me to get her some wood to cook supper. It was dark and I found none chopped; so I proceeded to chop some, when a stick flew up and struck me in the right eye. All I saw was a flash of light and I knew what had happened. My eyesight had

been destroyed. "With the other eye closed I could not see a thing. I sent for the Elders who came and administered to me. This allayed the pain. The next morning I went to Salt Lake and to Dr. Hughs, an eye specialist for treatment. The next day, I went to the Temple under considerable pain and was taken by two brethren to a room set apart for the purpose of administering and they anointed me and the eye and gave me a blessing. While their hands were upon my head all pain left me; and the next morning when I went back to Dr. Hughes he was very much surprised to see the improvement that had taken place and how the inflammation had been reduced. He had told me that in many such cases it was best to remove the eye to save the other. It happened that there had come to him for treatment a man the same day as I did who had a piece of steel fly into his eye and produced the same trouble (Traumatic Cataract) and set up inflammation. This man's eye had to be removed while mine had been saved by prayer and the power of the priesthood. The following morning when I visited the doctor he said he felt confident that the eyeball would be saved; but that there would be no hope for vision.

The next afternoon my sister Hanna (who was living in the Whitmore terrace) went with me to see President Wilford Woodruff that I might explain why I would not be able to go on my mission, at the appointed time. I explained what had happened and that the doctor had first suggested that it might be necessary to operate. Without any request by me President Woodruff said, "Elder Nixon I feel impressed to give you a blessing and if you will come here to my bed I will lay my hands upon you". President Woodruff himself was troubled with asthma and was bolstered up in bed. He laid his hands on my head and said in the course of his prayer, "Brother Nixon you shall yet have the use of your eye and you shall fill your mission and many souls will rejoice from hearing your testimony and you shall have joy in bringing many souls into the kingdom of God."

In further conversation with me afterward he said, "Elder Nixon you have wondered why this great affliction has come upon you at this time and you have said in your mind, What have I done that should cause this great calamity to come to me -- let me say to you that it isn't what you have done; but rather what you were about to do that has caused it. The adversary of your soul and the souls of men would hinder you from filling a mission and spreading the Gospel; but you shall have joy in filling your mission,

Then he went on to say, "The same power has sought my life since I was a child. I had all my ribs broken, both arms broken, both legs broken, my chest bone mashed in. I was once scalded and once drowned and still I am here in my ninety-third year and not a pain in my body except this asthma that gives me trouble at times. The Lord has preserved my life for a purpose."

I took a great deal of comfort from this visit with President Woodruff the Prophet of God and my testimony was increased for it proved to me that he was a seer-for he told me just what had been in my mind and heart when he said, "you have wondered what you have done that has caused this calamity to come upon you". I had had that in my mind almost continually; but felt relieved when he said, "It is not what you have done but what you were about to do" (preach the gospel).

I remained under the doctors care about two weeks when he told me I could go home, by wearing a pad over the eye so as to keep off all strain, I remained in my home one

week. During all this time (3 weeks) the school had been closed and for the pupils sake I felt anxious to get back to the school room. During the week I remained at home I had the Elders come several times to administer to me for my faith was that through the power of God and my faithfulness I should realize the promise made me by President Woodruff. I went back to the school room to teach and while I had to keep the pad over my eye continually, I was able to finish out the school year and finally when attending to my outside labors got along without the pad. My eye made steady improvement till I could count the fingers on my hand by use of that eye and thus the prophets promise had been fulfilled, and while to this day my vision is not perfect in that eye yet I see objects quite plainly and can read very large type.

I farmed this summer (1896) then as formerly planned I sold my south farm to Orsen Robbins for three hundred dollars to secure means to go on, as I expected my mission would be expensive in California where I had been called. Many of my friends expressed themselves as feeling that it was a mistake to take me out of the schools and send me on a mission that I could do more good at home and be with my family where I could make a living; but I felt different and my wife and mother gave me encouragement to go. I had perfect confidence and faith that the Lord would some day make up to me all that I spent in his service. So after caring for my crops and making what provision I could for my family that now consisted of four children and my wife -- the youngest being Nina who was only a year and a half -- I was given the usual farewell party and six dollars donated to help me on my way. I remember one man afterward by the name of Lee Lemons gave me two dollars more saying, he couldn't preach; but he could help that much.

I left my home in Huntington on the third of October and was set apart by Seymour B. Young for my mission to California. There were a number of other elders set apart the same day but; I was the only one to California. I had a pleasant trip and made some friends on the train and as it was my first trip to California the scenery etc. was interesting to me. I was met at the depot by other elders and taken to the mission home where I met President Henry Tanner who was presiding in the mission, also Willard Scowcroft, Henry Peterson, Parley Wright and a number of high type men which made me feel my littleness and unpreparedness all the more; but I did have a testimony and was not afraid to bear it. The mission home was then on Van Ness Avenue.

Before proceeding further I want to record the substance of my blessing given by Seymour B. Young. In connection with the other good things he promised upon my head he said, "Men shall hail you and say they have waited for you, and great shall be your joy in bringing many souls into the kingdom of God." When he said these words I just wondered how he knew that, how should he be able to see what would take place in this manner. I thought that if this prediction could be fulfilled it would be worth all I was putting into it. Men should hail me and tell me that they had waited for me, and better yet that I should bring many souls into the kingdom of God. I have sometimes thought that right here my real history begins. I was just thirty years old when I left my home for my mission, I had not had any experience in expounding the scriptures but had had a little experience in the bishopric in exhorting, I had read the church works; but felt very weak in attempting to preach the gospel to strangers. It had been the custom for Henry Tanner the president to do most of the preaching in the public hall so we did not fear being called upon; but were sent out tracting in the city of San Francisco. This condition however did not last long for President Tanner was released in about six weeks and Ephraim H.

Nye was sent to take his place. He changed the plan of the work very materially and while he preached a few sermons in the chapel at first he soon gave us elders to understand that that was our job. So we were put to work preaching in the chapel as well as tracting. Joseph Hansen was my first room mate. We batched it together on Van Ness Avenue. Afterward, Will Ervin Stoker and I cooked for each other.

I think it had been about two months after my arrival in the mission, that a certain woman came to the mission house and asked Henry Peterson who was the conference President if he would send an elder down to a certain address on Market Street to see a gentleman who was very anxious to meet a Mormon Elder. Brother Peterson apparently paid very little attention to the request for nothing more was said about it. This same woman came the next day and made the same request without gaining any favor from President Peterson. Somehow I felt concerned about the matter and so I asked President Peterson why he did not comply with her wishes and he then told me that this woman had formerly led the Elders into a trap and that he feared it might be a repetition of the same thing. But I said to him "I feel different about this case and think we should respond". "Well", he said, "if you feel that way Elder Nixon you are at liberty to go and may the Lord bless you in your visit; but I would suggest that you take another Elder with you". I was pleased to do this and it happened that the only Elder in the home then was Elder John Yearsley -- a boy of about twenty who stood about six feet tall and weighed nearly two hundred. I thought he was just the right caliber for if there was any trouble he was big enough to help defend me. We went on our way down to the address given and took the elevator up to the number of the room, rang the bell and there appeared at the door a very fine cultured gentleman, who at once invited us in and at the same time asked two gentlemen who were there on business to excuse him and to please call the next day and they would finish their business. Until the moment I did not know what was in store for us; but I did not have any fear but only felt humble, I immediately started to tell him who we were and that we had come to answer his call made through the lady. I continued to tell him of the restoration of the gospel and our mission to preach it to the world. After about twenty-five minutes stay during which he listened profoundly to every word, I remembered that I had another appointment, rose to my feet to bid him good day and invited him to come to our services, then he took my hand clasped in both of his and made this statement, "This is the happiest day in all my life, for nearly three months I have waited for you and I knew you when you came to that door. I have been hoping and praying that you would be the one they sent in response to my request. I have seen you twice before (and then he went on to relate) three months ago in the city of New York the building in which I was rooming caught fire and burned all my earthly possessions but the clothes I was wearing. A good friend took me in and it was in this room that I knelt and prayed to the Lord to know what I should do, I&J mother was a Christian lady and I had faith in prayer; but I did not seem to get any satisfaction; so I prayed the second time; but without any apparent effect for I did not feel any better or any impression; so I concluded I would kneel down and pray again the third time for I was at a loss to know what to do. This time after I had prayed more fervently, and with a determination that I should not rise from my knees till I received some consolation. I heard a voice as plainly as you hear mine, which said to go to California to the city of San Francisco and there you will meet one of my servants who will teach you the truth The room war, lighted and I saw your face. Last Sunday night after my lecture in the adjoining hall from where you people hold your services I stood at your door and saw you in the pulpit speaking and I knew it was the same face I saw in my vision in New York and that is why I was so anxious to have you come to see me". Tears ran down his cheeks as he talked to me. We invited him to come to our mission

house and meet the elders and President Nye, and from then on we did not need to call on him anymore. He did the calling. Naturally he and I became very friendly and it was very remarkable how readily he grasped every principle and doctrine of the Church and soon became very anxious to be baptized. President Nye assisted me in making very clear to him every principal of the Church and its requirements including tithing, etc. He was in perfect harmony with all. His name was Dr. St. Clair, an Astrologist and Pianist from which he got his title of Doctor. He became more and more anxious to become a member of the Church and finally after a couple of months President Nye thought he was ready and well prepared for baptism and told me to go ahead and arrange for a day and place for his baptism. In the meantime I had been laboring with a Mr. Swanson who had also applied for baptism; so on the appointed day I baptized them, both, first the Doctor and then Brother Swanson. They two became very chummy. Doctor volunteered to play the church piano for us which added very much to our church music. I also baptized a lady by the name of Rose Cook and her grown and married daughter whose name was Holt, who when her child was born named him Walter Nixon Holt. This lady was malformed in so much that the doctor said it would be impossible for her to give a natural birth to her child; but a few evenings previous to her confinement, she called the elders to administer to her. As a result she had faith she could go through all right and, while she had a hard time, her child was born all right and they both got along fine.

During my stay in San Francisco, I baptized two German young men whose names I do not now recall but, wish to record something about one of them that I always have thought was remarkable. I remember now that his name was Brother Nittarff. Before I baptized this young man he told me that when he was a little boy not more than six or seven years he was sitting by a west window watching the setting sun when he fell to sleep and had a most wonderful dream. When he told me all he saw and experienced in his dream he had related the experience he would have when he went through the Temple and when he asked me to interpret the dream I told him that after he had been baptized and was faithful for about two years he would have the privilege of going through the Temple and then he would understand the interpretation of his dream.

Among others whom I baptized was also a Mr. and Mrs. Poiser and I was very much surprised about the time of the baptism to learn from the man's confession that while they had been living together for several years as man and wife, that they had never been married. I submitted the question to President Nye when he instructed me to first marry them and then baptize them. They too became very faithful members.

There was also a woman who made diving and swimming her profession. She was a very large fine looking woman, who apparently became very much interested in the Gospel and when I had arranged for the baptism for a few more I had ready, I invited her to join us and be baptized. She then let me know that she had what she termed a "lover" whom she was living with and to whom she was not married and when I explained to her that she would have to repent of that kind of life before she was eligible for baptism she chose to remain out of the church.

After I had labored in San Francisco for six months President Nye sent me and Joseph Berry out in the country to travel without purse or script and we started for San Bernardino. On the way we came to a home in the country where we were impressed to call and



ask for something to eat. When we entered the house we learned that they had a very sick little boy and they had been praying that someone would come that could help them and felt that we ministers of the Gospel had been directed their way, and asked us if we would pray for their child. We administered to him and he immediately began to feel better and after we had eaten our meal and gotten ready to leave he was getting quite playful.

My memory does not at this time serve me as to how we came in possession of a little money; but we concluded to use it for train fare to take us as far as it would on the road in the direction of San Bernardino; which, as I remember now, would be about one-half of the distance. We boarded the train and paid our fare to this station. But, through kind providence the conductor overlooked us and did not notify us when we reached the station; but took us on all the way to San Bernardino. We did not have a nickel left but believing that the Lord would prepare the way for us if we went to a hotel, we inquired for the best hotel in the city and went there and introduced ourselves as ministers of the gospel of Latter Day Saint Elders, traveling in the Lords appointed way without purse or script. The manager had the bell boy take us upstairs to a fine room, gave us our supper, after which we went out on the street and held a meeting with a fair sized crowd in attendance. After the meeting we went to our room very thankful for the blessings of the Lord during the past day. The next morning we were given our breakfast and before leaving the hotel that morning I received a telegram from President Nye to go to Los Angeles to labor and that he would send another elder out to work with Elder Berry. So I went to Los Angeles.

Elder John Irvine was in charge at Los Angeles and a Brother Jacobson was the Branch President. Our headquarters were at 216 West Temple Street at which place we held our branch meetings and lived for Elder's quarters. The chapel was a hall on Spring Street and was furnished the Church free, by a Mr. Woolcott who had formerly been a Utah man and was engaged in the wine and liquor business. His mother, Sister Woolcott, was very well off and contributed very largely to the support of the mission there. One of her daughters Winifred later married one of the elders -- Brother Woodland of Idaho.

Among the late converts of the Church was a Brother Mathews from the Josephite Church who became a real defender of our faith and later on in years as the result of his devotion to the principles of the Gospel and the strict observance of tithing he was prompted to sell his humble little home in the city and move out into the suburbs and buy a ten acre tract of ground in the wild state. This later came into market and the city spread to and beyond it which made Brother Mathews very well off and he gave to the Church a building spot for a new church and donated a thousand dollars toward the erection of the chapel. It is now called the Mathews Ward.

It was while at Los Angeles that I contacted Sister Frazier while traveling. When I came to their door a small girl was playing outside and I asked if her mother was at home and she said yes; but was asleep. So I left a tract called "A friendly Discussion", and told the girl I was a Mormon Elder and would call again. I finally baptized Sister Frazier and her husband and daughter. Later her husband, died and she came to Utah and married Brother Burrows of Provo and became a very ardent worker in the genealogical line of our Church.

The Los Angeles Branch was then very small (1897). I labored there seven months when I was sent to San Diego to preside over that Branch. Brother Frank Platt of Salt Lake and Elder Hatch and West were sent to help me.

As I have formerly recorded we were instructed to travel without purse or script. One of the most remarkable parts of my missionary experience occurred as a result of my being sent there to labor in this manner. Up until this time the elders at San Diego had paid their own way and had been to quite an expense in carrying on the work in this part. Elder G. F. Harding (who later studied medicine and still later became president of a Stake in California) had been a very efficient and zealous worker and had gained the love and confidence of the branch members and had a number of investigators; but he had been released to return home, which had caused very much sorrow and lamenting among the branch members, who felt that President Nye had made a mistake in taking him away from them; for they felt certain that no other elder would be able to fill his place and that the branch would go down, and the investigators would loose interest. Then by some means, word had gone ahead of us that the new elders were going to expect the local saints to support them -- feed, cloth, and give them money to pay their rent. This did not set well with them as they were most all poor working people. Naturally we did not receive a very cordial greeting when we arrived at San Diego. However, there was a good old lady there by the name of Woods who had formerly lived in Utah and she tried to mother the little flock and console them. Many had said that they would not come out to the meeting to see us, but she labored with them and got them to come. I think I will never forget this particular meeting which was held on a Wednesday night at Sister Wood's home. We elders were all four there in good time and finally one by one came in; but with long faces and sad countenances. Some of them had told Sister Wood that they did not care who this Elder Nixon was he could never fill Elder Hardings place; so most of them passed by us without offering to shake hands, and those who did gave us a cold limp shake. Finally all had arrived. The entire membership of the Branch then numbered twenty-two. We all felt the unwelcomeness of the occasion; but proceeded to open the service. For once in my life I was pleased to have the privilege of presiding; for after we had sung, prayed and sung again I called upon Elder Hatch who did well and then Elder West who also bore a good testimony and then Brother Platt a good fatherly man of much experience spoke to them. After this there was nothing left for me to do but to speak to them. I think I will never forget just how I felt; but I gave them the best counsel I had at my command and finally tried to bring my remarks to a close; but found that difficult for it seemed that I was prompted to say something more by way of encouragement and so as I have sometimes said, I could find commas and semicolons; but no place for a period. Finally I was prompted to say to them that we had not come to be a burden to them and that we wouldn't ask them for any money or financial support in any form; but what we wanted was their faith and prayers and for them to try and sustain us in our labors as they had done our predecessors, This impression rested so heavily upon me that I finally gave utterance to my inspiration and added further that if they would do this that I would promise them in the name of the Lord that the branch would not "go down; but on the contrary it would be doubled within six months". Then I found a closing place and sat down. Putting my arm around Brother Platt I said "I guess I have gone too far". He replied, "No you haven't Elder Nixon; for the Lord prompted you to say it and it will be fulfilled". At the close of our meeting the members manifested a much better feeling and shook hands more freely with us as they went out. We had secured two room in the upstairs of a humble place and went to work tracting the next day. When we returned at night some fairy had been there and left a lot of good things to eat and from then on our room looked more like a

commissary than Elder's headquarters. One good woman whose husband was very prejudiced, would come by night and leave baskets full of groceries and things to eat at our door.

The work went on. We had good crowds at our meetings; but in spite of our ardor and work and testimony it seemed that no one wanted to be baptized. Two months went by and there had not been a single addition to the church. I felt extremely concerned in this matter for the people were doing their part and I had prophesied that within six months the branch membership would be doubled. Finally we took the matter under advisement and concluded that we had done all that we knew how to do except to fast, and we agreed that we would hold prolonged fast as well as prayer to get the Lord to hear and answer us. We accordingly arose next morning and had our usual prayer and told the Lord how we felt and what our intentions were. We went out to work fasting two and two and remained out tracting and visiting till the appointed time to return near sunset when we meet at our rooms and washed up and after again engaging in prayer we went out and held a street meeting and returned to sleep. This we repeated for three days without taking any nourishment. Finally on the third day while Elder Hatch and I were tracting in the eastern part of the city, we were prompted to call on Dr. Hunts family, whose son about twenty-five years old has been seriously ill for several weeks. As we entered the house we asked Mrs. Hunt how Clarence was and her eyes filled with tears when she replied "Clarence is very low. I fear we are going to lose our son". As we sat consoling her, she asked if it would be an improper thing for her to ask us to administer to him inasmuch as they had not joined the Church. She said she believed the Gospel; but it just seemed that they could not bring themselves to feel that they should take the step owing to their social condition. We told Mrs. Hunt that it was perfectly alright to administer to him and that it would make us very happy to do so. We accordingly all three went in to his room. We spoke to him and his only response was a smile. He had grown so weak that he could not raise his arm to shake hands with us. His mother became so effected that she had to leave the room and conceal her emotions. We anointed him and confirmed the anointing and commanded him in the name of the Lord to be healed and arise from his bed of affliction. When we had finished blessing him we went out into the fresh air for we were feeling weak as a result of our fast and the administration; for we felt our strength go out to him. After remaining out of doors for about ten minutes we entered the house at the door we first went in at. And there beheld Clarence Hunt, who had arisen and dressed himself and came into the front room. He greeted us with a smile and said, "I am healed". His father, Dr. Hunt who was a renowned physician had received a call to go into the country and had left a prescription to be filled for Clarence. He had told his wife that he could not understand why his medicine did not have the same effect on his son that it did on his other patients. He too was worried and preparing himself for the worst. We felt that the Lord had given ear to our pleadings. Mrs. Hunt told us that Clarence had not retained any food upon his stomach for nearly three weeks. She set about to prepare her dinner (supper) at about this time the Doctor returned and as he entered the room, Clarence stepped behind the door to surprise his father whose first words were "How is Clarence". Mrs. Hunt answered "Clarence is alright" which he took to mean that he had passed away and Mrs. Hunt was still weeping with joy. Doctor then said, "no not dead", "no" she said, "Clarence is well", the Elders have healed him". I then told her that the Elders had not healed him but the Lord had through his priesthood that the Elders held. Clarence then came out of his hiding place and he and his father embraced in thanksgiving. He asked his wife if she had had the prescription filled. She told him she had not for the elders had told her the result would be the same without it. The Doctor then replied that he was glad she had not for then he might have taken some credit.

We then all sat up and ate a good dinner that she had prepared. Afterward we went back to our mission home and reported the wonderful miracle that had been wrought and the other Elders broke their fast. From that day things went different. The Hunt lady and her two sons applied for baptism and many other of their friends.

Three months from this time President Nye called me back to San Francisco to preside over the conference there. This was five months from the time I had made the prediction that the branch would be doubled in number inside of six months.

Among the people whom I had baptized were the Hunts, a family by the name of McCardele, Myrtle Gabrielson, a family of Wallaces. (Mrs. Wallace being a niece of George Q. Cannon, whose mother had run away from her parents in Utah and married a soldier and had warned this daughter to never have anything to do with a Mormon and to never let one of the Elders in her house.)

When Elder Harding left he gave me the number of this family and I called there; but Mrs. Wallace kept the screen closed between us, and I kept calling once a week for about six weeks before I was even invited into the house. Then I got the privilege of holding what we called a literary society in her home. (It was really conducted upon the plan of the M.I.A.) We got her young people interested in that way and also her old maid sister-in-law, all of whom I baptized. There was also a family of Sniffs that I baptized. Hattie Sniff married Clarence Hunt who was so miraculously healed. Then there was another family, whose name I have forgotten, that I baptized. This name may come to me before this history is finished. I have their pictures in a group in my home. Then there was an old gentleman and lady by the name of Dixon whom I baptized and in the baptism of this old lady there came to me another testimony. This old lady then about eighty-five years old had been crippled up with rheumatism for many years and was so doubled up that her limbs remained in the shape they were while sitting in her chair, Then were conveyed to the baths (where we were going baptize) in a one-horse buggy, We carried her out and into the bath house. The Elder handed her to me in the water (she only weighed about eighty pounds) and I carried her into deep water where I baptized her, then took her in my arms to carry her back when she said to me, "Elder Nixon you don't need to carry me anymore I can walk now", and she did and up the steps and into the buggy, when she had changed her clothes, without help -- to the profound astonishment of all who witnessed it, and there were many; for when we were ready to perform the ordinance the proprietor of the bath-house called the attention of all bathers to remain quiet a few moments while this ordinance was being performed and they all were very respectful and attentive. From that time on the old lady Dixon could do her housework. In that city the number I had baptized was twenty-two. The older elders had also baptized some so that when I was leaving on the boat with the Wallace family who was also going to San Francisco to join Mr. Wallace who was employed up there, all the members of the branch came to the wharf to see us off. They numbered sixty-five in place of twenty-two (the number we Elders found there when the first meeting was held and the prediction was made). Wallace's made one new home for me at San Francisco where I planned to eat dinner each Friday at their request.

I was selected to preside over the conference at San Francisco until the end of my mission. Among the wonderful experiences that I had and that was one of the greatest manifestations of God's power in behalf of a human being happened here in the case of a Brother

Shaw, who listened to us Elders on the street one night at a street meeting. After the meeting was over he remained to talk to us. He went on to say that he had belonged to the church at one time back in Iowa, but that he had drifted away and had forfeited all his rights to a membership and to the priesthood which he once held; but the preaching of that evening and the old familiar songs had brought back to him the beauties of the Gospel and he wanted to reunite with the Church and asked for our address which we gave him. In the course of a short time he was baptized. He had explained to President Nye and the Elders about an accident that he had had while working as a builder on the sixteenth story of a structure there and from which he fell down through scaffolding and finally struck on his head and crushed his skull. He was rushed off to the hospital and given care and treatment among which he had had his skull trepanned (a silver plate placed in his skull); but that after all the treatment of the best surgeons in that city he had never fully recovered but periodically, about every five weeks, he would have a terrible spell which threw him into uncontrollable ravings like a maniac and he could do nothing to prevent the recurrence of these spells. Brother Shaw had made up his mind that if he were baptized that he might be healed but to his disappointment he was not for they came upon him afterward and in talking over the matter with President Nye he felt very much disappointed when President Nye explained to him that baptism was not an ordinance for healing the sick, but for the remission of sins; but as he knew there was an ordinance instituted in the Church for the healing of the sick and that was the anointing with oil and laying on of hands by the Elders.

It was during this conversation that Brother Shaw asked President Nye if he would send the Elders when it happened again as he fully expected it would for he had had these terrible raving spells regularly ever since the accident for sixteen years. President Nye told him he would be glad to render that service. In about five weeks from his last spell it came on again. Brother Shaw lived out about twenty-eight blocks from the mission home. He had married a Presbyterian widow who had two grown daughters and one son. This son came hurriedly on his bicycle and told us that his father was in a terrible condition, the worst he had ever seen him and asked for the Elders to come quickly. It so happened that the only Elders at the home then were President Nye's nephew (Elder Frank Nye) and myself. We rushed immediately to the street car and to his home where we found him in an upper room with his wife and family in attendance, including the young man who had come for us for he had made better time than we had. As soon as we could get our breath, we proceeded to administer to him. He was then lying quiet but unconscious. His wife explained that he had never been anything like as bad at anytime before, that he had threatened their lives, and that they had removed everything from the room that he could destroy life with -- either theirs or his own. She was very thankful we had come and hoped we could do something for him.

We proceeded to anoint him with the oil we had brought with us and then to seal the anointing and while performing this part of the ordinance we rebuked the power of the destroyer and commanded him to be made whole and well in the name of the Lord. At this point, brother Shaw raised his hands to his head and exclaimed "Oh God you are breaking my head". He began to regain consciousness and as he did so he put his hand up the top of his head and then looked at his fingers and this he repeated three times. When I asked him why he did this he answered, "I expected to find blood on my fingers". Then he went on to explain, "Something wonderful has happened." He said he felt so fine then; but just before he came to himself there was a peculiar sensation went over his head and he said the best way he could describe it is by saying it was like as if two pieces of pasteboard were pasted together and they

were suddenly ripped apart. He said he felt like his whole head was being broken and that was why he expected to find blood on his hands. Then he said, "I feel wonderful and am well". He got up and visited with us for awhile. It has always been my belief that through the power of God the bones of his skull had been set in their proper place for he never had a recurrence of the trouble again. He personally reported this case to the Deseret News and for fifteen years afterward I hear from him and he was well from that time. It had a wonderful effect upon his Presbyterian family, who were attending our church regularly with him up to the time I was released.

Among others that were healed by the power of God through the Elders was one brother whose name has passed out of my mind for the present who held a life certificate as a school teacher. He had been ill for a long time and became addicted to the use of morphine. He too was healed by the Priesthood.

Among other important instances that happened this year (1898) was the death of President Woodruff whose last testimony I listened to upon the subject of "Succession of the Presidency". We Elders held a prayer circle for him the night before his death. President E.H. Nye and his wife and daughter Hattie and I were always very companionable.

I succeeded F. C. Parkinson as conference President. He now lives in Blackfoot, Idaho and we have since worked together (1930) selling insurance.

When my two years were up President Nye called me into the office and said, "We need you very badly Elder Nixon, but we feel that your family needs you even more. In releasing you to return home I want to ask you to keep the harness on and get next to your bishop and stake president and offer to work as you have worked here. You have been one of the few Elders who has adhered strictly to the instructions I have given them on preaching the gospel and now I would like to know just how many people you have baptized since you have been out. I told him my record showed fifty-two, but one was his daughter Hattie and one a rebaptism of a brother Cummings. All the rest were people whom with the help of the Lord I had converted and baptized. He was astonished; for he said he did not realize the number was so great. But he said you have always followed my instructions and while it is with regret that I release you you will go away with my choicest blessings.

When I went to California I was the only Elder on the train and it was the same on my return. By some misunderstanding, my wife who was then in Salt Lake did not meet me at the train and it was for some hours after I arrived before I located her. I reached Salt Lake City on Friday, October 4<sup>th</sup>, 1898 in time to attend conference. It happened that the Church Choirs were contesting for a prize and Brother Hardy was there from Huntington with his choir.

On the following Monday I opened school at Wellington, Carbon County, Utah as principal of their schools. The engagement had been made by telegram to San Francisco by their trustees before I left as they had heard of my expected release.

I rented a house there and had my family with me during the winter till early spring when I moved them to Huntington and I boarded with Sister Eugene Branch till I finished the year. As soon as I got well settled at Wellington, Bishop A. E. McMullin called on me to

hold a series of Gospel meetings every Sunday night taking up a new subject each night, which drew large crowds from the country around. I have sometime felt that that was the most enjoyable winter I ever spent in my life, having my little family with me.

One of the greatest testimonies of my life was received during my stay at Wellington. Brother Alvin Mayne had just been called on a mission to Australia and had just about time to have reached there when his two little girls, one about three years and the other about five were playing in a dugout cellar. They had their dolls and dishes and were playing dinner when the smaller one saw a bottle upon the shelf and got it down and she called that their sugar. She gave some to her dolly and then of course mamma had to take some. It was found to be strychnine and of course the little one was soon thrown into convulsions and life became extinct. The doctor happened to be in town and was summoned; but soon left the room saying it was too late the child was dead. A number of neighbors were also soon assembled and the mother sent for me two blocks away and I too rushed down to the home. The mother was frantic and asked us to administer to the child. Most who were present thought it useless and some even thought it sacrilegious to do so; but the mother was crying and called upon the Lord and reminding him of her husband's sacrifice of home and all to go preach his word and she plead with us to call upon him. So we proceeded to administer to this dead child and rebuked the power of the drug and of the destroyer and commanded the child to live by the power of the priesthood and the Lord, and plead with the Lord to let its spirit return to the body that it may live on. While we were yet praying there was a jerk of its body and then another and finally a gasp for breath and the spirit came back and the child lived and is a grown woman living today. This incident was witnessed by a houseful of people.

In the spring of 1899 I engaged with the Western Loan and Building Company to sell their policies. P. W. Madsen himself went out with me into the Eureka country for a trip. I worked all summer at that and made more money than I would have done if I had remained at home and taught school five years. I paid \$365 tithing. This was another testimony that a man does not lose anything by serving the Lord.

My daughter Grace was born December 21, 1899.

I taught school the winter of 1899 and 1900 and while I was away from home on a business trip Mrs. Vilate Meeks Howard proposed to my wife that if Mrs. Nixon would furnish the house she would put in her time in a millinary business. I had bought a little frame shack from Bishop Pulsipher on the corner, with the ground it stood on about forty-five by fifty feet -- a part of his city lot. When I received this word I told my wife to go ahead and I would furnish some confectionery to be put in with it. So I went into Salt Lake before returning home and bought the candy, nuts, etc., and shipped them to Huntington. By the time they reached there Mrs. Meeks had changed her mind so it was up to us to sell the stuff. We put it into this little room that had been used as a doctors office and had shelves and counter in and we began to sell it out and this was the beginning of our business career as merchants. It was not long till we had to have more goods and finally more room and then more goods till when ten years had passed we had the best store in Huntington.

I was ordained a bishop and set apart to preside in the Huntington Ward in 1904. I chose as my counselors J. Fleming Wakefield and Peter Nilson -- both of whom had recently

returned from missions. During the four years that I served as bishop we built a new tithing granary, finished the tithing office, built a large hay-shed to store hay in, built a tower on the meeting house and planted hardwood shade trees around the church lots. I found it a hard task to be both merchant and bishop and was released and placed in the high council and superintendent of Stake Sunday Schools.

I was the first president of the Huntington Commercial Club and took a leading part in getting the town incorporated. I installed the first telephone that was in use in Huntington and also the first picture show for which I generated my own electricity by gasoline engine which also furnished lights for our store so we had the first electric light system that was in use at Huntington. I was one of the incorporators of the local telephone company, also of the Price Commercial Savings Bank. I shipped the first full carload of material to Huntington, built an opera house and warehouse combined at a cost of \$20,000 dollars. Had the first seed cleaning plant in the city and imported lumber yard. At the same time I was farming forty acres of land and caring for three hundred colonies of bees. I shipped honey and alfalfa seed to all parts of the country by car load lots. In this way built up a very profitable business ranging from sixty to ninety thousand dollars each year till 1920 when I closed out and sold out to make our home in Provo. All these years and through all this business my loyal wife stood by me and took a great part of the responsibility and in my absence in buying seed, honey etc., she took full charge of the business.

My son Ezra was born on the eighth day of April 1904.

After returning from my mission I purchased the city lot adjoining me on the west that had partly gone to swamp and bog. I redeemed it by working it and got a good orchard growing on it.

I always took a great pride in good horses and teams and I owned two different fine breeding horses and did all my freighting from Price with teams. When Willie and St. Clair became large enough during the summer time they hauled the freight and we also farmed out on the desert near the Austin Ranch leased from Brother M. F. Cowley. I took up some land west of there in view of getting out water from the Huntington Creek and irrigating it. There were a number of men from town that were for a time interested but one after another quit and laid down so I was compelled to give up the project and record that as my first business project in which I failed; having spent considerable time and labor in plowing and fencing, trusting the other associates to go through with the project of putting the ditch out and the water on the land. Yet at the same time we made some money on the Cowley farm we had leased, where we also had a few sheep and hogs. In all of this business and farming I never at any time kept my children out of school a week on account of work. Perhaps as the result of being a teacher myself so long I could see the harmful results of so going.

In 1911 we purchased the home in Provo from Mrs. Hatfield. My wife stayed there with the family who were attending the B.Y.U. during the years of 1916, 1917 and 1918. The house 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. Three months after we had leased the show, while my wife and I were in Idaho visiting her



brother (New Years) night the building caught fire through an overheated stove and burned to the ground. It took me twenty-four hours to reach Huntington and I will now record in this history remarks that I made to Bishop Leonard when he met me at the scene of the fire. I first said, "yes it is pretty tough, I will go to work and earn it all back in ten years." I have since said I could acknowledge the hand of the Lord in this fire and this is my explanation of the reason. I had rented the building as a picture show to Evert Johnson for \$100.00 per month and the north half of the lower floor to Mr. Pritchett for \$50.00 and the south half of the same to the Fruman boys for a Barber shop and pool hall. This amount to \$175.00 per month besides I had tenement rooms upstairs for rent. All this together with the rent from the store building which Brother E. G. Geary was occupying at \$40.00 per month, also our residence which was rented to Mr. Richards for \$25.00 per month made us a very nice income to retire on. I had sold the merchandise and fixtures to brother Geary, for a down payment and monthly installments for balance, so that all together I felt that we had come to a point in life where we could retire and live on our income and finish educating our children. I fitted up one room in the upstairs of the amusement house building for my own use. In it I placed my desk, typewriter and other office furniture. Also my bed and all of my books and records of business for the past twenty years. I had some remnant of property there, such as horses, machinery, wagons, etc., that 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.

After a few weeks I joined my family at Provo. I will tell you my children and grandchildren, and any other readers of my story why I have always felt that I could acknowledge the hand of the Lord in the burning of my property at Huntington. In the first place I found that as a result of my very active life and particularly the last twenty years of it I had been so very busy and let me here tell you before going farther with my explanation that the last part of this period of time we were doing from \$60,000 to \$90,000 worth of business each year and while my wonderful devoted wife did a great part of the managing, clerking and posting sale slips into the day book; no other person than myself ever wrote a line in my ledger. This part of my work was frequently done after other people had retired for the night. I used to draw down the blinds of my office in the rear of the store and there do my bookkeeping and letter writing which often took me into the early hours of the morning, and in order to accomplish this better and not disturb my family on retiring, although only a block from my residence I arranged for a sleeping room in the upstairs of the store to which I could retire when exhausted through long hours of work; for it was not only the business in the store that had my attention, but at the same time we were caring for from two to three hundred colonies of bees, forty acres of land the product from which I generally handled at least once in harvesting and gathering. We had a very excellent piece of ground on which we raised hay, grain, potatoes and alfalfa seed, also some hogs and a few sheep. All this took labor and energy. My sons J. W. Jr. and St. Clair and even Ezra were old enough part of that time to do a good part along with me. While they never were kept out of school one day to work they were always ready, willing and interested in doing whatever there was to be done to help carry out our purposes and plan for their education.

My son J. W. and his sister Olive being the oldest were, of course, the first to go away from home to school. James William's first experience was at the Emery Stake Academy, where he lived with A. N. Leonard and wife and later with James Peterson. One of the many things I admired in him as a boy was that when he returned home for his summer vacation, the very first day, he doffed his school clothes and put on his overalls and reported for work of the

kind there was to do. He 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. Jesse was too young to do much of either at the time we left Huntington; but like the other children was always helpful, ambitious, obedient and clean in their habits of life. We never had any serious trouble with any of our children and none ever caused us any sorrow, either while they were young or since, for which I feel very grateful to the Lord who has always been so very kind to me and my loved ones.

The only real sorrow that ever came into our home came as the result of the death of our daughter Myrtle, who at the age of fourteen was an unusually bright and loving girl and was very spiritual in her nature. She always manifested a special desire to be with her father and I naturally reciprocated. She became very ill quite suddenly on a Saturday and on Sunday was not well enough to go to Sunday school. She lamented it for she said she had promised her teacher that she would bear her testimony this fast Sunday and she felt bad that she could not go. Her sister Olive consoled her by telling her that she would tell her teacher and that she would bear her testimony for her. It happened just at that time that I had a shipment of two carloads of honey cans come to Price and I felt that it was necessary for me to go in person and check them out and make proper distribution of them to people whom I had sold. Accordingly early Monday morning I asked Myrtle how she felt and she said she was feeling a little better and for me to go. Inasmuch as it was only a distance of twenty-three miles I went thinking I could hurry home if she were to grow worse. In the afternoon of this first day when I had partly finished my work I called the home on the phone to learn how Myrtle was feeling. My daughter Olive answered and said as I understood her, "much better"; but I had misunderstood her for I later learned she had said, "not much better". So I continued n work a little longer when they phoned me to come home as soon as possible. I called on Dr. Fisk in a hurry and explained as nearly as I could the case and requested him to follow me as quickly as he possibly could and I went ahead riding a little race horse which we called Lightning that I had ridden over to Price. I was so worried and so anxious to get to her bedside that I ran the horse all the way, never hardly allowing him proper breath, which resulted in his death the following day. When I reached home Myrtle had become unconscious and did not know me. The doctor had not hurried even as he could have done and by the time he reached my home she was dead. I met him at the door and asked him what his bill was and he said \$20.00 and I gave him a \$20.00 gold piece and did not even invite him into the house for I felt very much hurt to think he would loiter around Price for hours before making a start towards my home when I had made it so plain how urgent the case was. This was our first real sorrow in our home and it made it worse for me when I realized that I had allowed business to take me away from her when she was sick; but it seemed it had to be and I might have been with her sooner had I not misunderstood Olive's answer over the phone. She had a wonderful funeral and her class mates visited her grave in a body regular for sometime afterward.

It might be interesting for me to relate some very wonderful things that happened in her case before her death as we learned from some of her most intimate friends and classmates after she had gone. Some of them told her mother and I that the Friday night before her sickness that she said to them. "I am going to have a good time tonight at the dance and have all the fun I can for it will be the last dance I will ever attend." They laughed it off; but it happened as she had said. Another instance was related by Mrs. Jane Johnson of Huntington as follows: "Just a

few days before Myrtle's illness I was in your store trading and Myrtle took my baby from me and cared for it while I was being waited upon and when I was ready to go she said no you can't have this baby anymore this is going to be my baby. Finally she gave it to me; but she says I am coming after it pretty soon and I laughed for it rather pleased me to see how much she loved my baby". About the time Myrtle took sick her baby did also and Sister Johnson told us the night Myrtle died she came to her home and said "I have come for my baby". The baby passed away that night. Another thing that indicated that Myrtle knew she was not long for this life (although she was always as healthy as other children) was related by some of her companions: One day they were in the upstairs of our store where we kept funeral supplies among which was caskets. They told us after she had gone, that she lay down in one of them and said "this is about the right length for me I think I will use this one myself", and she did.

Now while on this subject I want to say that for several years I sorely grieved the loss of the companionship of my sweet daughter. I felt that I could never become used to her being gone. I had prayed for solace and consolation and hoped that I might even dream of her; but had given up in despair, when in the early hours of the morning about three o'clock, I found myself sitting up in bed and my wife lying asleep beside me. When Myrtle entered the room and spoke to me and said, "Papa I know you have been grieving over my passing away; but you must not anymore; for I am very happy and kept very busy". I felt it selfish on my part to be enjoying such a wonderful treat and not let my wife know of it and with my eyes fastened on Myrtle I nudged my wife and awoke her and told her that Myrtle was there visiting us; but at that Myrtle left the room, then I related what had happened and how happy it had made me feel and my wife replied, "I am glad for your sake now I hope you will not grieve anymore". Some of my readers may think this was a dream, but it was not. If I am now awake and am conscious of any existence I was then and I beheld my daughter with my eyes and heard her voice with my ears and furthermore my soul became satisfied and I have never grieved an hour since. This has been one of the outstanding testimonies of my life. She has been a sort of anchor to me from the other side to encourage me to press on and round out my life in usefulness that I may meet her and my other loved ones when I shall have finished my work here in this life.

Now I return to the subject of why I could see the hand dealing of the Lord in the destruction of my building at Huntington. Had I have continued to enjoy the income I was then receiving from my property, I would not have needed to work anymore and I am sure I would have shortened my life. When I reached Provo, where I had formerly bought a nice home and had it well furnished, I tried out retired life and it lasted about one day and a half. I remember quite well the whole program of that period of time. The first morning I had my breakfast, then took the paper and read it awhile after my wife's morning work was done we sat in our easy chairs and visited awhile, then I went up town and had a shave and haircut, then up to my daughter Olives and played with the children and then back home to a show in the evening and managed to pass away the first day and till noon the following day when finally I said to my wife, "I must have something to do, I can't stand this any longer. I must get busy at something. Then she suggested that I go into business there. I told her I had had enough of merchandising, and did not want to go into that business anymore. We talked of various things and finally I decided on life insurance as a good thing for busy work besides it offered an opportunity to serve my fellow man in a most wonderful way in providing their families with the protection they should have in the event of the fathers death. Besides this the loss of part of my income that had been taken through the fire had made it necessary for me to go to work again and that is the part

that I felt would be a blessing for me, instead of idling my time away and perhaps through a torpid liver and sluggish kidneys etc., had shortened my life. I must now get busy again and replace the income that had been destroyed.

Accordingly I went to Salt Lake City and made an investigation of several company policies and contracts, among them the Penn Mutual Beneficial, and Intermountain Life and decided to sign up the Intermountain Life, for whom my son-in-law F. L. Hickman was then working. It was just three months from the time we left Huntington that we were visiting my wife's brother Ezra at Preston that on New Years night of 1920 that we were called on the phone and told that the Bonita Building was burning. One of the things that I regretted more than anything in connection with the loss was that my books were all burned including my missionary diary which also contained the record and genealogy of all those whom I baptized in California. My diaries and school teacher records and certificates were all destroyed in the fire so I am left to write this imperfect history almost entirely from memory which I find however is serving me remarkably well; for it seems to come to me as if it were like a panorama passing before my mind. One reason for this is because in the last fourteen years of my labor among the people of Utah and Idaho I have been honored by the presiding authority of the wards by being called upon to speak in the chapels and I have related many of these experiences and testimonies to them.

There comes to my mind now an incident I feel should be recorded for the benefit of my posterity for it brings out a point of doctrine taught by our Savior in a very remarkable way. Like most people who have been engaged in business of any kind things come up in their lives that are very unpleasant and in many instances very bitter feelings are engendered as the result of the conduct of some of our fellowmen particularly if it has been done maliciously and willfully to injure. This was a condition that arose while I was engaged in business at Huntington. A competitor whose name I will withhold had been guilty of a number of very contemptible things that had been calculated to injure me materially and make it difficult for me to continue business. After a series of such activities had been perpetuated by him, I confess I allowed myself to grow into a feeling of great hatred of this man. This feeling grew the more I thought of his actions. It used to make me very unhappy and I even used to get worked up over thinking about what I had had to endure that I could not sleep when I went to bed. I still had this evil feeling toward him when I left Huntington and on the first trip I made back there on a certain hill about midway between Price and Huntington I approached a car stalled on the hill and as I came nearer I saw that it was this enemy of mine. My first thought was to pass him up like I would a dog and give him the high hand and say it serves you right. Then there came another thought from a better source which prompted me to stop and offer assistance and this spirit I listened to; so when I drew up and stopped I asked him if there was anything I could do to help him out of his difficulty. When he saw who it was offering he was so taken back that he could hardly answer for a time. His wife was with him. He finally recovered from his shock as I pressed my services and he said "If you really want to help me, when you get to Huntington go to the garage and tell them to send out an ignition man to go over the ignition for that is my trouble". I asked if I could do anything more -- if his wife would ride on into town with me, he replied no and finally I went on and rendered the service he had permitted me to do. My victory was won over myself. I felt happy as the result of returning good for evil and from that day to this I have never had one evil thought towards him and I have felt to do him good rather than any harm.

I have learned in my life that the greater the sacrifice we make the greater the blessing we derive from such sacrifice. When I went on my mission to California it was necessary in order to procure the means for my expenses and to keep the family of five at home, for me to sell my farm and most everything else was sacrificed to accomplish that work; but on my return the Lord made it all up to me and more for that first year I made more money than I would have done had I remained home teaching school for five years. This was done by selling stock for the Western Loan and Saving Company and it has always given me encouragement by believing that the Lord had been particularly mindful of me as a result of my sacrificing for his cause and proved to me the value of following his admonition, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all other things shall be added".

In my labors in the Huntington Ward in the Sunday School and the Bishopric first as a second counselor to Bishop Charles Pulsipher then later to Bishop Peter Johnson who was first counselor to Bishop Pulsipher and had taken his place as bishop -- then as bishop myself. I always felt repaid for my services in the joy and satisfaction that came from performing my duty. There was pleasure and honor in the blessing of infants baptizing and confirming children, administering to the sick and looking after the poor and needy of the ward. Also in being a peacemaker in settling difficulties. All these activities took time and in some cases means, the sacrifice of which always brought its blessing. We organized a Commercial Club and I was honored to be the president. It brought many pleasant associations and was the means of doing some good. Our streets and road through the town were greatly improved by the gravel hauling parties that we organized after which the ladies of the club used to prepare a supper, then we danced and made a pleasure out of our work.

Among the other organizations was our finance committee. In order to procure the necessary means for carrying on the expenses of the ward, we the Bishopric decided upon a plan of having a "finance committee" of five members who should have charge of all amusements of the ward, and were to devise means by which the necessary money to pay all expense of all organizations and the upkeep of the meeting house were to be paid. The committee that was selected by us was A. P. Suret, Antone Nielson, M. E. Johnson, J. L. Brasher and Heber Leonard.

During these four years there was never a single donation or contribution asked for from the pulpit in the church -- but every expense was met from the ward treasury, procured by the finance committee. Although the purpose for which the organization was accomplished, like most new places, it met with a great deal of opposition and came to an end at the time of my resignation from the bishopric.

When I was building my home Brother Francis M. Lyman came to our ward and while speaking in church made this statement. "If any of you brethren are very busy building a home or developing a farm -- if you will spend a few days on this meeting house you are building or contribute of your means toward the construction of that house you will find that your own work will progress faster as a result." I took him at his word and as a result when the meeting house was finished I had credit on the books for hauling rock for the foundation, furnishing a horse to work on the mudmill to make adobes, gave one horse toward the buying of lumber, helped with cash to buy the windows, and paid for the brick that went into the chimneys. My work went on rapidly and I had a part of my home finished to live in within a year. It is so

easy for the Lord to overrule for our welfare or leave us to battle alone and it has been my experience that when we serve the Lord we are happy and prosper, and that when we give to the poor we lend to the Lord.

On one occasion there came to the Huntington Ward Brother Willis and Brother Goddard who had been making a tour of the Southern part of Utah preaching the Word of Wisdom and they held a meeting in our ward and even went so far as to put the people present under a covenant that they would never use tea or coffee, liquor or tobacco again. They called upon all those present who were willing to make such a covenant to arise to their feet and raise their right hand and promise these things. The majority of the people arose and I was among that number. I don't have any way of knowing how many people have lived up to that promise; but from that day to this which has been over thirty-five years I have never drank a cup of tea, coffee or liquor, neither have I used tobacco in any form. The authorities of the Church called those brethren in and forbid them going so far as to put the people under covenant and Huntington was the last place that it was done; but I have always felt glad that they were not checked from doing that till after they had been to Huntington; for it gave me a determination to totally abstain from the things the Lord had said was not good for man. To this I attribute my good health. Now over sixty-nine years of age and have no aches or pains in my body and feel very much younger than men usually do at my age. I have in connection with this learned the propriety of not over-eating and to abstain from the excessive use of meats. In fact I am thoroughly converted to the benefit accruing from obeying the Word of Wisdom as given to us by the Prophet Joseph Smith. I also have seen the benefits of getting plenty of sleep and make it a rule when convenient of getting two hours of sleep before midnight. Drink plenty of water and not indulge in too much sweets -- try to think only good thoughts and cultivate a good feeling and will for all mankind. Avoid worrying about anything that can be helped; but rather help it and if it can't be helped, dismiss it from my mind. I believe that worry shortens more lives than does work.

I have always been ambitious to excel in whatever I undertook from my early manhood and it was this pride that kept me continuously on the job while riding the mail from St. Thomas to Mineral Park, Arizona while my companion had a number relieve him. I would not give up. In my studies at High School I had an ambition to be among the best scholars. When I started teaching and took my examination as we had to do in those days each year I made it a point for ten years to make each certificate record a higher percentage average than the last year and thus give evidence of progression. When I was ordained a Bishop I determined to carry out implicitly every word of instruction, counsel and advice given by the President of the Stake and frankly very much to my embarrassment I was singled out by President R. G. Miller as the one bishop in the stake that was obeying instructions and counsels and had set his ward in order. 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 when I was called to do missionary work I went there with the same

determination to excel that I had always had and as the result of following strictly the advice and instructions of my President when I left for home I had baptized more than four times as many people as the next highest elder, and so I have made it the aim of my life to excel in my work. Whatever I was engaged in and have never been content with anything but the front ranks which my friends all know I have occupied in my various endeavors. These things have come to me through my humility and willingness to listen to counsel, living my religion, paying my tithing, attending to my prayers and cultivating a desire to excel in good work. As a result of this ambition I have been able with the help and cooperation of my wonderful wife to educate my children, keep them on missions and provide them a home to come to and visit as long as they please with their parents. Not every investment I have made or venture undertaken has proven a success; but my few failures have greatly helped me to develop better judgment and avoid greater pitfalls.

In the year 1920 I moved my family to Provo and took up the Life Insurance work with the Inter-Mountain Life. I entered upon this work at the age of fifty-two with the same zeal for success that I had always had in my former occupation and while this was a new line of thought and new experience I concluded that I would put my best efforts into it and give the best that I was capable of doing. The first year I wrote \$512,000 of insurance, principally in Eastern Utah where I was best known. This amount placed me at the head of the list of the sales forces, which place I occupied three successive times later. In 1924 I built a large addition to my home at Provo and remodeled the house so that it could be rented for apartments. In the meantime all of my four sons had been supported on missions. J. W. Jr. was sent to Germany in 1913. He had charge of the company of elders going across; but on account of the war breaking out he with all other elders, was compelled to leave there. He was returned to Philadelphia where he filled the remainder of his mission principally among the Pennsylvania Dutch. After completing his mission he entered the medical school and completed his medical course at the University of Pennsylvania. After being released from the service, 1918, he married Margaret Lea and came home and set up a practice at Hiawatha from which place he moved to Castle Dale, Utah where he is still engaged in his profession at the time of the writing (1935). Later, in the year 1919 my second son St. Clair was called to fill a mission in the Central States, labouring mostly in Missouri. After two years he returned and married Lyle Glazier of Provo. Soon after my third son Ezra was called to labor as a missionary in the Eastern States and he spent the principal part of his time in the State of Vermont and New York. He was made a conference president. On his return we leased our apartment house at Provo and moved our best furniture to Salt Lake and furnished a home at 223 South 11th East in order to accommodate Ezra and Jessee who had decided to make law a profession, but after one year prelaw course at the University of Utah, they changed their minds and concluded they would take a business course, so owing to the Landlady at Provo proving to be an undesirable character we moved back to Provo and took possession of our home. While living in the eleventh Ward in Salt Lake City, Jessee, my fourth son, was called to fill a mission to England where he labored two years. Ezra completed his school work at the University of Utah. In 1927 he married LaRue Olsen of Moroni and in 1929 went into the employ of J. C. Penny at Del Norte, Colorado where he still works.

Jessee labored at Graves End and London and was released after two years mission. His sweetheart, Mildred Jones, met him in New York and they were married there by advice of President Grant and returned home together where they were remarried in the temple.

I purchased a Willys Knight car at the factory in Toledo and they drove it home detouring at points of interest.

All four sons have been married in the temple and to my best knowledge are observing the word of wisdom and paying their tithing. My three daughters were also married in the temple-the oldest-Olive married F.L. Hickman, Nina married Harold I. Bowman, and Grace married Deveril Stewart. At the present writing my three daughters and one son, St. Clair are living in Salt; Lake City, while Jessee and his wife are in Washington D.C. studying business administration at The George Washington University which he expects to complete in 1933.

Now I will return to my own activities back to the year I engaged with the Intermountain Life. The second year I wrote insurance I came as far south in Utah as Gunninson and wrote some business in Nephi. Then into the Delta country and year by year have been extending my territory till 1928 I also vent into Idaho and have been repeating my visits there each year. In the course of twelve years I have written four million of insurance and hope I have made a friend in every home.

In 1928 I purchased the building at 338 West Center Provo formerly occupied by the Perry Seed Company. It was offered for \$18,000 which amount only represented the actual market value of the ground the building stood on, I had in view the remodeling of the building for a picture show. I interested Parley L. Larsen with me and Jesse E. Day of Aurora, also my son Dr. J. W. Nixon each of whom took 5,000 stock I bought \$1,000 worth for my wife and we incorporated with a capital stock of \$50,000 36,000 of which was subscribed and paid for. We assumed a mortgage of \$8,000 on the building and increased it to 14,000 using the 6,000 new loan for helping to remodel the building. We furnished it with Heywood Wakefield Chairs, Powers 6 B Machines and high grade draperies and carpets. Everything was designed to have a Spanish effect. We named it Bonita-meaning beautiful. We opened the theatre on January 28, with the picture--"The Girl From Rio".

It developed later that this venture was a mistake, notwithstanding I had sought counsel from my bishop, also the President of the stake and a very successful business man, J. Roundy who was a friend to me and from all of these I received encouragement and counsel to purchase the property and remodel it for a show house.

The first month started out fine and we cleared about \$500; then adversities commenced. The Radio in its perfected form came into use and people naturally, while it was a new thing remained at home, by their warm fireside and in easy chairs and or enjoyed themselves listening to the program on the air. In course of time this, however, lost its great attraction to some extent. The newness wore off and the people sought a change to be entertained again through their sight as well as their ears and they began to come back to the theatre, when what should happen but the Flu broke out and raged through the city and kept people at home, as they were afraid to go to any public gatherings, on account of this contagion, finally that abated, and about the time they got started to going to the show again, the Talkies were introduced in the other shows of the town, and that became a drawing card away from our house, and all of this happened within one year the result of which was that we had the programs all contracted for, and had to pay for them whether we played them, or not and in many cases we played to practically empty houses, and seldom ever made our expenses for the last nine months



of the year. The result of all of this was that we suffered a heavy loss this first year. As soon as business picked up again I leased the show to one Mr. Kesler, of Salt Lake who in turn subleased it to a party by the name of Ruschmeir, or rather employed him to operate it for him. The show did not pay very well on the start and Mr. Kesler lost all interest in the venture and left it up to Ruschmeir, who built up the business considerable and got it on a paying basis, but on account of his dishonesty in dealing with the film companies and us it became necessary to cancel our lease with him, and he left owing us \$1,000 for which he and his wife signed a note, and we have never heard from him since, he having gone east some place. I then leased the show to S. M. Smart and Noble Peterson of Salt Lake City and they made an agreement that they would purchase the furniture and fixtures if we gave them a ten years lease, which I did. So for more than a year the show was under the management of S. M. Smart who was also running the Crest Theatre of Provo. He made this theatre a second consideration, and placed the poorest of his pictures in it for exhibition, and apparently intended to make it profitable to him by keeping others out of it, and notwithstanding all of this many people preferred to attend this show as it had very good seats, and he had placed sound in it which was satisfactory at that time. By the way Mr. Ruschmeir had placed the Strike Sound in while he was operating it. There was also a feeling of loyalty to this theatre which had been built in the vicinity of the peoples homes and many patrons also came from other parts of the town continuously. Mr. Smart gave almost his entire attention to the Crest and left the Bonita to the young man and young lady whom he had employed to run it. He too gradually got behind with his rent until he was owing the Company \$400. Then there came a man from Boise, Idaho by the name of Thamert who had had experience in operating a show in Boise, and he subleased the show from Mr. Smart, and ran it for about a year, when he sold his lease to a Mr. Schultz. Mr. Thamert made no money but was the first man whom we had leased it to that was honest with us for he paid his rents in full. He finally in May of 1932 sold his lease to this Mr. Schultz. The manner of this transaction was for us to cancel the original lease given to Mr. Smart and Peterson on the grounds of failing to comply with the terms of the lease and we made a new lease with W. Schultz, the effect that he put up a cash deposit of \$300 to be forfeited if he failed to fulfill his agreement, which was to pay \$100 per month for one year, and then \$150 for the next year, and \$175 for the third year which should be the life of the lease. This present date of writing is May first 1933, and Mr. Schultz has so far lived up to his contract, as did, Mr. Thamert. In my opinion he has not made much money, for he has had very sharp competition and money has been very scarce. In order to pay our back taxes and some other obligations, it became necessary in '32 to place a mortgage on the furniture and fixtures of the theatre, increasing our loan with the Zions Saving Bank and Trust Company from ten to twelve thousand dollars, which is the present encumbrance on the theatre, drawing seven percent interest.

In order to secure the money to purchase the building, it was necessary for us to mortgage our home which we did for \$10,000 and in this thing I feel that I made the first serious mistake in a financial way in my life, for it has been a millstone about my neck ever since taking all I could make to pay the interest on the obligation and at the present writing I am wondering whether I will be able to hold out much longer for I have used all of my available assets to meet the obligations as they became due. And if it were not as a matter of Honor, I should surrender my property to the bank and relieve myself of further anxiety; but I realize that in so doing that someone besides myself would sustain a loss and not as a result of their own acts; but the people who had their money in charge, had made a mistake in placing a loan of that amount on my property, which in normal times would be worth much more than the amount that it stands them

in for. So to try and save my friends who have loaned me the money from loss, I am still struggling to keep up the interest till a sale can be made to clear the entire obligation.

So far as the theatre is concerned, so far this year it has nearly paid its obligation of interest; but nothing on the principal and taxes. While the great majority of the loss is upon me and my family, I really feel worse for the friends who put money into the theater. Namely Parley L. Larson, \$5000, and Jesse E. Day \$5000, and also my son Dr. J. W. Nixon \$5000. My wife and I \$26,000. All of this is in security for about \$12,500, and in addition to this security our home is given for an additional \$10,000. The figures under the present conditions are stifling and enough to discourage the strongest heart, yet I am relying on the promises of our leading brethren that if we will keep the commandments of God and pay our tithes and attend to all of our duties that we will yet pull out of the results of this depression.

One reason that I have given this account of my unfortunate investment is to get some profitable advice before my children. As long as I can remember, the counsel of the authorities of our church has been to “get out of debt and stay out of debt, and not mortgage our homes”. I thought that I had this thing of mortgaging my home made so repulsive to me that I never would consider doing it for any purpose. In fact all of my married life I had advised against it and kept my home free from mortgage. I have told my friends that on no account should they encumber the home of their wife and children and yet the desire to have a job that would enable me to stay at home with my wife after we had raised all of our children, and they married off and after having been on the road for ten years to procure means to educate my children, denying myself of the comforts of home and leaving my dear wife at home alone over this period of time, I say that this desire to be able to stay at home the rest of my old age, became so strong that when this opportunity came to purchase this building for the price of the ground it stood on, and with the hopes of making a lot of money in the show business, which business I had formerly made money at, and too with the determination of selling the home and repaying the loan and having an equity left that would build us a large enough home for our use, I thought that it would be a good move to make, and then as I have stated before I acted I sought counsel from my bishop and the President of the stake, and other business friends whom I do not blame for one minute, and after talking it over at length with my wife, made the venture which I name as the great mistake of my life. I want to add here a word of counsel to my children and grandchildren. Don't Borrow Money for investment. The interest works while you sleep. don't Mortgage your home on any account, better sell it outright if necessary. Don't go against the counsel of the leaders of the church; and particularly the prophet of God, even if under officials advice. Meet your obligation with the Lord and your fellow men if it takes the last dollar you have to do it with. The Lord is able to provide you with more. Maintain your honor at all cost. Be truthful. There are no conditions under which a man is justified in telling a lie. Live a clean life, don't ever defile the body that the Lord has provided you with to house the spirit that he created. Think clean thoughts, “as a man thinketh so is he”. When tempted to tell a vulgar or obscene story stop and ask yourself the question, “Did I ever hear my father or mother tell a story like the one I am about to relate”. I will say for my father and mother that I never in all my life heard of my father or mother telling a smutty story to anyone. I believe their ideals were above such practice. We may think that our own loved ones will never get to know of our wrong doing. The Bishop of the ward will never learn of this or that misconduct, or the president of stake certain will never learn of this lie I told or this dishonest deal I made, or this unchaste deed I was guilty of, they will never hear of this wild party I am contemplating attending, nor of my

drinking a little. No it may be that those things may go on for a time and be kept hidden, but there is at least one who will know of all these things we do, and think and that is your own dear self, as well as the record keeper in the heavens. Along this line I will quote a verse that has always been very choice and meaningful to me. It is entitled:

“Myself and Me.”

“I have to live with myself and so, I want to be fit for myself to know. I want to be able as days go by, always to look myself in the eye. I don’t want to sit with the setting sun, and hate myself, for the things I’ve done.

I cannot hide myself from Me, I see what others may never see. I know what others may never know, I cannot fool MYSELF and so, Whatever happens, I want to be self respecting and conscience free.”

This will be a good guiding thought.

How frequently it happens that we have an opportunity of materially benefiting ourselves by a transaction that will injure others in some deal, or we may accomplish our ends by failing to tell the whole truth in some matter. Let us remember that while we may never be found out in our true character, we can never get away from ourselves, and we will finally pay the price of wrong doing, and that judgment is not always postponed to eternity, but while we yet live here on the earth.

Neither can we abuse our bodies and break the laws of nature and escape paying the price. Nature too makes us pay every time we break one of her laws. It pays to live and observe the Word of Wisdom, I feel that I owe my good health at my age to the observance of this law. I am now nearly sixty seven years old and haven’t an ache or pain of any kind in my body. For this I am extremely thankful to my heavenly Father for his revealed word, and to my parents who taught me the Word of Wisdom and set me the example by living it.

There are many things that should be observed and also be refrained from that are not mentioned in the word of Wisdom that might appropriately have been incorporated in that revelation.

We should allow ourselves plenty of time for sleep and relaxation, we should not eat too much at any one time. Neither should we work too hard and strenuously, or too long hours without resting the body. It is also harmful for us to work too long at a mental task, or to read too long at a time.

The body should be properly clothed, particularly in cold weather. It is just as necessary that it be kept clean by frequent baths. Our diet should be such that it provides all the essential elements for the body and should be well balanced, so that nature need not be helped in the process of elimination. All of these things are wisdom. We should not eat in a hurry, but take time to masticate our food well and drink plenty of water during the day.

The above suggestions I have tried to observe for many years and I attribute my good health to my adherence to these things. I am interested in the lives of my posterity, and hope and pray for their welfare, and trust that when they read these things that they will carry weight with them to the extent of impressing them with the real necessity of their observance if

they would be physically strong and mentally alert and as a result be useful instruments in the hands of the Lord in working out his purposes. Many men are unable to fill the places they should on account of the lives they have led or are leading.

Idaho Falls, August 24, 1936.

More than three years have now elapsed since I wrote the last of my life's history and at various times things have been brought to my attention and memory that I had not thought of in their regular order, when recording. Among these is my attitude toward following the instruction given by those in authority in the Stake in which I was presiding as Bishop. My wife has reminded me of a time when it was necessary for me to make a decision whether I would support the prevailing feeling in my ward that the Academy of the Stake should be built at Huntington, but the Authorities felt that it should be built at Castle Dale. In a public meeting held at Huntington, where this matter was to be decided, I spoke on the question, and while I naturally preferred to have the institution built in my home town, I went on record as advising the members of my ward to forget our selfish interests, and yield to the wishes of the Stake and Church School authorities. While this action on my part pleased my Brethren, the authorities who congratulated me on my attitude, it made some enemies for me at home and some of them from that date on accused me of having more interest in Castle Dale than the ward over which I was presiding.

The Stake Authorities asked us to lend our support to the Academy and in order to do this in the way requested we had to give up our Seminary School at Huntington, and send our students to Castle Dale. Many good faithful and loyal Latter Day Saints did send their children there. We sent our oldest son J. W. to attend the school while he was still in the grades. Later, Grace and St. Clair were sent there. There were a number of years between the time of my oldest sons attendance and the younger children's. During this time we paid the tuition of another student from Huntington, so we have always felt that we were loyal to the Institution, in harmony with the counsel that we had received. President Maeser made the remark in our home on one occasion that the time would come when there would be no Stake Academies in the Church except the B.Y.U. but that they would be supplanted with Seminaries throughout the land. With few exceptions that has already been fulfilled.

I implicitly believe that the leaders of the Church are inspired in giving counsel to the members of the Church and that a man is safe in always following that counsel. I have observed in many cases in my life that the man who disobeys counsel that has been given him comes to grief as a result.

In the year 1933 we concluded to sell our home in Provo, Utah and clear up the mortgage loan, and move to Idaho where I had been appointed to supervise the Agency work of the Pacific National Life Assurance Company whom I had been employed by since 1928. We still owned the old McCullough home at 315 South 4<sup>th</sup> West and do at the present writing August 24, 1936.

After leaving Provo and before getting a transfer of recommend, in acknowledging the receipt of a remittance I had made for tithing to Bishop John T. McAdams, he wrote me as follows: "Dear Brother Nixon. To know the People of the Ward, as I have learned

to know them and to cherish the close companionship of such wonderful people as yourself your dear wife, and your lovely children of whom any parent may be justly proud, is to love them. Let me add Brother Nixon, that I hope in your travels, through the hamlets and cities of this state, and other states, that you will make yourself known to the Presiding Authorities of Stakes and Wards, that you may be given an opportunity of bearing your testimony to the Truth, and give the people the benefit of your most unusual and wonderful experiences.

I feel that where much is given, much is required. And I recommend therefore that you show this letter to the Presiding Authority of Wards and Stakes or to any one whom you may choose, for I consider that those with whom you come in contact, should know how you are held in confidence, and appreciation at home by your friends. The Presidency of this Stake and your bishop. I am as ever your

Bishop, John W. McAdams”

Bishop Harold R. Clark succeeded Bishop McAdams as bishop of the Sixth Ward which took place just before we left the Provo home; and he after our departure thinking that we would make our home in the Yale Ward in Salt Lake City, wrote the following letter to Bishop Gaskel Romne and sent a carbon copy to me.

“Dear Bishop Romney: From out of the Sixth Ward of Provo, to your ward, comes Brother and Sister J. W. Nixon, who have resided in Provo for the last fourteen years or so. Both Brother and Sister Nixon, as well as their children have been outstanding in their loyalty, devotion and active service to the work of the church. I think that we have never had a family in our ward who have done more in every possible manner, than has this one. It is with profound regret that we are required to give them up, but conditions seem to fully justify their moving. We feel to congratulate you highly upon their coming to your ward, as I understand that at least temporarily, they will reside in the ward over which you preside. I want to recommend them most highly to you and extend my, heartiest congratulations, on your having them come into your midst. With all good wishes, Cordially

Harold R. Clark, Bishop of the Sixth Ward”

Mr. Neph L. Morris, who served as President of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion for twenty-eight years, and who was at that time and still is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Pacific National Life Assurance Company on learning of my appointment to the position of Agency Manager in Idaho, voluntarily wrote and sent to me the following letter of recommendation:

“To Whom it may Concern: The bearer is J. W. Nixon, who has recently been appointed agency supervisor in Idaho, with headquarters at Idaho Falls, where he has established his home. Mr. Nixon has made an enviable record as a life Underwriter and as a citizen. His varied experiences, makes his counsel valuable. His ability to present in an orderly way, programs that are for ones best good is outstanding. He exerts a Wholesome influence on all with whom he comes in contact. We are pleased to present him as our agency supervisor and commend him to your favorable consideration. Yours very sincerely,

Nephi L. Morris, Secretary-Treasurer.”

Carl R. Marcusen, President of the Pacific National Life took occasion to send me the following letter of introduction:

“To Whom it May Concern: We are pleased to announce the appointment of J. W. Nixon, as a General Agent of the Pacific National Life Assurance Company. Mr. Nixon has made a most admirable record both as a merchant and in later years as an Insurance agent. He has won and maintained the respect of a large clientele of good people in Southern and Eastern Utah. He is a man of faultless habits, and blameless character. Business transactions will be treated conscientiously and with a view to serving the purchaser of insurance to his best possible advantage, and we make no reservations in commending him to the good will and confidence of all people with whom he comes in contact.

Cordially yours, Carl R. Marcusen.”

On reaching Idaho Falls we took a room at the Hotel Idaho and stayed there until Christmas then we went down to Salt Lake City for the holidays. In the spring of 1934 when we returned to Idaho Falls we took a room at the Grand Hotel where we stayed for several months, and then got an apartment at the Ellis where we remained until Fall then back to the Grand Hotel where we were furnished a front room on the second floor. We returned to Salt Lake for Christmas. In the spring of 1935 we again took a room at the Grand Hotel where we remained until we left for our vacation trip to Washington, D. C. to visit Jessee and Mildred and stopping enroute to visit Ezra and family. We left Idaho Falls on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of July and worked along the road, staying at Preston the first night and then to Salt Lake next day where we were royally entertained by our son-in-law Devril, Olive was then in California with the Choir so we took Elaine and Ruth in the rumble seat, leaving word for Olive to follow us on the bus the next day on her return from California and join us at Ordway, Ezra’s home. Our plans worked perfectly. We left the girls at LaRues and took Olive with us. Principal points of interest on the way that we visited were Independence, and the Temple site, the Josephite Auditorium. Leaving this place we traveled through Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, West Virginia to Washington, D. C. The Rabbits Ear Pass and the Continental Divide were interesting from the standpoint of scenery and beautiful roads, wide and oiled. In Missouri at St. Louis, we visited the Forest National Park the largest of its kind in the world and also the Jefferson Memorial where the Lindberg ship and trophies are kept. The crossing of the Mississippi was interesting.

We reached Washington on Sunday after seeing Baltimore by detour. For the next two weeks we were entertained in a wonderful way by Mildred and Jessee -- seeing all the places of interest, as well as fine dinners and shows. After leaving Washington we came by way of Atlantic City where we remained one day and saw some wonderful sights and entertainment on the Steel Pier. There were thousands of bathers on the Beach. From Atlantic City we drove to Philadelphia where we visited Willie’s Medical School and took a picture of the President of the School Monument. We went out of the city on the Roosevelt Boulevard on to New York. Stayed at the Holland Hotel two days in which time we saw the principal sights of the City. Also Coney Island where we took our first ride in a wheel chair. Saw a man run knives and spears down his throat, also a woman with two heads and another human who was half man and half woman.

We attended church at Flushing and was called upon by Bishop Christensen to speak. We saw Radio City. From Now York we went through Ithaca, the home of Cornell University, and the city where George Nixon and I had attended a Nixon Reunion twenty years before. We were in New York City when the first news came of the World Wars first battle just twenty years before to the day. Called up on the phone the only Nixon I could find listed in the book and asked about his family history, and he told me that his Grandfather’s name was

William A. Nixon which happens to be my grandfather's name. He gave me his address as Maurice W. Nixon 707 Mitchell Street, Ithaca, New York.

Our next place of interest was at Palmyra, New York where we stayed overnight and visited the Hill Cumorrah and examined the beautiful monument recently built there. Also visited the Sacred Grove, which place I had also visited twenty years ago. Next day we were off for Niagara Falls and from there to Kirkland to see the Temple. Had very pleasant visit with a Mr. Cooper, a Josephite Elder, and in the evening at his home he asked me to lead in prayer with his family before leaving. The following day we, Mother, Olive and I were on our way to Nauvoo, where we stayed overnight at the Mansion House. Was shown over the town by Mr. Page, the Josephite Elder in charge of the Reorganized Property there. The interesting sights there were Joseph Smith's Grave, The Relief Society Monument, the Temple Site, and the old homes of our first leaders of the Church. Also at the Rheinsbold Hotel, where we saw sixteen rooms in his house all furnished differently with the furniture of the Mormons who had been driven from their beautiful city of 20,000 people and that was now less than 1,000. We slept in the Guest Room, of the prophet Joseph Smith, from which there was a secret closet that he had arranged through which he could hide from his enemies. From Nauvoo we made our way back to Ordway, Colorado where we arrived on the 6<sup>th</sup> of September, in time to spend our Wedding Day with Ezra and LaRue, Elaine, Ruth, Jackie and Dorothy Dean. While there we visited Rocky Ford Celebration.

At Ordway we found that Ezra was teaching a Sunday school class in the Christian Church Sunday School, and explaining the Gospel Ordinances in their fullness. There was not another L.D.S. family in Ordway.

Retracing our trip for an instant I must give a brief account of our visit to Harmony, now called on the map Susquehanna in Susquehanna County Pennsylvania, we detoured in New York from Route 17 at Binghamton to the south into Pennsylvania about 16 miles to this "historic town of Harmony", as it used to be called. This was one of the most interesting places from the standpoint of church history that we had visited. Here we saw the ruins (merely the basement) of the Prophet's first home, built on the only real estate that he ever owned. We also saw the grave of Isaac Hale and wife, and the infant son of the Prophet. Also the old diggings on the side of the hill where the Prophet dug for his employer who thought he had a mine. We got access to an old history of the county which recorded some infamous lies about the Leaders of the Church. Had a long conversation with a Mr. Baker, the editor and owner of the only daily newspaper in Susquehanna County. He thought the Mormons should build a monument to the name of Joseph Smith there. I took the matter up with President Grant by letter after I arrived back in Idaho and received a very nice letter from President Grant in answer. It is as follows:

Salt Lake City, Oct. 15, 1936

"Elder J. Nixon: Dear Brother: I have read with much interest your letter of October 14<sup>th</sup>, and the Carbon Copy of your letter of October 10<sup>th</sup> to the Editor of the Evening Transcript of Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, which accompanied it. I hope that Mr. Baker may read the literature you sent him and in the spirit you suggest. We feel that we are doing about all that we should at the present time in the matter of erecting monuments at historic places. I shall

however be glad to hear from the gentleman if he decides to write to me. With all good wishes,  
Sincerely, Your Brother Heber J. Grant.”

Mr. Baker, the editor, published an article about our being there and our visit to the various places that interested us. He mailed a copy of the paper to Olive at Salt Lake City and one to me at Idaho Falls.

I had been appointed by the Stake Presidency of North Idaho Falls. President David Smith and Counselor, to supervise the baptism services of the Stake, which were held once each month in the Stake House. This work I have taken pleasure in since that time.

My oldest grandson, L. Dean Hiakman, had returned from his mission in England during this October 1935, and in keeping with my advice soon returned to “Washington, D. C. to take up the study of Medicine.

I continued my work of writing life insurance until time for the Company’s Convention in Salt Lake City. On December 8<sup>th</sup>, however, I attended the funeral of Lula Thurgood of Provo, my niece, whose husband had telephoned me at Idaho Falls requesting me to speak at the Service. We had our Christmas dinner at Nina’s with only six members of the family present; quite a contrast from our usual gatherings. I returned to Idaho Falls to work until the day before the Convention and took Noah S. Pond with me through the worst storm I had ever traveled in all my life. We were four hours going forty miles and there were hundreds of cars stalled along the road. We arrived in Salt Lake City about 11 P.M. having left Pocatello at 8 A.M. The report of the Convention showed that only four of us agents had made the Hundred Thousand Club.

We had ordered a new Chrysler Six Car from the factory and Devirl was bringing it to Salt Lake for us. In the meantime we visited Dr. Nixon and family at Castle Dale. We left Salt Lake for Los Angeles about the 22<sup>nd</sup> of January 1936, and remained there visiting St. Clair and family for two months. During this time I entered into an arrangement with Ben White (to whom I had advanced \$1,000 twelve years before to buy a piece of property) to buy one half interest in a dwelling on Whitmer and Beverly Boulevard; thus saving the former amount I had advanced. We returned to Idaho Falls on the 9th of April and found that we could get an apartment at The Milners by waiting ten days, which we spent in the Smith Cabin south of town.

We moved into the #3 Milner Apartment on April 19<sup>th</sup> and found ourselves more comfortable than we had ever been before -- on the ground floor and plenty of room with private bath. We attended the APP-A-Week Club Convention in Salt Lake at Pine Crest on the night of the 23rd of July and the Cavalcade at the Stadium on the night of the 24th -- all at the Company’s expense. We took my local representative Mr. Noah S. Pond and his wife along with us. We returned early Sunday Morning and reached Idaho Falls in time to attend to my duties of the Stake Baptism in the afternoon. Jessee and Mildred, Ezra and family all visited us here at the Falls early in July and we all went to the Yellowstone Park together. We had a group picture taken together and had a very lovely time sightseeing and visiting. The date of this writing is August 24, 1936, and as advance history we are intending to leave here on the morning of the first of September and drive to Salt Lake City, from there we expect to take my Sister Emma and daughters Olive and Grace with us to St. George, Utah where we have received invitations as special guests to attend the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration of the settlement of that city, where I was



born on the 7<sup>th</sup> day of September, seventy years ago, and mother was born on the same city block on the 24<sup>th</sup> of March sixty-eight years ago.

We expect to spend our wedding day and incidentally my birthday at either Jacobs Lake, Arizona or in Salt Lake City.

## BIOGRAPHY OF J. W. NIXON THE FIRST

I was born on the 17<sup>th</sup> of February 1836 in Liverpool, England. My parents William Abraham and Bridget Degnan were born in Ireland. Father in Dublin in 1816 and Mother in Longford in 18\_\_.

When I was two years old my parents moved to Bangor in Wales where we lived until 1850 when we moved to America. First to New York State and then to Ohio and from there to Minnesota where they still reside. I have one brother and three sisters, namely: William Nixon, Catherine Stewart, Mathilda Gregory and Jennie \_\_\_\_\_.

My parents after separated, then my father married Miss M. E. Perine by whom he had six children, five of whom are living -- two girls and three boys. I was in business in St. Paul, Minnesota until '56 then our establishment caught fire and burned up. In May 1859 I started on the plains with a Mormon oxtrain. Arrived in Utah on the 2nd of September. On the 26th of November I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the rear of President Young's residence in City Creek, by Elder Robert Martin and confirmed by Dunbar and Allen in the 20th Ward.

In December I received my first endowments and was enrolled in Brigham Young Juniors Regiment Cavalry called the standing army. Served two months in Echo Canyon then was disbanded and organized into John Sharps regiment of infantry and again sent out to Echo serving until May 1858. When General Johnson was moving in to Salt Lake we moved in ahead of them, remained in Company with John Wheeler about Provo in employ of Levi Stewart herding sheep and cattle, moved back to Salt Lake when through counsel of John Sharp who fitted me out I started to Camp Floyd. Worked at chopping wood, driving team and during the winter of 1858-1859 I did some trading, cleared about \$1500.00 bought two span of mules, wagons and three cows. On October 26, 1859 I married Johanna Maria Schultz. Worked during the winter of 1859 and 1860 for Dustin Amy at Tim Smithing. In the spring we moved to East Weber, opened up a farm and made considerable improvements. In 1864 I rented my farm and moved to Salt Lake City and bought a house and lot in the 9<sup>th</sup> Ward and worked at my trade part of 1864 and 1865 for Alfred Best. In October 1865 I was called to St. George on a mission. I sold out my farm and house and lot and other properties and started on the 14<sup>th</sup> of January in 1866 for Dixie with a span of mules and two wagons. We had at this time three children, Annie, Emma, and Hannah. We arrived in St. George on the 14<sup>th</sup> of February. I bought a lot, pitched my tent and started next day for Los Angeles to buy a set of tinner's tools, machines and material to start business within St. George. Returned on the 16<sup>th</sup> of May 1866. Had a good trip. During the summer of 1866 I built a house and worked in the basement at my trade during 1867 and 1868. My oldest son James W. was born on the 7<sup>th</sup> of September of 1866. Soon after my house was completed. In 1865-1870 and 1871 I was teaming principally. In the fall of 1871 I bought a place in Pioche after having counseled with President Young on the matter of going into business and was promised by him that if I would pay my tithing and keep the commandments of God that I would prosper, which business I continued until March 15, 1873 at which time I sold out and moved to St. George where I had had a store built and engaged in the hardware and tinsmithing

business which I followed until the 16th of May 1876, when I joined the United Order and turned in all my property. I was first appointed 2<sup>nd</sup> vice president then treasurer then I was appointed

president and treasurer in February 1875 and filled this position until 1876. On February 21, 1876 I married my second wife, Hannah Fawcett. In January 1877 the St. George Temple was dedicated. I was called to labor there giving endowments to the living and the dead. February and March I had been acting for some of my wife Johannah's folks. On March the 27<sup>th</sup> I and Johannah and Hannah F received our second anointing under the hands of Wilford Woodruff. April 2<sup>nd</sup> fitted up a circle room for the Seventies in the Temple. On the 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> conference was held in the Temple. All of the twelve Apostles were present but Albert Carrington. All spoke freely of the United Order. Adjourned to meet in the new Tabernacle on the 6<sup>th</sup> of October next in Salt Lake City. A violent dust storm occurred at the close of the Temple conference. April 16<sup>th</sup> President Young and others bid us good bye and started north. On the 17<sup>th</sup> I was ordained a Bishop and set apart to preside over the 3<sup>rd</sup> Ward of St. George with C. A. Terry and A. P. Winsor as Counselors. In the Temple under the hands of Wilford Woodruff and John D. McAllister. May the 11<sup>th</sup> started in company with Jas. G. Bleak and Sister Nixon and Emma for Mount Trumbull to organize the company there as a United Order Working Company in lumbering, farming and manufacturing of lumber. Organized them as a Branch of the Church with Eli Whipple as President Elder. June the 26<sup>th</sup> sending teams with supplies to Trumbull. 27<sup>th</sup> still laboring in the Temple. On August 22<sup>nd</sup> had Mary Anne, Emma, Amelia and Hannah M. our children born out of the covenant sealed to us. 28<sup>th</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup> in prayer circle meeting in behalf of President Young who is very sick. At 4 P.M. on the 29<sup>th</sup> he died.

September 2<sup>nd</sup> President Brigham Young's funeral was held in the Tabernacle which was draped in mourning. He left the Church fully organized. On the 21<sup>st</sup> started to Trumbull with Arron Nelson to look for water. Arrived there on 26<sup>th</sup> and found all well. Explored and became satisfied that we could get more water by digging. 30<sup>th</sup> attended meeting in the big house at Trumbull. October 5<sup>th</sup> started home with Hannah F., Brother Nelson and my son James. Arrived 7:00 P.M. on the 6<sup>th</sup>. 22<sup>nd</sup> started in company with T. J. Jones to Sebitts Mt. Shepherd with load of salt. 29<sup>th</sup> arrived home. November 28<sup>th</sup> I married Zepher Kelsey. January 15<sup>th</sup>, 1878 was baptized for five fathers and uncles. On 22<sup>nd</sup> I was baptized for nine more relatives and friends, 23<sup>rd</sup>, 24<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> was endowed for three more. I have continued to labor in the Temple as a missionary from the time of its opening until the present time. On the 7<sup>th</sup> of May 1878 I moved my family out to Trumbull. I having with others bought the Trumbull property including the livestock. Arrived on the 9<sup>th</sup> and planted corn and potatoes-taking care of the stock. Mill running sawed 2000 feet of lumber per day. June the 1<sup>st</sup> started to St. George with Sister Nixon. On the 7<sup>th</sup> started back to Trumbull and arrived on the 8<sup>th</sup> at 9:00 P.M. I omitted keeping this journal until October 7<sup>th</sup> when I met with board of United Order at St. George. 12<sup>th</sup> started Zepher to Trumbull—arrived on 13<sup>th</sup>. Digging potatoes and mill timbers, hauling poles and working at barn hauling planer and other mill property down to the houses. 28<sup>th</sup> putting up wagon for Dan Sill to go to Panguitch. 31<sup>st</sup> Dan and Walter started. November 2<sup>nd</sup> started for St. George taking Hannah F, and George A. Nixon attending to business in St. George. My father who arrived on the 8<sup>th</sup> going out to Trumbull with me and Hannah F. J. S. Deluche, we arrived on the 15<sup>th</sup> at 9:00 P.M. found all well. On the 19<sup>th</sup> A. McArthur and Orsen Foster arrived at Trumbull with their Mill. I assisted Deluche to set up a logging truck to haul logs. November 20<sup>th</sup> I went up to the Mill and measured lumber. 22<sup>nd</sup> took down smokestack and timber for the mill.

Had a talk with Perkins, Blake and Company. I made a proposition to them to let them have one half of all the timber on the mountain for \$1000 or all of it for \$2000. Cannan or Windsor, which they refused to accept. 23<sup>rd</sup> working about the Tank. 27<sup>th</sup> working at the spring. T. Hancock came out and we worked at the mill, laying sleepers etc. until the 29<sup>th</sup> of December. Started to St. George attending to business until the 28<sup>th</sup>. Started back to Trumbull January 7<sup>th</sup> 1879 arrived the 9<sup>th</sup>. 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> preparing to move the engine. 10 inches of snow fell up to date. Working at the mill. 21<sup>st</sup> started to hunt for Dan Sill. I want to Panguitch and found he had gone to San Pete, I followed him there, February 1st. After talking to Dan and getting a statement of his doings since leaving Trumbull I concluded it was best to sell the oxen for wheat. I did so and stored the wheat at the mill until spring. I returned home to St. George February 16<sup>th</sup> attending to business until the 27<sup>th</sup>. Arrived at Trumbull March 1st with Chister, Boggs Harmon and Howard Deluche. Working at the mill fitting it up. 16<sup>th</sup> started for St. George with Father Boggs and Chister. 24<sup>th</sup> took Father to Washington to go to York with T. J. Jones on his way to St. Cloud, Minn. I then remained in St. George until the 29<sup>th</sup>. I arrived on the 31<sup>st</sup> at Trumbull with my son J. W. Nixon, Jr. Worked about the mill and farm. 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup> of April making a smokestack for the mill.

The following is written by his wife Hannah F. during the summer they finished the mill and commenced to saw lumber. Boggs the engineer got angry and left so Brother Nixon attended to the engine himself. His health had been poor for some time but still he labored whenever he was able until winter, when owing to sickness in his family they had to come into St. George and left him out at Trumbull with his son George A. Nixon. He was taken very sick and thought he would die.

He gave his little boy instructions to drag him out and bury him in the snow if he should die. As soon as the weather cleared up so that his son J. W. could travel he went out to release his father and let him come in and be doctored. He remained in St. George until spring. Then he took part of his family and went out and began running the mill, working as engineer himself. His health was very poor, but he was anxious to saw out the bill of Temple lumber before he quit but they had to haul water to finish it. He kept on till they sawed out the bill, then he had to give up. It was the last work he did on earth. He suffered a great deal of pain in his shoulders and sides. He had a large tumor growing under his right arm and some small ones on his left ribs. He stayed out at Trumbull until October then through the persuasion of his family he came to St. George to see if he could get medical assistance but he found that he would have to go to Salt Lake City to have an operation performed by cutting out the tumors. He started for Salt Lake City on the 7<sup>th</sup> of December 1880. After he arrived in Salt Lake City the doctors advised him to wait awhile until he was rested before undergoing the operation so he waited until the 17<sup>th</sup> of January which was his birthday. The tumor taken out from under his right arm weighed one pound. The others were smaller. He seemed to get considerable better for awhile, but his blood had become poisoned with the tumors so that they started to grow again. He came home to St. George as soon as he could travel and it was after he had been home some time that the tumors began to grow again. Warm weather coming on he concluded to go out to Trumbull again being quite poorly for some time. Sister Nixon hearing of it came out to him. After while he was advised to take some powders for the liver. He sent to town and got some and took them. They

seemed to help him so he began to feel a great deal better. He began to be restless and wanted to go to Panguitch for a few weeks for an outing. On the 8<sup>th</sup> of July he and his daughter started with J. W., Jr. driving the team for Panguitch Lake. They were gone about two months during which time he spent part of the time at Cameron's Mill on the Mammoth and the Lake. He got very much worse but his son J. W. had gone to Sale Lake City with a load of wool so that he had to wait until he returned before he could come home so when he did start he was so feeble that he had little hopes of getting home alive. Providentially the Stake Presidency came along and took him with them to St. George and J. W. and Hannah his sister went back to Trumbull with a load of flour that he had purchased with the money earned by hauling the load of wool to Salt Lake City. Sister Nixon had gone to St. George so she was there to receive him. They procured the service of Doctor Higgins for him. He rallied some little but soon his leg began to turn black in spots and he suffered a thousand deaths. His family worked with him faithfully, bathing his leg with herbs until it got better, then a bad cough set in and would cough with nearly every breath and through this dropsy commenced. The doctor battled with all of these diseases for some time, at length he gave him up and said he could do nothing for him and nothing but the hand of the Lord could raise up from the bed of sickness. After that the cough stopped and he seemed to be getting better for awhile. He lived for awhile but he had to succumb at last February 1882 at his residence in St. George. He was buried on the 20<sup>th</sup>. Funeral services were held at the Tabernacle at 12 o'clock. The following are my children and their respective birthdays:

Mary Anne Nixon, Born January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1861

Emma Amelia Nixon, Born December 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1862

Hannah M. Nixon, Born October 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1864

James William Nixon, Born September 7<sup>th</sup>, 1866

George A. Nixon, Born February 7<sup>th</sup>, 1868

Sena L. Nixon, born December 4<sup>th</sup>, 1871

Adelia M. Nixon, Born March 16<sup>th</sup>, 1874

Josephine M. Nixon, Born June 30<sup>th</sup>, 1876

Della Maude Nixon, Born March 27<sup>th</sup>, 1879

My Parents and Brothers and Sisters:

Father -- William A. Nixon

Mother -- Bridget Degnan Nixon

Self -- James W. Nixon

Sister -- Katie Nixon Stewart

Sister -- Mathilda Nixon Gregory

Sister -- Marie Nixon (called Jennie)

My second wife Hannah I. F. Nixon, whose children were:

Mary Johannah Nixon, Born November 8<sup>th</sup>, 1876

Elizabeth Jane Nixon, Born December 9<sup>th</sup>, 1879

My third wife, Zepher Kelsey Nixon, whose children were:

Franklin Nixon, Born February 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1879

Eva Nixon

Grandchildren by Mary Johannah Nixon Andrews:

Lola Andrews, Born May 8<sup>th</sup>, 1897

Gilo Gwynne Andrews, Born May 7<sup>th</sup>, 1903

Grandchildren by Elizabeth Jane Foster:

Joseph Riter Foster, Born December 12<sup>th</sup>, 1910, Died Oct. 23, 1912

Zona Foster, Born October 5<sup>th</sup> 1912, Died October 8<sup>th</sup>, 1912

Karl Franklin Foster, Born February 1, 1914

Irwin Foster, Born January 15, 1916

Grace Foster, Born July 25, 1918

Rulon Arthur Foster, Born September 12, 1920