

**THE LIFE OF
JAMES WILLIAM NIXON II**

An Autobiography, with Added Notes and Pictures

By Loretta Nixon and Hannah Stout Anderson

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Preface

This has been a project undertaken several years ago and is finally completed. I have researched the Nixon family for close to sixty- five years. Richard and I were married in 1953. The day of our marriage, as we were driving to the temple, Aunt Nina turned to me from the front seat of Uncle Harold's car and said, "Loretta, you are a Nixon now." I am not too certain how that set with me but after sixty-eight years of marriage, there was a lot of truth in what she said.

James W. Nixon II died four years before I married his grandson, Richard Smoot Nixon. I have had the opportunity of knowing all his children. Just before Aunt Olive Nixon Hickman Elggren died, she gave us two large suit-cases full of James W. Nixon's papers. Among them were his diaries and the diaries of his father.

James W. Nixon II was not perfect. He had his failings, but by in large, he tried to do the right thing regarding his relationship to his family and to others. I hope that the same can be said of me after I leave this sphere of existence,

Loretta Dalbey Nixon

Acknowledgements

Original history of James William Nixon II is in the possession of Richard and Loretta Nixon

Typed and mimeographed by Mildred Jones Nixon, (wife of Jessco Cowley Nixon who is the 4th son of James William Nixon II) Washington, D. C. March 1937 for James William Nixon II and Effie Dean Woolley's 50th wedding anniversary.

Transcribed by Karren Hansen (great granddaughter of James William Nixon II)

Suzanne Nixon Crowther, (daughter of Jessco Cowley Nixon and granddaughter of James William Nixon II) in August 2012 typed this document into word and added Section titles. She proofed the document and made minor punctuation corrections in October 2019. Before she passed away, she asked Loretta Nixon if she would add photographs to the history.

Editing, photographs, and appendix additions inserted by Hannah Stout (great- great- granddaughter of James William Nixon II), under the direction of Loretta D. Nixon in 2021. Photographs are from the collection of Richard and Loretta Nixon, BYU Special Collections, Utah State Historical Society, and the University of Utah Marriott Library. A special thank you to Carol and Phillip Tree for final editing.

I am especially grateful for my husband Richard Nixon, who has supported and encouraged me in my endeavors throughout our married life.

JAMES WILLIAM NIXON II



Childhood

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 tinnerns 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.



James William Nixon I Home in St. George, Utah

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 definitely remember 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 scar 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 Cox's which was held in the granary upstairs of the old Isaiah Cox home. I there learned my a-b-c's. Later, 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.

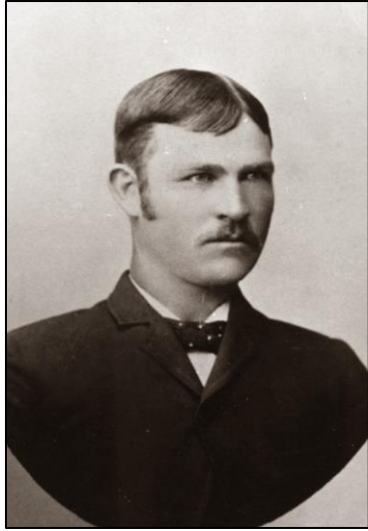
I always expected a punishment from my mother for running away from home and especially for going to the reservoir to swim as we called it. My brother George who was more than two years younger than I cultivated the same mania for water. My mother used

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.

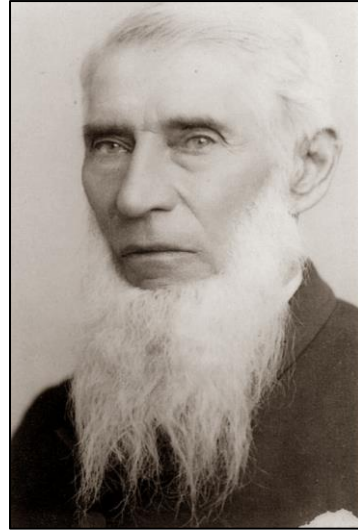
When about seven years old I attended Mrs. Purses school at the second ward. Also, the same teacher in Windsor's home and later in the upstairs of Mrs. Whitmore's home. While there one day I broke a pane of glass from the Whitmore house and my mother compelled me to take another one to her and ask her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



J. W. Nixon II Second School, 2nd Ward, St. George, Utah



George Nixon



William Empey

When I was eight years old, I was baptized by William Empey 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 go 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.

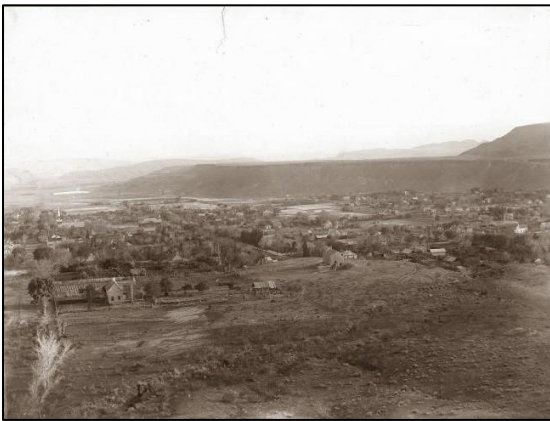
Brigham Young had told him that if he would use the means that came into his hands for the upholding of the church that the Lord would bless him and prosper him. Many of his friends and people who had done business with him have told me of the wonderful way he succeeded. In some cases, for instance a 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. Everything was gold in those days. My father's store was just across the street north from Sherwood's Lumber Yard. During the time of his prosperity there he let a contract to build an addition to our home in St. George by Miles P. Romney and Lois Larsen, who also two years later built a store building in St. George west from the courthouse.



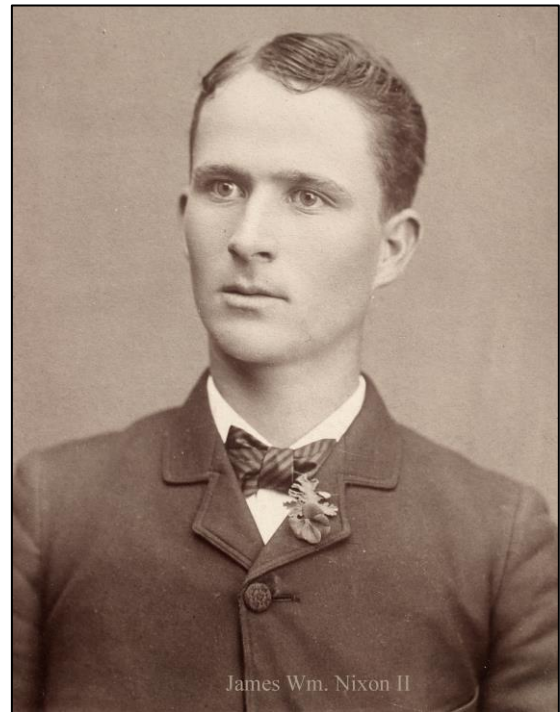
James William Nixon II



J. W. Nixon I and Johannah Schultze Family



Early St. George, Utah



James Wm. Nixon II

James William Nixon II



J. W. Nixon I



Johannah Marie Schultz

Mt. Trumbull

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 than 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.

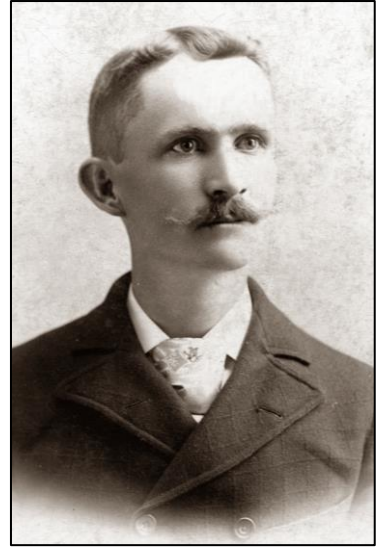
About 1876 he was called to go to Mt. Trumbull. The purpose of his going was to take charge of the mill and property there owned by the United Order. Since returning to St. George from Pioche my father had married Hannah Fawcett, and Zephyr Kelsey, both of whom went to Trumbull and lived there during 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.



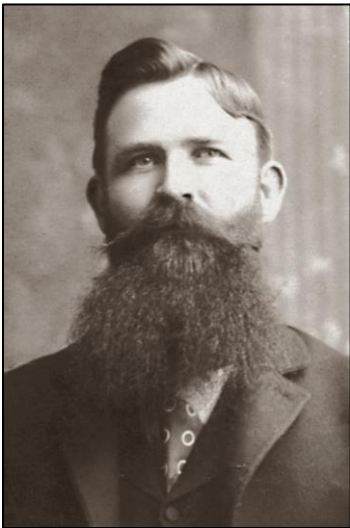
Emma Amelia Nixon



Hannah Mariah Nixon



James William Nixon II



George Albert Nixon



Adelia Matilda Nixon



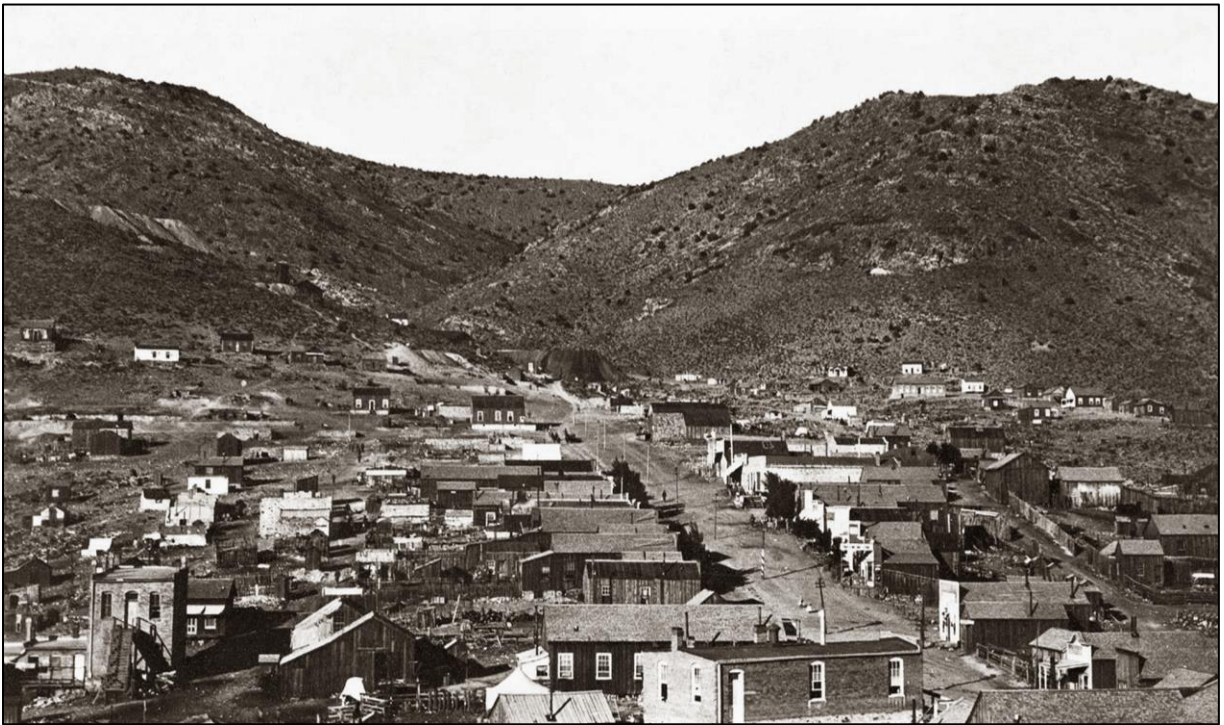
Josephine May Nixon



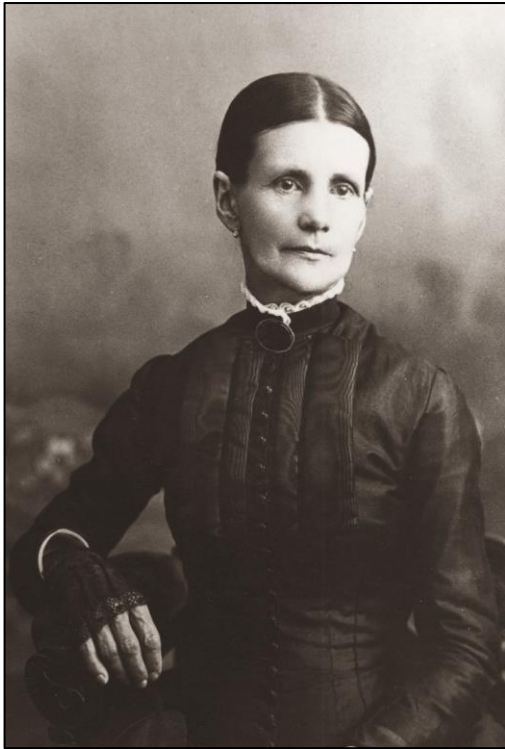
Della Maude Nixon



Left to Right—James W. Nixon II, Della Maude, Josephine May Nixon, Johannah Marie Schultz, George Albert Nixon, Emma Amelia Nixon



Main Street, Pioche, Nevada



Hannah Isabel Fawcett



Zephyr Kelsey

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 Perkins, 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.



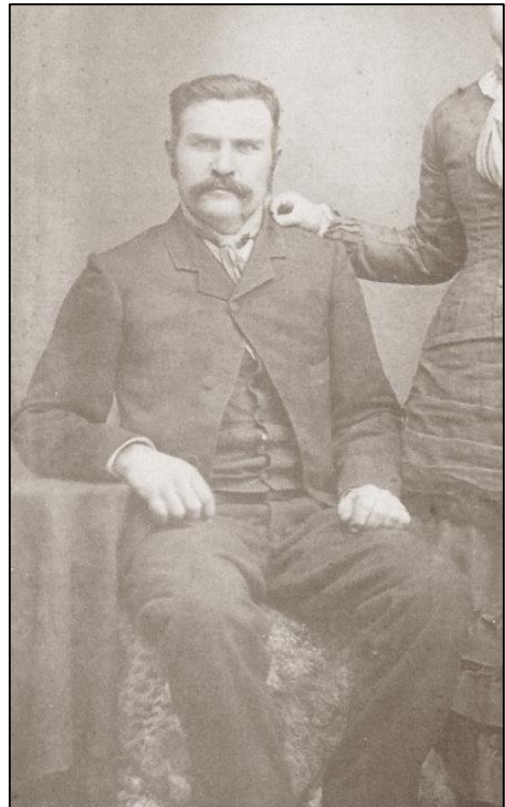
James M. Whitmore



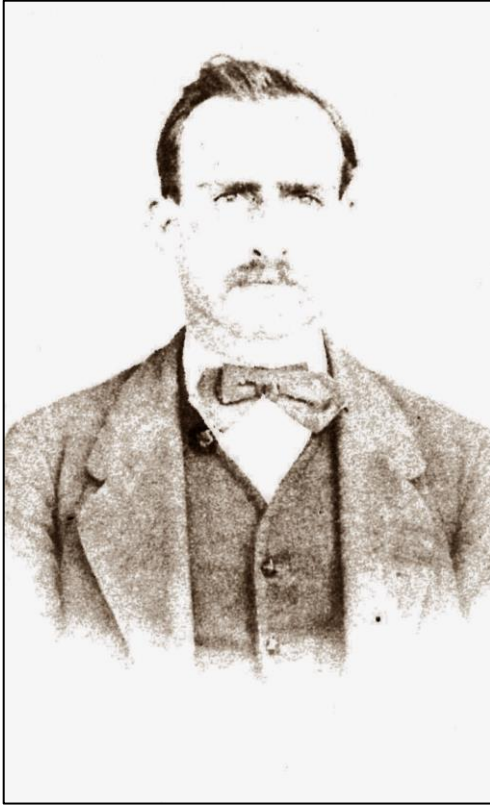
Brigham Whitmore



Samuel Kelsey



Calvin Kelsey



William Perkins



Ute Perkins

The following year, at age thirteen, I worked around my father's sawmill 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, off bearing, engineering, hauling away sawdust and piling lumber.

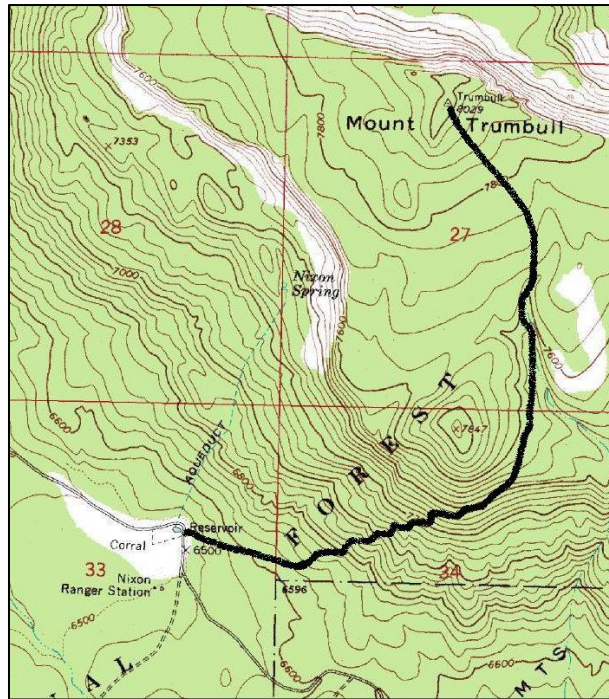
We had between two and three hundred head of cattle at this time and a number of horses on the range which I took my part in caring for, including corralling, marking, branding, and butchering for our own use.

I became accustomed to riding bronco horses (unbroken 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.



Mt. Trumbull, Nixon Springs Home, 1880



Mt. Trumbull map

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: Tom Pierce, John McConnel, and Will Perkins. Later it was found necessary to have much longer and wider timbers for the framework 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 Empey 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 hauling 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 ox teams. 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 man 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 Sawmill 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 John 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 a 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 secondhand sawmill 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.



Blake Sawmill at Mt. Trumbull. The Nixon Sawmill would have looked similar.



Mt. Trumbull



James. W. Nixon II on Mt. Trumbull



Logging from Mt. Trumbull to St. George Temple



St. George Temple under construction

Trip to Silver Reef and a Miracle Healing

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 ox teams and take lumber to buy some 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 ox teams—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 week's 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 instructions, 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 wherever 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 haul 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 while 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 for the king bolt by heating it in a campfire and burning 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 brother's 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.



Hurricane Hill, Hurricane, Utah

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 Virgin River.

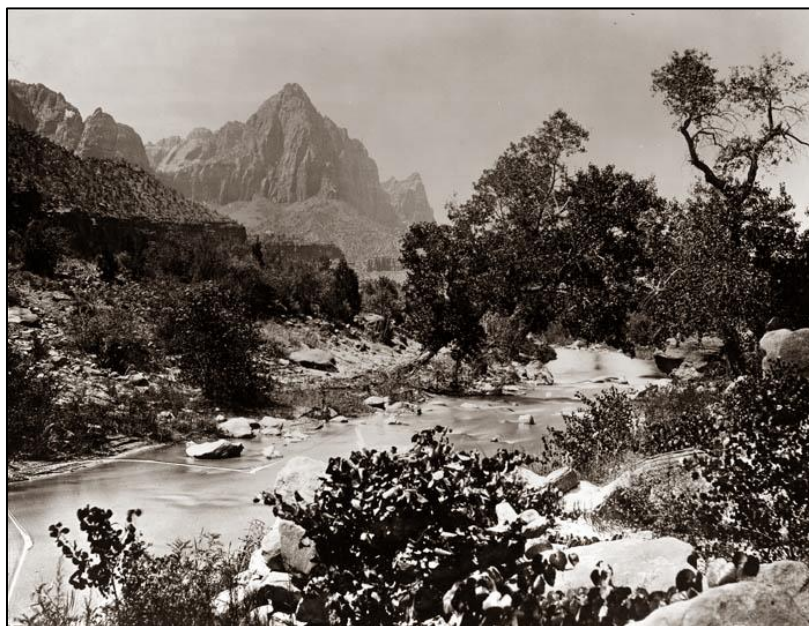
The next day we made our way to the Reef, as it was called, a rich mining camp of those days—1880. I remember well that when going through the town of Leeds that a man called to me and asked me where my father was. When I told him that he was out at Trumbull sick in bed he said, "Where is the man that 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 7th 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.



Silver Reef, Utah, ca. 1870s



Virgin River, Utah



Leeds, Utah

Growing Up Experiences

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.

Eighteen Eighty-One, Panguitch – Salt Lake City Experience

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 sawmill and where fish were plentiful in the stream and where they were also running a nice dairy herd which furnished father with plenty of good fresh milk and buttermilk and butter all of which he was very fond.



Panguitch Lake, Utah

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 mother's 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, shirt, socks, 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 till 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 Aunty Barton's 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 livestock 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 mind's 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, May (who is now dead), Tom and Stella who was then the baby.

I returned to Panguitch 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 father's 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. Sometimes they would not go more than two or three feet to a pull; but we reached home safely.



Temple Wagon for Ordinance Workers



Provo, Utah, 1880



Sena Barton



Salt Lake City, Utah, 1880s

Aunt Hannah, Pigs and Chuck Hole

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 anything 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.

School in St. George

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 schoolhouse, later to Mr. Shopman in the basement of the Tabernacle. My most intimate friend and Pal was John McQuarrie 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. Whitelock 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.



St. George Tabernacle under construction ca. 1872



St. George Courthouse

Beginning of the Love Story of James W. and Effie Woolley

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 Woolley's 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 Woolley 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 Woolley 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.



Effie Dean Woolley



Effie Dean Woolley



Left to Right: Ezra, Franklin, Effie, Jedediah, and Ida Woolley



Effie Dean Woolley



Woolley Home, St. George, Utah, 1916

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 day's 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. We 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 cut 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 we 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 mother's 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 windlass that they used for pulling up the rock, had been removed. The blind ox fell in headfirst. 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 crowd. 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 mother's best friend and

financial adviser and later became interested in the Trumbull ranch. I received a great many good suggestions from him and profited many times by following his counsel.

Father's Last Illness

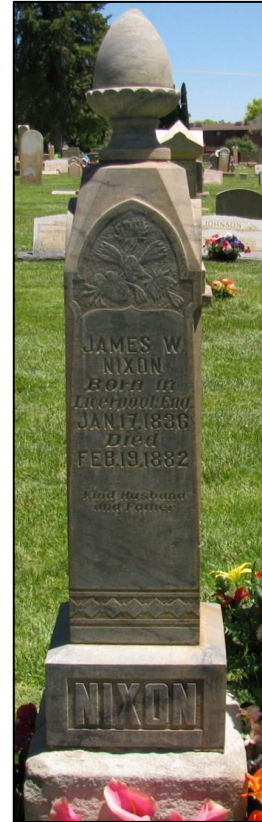
My father had laid sick for two years and gradually grew weaker. He was born in Liverpool, England, January 17, 1836 and died on the 19th of February 1882 at the age of forty-six years and one month. During his last illness, the doctors prescribed gin for him to drink quite freely, I remember vividly 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 and said, "Drink some of father's 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. McArthur, John D. McAllister, and Jas. 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 Zephyr K. Nixon, his third wife, on my mother's 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 mother's family fell upon me. The brothers and relatives of Hannah and Zephyr 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.



St. George Tabernacle, 1935



Tombstone located in St. George, Utah



James William Nixon I

Remember Your Prayers

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 farmhouse or someone 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 horse's heads, and all at once, when everything was quiet except the chuck of the wagon wheels, I heard someone 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 a while." I said, "Someone 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’s 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 drunkard’s 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 lives 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.”

Eighteen Eighty-Three – Life with Aunt Sena and Uncle George Barton

This winter 1883 I attended school taught by Richard Horn in the 15th 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 Store. Masquerade parties were common that winter and we had some

very good times. It was at Richard Horn's school that I got my first real insight into fractions.

Pony Mail Rider

A year before going to Salt Lake after father's death, I went to Silver Reef to get a job and found one working for an old Mexican 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 from the Reef down to the Bonelli Mill 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 rider. Mr. Hardy went with us over the route for the first trip.

This route was from St. Thomas, Nevada down the Virgin River to Bonelli's Ferry which was kept by Mr. Bonelli 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 El Dorado Canyon where we had to again cross the river to get to the El Dorado 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.



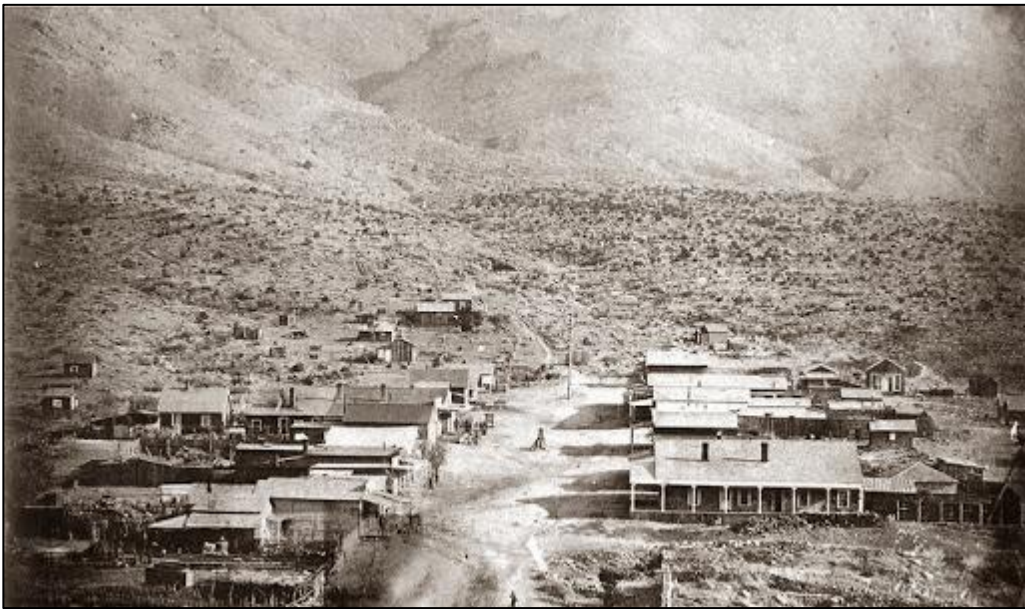
Bonelli Ferry above the mouth of the Virgin River



Daniel Bonelli at the time he was operating the ferry.



St. Thomas, Nevada, ca. 1900



Mineral Park, Arizona, 1880

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 El Dorado 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 Joshua's 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 fellow's 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.

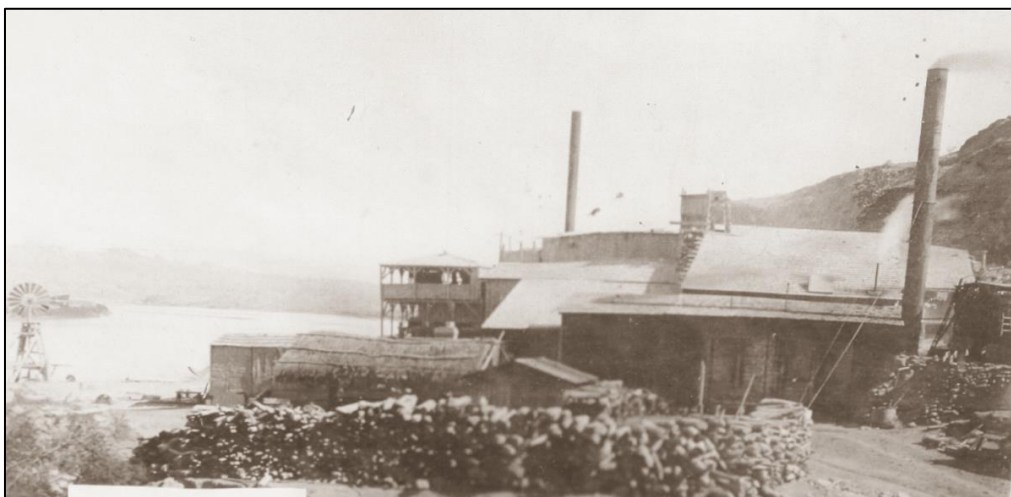
Another occasion, after about five miles on my road from this same station I met two men who were nearly famished for water, and they asked me how much further it was to water. I told them and offered them a drink from my smaller canteen. They, however, only took a few swallows to moisten the mouths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

Now another new witness of God's 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 jog 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.



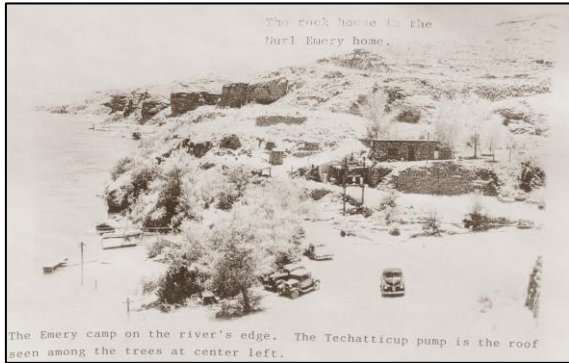
El Dorado Camp, Nevada at time of J. W. Nixon II



El Dorado Canyon, ca. 1880



W. H. Jackson *Pony Express Rider*



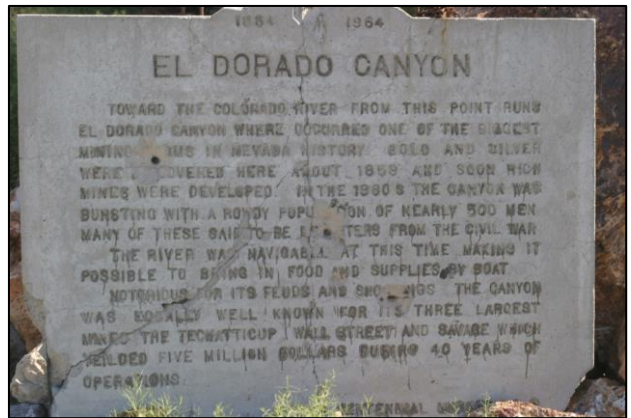
Emery Camp



Pony Mail Steamboat to El Dorado



Silver Reef to St. Thomas



El Dorado Marker

Power of His Father's Example

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 Schlappi 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.

Pony Express Story Continued and Tithing Lesson

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 and 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 Lord's 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 one twenty-dollar gold 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 Mecham 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 Brigh 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.

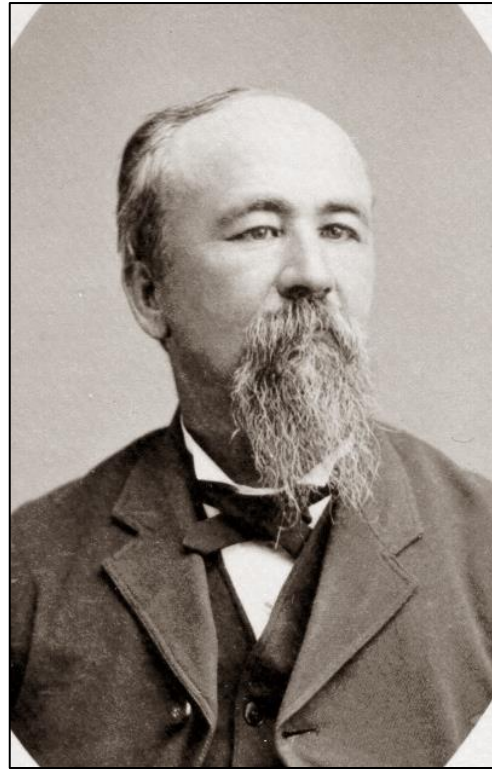


Brigham B. Mecham and Lydia S. Lang

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 into my bedroom 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 along”, 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.



James G. Bleak



David H. Cannon

Seventeenth Year

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. Leavitt 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.



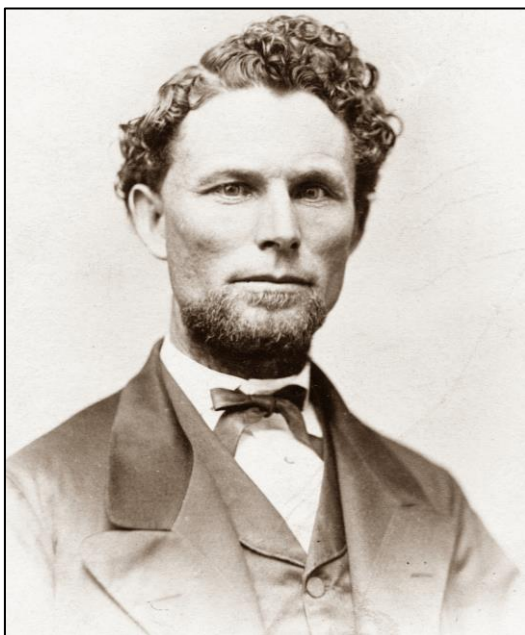
Grand Gulch Mine, Utah

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) Whitmore 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 summertime, 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 Ida and provided for by Frank B. Woolley her oldest brother, assisted later by Jed and Ezra. All of these, except Ezra, felt that 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.



Franklin B. Woolley



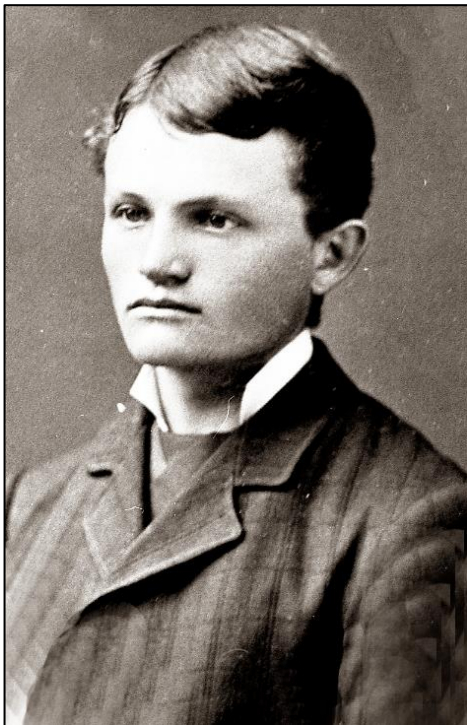
Olive Foss Woolley



Franklin B. Woolley Jr.



Ida Foss Woolley



Jedediah Woolley



Ezra Foss Woolley



Effie Dean Woolley

Eighteenth Year

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 and 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 happened that I had an old racehorse 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.



Left to Right—Emma Amelia, Adelia Matilda, Hannah Mariah Nixon

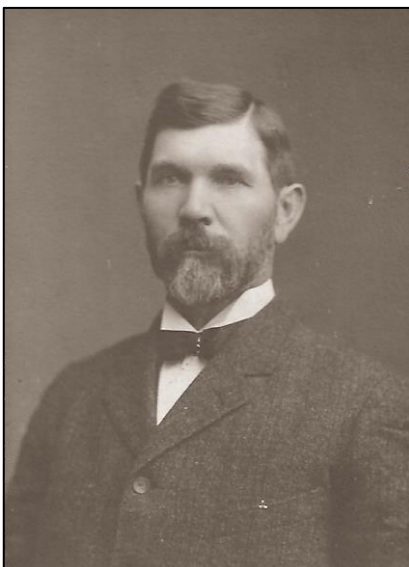
I don't remember anything that would be interesting that happened on the trip till I reached Kesler's ranch north of Panguitch where I camped for the night. But to show how unimportant things will make an impression on one's mind, especially in youth, I will relate a remark a boy of the Kesler family 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 plates 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.

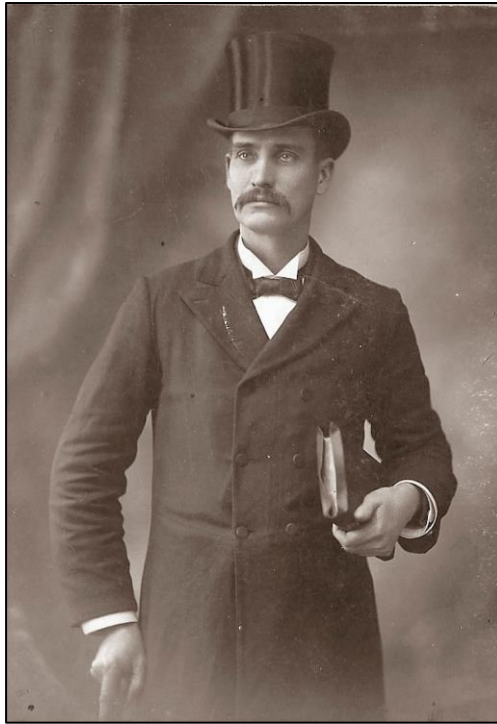
As I passed into Ferron, the animal I was riding ran a nail into his foot from which he became very lame; but by treatment of liniment which I secured at Mike Molens and by changing horses I managed to make my way to Huntington where I stopped for the night. I found a number of former St. George friends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



Don Carlos Robbins



William Mathie



Oliver J. Harmon

Life at the Park

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 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 Whitmore’s, (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.



Whitmore Ranch, Sunnyside, Utah



Sunnyside, Utah



Sunnyside Coal Camp, Utah



Emma and John Mathis



Hannah and James M. Whitmore



Bodal Hotel owned by Emma Nixon Mathis, Effie Dean Woolley on steps

Beginning of James William's Teaching Career

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-year 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.



Elias H. Cox



Deseret University



Deseret 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. Fawcett, 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 Whitmore's 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 Jepperson's,

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 Duchesne 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 Whitmore's. 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 Whitmore's 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.



Huntington School Teachers
(front row—James W. Nixon II and D. C. Woodward)



James W. Nixon II and class—Huntington, Utah



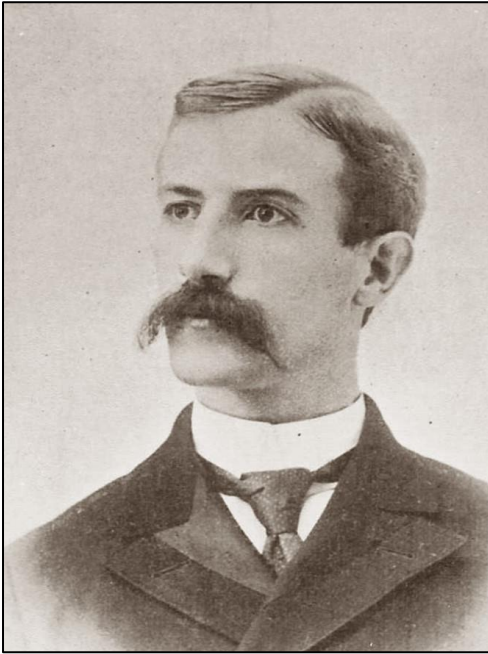
Huntington School



Huntington School closer view



James William Nixon II with schoolchildren



Charles Henry Hart



Frederick Arthur Killpack

Eighteen Eighty-Six – University

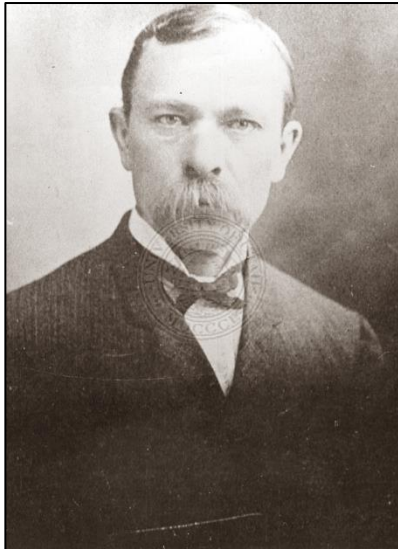
In the fall of 1886, at the age of twenty I went to the University. Henry Mathis also went, and we boarded first with Caroline Rawleigh. Charles H. Hart, Fred Killpack and others were my roommates. We later moved up to Deans, who had three beautiful girls in their family—Bessie, Emily, and Kate.

I took part in their M. I. A. work in the 19th 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.

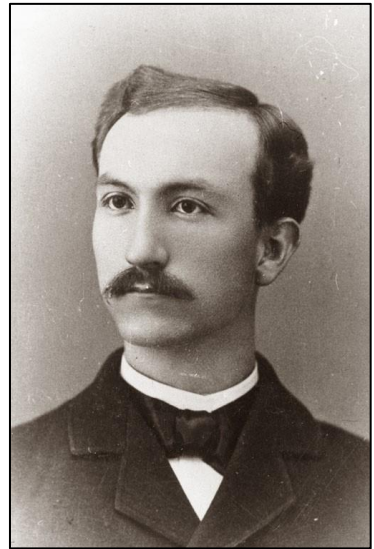
Among the professors under whom I took subjects this year were President J. R. Park, J. T. Kingsbury, J. H. Paul, Orson Howard, Ottinger (drawing), Evan Stephens (Music), J. B. Toronto (Mathematics), and William Stewart. Only two of these are now (1931) living. My course of study was a normal course which then comprised two years' work.



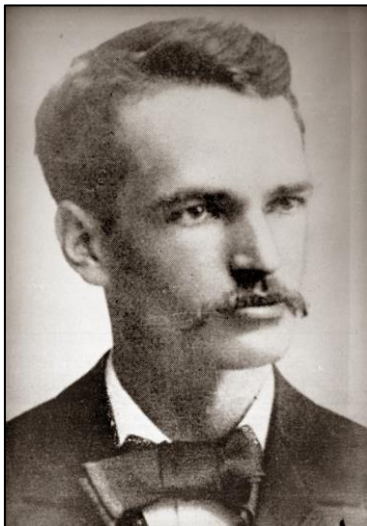
President John R. Park



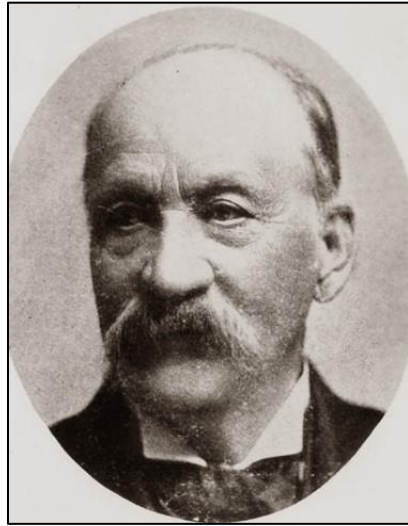
Joseph T. Kingsbury



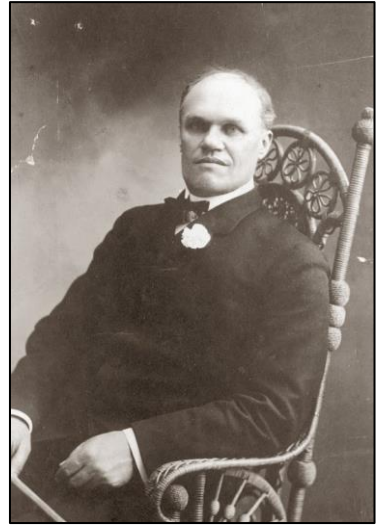
Joshua H. Paul



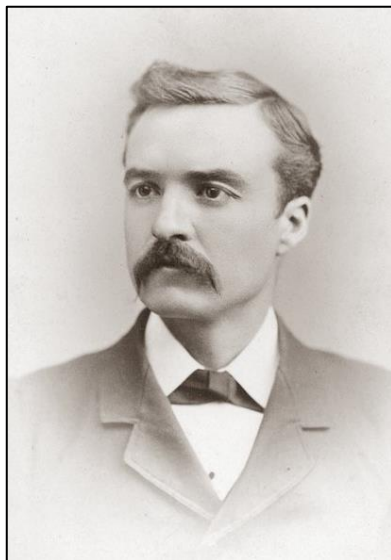
Orson Howard



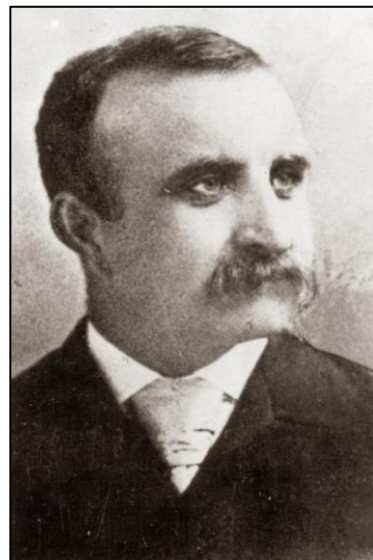
George M. Ottinger



Evan Stephens



Joseph B. Toronto



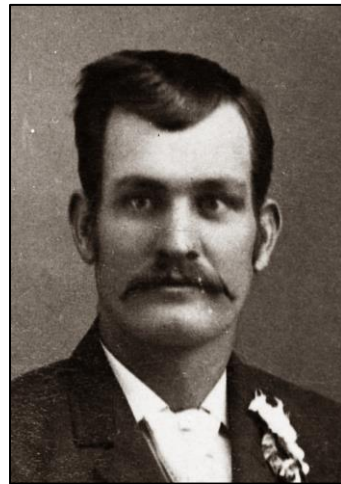
William M. Stewart

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 Fawcett 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 a while 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 Harmon, 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.



Walter Stringham



Hyrum Harmon



Jesse M. Harmon



Julia Harmon

Eighteen Eighty-Eight and Good Advice

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 help 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? 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.

Wedding of James William and Effie Dean Woolley

About the 25th 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

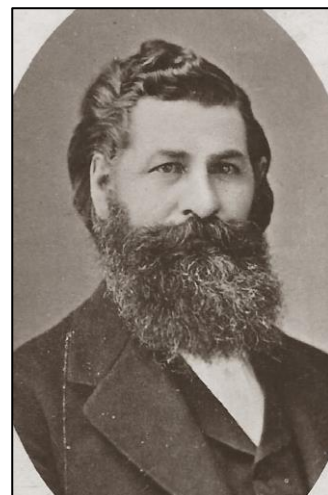
her at intervals during these last two years; for in spite of the fact that I had met many beautiful and talented young girls during my school days I never once had a serious thought for any but her. I arrived in St. George about the 4th of September 1888 and was married on the 7th of September which was my birthday. We were married in the St. George Temple by John D. T. 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.



Effie Dean Woolley



Brigham Young University ZCMI Building



John D. T. McAllister

During Effie's schoolwork 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. 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. 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.



James W. Nixon II and Effie Dean Woolley Wedding



James William Nixon II and Effie Dean Woolley

Huntington

About the 10th 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 Meeks 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 Ferron we stayed at Fred Killpack's and from there we went to Huntington.



Ida Foss Woolley McArthur and Effie Dean Woolley Nixon



Huntington, Utah



Main Street, Huntington, Utah, ca. 1908



July Celebration, Huntington, Utah, 1880s

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. Milas 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 Guymon store building. Later I was transferred to the log meeting house. Stello McMullin, Don George, and 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.

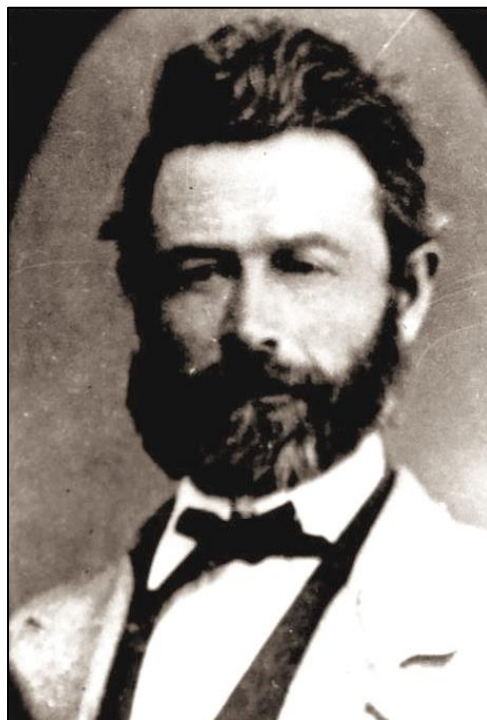
A principal feature of their sport then was sleigh-riding and racing, two and three abreast on the streets especially on moonlight nights. We made our own amusement in the way of dancing and drama and did considerable visiting with friends about town. Among our intimate friends the first year were Job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



Milas E. and Hannah Johnson home in Huntington, Utah



Guymon store, Huntington, Utah



Charles Pulsipher



Milas E. and Hannah Johnson



Job H. and Georgia Ann Whitney



Ira and Julia Whitney



Almira Brown and William
Albert Guymon Jr.



Ernest James and Rose Ann Grange

First Baby – James William Nixon III

The following spring, we moved over into Don Robbins' frame house across the street from Ira Brinkerhoff's. There on June 5, 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.



James William Nixon III

Building Their Home

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 anywhere 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 Jesse 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. Everything 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.



Ladies Literary Club, Huntington, Utah, 1890

Left to Right: Back—Francis Harmon, Hannah Johnson, Ettie Hunter, Liza Fowler, Retta Mathie, Effie Nixon
 Front—Unknown, Mary Fowler, Mrs. Wall, Ettie Hunter Sr., Eunice Harmon, Unknown, Mary Howard



George and Rebecca Nixon



George Hales family



Jesse and Luella Washburn



James W. Nixon II home, Huntington, Utah



James W. Nixon II home Huntington, Utah, ca. 1957

Birth of Olive Ida

Our second child (Olive) was born on the 15th 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 Miller 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 schoolteacher, 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.



Olive Ida Nixon and James W. Nixon III

Showing Them That He Could Farm

In the spring of 1889, I purchased twenty acres of land from Mr. Wimmer from the Chris 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 schoolteacher 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 Burgess 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.

Eighteen Ninety-Two

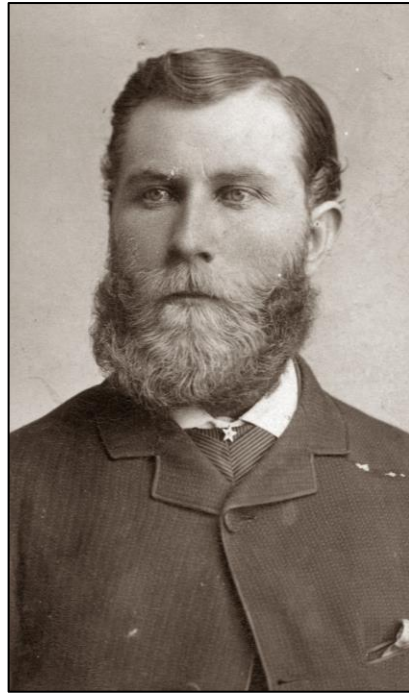
In 1892, I finished the house, giving us four rooms and a porch. This year I was chosen as second counselor to Bishop Pulsipher with Peter Johnson as first. I continued teaching school which was later held in a new brick schoolhouse on the south-west corner of the block east of our home. D. C. Woodward taught in the lower grades. Also Mr. Pogue. About this time, we commenced building the brick

meetinghouse to which I contributed from the foundation to the topping out of the chimneys. I remember of hearing President Francis M. 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 southwest corner of our lot. In this year (1893) the 17th 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.



Joseph Brigham Meeks



George Ipson

1893 – Myrtle Lenora Birth

On February 17th, 1983, Myrtle Lenora Nixon was born in Huntington, Utah.

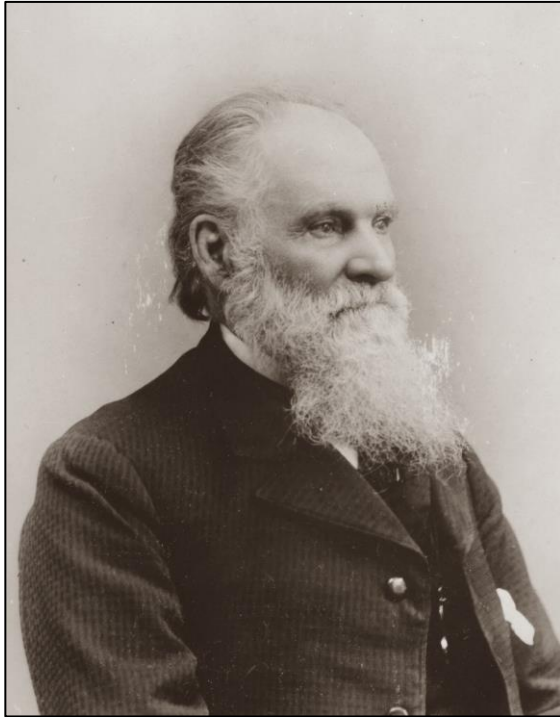


Myrtle Lenora Nixon

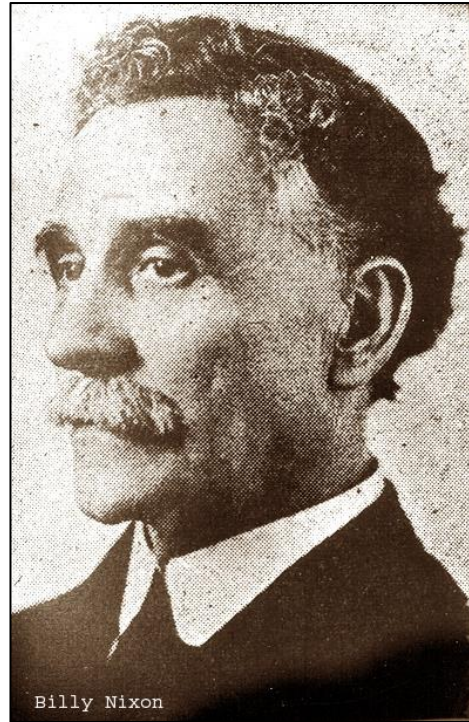
Mission to Northeastern States

In the summer of 1894, I was set apart as a missionary to the Northeastern 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 “Billy”) was at St. Paul. He was my father’s youngest brother and had black curly hair.

Our next stop was at Sioux City, Iowa where we visited his daughter Matilda for several days. There I gained my first knowledge of raising crops without irrigation. My Aunt Matilda 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 24th 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.



William Abraham Nixon, ca. 1895



William "Billy" A. Nixon

Eighteen Ninety-Six – Grandfather's (William Abraham Nixon) Visit and Expansion of the Farm

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. Trimbull's 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 greasewood. 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.

Eighteen Ninety-Five – Effie Nina Birth

On April the 21st, 1895, our daughter Effie Nina 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 (*Myrtle was born in 1893*) 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. 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 4th, 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.” (*This must have been concerning their first child, James William Nixon Jr. who was born 5 June 1889*)



Left to Right: James William III, James William II, Myrtle, Effie Nina, Effie Dean Woolley, Olive Ida, ca. 1895



Myrtle and Effie Nina Nixon

Mission to San Francisco

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, who 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 1895 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 Orson Robbins for three hundred dollars to be delivered in the fall. I taught school this fall in preparation for my mission.



Left to Right—Olive Ida, Myrtle, Effie Dean Nixon, St. Clair, Effie Nina, James W. III
Huntington, Utah, ca. 1898

Satan's Efforts to Prevent the Mission (Miracle of Healing His Eye)

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. Hughes, 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 Hannah (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 doctor’s 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 pupil’s 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 Orson 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. 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 someday 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.



James W. Nixon II (on right)

Mission Begins

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 S. 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.



Seymour B. Young



Mission President Henry S. Tanner

Mission Blessing

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 roommate. We batched it together on Van Ness Avenue. Afterward, Will Ervin Stoker and I cooked for each other.



San Francisco Mission President Ephraim Nye



San Francisco Mission, 1897

Front Row—W.E. Hawkins, Thos. Culley, Hattie Nye, J.W. Nixon II, Geo. Fox, Geo Chandler

Second Row—Hatch, J.D. Irvine, Pres. E.H. Nye, Mrs. E.H. Nye, G.F Harding, J.S. Berry

Third Row—C. Brown, B.A. West, F.B. Platt, Parley Magleby

Fourth Row—Edwin Stott, Alvin Benson, J. Yearsley, Jos. Goates, W.W. Lunt, A.G. Bowman, Asa Athay, G.E. Ellsworth, W.F. Egan

Dr. St. Clair's Conversion

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 gentlemen, 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. My 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 was 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 principle 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.



James W. Nixon with first convert in San Francisco, Dr. St. Clair

More Baptisms

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. 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. 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.



3rd and Mission, San Francisco, California, 1896

San Bernardino

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 or 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.



San Bernardino, California, Street view including courthouse, ca.1905

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, 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, Elder Hatch and West were sent to help me.



Downtown Los Angeles, 1900



Los Angeles, Spring and Second, 1900

San Diego

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 lose 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 Harding's 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.



Franklin B. Platt

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, 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 into 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, 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."

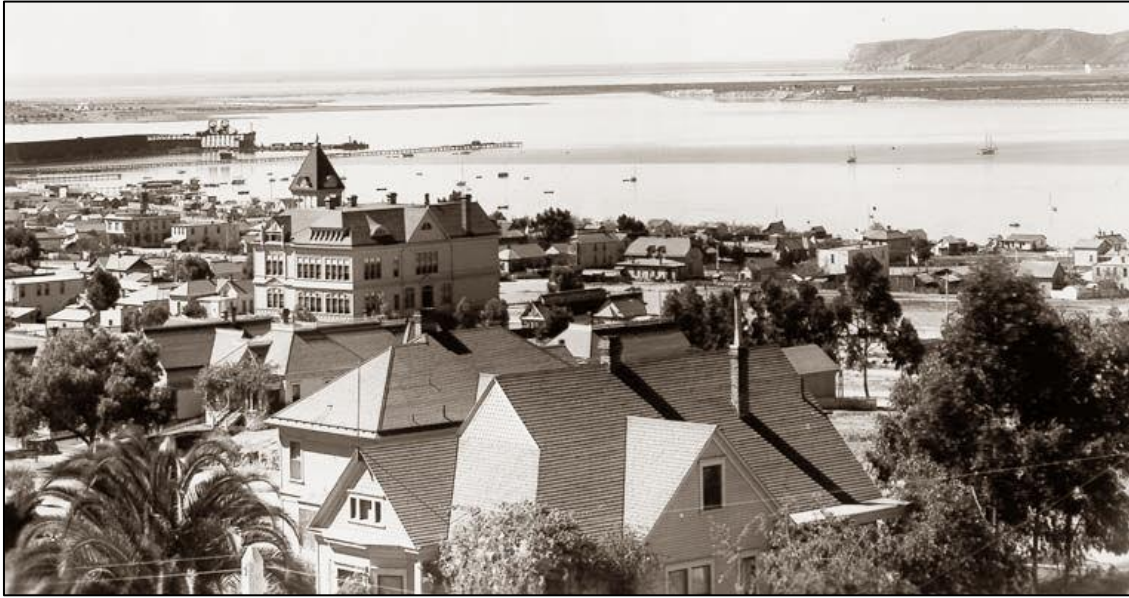
His father, Dr. Hunt, who was a renowned physician had received a call to go into the country and had left a prescription to be filled for Clarence. He had told his wife that he could not understand why his medicine did not have the same effect on his son that it did on his other patients. He too was 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 as 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.



San Diego, 1890s



San Diego, 1900

Back to San Francisco

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 Wallace's (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.

Gift of Healing

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. 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 streetcar 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 any time 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 a while. 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 heard 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 schoolteacher. 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.



F. C. Parkinson

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.

Returning Home

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, 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 just returned from my mission and having my little family with me.

Miracle of Bringing a Little Girl Back to Life

One of the greatest testimonies of my life was received during my stay at Wellington. Brother Alvin Thayne 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. All this took more time after the child had been pronounced dead. 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.

Birth of Grace Dean (St. Clair was born 18 Jan. 1897 while James W. Nixon II was on his mission)

My daughter Grace was born December 21, 1899.



St. Clair Nixon



Grace Dean Nixon



Olive Ida and Grace Dean Nixon, ca. 1901



Back Row—Olive Ida, James W. III,
Front Row—Effie Nina, Myrtle Lenora,
St. Clair, ca. 1898



James W. III and St. Clair Nixon, ca. 1901

Beginning of the Mercantile Business

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 millenary 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 doctor's office and had shelves and counter in. 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.



James W. Nixon II General Merchandise Store

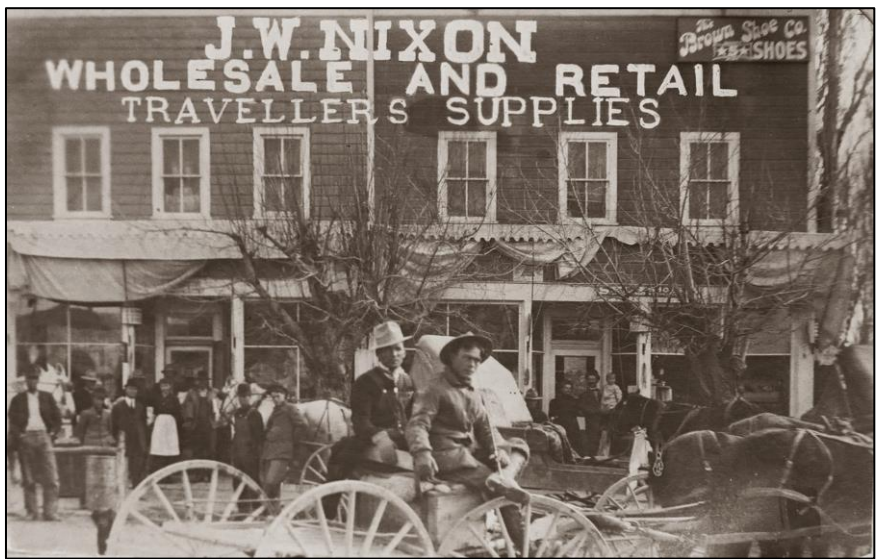


J. W. Nixon II Store, Huntington, Utah

WE SELL
Eldorado Castor Machine Oil
(Loose or in cans)
 Lumber Shingles Lathe Doors Windows
 Machinery Binding Twine Bale Tiles Barb Wire
 Fruit Jars Cement Furniture Carpet Wall Paper
 Flour Hay Grain Honey Harness
 Saddles Travelers' Supplies Dry Goods Clothing
 Perfection Purifying Cistern Pumps Stoves

J. W. NIXON.
 Wholesale and Retail Huntington and Lawrence.

Advertisement for J. W. Nixon II store



J. W. Nixon II Store, Huntington, Utah



James W. Nixon II and Grace Nixon, ca. 1902

Called as Bishop in the Huntington Ward

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 Neilson—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 hayshed 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 carload 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.

ALFALFA SEED AND HONEY
CAR LOTS OR LESS

J. W. NIXON
PRODUCER & JOBBER
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES
AND PRICES

P. O. BOX 16

HUNTINGTON, UTAH

James W. Nixon II Huntington Business Card

No. _____ SERIES B

Bishop's Certificate

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the Undersigned, Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints do hereby certify that on the Twenty Ninth day of July A. D. 1902 James W. Nixon was duly chosen and appointed Bishop of the Huntington ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, in the County of Emery and State of Utah. Said James W. Nixon was ordained and set apart by Rudgar Chouson in conformity with the rites, regulations and discipline of said Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we hereunto subscribe our names at Salt Lake City, Utah this 31st day of May A. D. 1904

Jos. F. Smith
John R. Winder
Arthur A. Lund
Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Bishop's Certificate, 1904



John Fleming Wakefield III



Peter Neilson



Huntington's First 5 Bishops: Front Row—Peter Johnson 1891-1902, Charles Pulsipher 1883-1891, Elias Cox 1879-1883 Back Row—Anton Nielson 1906-1916, James W. Nixon 1902-1906

Birth of Ezra John

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

(Birth of Jessco Cowley Nixon Jessco was born on March 21, 1908, in Huntington. His birth not included in this biography and was inserted by his daughter, Suzanne Nixon Crowther)



Effie Nina, St. Clair, Grace Dean, Ezra, Jessco Nixon, ca. 1908



James W. Nixon II family, ca. 1912



Olive Ida Nixon and Frank L. Hickman Wedding, Provo, Utah, June 5, 1912

The Orchard

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 summertime, 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.



James W. II, St. Clair, Effie Dean, Jessco, Ezra Nixon
James W. Nixon I Home, St. George, Utah, ca. 1915
“Home where papa was born and raised.”



James W. Nixon I Home, St. George, Utah, ca. 2000



James W. Nixon I Home basement, St George, Utah, ca. 2000

Provo

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.



Provo, Utah, ca. 1880



James W. Nixon II Home, Provo, Utah



James W. Nixon II Home, Provo, Utah



James W. Nixon II family 1917



Provo, Utah, ca. 1917

Back Row—Effie Nina, Erma, Jessco, Grace, Unknown, Effie Dean Nixon, Unknown, Olive Nixon
 Front Row—Unknown, James W. Nixon III, Unknown, James W. Nixon II, Ezra Nixon, St. Clair Nixon

The Fire

Three months after we had leased the show, while my wife and I were in Idaho visiting her brother, New Year's 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 Everett 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 made this my headquarters while I was in this part of the country. I still 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 further 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.



“Ruins of fire in Huntington, still smoking after 48 hours. Burned our apartments, picture show, dance hall, drug store, lumber yard, storage for alfalfa seed, honey and so forth.”

Appreciation of His Children

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. Jessco 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.



Ezra and Jessco Nixon



Olive Ida and James William Nixon III



Grace Dean and Effie Nina Nixon

Myrtle's Passing

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 naturally I 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 my 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 racehorse 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 classmates visited her grave in a body regular for some time 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 my 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.



Myrtle Lenora Nixon



Myrtle and Schoolmates



Olive and Grace Nixon at Myrtle's grave



Wilford, Ruth, Olive and Grace at Myrtle's Grave

Blessing of the Fire—Ended Retirement—Beginning of Life Insurance Business

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 Olive's 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 father's 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 Year's 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 schoolteacher 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.



Bonita Theatre, Huntington, Utah



James W. Nixon II

Principle of Forgiveness

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 for 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.

Blessings of Sacrifice

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, Anton 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.

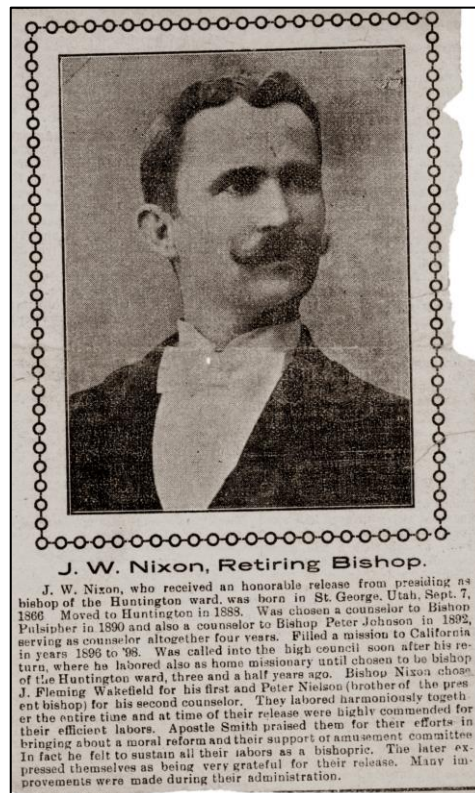
When I was building my home, Brother Francis M. Lyman came to our ward and while speaking in church made this statement. “If any of you brethren are very busy building a home or developing a farm—if you will spend a few days on this meeting house you are building or contribute of your means toward the 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 mud mill 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 many 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.



J. W. Nixon II, Retiring Bishop Newspaper clip

Striving for Excellence

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.

Insurance Career

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.



Nixon Family Reunion, ca. 1923

Left to Right: Front Row—June Rene Hickman, Nina Elaine Hickman,
Grace Lea Nixon, Olive Erma Hickman, Leslie Dean Hickman
Second Row—Ezra Nixon, Harold I. Bowman, Effie Nina Nixon, Effie Dean Bowman,
Margaret Lea, Marjorie Dean Nixon, James W. Nixon III, Jessco Nixon
Third Row—Unknown, Grace Dean Nixon, James W. Nixon II, Effie Dean Woolley,
St. Clair Nixon, Olive Ida Nixon, Frank L. Hickman

Prosperity and Blessings of a Faithful Family

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, laboring 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 233 South 11th East in order to accommodate Ezra and Jessco 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, Jessco, my fourth son, was called to fill a mission to England where he labored two years. Ezra completed his schoolwork 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.



233 South 11th East, Salt Lake City, Utah



Salt Lake City, Utah, ca. 1920s

Jessco 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 (*sealed*) 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 Devirl Stewart. At the present writing my three daughters and one son, St. Clair are living in Salt Lake City, while Jessco and his wife are in Washington D.C. studying business administration at The George Washington University, which he expects to complete in 1933.



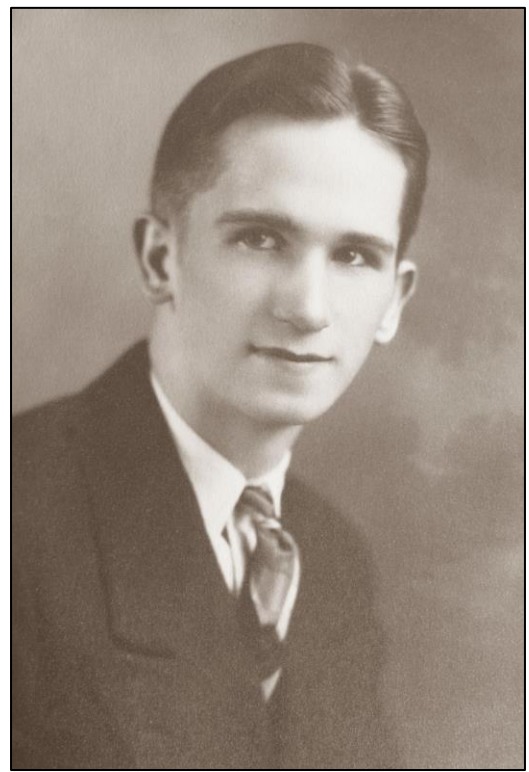
James William Nixon III—Germany



St. Clair Nixon—Central States



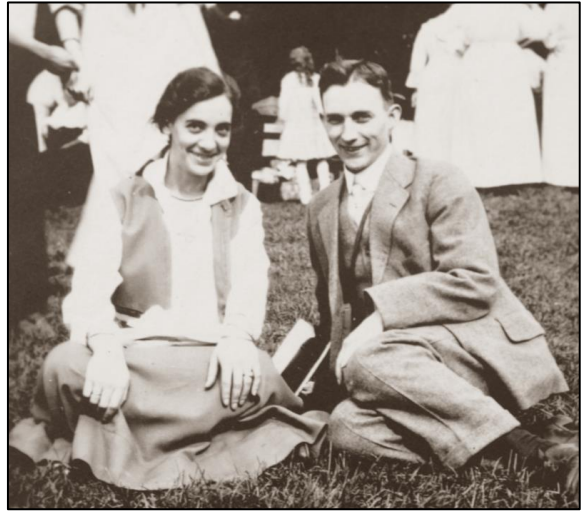
Ezra Nixon—Eastern States



Jessco Nixon—England



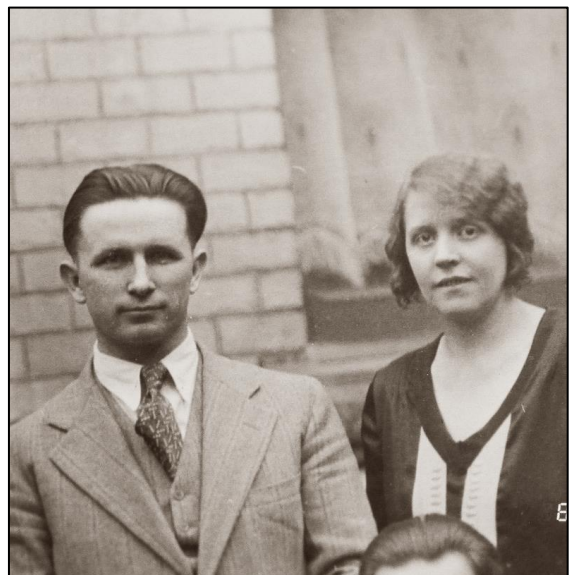
Olive Ida Nixon and Frank L. Hickman
June 5, 1912



James William Nixon III and Margaret Lea
December 21, 1918



Effie Nina Nixon and Harold Bowman
June 8, 1921



St. Clair Nixon and Lyle Glazier
September 27, 1923



Grace Dean Nixon and Devirl Stewart
May 28, 1924



Ezra Nixon and LaRue Olsen
September 5, 1928



Jessco Nixon and Mildred Jones
July 29, 1927



1. JUANITA BOYLE
2. ELAINE HICKMAN
3. RUTH HICKMAN
4. ?
5. JOHANNAH NIXON
6. EFFIE NIXON
7. OLIVE NIXON HICKMAN
8. JAMES W. NIXON II
9. EMMA NIXON MATHIS
10. DELLA NIXON FOOTE
11. GRACE NIXON STEWART
12. JOSEPHINE NIXON WHITEHEAD
13. JUNE HICKMAN
14. LESLIE HICKMAN
15. DEAN HICKMAN
16. LAVONNE BOYLE
17. ERMA HICKMAN BIRD
18. POSSIBLY JAMES NIXON, SON OF ST. CLAIR & LYLE NIXON
19. ?

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT HOME OF GRACE AND DEVIRL STEWART ON 11TH EAST, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APT. SEPTEMBER 1926. INFORMATION ABOUT LOCATION GIVEN BY ERMA BIRD! ERMA FIRST SAID IT WAS GRACE AND DEVIRL'S HOME THEN SHE CALLED BACK AND SAID SHE THOUGHT IT WAS THE HOME OF JAMES WILLIAM NIXON AND BETH NIXON ON 11TH EAST, SALT LAKE CITY. THEY WERE THERE ABOUT A YEAR BEFORE THEY MOVED TO CALIFORNIA.
LORETTA NIXON 2/01/2009

James W. Nixon II Birthday, 11th East, Salt Lake City, Utah, September 7, 1926



- Harold Bowman Sr. Leslie Hickman St. Clair Nixon Lyle Glazier Nixon
- Nina Nixon Bowman Harold Jr. Olive Nixon Hickman Deviril Stewart Deviril Jr. Grace Nixon Stewart Dean Hickman
- Margaret Lea Nixon J.W. Nixon III Effie Dean Woolley Nixon J.W. Nixon II LaRue Olsen Nixon Ezra Nixon
- June Hickman
- Reed Nixon Marjorie Dean Nixon Emile Dean Bowman Elaine Hickman Erma Hickman
- Jay Nixon
- Grace Nixon

Nixon Family, Provo, Utah, ca. 1928

Insurance Continued

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 Gunnison and wrote some business in Nephi. Then into the Delta country and year by year have been extending my territory till 1928 I also went 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.

The Bonita Theatre in Provo

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 stocks. 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 businessman, 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 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-year 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 not withstanding 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 people's 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 Mr. Schultz, to 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 1, 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.



Bonita Theater, Provo, Utah, ca. 1929



Bonita Theater, Provo, Utah



Bonita Theater, Provo, Utah, ca. 1929



Bonita Theater, Provo, Utah, ca. 1929

Lessons Learned from an Unfortunate Investment

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 official's 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 costs. 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 wrongdoing. The Bishop of the ward will never learn of this or that misconduct, or the president of stake certainly 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 wrongdoing, and that judgment is not always postponed to eternity, but while we yet live here on the earth.

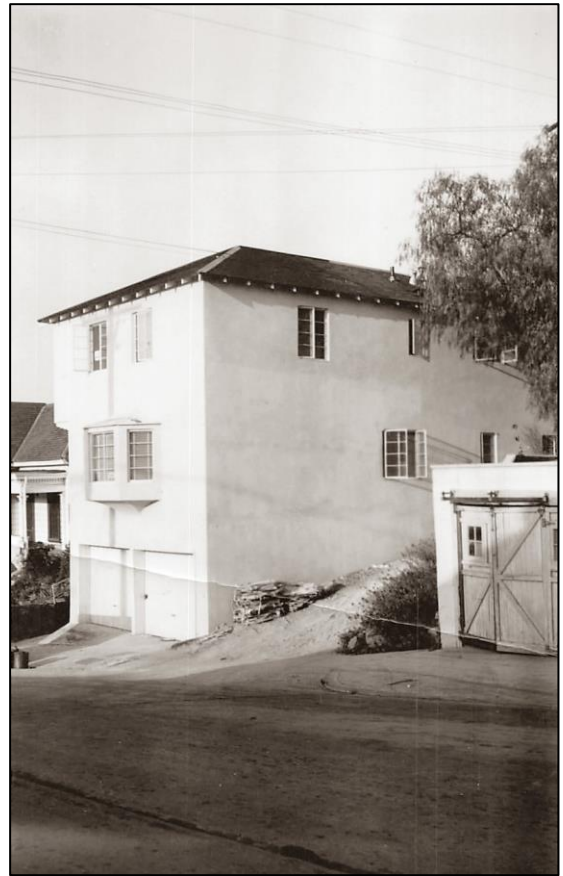


Utah, ca. 1939

Left to Right: Standing—Lyle Glazier Nixon, LaRue Olsen Nixon, St. Clair Nixon, Effie Nina Bowman, Olive Nixon, Lorenzo Elggren, Mildred Nixon, Jessco Nixon, Effie Dean Bowman, Effie Dean Nixon, Elaine Hickman, Ezra Nixon, Erma Hickman
Sitting—Richard Nixon, Unknown, Unknown, Maline Nixon, James W. Nixon II, Dorothy Dean, Reed Nixon



James William Nixon II



James W. Nixon II home, 108 Witmer St.,
Los Angeles, California



James W. Nixon II, 108 Witmer St. Garden, Los Angeles, California



Nixon family picture, 108 Witmer Ave. Los Angeles, January 16th, 1946
 Left to Right: Harold Bowman, Effie Nina Bowman, Harold Bowman Jr., Lyle Glazier Nixon, Maline Nixon, Reed Nixon, Katie Nixon, Effie Dean, James W. Nixon II, Richard Nixon



J.W. Nixon II 80th Birthday, Wolcott Ave, Salt Lake City, Utah
 From Head of the Table: J.W. Nixon II, Grace N. Stewart, Devirl B. Stewart, George Nixon, Marilyn Grace Stewart, Bill Stewart, Nina N. Bowman, Harold Bowman, Jack Nixon, Ezra Nixon, Dorothy Dean Nixon, Effie Dean Bowman, Gladys Nixon, Phyllis Nixon, Dr. J.W. Nixon III, Ruth Hickman, Wilford Coon, Myrle Dodle, Dale Dodle, Devirl N. Stewart, Emma Mathis, Josephine Whitehead, Vard Maxfield, Edward Rich, Olive Rich, Katherine Nixon

More Good Advice

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.



J. W. Nixon II, Ezra Nixon and children, ca. 1942

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.



James W. Nixon II, Provo, Utah

Memoirs Continued

Idaho Falls, August 24, 1936.

Sustaining the Authorities

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 hometown, 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.



Rigby, Idaho, ca. 1935



James William Nixon II



Effie Dean Woolley Nixon, Idaho, 1936

Idaho Falls

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 4th West and do at the present writing August 24, 1936.



Pacific National Life Assurance Company



Pacific National Life Assurance Company Gathering

Letters of Recommendation

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 yours,
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 Gaskell Romney, 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. Nephi 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 make 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.



James William Nixon II



James Nixon II Family Gathering, Provo, Utah, ca. 1934

Left to Right—Marilyn Stewart, Grace N. Stewart, Devirl Stewart, Grace Lea Nixon, Devirl N. Stewart, J.W. Nixon II, Reed Nixon, Lyle G. Nixon, Nina N. Bowman, Effie Dean Bowman, June Hickman, Richard Nixon, St. Clair Nixon, Elaine Hickman, Billy Stewart, Effie Dean Nixon, J.W. Nixon III, Jay Nixon, Olive Hickman, Margaret Lea Nixon, Phyllis Nixon, Marjorie Dean, Erma Hickman



J. W. Nixon II with Pacific National Life Assurance Company car, ca. 1935

1935 – Cross Country Trip to Washington, D. C.

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 Jessco and Mildred and stopping en route to visit Ezra and family. We left Idaho Falls on the 22nd 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 Devirl. 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 LaRue's 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 Jessco—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 wheelchair. 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.



J. W. Nixon II and George Nixon, Coney Island, New York ca. 1935



George and Becky Nixon, Effie, and James W. Nixon II, 1936

We attended church at Flushing and was called upon by Bishop Christensen to speak. We saw Radio City. From New 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 Cumorah 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 6th 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

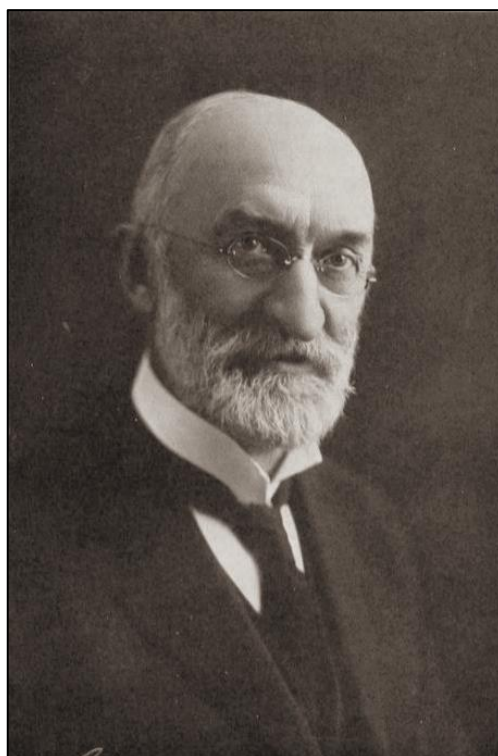
“Elder J. W. Nixon: Dear Brother: I have read with much interest your letter of October 14th, and the Carbon Copy of your letter of October 10th to the Editor of the Evening Transcript of Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, which accompanied it. I hope that Mr. Baker may read the literature you sent him and in 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.



James William Nixon II



President Heber J. Grant

Back Home in 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 Hickman, 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 8th, 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.



James W. Nixon II, September 7th, 1945



J. W. Nixon II Family reunion, Utah, September 7th, 1947



James W. Nixon II and Effie Dean Woolley

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 22nd 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 Milner's by waiting ten days, which we spent in the Smith Cabin south of town.

We moved into the #3 Milner Apartment on April 19th 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. Jessco 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 75th anniversary celebration of the settlement of that city, where I was born on the 7th day of September, seventy years ago, and mother was born on the same city block on the 24th of March sixty-eight years ago.

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



James William Nixon II at Jacob Lake, Arizona



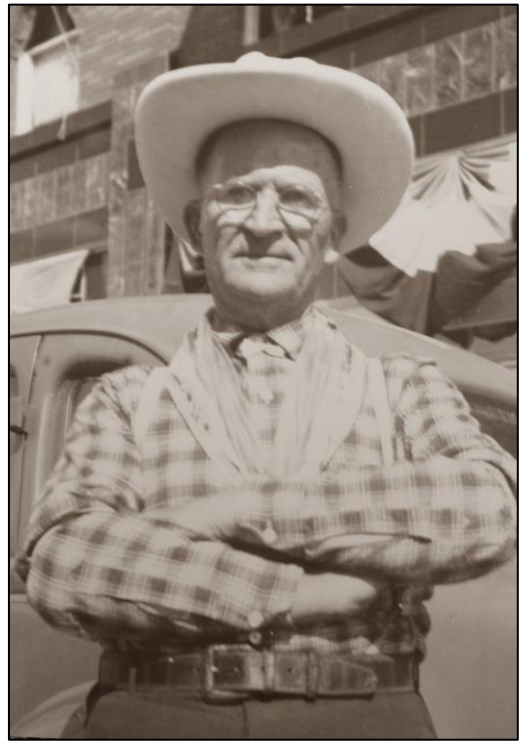
Jacob Lake, Arizona



Effie Dean Woolley and James William Nixon II Headstones
Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park, Salt Lake City, Utah



Effie Dean Woolley



James William Nixon II



Nixon Party, Huntington, Utah, 1920s



James W. Nixon II Family Reunion, Utah, 1938



James William Nixon II and Effie Dean Woolley

(This is the end of James William Nixon II's autobiography)

Appendix

Vacation Trip, 1935

From Idaho Falls drive to Preston first day after making several calls including on Noah S. Pond at Pocatello. Stayed in a cabin. Next morning called on Mrs. M. P. Geddes and others and last of all Frank and Etta at Ogden.

Reached Salt Lake on 23rd of July and found conditions unfavorable at Olive's to stay overnight, called on Emma and Josephine and stayed all night at Cullen Hotel. Next morning, we got Devirl on phone and drove there. He entertained us on the 24th of July royally. Saw the Parade, had dinner and saw the Pageant at the Stadium.

On the 25th of July we loaded Elaine and Ruth into the rumble seat and got away about noon—through Parley's Canyon through Heber and reached Vernal and stayed at Henderson Cabins that night.

Made early start next morning and drove 300 miles to a Colorado mining camp on the east side of the Continental divide after passing over the finest mountain road I have ever seen. It was after dark when we reached the camp.

On the 27th of July we drove to Denver and there bought a snubber and gasket for my car, and on to Colorado Springs and to Ordway where we arrived at dark. (Saturday) We stayed at Ezra's three days. Sunday morning Ezra and I went to the Christian Sunday School—He taught a class of boys, and on account of the regular teacher being absent in the Parents class they asked me to take the lead. After Sunday School in this church, we went to another church and listened to a sermon.

In afternoon we drove out to Sugar City and vicinity. On Monday I had clutch put in my car and packing in water jacket. Tuesday, we changed tires on cars preparatory to using Ezra's car for remainder of trip as it has more room. The Whitney Family came over and visited us in the evening. At six o'clock next morning we were off (August 1st) for Washington D. C. Drove 432 miles to Peabody and had nice cabins.

Thursday morning, we made early start and drove 329 miles to Bell Lake, where I slept outdoors on a cot and fought mosquitos all night. Friday, we reached 10 miles out east of Terra Haute had double cabin. Construction camp working all night.

At Independence, Missouri at noon we drove on to the temple site to have our lunch. As we drove in and stopped, a lady who evidently had charge of the Hedrick church home, shouted out to a nearby attendant— “Did you give these people privileges to camp there?” To us she said, “That is Private Property.” I replied, “we have merely stopped in the shade of your trees while we eat our lunch ad are not camping but moving on.”—At that, peace was established. After lunch we drove across the road to the Josephite Auditorium and went through it. Bought some of their literature. Came out on Route 40 from Independence leaving this camp in Indiana we passed through Indiana and Ohio and nine miles into West Virginia and stayed at Camp Joy (Saturday night). Sunday morning it rained but we returned to Wheeling to get a view of the Ohio River where it divides and forms an island.

Returning by Camp Joy we traveled on through West Virginia. It rained so hard it wet the ignition, so we had to stop and dry out the spark plugs. Up and down over rolling hills we drove all day to Fredericksburg where we continued to follow “40” as directed and it led us to Baltimore 40 miles out of our way. On reaching Baltimore, which we thought was Washington, we inquired for the address on Clydesdale and a very accommodating man proposed to lead the way and after reaching the Avenue, asked to see our address and then it was that he discovered that it was Washington, D. C. we were supposed to be in place of Baltimore, so he led the way and placed us on the highway leading to Washington where we arrived at nine. Called up the police station for directions to get to 1860 Clydesdale Place, N. W. We were then at 11th and Rhode Island, and he told us to go to 18th and then to the right to 28th then left 2 blocks and this brought us to Jessco’s at 10 o’clock. They had had dinner waiting since 6:00 P.M. as we had wired from Camp Joy to look for us at 6 or earlier.



In front of Jessco and Mildred's Home, 1935
James W. Nixon II, Olive Nixon, Effie Woolley, Mildred Jones

Monday, August 5, 1935, we rested all day then in the evening went to the Fox Theatre.

Tuesday afternoon, August 6, 1935, we drove to Annapolis, Maryland and visited the United States Naval Academy where we saw boys in training.

Tuesday evening, we visited the Library of Congress which is considered by the majority of people as the most beautiful and interesting place in Washington. It is of interest to know that the book shelving now in the building amounts to 231,680 running feet, or about 44 miles which will accommodate 2,085,120 volumes of books.

Wednesday, August 7, 1935, we visited Smithsonian Institution, which occupies a prominent place among the learned institutions of the world. Its purpose is to stimulate, encourage and reward scientific investigation and study.

Thursday morning, August 8, 1935, we drove to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, via the Mount Vernon Memorial Bridge and Mount Vernon Memorial Boulevard.

Mount Vernon is on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, 16 miles south of Washington.

On our return to Washington, we stopped on the way to eat a picnic on the bank of the Potomac River.

Thursday afternoon, we toured Arlington Cemetery, Amphitheatre, Tomb of Unknown Soldier and General Lee's Mansion. On the way home we stopped to see the Lincoln Memorial which is of imposing size and exquisite beauty. Simple in plan and of direct appeal, it has a singularly impressive effect on the spirit, as, withdrawing from the turmoil of the town, we came here as a shrine to pay our tribute of reverence and to receive the benediction of the place. Passing through the double row of columns of the entrance we find the statue, carved from crystalline Georgia marble—the colossal figure seated in a chair faces the entrance, the eyes looking out through the columns to the Monument and the Capital.

In order to get a better exposure of the following picture we suggested to Father that he stands on the marble seat which he reluctantly did but voluntarily stepped off when called down by the guards and suggested that he learn to obey orders.

We passed through Alexandria, Virginia on our way to Mount Vernon and saw Christ Church where George Washington worshipped.

Friday, August 9, we visited the downtown section of Washington and did lots of window shopping and jewelry gazing.

Friday evening, we attended the Earl Theatre and after had a fish supper at the Olmstead Café. Father, Mother and Jess ordered Sheep. Mildred and Olive were on a lark and ordered everything on the menu—included clam chowder, Filet of Sole and Scallops—the funds were too short for desserts.

Saturday, August 10, we went driving through Rock Creek Park and then drove by the following Buildings.

Sunday morning, August 11, we attended Sunday School then in the evening service. Father was honored to sit on the stand.

Sunday afternoon we visited the Corcoran Art Gallery which was founded and endowed by the late William W. Corcoran in 1869 as a

gift to the public “for the perpetual establishment and encouragement of the Fine Arts.”

Tuesday, August 13, we had an interesting visit to the Folger Shakespeare Library, which has the greatest collection of Shakespearians in the world.

The Hall of Representatives in the Capital was our next visit—we saw Mr. Robinson in his official seat. Then from here we went over to the Senate Chamber and saw Senator Glass, Borah, Lafayette, Norris, and William H. King who we heard make a speech on the floor. Vice-President Garner walked through the Senate Chamber. We looked for Huey Long, but we had been gone too long so we didn’t even hear an echo of his wonderful voice.



James W. Nixon II, Mildred Jones, Effie Woolley, Olive Nixon, ca. 1935

On entering the hall, however, most of our party had passed the door-keeper when the guard called a halt on Mildred who protested that her friends were ahead of her—he then gave her a push and said, “Go on then,”—“You can’t stand in this aisle.”—Mildred stuck up her nose

and replied, “Isn’t he an old grouch and I hope he hears”—and he did because he then camped on Olive’s trail and when she pulled out paper to write a letter for lack of time he said, “NO writing in here!” Olive felt quite called down and so she went down and got in the car to go home.



Effie Woolley, Mildred Jones, Olive Nixon, ca. 1935

Tuesday evening, we attended the Organ Recital in the Latter-Day Saints Church Chapel which was wonderful. A good number were present who were shown all through the building by Brother Kimball.

The following is a program of the recital.

Wednesday afternoon we attended Relief Society where Olive sang two beautiful selections. We had a very enjoyable time and met several people.

Wednesday evening, we enjoyed listening to the National Symphony Orchestra at the Watergate which is located at the base of the Lincoln Memorial on the bank of the Potomac River. The orchestra are seated in a specifically constructed barge anchored in the river then the audience are seated on the bank of the Potomac. It makes a very picturesque setting with a beautiful full moon and little canoes and yachts anchored also in the river—every once in a while, an airplane would sweep down and add to the picture.

Thursday morning, August 15, we took a tour through the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The Bureau is a branch of the Treasury and here are printed the Government bonds and the national currency, soldiers' bonus bonds, postage and revenue stamps, military, naval and diplomatic commissions, passports, and druggists' liquor prescriptions.

It is interesting to know that at the close of the day, each item of the day's run of 3,360,000 currency notes and 54,240,000 postage stamps must be accounted for before any employees are permitted to leave the building.

The Washington Monument was the next place we visited. The shaft is 540 feet high, the walls are pierced with eight port-openings or windows, two in each face, which afford extensive views on every side.

After our trip up in the Monument, Father took us all to lunch at Woodward and Lathrop's. We had lots of fun and enjoyed a very good meal.

We next visited the United States Supreme Court—and the word Magnificent is self-explanatory. We all got a joke on Mildred!!!

From the Supreme Court we went to the National Botanical Garden and saw many beautiful ferns and plants.

Thursday night we all went for a Moonlight trip on the Wilson Line Boat. It was delightful and cool. When we reached Marshall Hall Park, Father and Olive went ashore while the rest of us rode 35 minutes longer. They were weighed for a prize—the expert guessed within two pounds of Father's weight and seven pounds over on Olive, so he complemented her by giving her a little dog.

Friday morning, August 16, we visited the American National Red Cross Headquarters where we saw a very interesting museum. From here we went to the Memorial Continental Hall, erected by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The guide also showed us the Constitution Hall where all the concerts are held.



Effie Woolley, James W. Nixon II and Olive Nixon



Effie Woolley and Olive Nixon, ca. 1935

We had lunch at Sholls Cafeteria.

Friday afternoon we took a tour through the National Museum. We saw the largest Dinosaur ever found and it was discovered in the mountains near Jensen, Utah. It was 70 feet long and 16 feet high.

Friday night we went down to Union Station.

Saturday evening, we went to the Fox Theatre. After the show we went out to Martha Washington and bought four kinds of ice cream.

Sunday morning, we attended Sunday School. From there we went to the Blue Bell and had a delicious dinner.

Sunday afternoon we visited the Franciscan Monastery and had a very interesting tour through the Catacombs and church.

While walking through the beautiful garden we observed a lady who made a prayer at every statue she came to.

On our way back from the monastery we stopped at the Catholic University and drove around the Campus. We also stopped at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception to see a beautiful mosaic. The picture below is a copy of it. From a distance one would take it for an oil painting.

Monday was spent shopping. In the evening we went to the Earl Theatre.

Tuesday morning, we visited the White House. We saw the East Room, but we were too late to see the State Dining Room, Red, Green, and Blue Rooms.

On our way we crossed the Delaware where it entered into the Chesapeake and that evening reached Uncle Walt's Cabins near Pleasantville.

At Atlantic City we ate sandwiches on the Steel Pier and watched the bathers and attended four shows. We also saw an exhibition of the water circus in which a horse dove forty feet with a lady rider—One lady performed on a single rod 210 feet above the platform. We had a room at 110 in a Tourist home.

Friday morning, we drove six miles down the waterfront and viewed the city of Atlantic City, Ventron, and back another street to Pleasantville after buying some cards and fruit.

We drove to Philadelphia on Route 42. We bought melons and corn there.

We drove down to see the University of Pennsylvania, Willie's Medical School. We had some time in getting out of the city on the Roosevelt Boulevard and reached a cabin camp out from Trenton twenty-five miles—2 beds, \$2. Wired Pacific National.

We left camp the following morning at 9:00 A.M. and arrived in New York about 10:00 A.M. by mistake, went over the Brooklyn Bridge. We had a guide drive us to a place to stay. He took us to a real dump, where we would have to climb 2 flights of stairs to 2 dirty dingy rooms, not fit for my wife's cat to sleep in. I gave the guide an additional fee to take us to a decent hotel; so, he brought us over the "Old Bridge" to New York City Proper to the Holland Hotel where we got 2 nice rooms for \$5.00 per day. The guide charged us \$1.75 for his service. We stored the car for 5¢ per day and went out in a Sedan sightseeing car for \$5.00 and went through the Southern Trip which included China Town and docks on the Hudson River, then had dinner at a restaurant. We then went to Coney Island and among other novelties we took a Wheel Chair ride on the board walk, saw a man run knives and spears down his throat, a woman with two heads, and another who was half man. We went and came on the subway and got back to the hotel at \$1.15.

On Sunday we had planned to attend Sunday School in the morning, but over-slept and first awoke at 9:40. Olive and I rushed and got ready—took a streetcar at 7th and 47 and went to old address of church at Carnegie Building—57 and 7th. Found no service or church there. I inquired around, phoned—went to Radio City to find Easton Wolly who was not on duty Sunday—Came back to hotel and called Don B. Colton's in residence—talked to Sister Colton and learned that he was in Boston, not Washington as expected. She knew Grace and had heard her read at Palmyra at the dedication of the monument.

Sunday 25 of August we went to Flushing on the subway to church. Bishop Carl Christensen, Becky's nephew met us at church early and drive us to his home to see wife and young baby. Dr. Harris of Provo spoke on the Book of Mormon, and I was asked to speak a few minutes at the close. Met Josephine Snow Tanner and others from Utah. Ed Eyring's son and Brother Hansen of Provo. Also, we met a young man from Rigby. Every time we came out of the subway, we were all turned around, though in daylight we were all straight in city.

Monday morning, we were up at six. Mother went out to get some breakfast while we packed up. We went to the Radio City N. B. C. and

received tickets from Mr. Woolley's secretary free and took the tour of the studio and up on top of the building, Olive and I looked over the city.

We then took the River Side Drive 12 miles through the North part of the city and back along the Hudson. Then at 2 o'clock we went back to Radio City Building and listened to broadcasting of Al Piene and Gang.

Then Olive went to Uncle Charlie's, and Mother and I had lunch.

We all met at Holland Hotel about four o'clock and left city at five P.M. and took River Side Drive out across the Washington Bridge. Came through Ithaca (Home of Cornell University) and city where George and I attended Nixon Reunion 21 years ago this month.

I looked in city directory and phone and found only one Nixon who was Maurice W. Nixon. 707 Mitchell St. I then called him on the phone and learned that his grandfather's name was William A. They came from Ireland and England and were shipbuilders. I promised to write him for information he can get.

We came on to Palmyra that Tuesday night (27th).

We came to the Sunset Camp Monday night a beautiful spot in the high hills. About 85 miles out of N. York and the above was on Tuesday 27 that we passed through Ithaca.

Tuesday night at Palmyra we stayed at Mickeys Cabins a nice place and after eating we drive out to the Hill Cumorah and viewed the Monument at night while illuminated. There was a Mormon Elder by the name of Perry that met us at the foot of the hill and then we went up the winding trail to the top where we met Elder Jones who stayed on duty all night. They had a little room at the foot where they took turns in sleeping. We returned to cabins and had a nice sleep for it was cool.

We got up at 7 A.M., had breakfast and drove out again to the Hill. Called Sister Smith who was in home at foot of the hill (Olive's

friend). We drive the car up to the top of the hill to the monument, where they were still at work fixing the grounds.

We went from there to the Joseph Smith home and grave, walked on the “gravel path” to the spot where the Father and Son appeared to the boy Prophet.

From there we drove North to Niagara Falls (Wed 28th) and back from there to cabins 6 miles east from Buffalo City where we got a cabin for \$1.50.

We were up at 6 A.M. and off for Kirtland. Reached Painesville at noon and tried to get my check cashed at Cleveland Trust Co. who suggested that I wired my bank for the money to be sent by Western Union. So, I wired P. N. L. and bank at Provo also to send \$60. While waiting we drove down to Kirtland and visited the Temple. A brother Cooper was in charge and treated us very friendly. We went through all the rooms and upstairs and I went to the belfry. Had only 15 minutes to get back to the bank to Painesville and even then, was three minutes late and the doors were locked, but they let me in and while waiting I took out my book and pen and am at this moment writing.

At the Temple we noticed the peculiar arrangement of the pulpits or stands as they may be called. Also, the seating. The seats for the Priesthood.

We drove back to the bank; found they had not received word from my telegram for money; so, I got in the bank and stayed there for about three hours writing and still no word; so, we went to the Post Office Willoughby and found it closed then back to the Temple. Brother Cooper (Josephite) took us over and into the temple and we had quite a visit with him. We went to his home where we visited with him and wife and before we left, he asked me to lead in prayer with them.

We went back to Painesville and to the Western Union, got my money from both the company and the bank.

Went to the theatre where we had been invited free. We stayed in the cabin and next morning left before breakfast and took lunch at a restaurant—Mrs. Leonard.

At Peru we filled with gas and oil. Came to Watseka and stayed at tourist home of Mrs. Sarah A. Flesher. After breakfast on our way to Nauvoo.

Reached Carthage at 2 o'clock. Ate dinner at grove, visited Carthage, jail, met Elder Clae who showed us through the jail. Drove from there to Nauvoo about 5 o'clock. Found Brother Page (Josephite) in charge of the Temple. He showed us around some. We slept in Joseph Smith "mansion house" from which there can be entered a secret closet used by Joseph Smith when he desired to hide from his enemies. Saw the Nauvoo House on the banks of the Mississippi River. Early the next morning (Sunday), Brother Page drove our car and took us all over Nauvoo. Saw all the leading brothers' homes, Relief Society monument, and many other interesting features.

Then we went to Rheinbold Hotel and Curio House and went through it and had a chicken dinner.

Then drove up to Fort Madsen and took No. 3 and 34 out for 230 miles to Corning and got a cabin and garage for \$1.00.

Drove to St. Johns Monday and had a cabin and garage combined. Tuesday morning, we left about 8 o'clock and drove through Kansas to Ordway where we arrived at 4 o'clock.

At Holly and Syracuse, they had had a flood that did a lot of damage in carrying away crops and filling basements. This is the district that suffered from dust storms this spring. On Wednesday we visited and had the car washed and greased. Thursday, we went to the fair at Rocky Ford, took our lunch which we ate on the lawn. Saw the Radio and picture show there in the evening.

James William Nixon II Genealogy and Short History

Nixon, James William: B. St. George, Utah Sept 7, 1866
Fa. James William Nixon, B. Liverpool, England, on the 17th day of Feb. 1830. Mo. Johannah Marie Schultz, B. in Denmark, April 1, 1844.
Pat. Gd. Fa. William A. Nixon. B. in Ireland, on the 24th day of Mar. 1816. Pat Gd. Mo. Bridgett Degnan, B. in Longford, Ireland.

Lived in St. George until 18 years of age. Obtaining there early L.D.S. church experiences, elementary schooling, and what was then regarded as High School training.

In 1871 his Father, following the advice of Prest. Brigham Young, who promised him success if he would live up to the requirements of the Gospel, obtained a loan of \$300, and established a mercantile business in Pioche, Nevada. In the course of three years, he had built a beautiful home and a store building in St. George, returning with \$36,000 in cash in addition. He was made Bishop of the 3rd Ward of that city. He was liberal in his contributions to church projects and temple building. Later he was appointed President of the United Order, into which all of his properties except the home were devoted.

Young Nixon also had the advantages of a personal acquaintance of Brigham Young, who had a home in St. George, and though only eleven years old when the president died, he remembers well many of the things he said and did. In the capacity of Prest. Of the United Order his Father went to Mt. Trumbull, Arizona where timber was cut and milled for the completion of the St. George Temple.

James W. with other members of the family accompanied the father there. On the Mt. Trumbull project, the boy then only thirteen years of age, came into close association with Anthony W. Ivins, perhaps ten years his senior in age. They rode the range together, and Ivins became young Nixon's ideal.

At the age of eighteen, James W. went to Price, Utah to visit his married sisters. As Fall approached, he was prevailed upon to teach their school. Seventy pupils were registered, including all grades from Beginners to some married people. There were no modern school desks

in the room. Most seats were made of slabs, with no backs. A few had tables and a chair from their home.

He taught one year, and then was awarded a scholarship from the County for two years normal course at the University of Utah.

Was under obligations to teach the same length of time on the county from which he was sent. On completion of his course, he chose to teach at Huntington, being in the same county.

He was married on his birthday, Sept 7, 1886, to Effie Dean Woolley in the St. George Temple. She was the daughter of Franklin B. Woolley, son of Edwin D. Woolley. Mother was Olive Foss, an Aunt of Mathis F. Cowley. Franklin B. was killed by the Indians, while on a trip to California. Following J. W. Nixon's marriage, he engaged in teaching at Huntington. Taught consecutive for eight years. He was then called to fill a mission in California. Leaving his wife with four children to care for he left in 1896. He had filled a short mission to Minnesota to present to gospel to his relatives. Bringing his Grandfather home with him.

The first six weeks of his labors in San Francisco was under the direction of Prest. Henry S. Tanner. The remainder of his mission was under the presidency of Ephraim H. Nye. Spent six months in San Francisco, converting twenty-five people, and baptizing them into the church. Was transferred Los Angeles, where he spent seven months and brought three people into the church. Spent five months as president of the San Diego conference, succeeding George F. Harding in that position. Converted twenty-two people in this city. Among the missionaries with whom he labored in California were George F. Harding, Parley Wright, Willard Scowcroft, W.E. Stoker, Joseph Berry, John Irvine, Frank Platt, German B. Ellsworth, John Y. Smith, B.A. West, and Isaac Hatch.

Among the fifty persons brought into the church into the church through his administrations was a Dr. St. Clair, who became our Organist. A Brother Swanson, who later presided in the San Francisco branch for twenty-eight years. These were his first converts and were baptized the same day. Clarence Hunt of San Diego who was

miraculously healed, under the administration of Elder Nixon and Hatch. He became the presiding elder of that branch. Elder Nixon's diary records some very remarkable and outstanding experiences, while filling his mission in California and since that time, wherein the Power of God through his priesthood was made manifest.

After returning home from his mission, he taught school at Wellington, Car, Co. one year, then one more year at Huntington. He then engaged in the general mercantile business, 1900 to 1880. He then disposed of his business and moved to Provo to give his children the benefit of higher education. All eight of them were born in Huntington, Emery Co., Utah, and all had their first college training in the Brigham Young University.

Following is a brief account of these children.

James William Nixon Jr. married Margaret Lea. Had five children. He is now a Doctor, and assistant Superintendent of the State Mental Hospital at Provo, Utah.

Olive Ida married F. L. Hickman, had five children, majored in music and is a member of the Tabernacle Choir.

Myrtle died at age 14.

Effie Nina became a trained nurse at the L.D.S. Hospital. Married Harold I. Bowman, proprietor of the Jacob Lake concession near Grand Canyon. They have two children. She is a member of Tabernacle Choir.

Grace Dean married Devirl Stewart, Bishop of the University Ward in Salt Lake City. Became instructor in Dramatic Art. Has private studio.

St. Clair named after Dr. St. Clair above referred to is now in real estate business, in Los Angeles. Married Lyle Glazier of Provo, Utah. They have three children.

Ezra John, married LaRue Olsen of Moroni, Utah. Have two children. He is manager of J.C. Penney store at Roosevelt, Utah.

Jessco Cowley, married Mildred Jones of Provo, Utah. Have one child. He is now a C.P.A in the employment of the U.S. Government in Washington, D.C.

J.W. sent all four of his sons on missions for the L.D.S. church and also two grandsons. His daughter Grace Dean filled a mission with her husband in England.

Following his move to Provo, he built the Bonita Theatre, which he operated for one year. Since then, it had been leased to the Intermountain Theatres Corp. He purchased the George Sutherland residence, where they resided fifteen years.

In 1920 he took up the selling of life insurance for the Intermountain Life Ins. Co. After this company sold out to the California Western States Co., he joined the agency business of the Pacific Nat. Life of Salt Lake.

He still holds an agency with that Co. and has one million of insurance still in force with them. For ten years he supervised agency work in Idaho Falls, where he was also active in church work, during these years he spend the winters in Los Angeles, and has resided here permanently since 1941. His wife, Effie Dean Woolley, passed away in Los Angles, Dec 17 of that year. Jan. 1, 43, he remarried to Katherine Dawson Hughes of Santa Monica, with whom he recently completed a two-year Stake mission in San Fernando Stake. Their activities brought into the church the family of Ernest William Font (father mother, mother-in-law, and three children).

Four members of this family now perform as an orchestra in the Elysian Park Ward.

James W. Nixon has always been a devout and active member of the church. Served as counselor under two bishops in Huntington, Utah. Alter became bishop of the same ward. He was a member of the High Council of Emery Stake for twenty years, during five years of which he was Stake superintendent of Sunday Schools.

While in Idaho, he directed the baptismal services for North Idaho Falls Stake, which included the confirmation of all baptized.

In this work he was assisted by former Stake President, Heber C. Austin, and Jacob Magleby.

He is now group leader of High Priests and is one of the supervisors of ward teaching in the Elysian Park Ward. Is also president of the Gospel Doctrine Class, of which he was teacher before undertaking stake mission work.

He resides at 108 Witmer Street, in which locality he owns income property. Has for his hobby, a Victory Garden.

WRITTEN AT BOTTOM OF HISTORY:

Dear Daughter Grace:

This is the only copy I have left that is legible so please let Olive read it, then you may keep it.

The book will not be published until sometime early in '47. It is planned to have my picture in as well as this biography.

Let us hear from you. We wrote Marilyn in answer to her letter a few days ago.

Hope you are all well and that Devirl's business is improving.


With love from both of us,

Father

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James W. Nixon Business Card

James William Nixon II Diary, Vol. 4, 16 April 1941 – 7 January 1942

Death of Effie Dean Woolley

December 10, 1941—December 25, 1941

Wednesday, December 10, 1941

Conditions about the same with mother. She was delirious nearly all day and talked a great deal all at random and disconnected. Both nurses still on the job and Dr. called time. I went to the Terrace Hotel Drug Store and got a prescription filled. She developed what appeared to be mumps that added to her discomfort. Had taken a little fruit juice.

Thursday, December 11, 1941

Olive came this morning. Ezra met her at the depot and brought her here. Dr. came in morning. He had let the day nurse go who was on day shift. So, Nina had the care all day and night as well. I wrote fifteen Post Cards to debtors and took them and eight letters to the box on Belmont St.

Friday, December 12, 1941

Olive and I took the washing out to Lyle. I then went to the N.P. station and got her (Nina's) coat left on the train. I also drove to 3010 – 7 W. and got some carrot juice for Mother. I then took a shift of being with Mother for the afternoon while Nina slept, and Olive cleaned up the house. In the evening I wrote some more cards to clients and took them to the mailbox.

Saturday, December 13, 1941

This morning I went to the Central Market and bought our food supplies and some olive oil and carrot juice for Mother. Took my

turn watching mother. Received \$15.00 from Mildred to help pay Mother's expenses. Cleaned up basement and culled out old papers of insurance company and filed the others away. Sister Lapriel Martindale called to see if she could do anything to help us with Mother. Later Sister Harris came as Prest. of the Relief Society. Ralph and Erma, Josephine, Claud, Lydia came—We did not permit any of them to go in Mothers room. But I phoned for Jos. H. West, a patriarch, to come and administer to Mother, which he did.

Sunday, December 14, 1941

Inasmuch as Mother was still very sick, I did not go to S. School or any other place during the day.

Olive cooked a nice dinner with pork roast, etc. I had a nap in in the large easy chair, while the girls washed the dishes. Then Nina and Olive lay down while I wrote to the boys and watched mother at the same time. Mother was more quiet today but got on a rampage about 10 o'clock last night while Nina was in the dining room for the change with Olive. She got right out of bed and refused to go back. We three had to put her back by force.

Monday, December 15, 1941

Mother appeared a little better today. Erma came. She and Olive went to town. I finished up sorting up the papers in the basement and filing them away.

Mother appeared to be improving. Blood pressure came up to 140 from 110 when first attack occurred. She also began taking more fluids as nourishment. Pulse pretty good. We felt encouraged. I received a fine letter from Carl R. Marcusen about her.

Also, my cancelled note for 150 from Am. Nat. Bank. Idaho Falls and Bal of \$16 ck.

Tuesday, December 16, 1941

Mother about same, on account of having to give hypos regularly to kept pain down. She was delirious and only partly conscious at times. The Dr. had warned that the 10th day might be the worst, so Nina gave special attention and watch care.

There were certain things Mother had asked me to do infixing the home and I gave special attention to them to please. The last thing was to paint her lawn chair.

Wednesday, December 17, 1941

At 5:30 Mother had another heart attack that took her away. I was holding her hand as she breathed her last. Nina was on her shift and called Olive. And for the first time during her illness, I felt that she was going. She was easy but each breath seen to get shorter until she finally ceased breathing and was gone. We notified the Bishop and Sister Harris who is president of the Relief Society who came to our home at once. We then called the Edwards Mortuary, and their men came and took Mother to the Mortuary – 1000 W. Vincent. At 5:30pm we all went down to see how she looked. Her jaws were swollen but otherwise she did look beautiful. We then selected a casket and her clothing. Casket \$375, Clothing \$23.00 Shipping box \$20.00, sales tax \$7.06, Total \$476. Nina paid \$46. Leaving a balance of 430 for which Nina and I gave a note due in thirty days.

Thursday, December 18, 1941—Funeral of Mother, L.A.

Harold and Marjorie Dean came from Salt Lake in 14 hrs., reaching here at 3:30am. I got up and shaved at 7am and tried not to wake them. At Eleven thirty the service was held at the “Edwards Mortuary”.

Bp. Mollinett took charge of this service and after a song (solo by Counselor Lund). Bp. Mollinett spoke. Eulogizing mother and gave a very nice talk. The Colonial singers then sang “Oh My Father”

and following that Bro. Rulon H. Cheeney spoke very fine. Then the quartet sang “Abide with Me”. Bro. Lochear gave the invocation and Bro. Henderson the dismissal prayer.

There was a nice turn out from our ward and many of our neighbors came, also the tenants from 106 and 108 ½. Winslow’s and Finlay’s. We planned to have St. Clair and Reed come to Salt Lake with Harold, Nina, Marjorie, Olive in the car.

I wanted to stay on the train with Mother, so they called for me at 6:30 to go along with her body to the depot. Her body was placed in the first section leaving at 8pm and I rode on Challenger leaving at 8:05. Were delayed along the road by trains that we met carrying soldiers but, but finally arrived in Salt Lake at 8 :15, two hours late. I was met at the depot by Harold, Nina Olive and Ed. Royal Chamberlain and his mother Mame. Also, Effie Dean, Harold Jr. Ezra, LaRue, Ruth St. Clair, Reed, Grace’s children remained home to receive the guests among them Juo L. Firmage.

This of course was on Friday the 19th that I reached S.L. City having spent the night in a birth on the Pullman Car. I met a Bro. Paintio of Nephi who was having the same experience. He too was bringing his wife home from L.A. where she died to be laid away at her hometown at Nephi. Their son who lives at L.A. was with them. Among others who met me at the depot were Grace and Devirl. We went to Grace’s where the Morticians soon brought Mothers body. Grace stayed up with her all night. Edith Robbins, a friend of Grace, stayed with her until three thirty—during that time they finished Mothers Temple Apron.

Saturday, December 20, 1941—Funeral, Salt Lake

I did not sleep much during the night, going to bed at 12 and awoke at 2 am. The remainder of the time, I grieved until I arose. Friends began to call at 10 am to see the body. I arranged with a photographer to take a picture of mother being in her casket surrounded by flowers that had been brought as tokens of respect to Mother. Hundreds of people came between 10 and 1 o’clock. At 1:30 the body

was taken to the University Chapel for Service. As pallbearers there were John, Rich, Harold Jr., Reed, Devirl, Jay.

As flower carriers there were Marjorie Dean, Effie Dean, Ruth, Joyce, Marilyn, Phyllis, Gladys, Suzanne, Dorothy Dean, Billy, Jackie— Grandchildren

The University Ward Relief Society took charge of the flowers and the arrangements. The floral offerings were the most beautiful I had ever seen.

The prelude and postlude were played on the pipe organ by the Tabernacle organist Frank Asper.

Among the distinguished people present were Orval Adams, past President of the Bankers Assoc., the Presiding Bishop of the Church, the Executive members of the Young Ladies Genl. Board, Representative of the Bonneville Stake Relief Society. As representatives from the – of Provo and the 6th ward in which we lived, Bro. Harold Clark and as representative of the ward in which Dr. Nixon now resides, the Bishops wife, Sister Bird, came. As representative of the Pacific Nat. Life for whom I have worked the past 12 years, Prest. Carl R. Marcusen, Auditor E. H. Gannette were present. One of my oldest friends Wm A. McCullough came to see Mother. We used to be at Mt. Trumbull together. He must be nearing 90 years of age.

In the service that were held for Mother, Bro. Asper, the organist, played the prelude. Devirl Stewart, my son-in-law presided. Bro. and Sister McMaster sang a duet— “I Need Thee Every Hour”. My boyhood friend John G. McQuarrie was the first to speak and he symbolized the Resurrection and spoke of our early acquaintances as children together, then Richard Condie sang a solo “Oh My Father” after which Bro. Nephi L. Morris spoke and gave a most inspirational sermon. The McMasters again sang, followed by J. Reuben Clark of the First Presidency gave a most appropriate talk and told of his relationship to Mother and the character of the family.

The invocation was offered by D.C. Woodward and the benediction by my old Stake President R.G. Miller. The chapel was well filled with people and hardly room for the flowers so that they had

to be doubled. Spence Cornwall the director of the Tabernacle Choir and his wife assisted Grace and Devirl in the arrangement of this “musical program”. Richard Condie and the McMasters were chosen.

There was a misunderstanding about the date of the funeral as the papers had stated that it would be held on Sunday, Dec. 21, 1941, instead of Sat. so that a few came for Sunday. Among them was Prof. Geddes of the A.C., the husband of Ezra Woolley’s daughter Grace. He came from Logan for Sunday Services. Don Price from Cleveland also came late but came up to Graces with his son Floyd on Sunday morning to see me. Postmaster I. A. Smoot and his wife came to the home, but were not able to attend the funeral.

Mother was laid away in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery in lot 165 across from where her brother Ezra was laid away. After the interment I went with Dr. Nixon and his family down to Jenny’s home for a few minutes and then returned to Nina’s, where the family were gathered together, about 9:30 I came home to Grace where I was sleeping and went to bed and had a good rest and slept about six hours. At Nina’s we had a very fine dinner and while “around the table” we were led in prayer by Harold and then had a short period of “silent meditation”. St. Clair with Ezra and Harold had a long talk upstairs, and it was all arranged to help them by a monthly allowance, from members of the family. He and Reed left for home.

P.S. Sat. night it snowed, so we were thankful we had such a lovely, clear, warm day for funeral on Sat.

Monday Morning, December 22, 1941

On the bus at 8am Monday morning, Ezra and LaRue and children also left for their house at Ordway, CO. Sunday was Grace’s birthday – 42 years.

My rest was not so good last night because I ate some cake and ice cream late before retiring, so I did not get to sleep until after 1 a.m. Arose at 8 and after breakfast I started to write in my diary, when Jessco came for me to go with him to the Cemetery to examine the adjoining

lots as he wanted to purchase a burial place near his mother. We then called at the office in the Boston Bldg. and got the information we wanted and drove up to Z.C.M.I to meet Mildred but she had gone. He brought me back to Grace's, where I finished bringing my diaries up to date. During the day there were 9 number of telegrams and letters of sympathy came. Among them was one from Bro and Sister Milt Olsen, Bro. Belnap, Bro. Wright of the 4th Ward, Idaho Falls, and Florence Moore.

We went over to Nina's to spend the evening, as Jessco and Mildred were going to Provo in the morning to be gone for a few days, before returning home.

Billy Crosby was there. On the road back to Grace's, I posted a letter written to the Post Register of Idaho Falls to take the place of X-mas cards this year. Also, an account of the funeral services.

Tuesday, December 23, 1941

At Nina's last night I drank some grape juice that seemed to have soured on my stomach and caused me to awake at 3 and I was unable to sleep any more until 7—I then went to sleep and slept until 10 o'clock. After eating I went to town with three things in mind to attend to but found I was too late for the bank, so posted a letter I had written to Olaf in which I enclosed a \$5 bill for X-mas present and sent air mail and special delivery., I then went to Atty Verne Romney's Office and made out my will, for the reason of Mother's death, my old one would be void.

I then went to Deseret News Office and bought six papers that contained account of Mother's death. Next to the Tribune and got the same number from them and a clipping of a report of the funeral service. Met Grace there and came home.

Wednesday, December 24, 1941

I went to Dan's and had my bridge fastened in. Called at Zions Bank and Trust Co. and checked on the Bonita account. Then to Utah Prest Co. and Olive and I distributed Mother jewelry. After that I went to Provo to spend X-mas with Willie's family having had a pressing invitation from Margaret to do so. The roads were very slippery, especially around the point of the mountain. I rode down with John Rich, who drove very carefully, so we reached Provo alright though we passed five cars that were in the bar pit. Slept in the basement as Grace, Lea and Eugene were in the upstairs room. Bought a new Stetson hat \$7.50.

Thursday, December 25, 1941

Slept pretty well especially the first part of the night. The children were very happy over the things Santa Claus had brought them. Had a nice dinner with turkey and many nice things. Dr. Nixon made one trip to the Mental Hospital, then stayed at home until evening, Jessco, Mildred, George and I went to the Provo Theatre to see a show. Took them home and then we went to Willie's where I slept.

Funeral Service for Effie Dean Woolley

FUNERAL SERVICE FOR EFFIE DEAN WOOLLEY

Held Saturday, December 20, 1941

At 2:00 o'clock P.M.

University Ward Chapel

Organ Prelude

Dr. Frank W. Asper

Bishop D. B. Stewart conducting:

“And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, watching over their flock by night; and lo the angel of the Lord shown round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a savior which is Christ the Lord.”

Our brothers and sisters, today we meet in that divine faith given to us in that passage of scripture, that unto us that day was born Christ, the savior. Under His beautiful spirit we are privileged to meet as friends and relatives of a most marvelous character, Sister Nixon, to pay honor and tribute to her, and to her life. We are indebted to her for a most wonderful spirit, for her blessings given to her family and associates. May God bless us as we mingle here together; that we may have a time of rejoicing and peace and contentment and comfort to our hearts.

Vocal Selection “Abide With Me” Bro. and Sister J. Stewart
McMaster, accd. By Dr.
Frank W. Asper

Invocation

Bro. Don C. Woodward

Our Father who art in Heaven, as Thy children we approach Thee at this time in the service of one of our number. We pray Thee, our Heavenly Father, that this service may be unto her, and to those who shall be left and bereaved, an intimation of our friendship and our love.

Our Heavenly Father, we pray Thee that Thou wilt bless those who may speak to us; that they may give words of comfort and consolation and faith-building to those of us who shall hear, and we ask of Thee that Thou wilt help us to order our lives as this, the life of our good sister, has been ordered; that they may be acceptable to Thee when we shall be called, as we believe that her life has been acceptable. Our Heavenly Father, we are grateful to her as an associate in our lives. We are grateful that her family are able to meet here in this occasion. We are grateful that we are able to meet as friends, for we have associated with her and this good family as friends, and we have learned to love them.

Now, our Heavenly Father, we dedicate this service and all that may transpire unto Thee, and we pray that love and devotion may be wrought in our lives, and that we may live to appreciate all the good things of life, as we believe that she has. Our Heavenly Father give us memories that will last through our lives of the good things that we have seen of her in her life of devotion to her family and to her church and to the several communities where she has resided. We pray for these blessings, our Heavenly Father, in Jesus' name,

AMEN.

Vocal Selection "Oh My Father" Bro. Richard P. Condie

Accd. By Dr. Frank W.

Asper

Remarks

Bro. J. G. McQuarrie

As I approach this subject and make an effort to get some line of thought and reach for expressions that may represent your feelings and mine, I seem to come to a parting of the ways, and just see two purposes and two objectives. The conflict between heart and mind, between reason and feeling and emotion. Our reason tells us it is well, the work is finished. Our hearts cry out for sympathy. There are the heartstrings that are vibrated, the feelings and emotions, and as I look over this audience it seems that everyone is a friend and mourner as much as those who are closely related. We all realize that there is a severing of these ties; that by this severing we have what we call sorrow. It is a fact, however, that that does not approach despair. Despair hardens and destroys, but sorrow is the greatest factor in human life. It softens and develops sympathy and touches the deepest well springs of our feelings.

Thinking of these diverging lines and where they lead, I have been privileged during the last ten months to pass my time on Temple Square. I have been privileged to witness that cycle of life, that life of the sun over what, since the days of ancient Egypt, have been called the Royal Arcs. The sun moves up through glittering constellations to the summer solstice when the sun has its greatest light and power and influence. Then it begins to drop gradually to the autumnal equinox, forming what was represented in Solomon's temple as the Royal Arcs, the key stone of Solomon. The vernal equinox, since that far off day, has symbolized beauty, life, the resurrection. As it moves along up the lanes, the names of the constellations speak of the development of the season, reaching the time when all things would be fruitful. As it drops down the other side of the circle, it reaches the opposite point, the autumnal equinox, that symbolizes age, wisdom, and gradually sleep and what we call death.

During that time, I have had the privilege of watching that passage through the vernal equinox. The first flower to respond to the kiss of mother nature was the dandelion—some of you think just a weed. There was among my associates an old gentleman retired as a teacher in the Ogden High School, just reached his 90th milestone, but his mind is still alert. He picked up one of these little dandelions and said: "This is a dandy little fellow, all dressed in yellow, and underneath

may be seen his overcoat of Lincoln green and in the springtime bright and early he may be seen dancing out over the green.” It was a beautiful thought, an expression of spring and life, even in the dandelion.

Soon, the glory of the tulips became manifest, and these in circles with their borders looked not unlike the crown of a king, a crown of jewels, or a beautiful diamond necklace. Then came the calla lilies and the glads and the pansies, a veritable glory and joy to the thousands of tourists who visited the grounds and who expressed themselves as seeing nothing that they could compare with it.

Then the sun gradually sank toward the other side and the November winds began to blow and the leaves began to fly and chase each other over the pavements and play hide-and-seek with the gardeners as they tried to shovel them off the grass. Then we neared the autumnal equinox. The things began to slumber. Just now, almost to the day, the sun is sinking to its rest. What a beautiful ending to a beautiful life, as well as the sentiment expressed in the hope and the glory of the resurrection, and example of the life of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Our friend, Effie Woolley Nixon, had a beautiful spring. Her parents were what we call well-off. Even in the far-off Dixie country, she was able to enjoy the luxuries of a well-appointed home. In this home there were not rag carpets, but beautiful carpets and wallpaper. While most of us entertained with a moth organ they actually had an organ. They brought with them their furniture. It was upholstered and its cover was a woven horsehair. She enjoyed the blessings and benefit of an artistic home. The Woolley home was not the largest, but I often thought, the most beautiful. The home was white, the decorative verandas and porches were painted green, and it had the most substantial garden wall I have ever seen. It was built of cobble rock, but there was a coping of beautiful red sandstone. They were all taken out of a single strata. They were exactly the same thickness without the mark of a chisel only as it is necessary to straighten the edges, and the garden gate looked like a section out of that beautiful balustrade that separates the stand in our tabernacle from the main body of the hall. The spindles were turned something like they are in one of the old-

fashioned bedsteads. The gates of the garden where the wagon drive was, were plain and well put together and well hung and painted green. Some people could afford some kind of a lumber barn, but Mr. Woolley built an adobe one. The barn was warm in the winter, and it was cool in the summer. His animals were well taken care of.

If we take that whole journey of life, it is so complete. The new family that is coming along are already prepared, and their nourishment there will germinate life already started, and the results are all that could be hoped for, all that could be imagined, because in this family we see a mingling of the greatest and most outstanding virtues and characteristics of both the father and the mother.

When Brigham Young selected men to go to Utah's Dixie he determined to build a permanent outpost to divide the travel on the way to California, and to build a temple to preserve the purposes of the saints that went out into the Salt River Basin. In selecting the men to go there, every person was selected with a particular objective in view. Every man that went to Dixie was especially qualified for some particular thing. It was well known just about what he was going to do. Frank Woolley was the merchant of that section. He established freight outfits that went to San Bernardino and furnished the supplies necessary to that region of country, and also found markets for what they had to dispose of. He made a great success of his work. While in the prime he lost his life in a single-handed combat with a group of Indians that surprised him when he was returning from California. He was camped alone. Fortunately, in his wife had had a character who was able to hold together his estate, and even to increase it and carry forward to a successful conclusion his purposes and ambitions in life.

I haven't time today to enumerate these virtues or qualities and the background of the family, but the Nixon side of it is equal in greatness. Mr. Nixon saw the opportunities in the mining camps of the west, and after a few years he had \$13,000 in gold. That was quite a capital to start a business in St. George. Not only did he build a very substantial place of business, but he also established a sawmill, and did much to furnish the material for the growth of that region. The greatest payment on both sides is the family that remains. In the children that

are here, who mourn that departing of their mother today, we realize that the mating instinct that brought these two together was no mistake. They have been happy in the accomplishments of their children. They were happy to hear their daughter sing, and in the accomplishments of Grace, probably the leading lady in her line. All the way through there is something for them to feel that the job is finished, for which they could feel grateful. Therefore, it is a sacred solemn occasion, hardly one of mourning, and yet one we fear.

May God bless this family that they may always remember and emulate the example of their good mother, I pray in Jesus' name,

AMEN.

Remarks

Bro. Nephi L. Morris

Brother Nixon requests that I read this telegram he received today:

“J. W. Nixon and Family—

Through your son-in-law Mr. Bowman, we learn of the death of Mrs. Nixon. We extend our sympathy in her passing. A comforting wife. A joyful companion and a noble mother is gone. Thanks to the gift of memory, she will live in the hearts of all of you to inspire you. And because of your lives and your faith you will again have her companionship where sorrows and trials are no more

(signed) Carl R. Marcusen”

I am sure all Mr. Marcusen's associates in a business way join heartily in these sentiments for our friend and companion in business and in life.

I, like you, have been charmed with the symbolic remarks of Brother McQuarrie in associating the life of this wonderful woman with the times and movements of the celestial bodies. She closes her career as does that sun when it reaches the farthest point in its distance from us.

Although she has gone from us here the way opens to her as a day of light and peace and rest and reward in a land on a world where the sun will never set again in the eternal life of the future life, —where the sun of righteousness may be seen, which has gone just one move nearer this presence, —the source of life and light, —the light that will always dwell upon the earth.

We cannot but meditate upon the beautiful characteristics to which Brother McQuarrie has made a fitting reference, the outstanding one of which is the glory of motherhood. I am sure she is the greatest blessing that has come into the life of Brother Nixon, —a most fruitful, a most happy, a most helpful companion. I can't go back as far in my memory as Brother McQuarrie, but when I was a little tot attending school, Brother Nixon came to the same school. He was more intimately acquainted with my older sister. His relatives lived on the same block where the U. P. freight yards now are. Several years ago, I met them in their home in the country. I saw the symbols of human achievement manifest in their lives, —industry, thrift, working for the benefit of mankind, building up the community, raising an excellent family, —since become a glory to them. During the last ten or twelve years I have had the pleasure of associating intimately with them and on certain trusted occasions see that glorious family associate, —at the Golden Wedding Anniversary—when all the beauties of humility, apparently properly house, refined—assembled to honor the father and mother, the grandfather, and the grandmother. I shall remember the pleasure in the beautiful singing I have been privileged to hear on one or two occasions.

The most wonderful thing in life is mother. Some women may think their fathers were wonderful, but we men who do the talking say our mothers were the most marvelous. I never heard it expressed quite so well as when a few years ago Mortimer Schiff, in presenting to the Boy Scouts of America the great Boy Scout National Park where the youth of the land may be inspired in the way of American life, read this stanza:

Mother

Gone is the builder's temple,
Crumbles into dust.

There lies each stately pillar
With consuming rust.
But the temple the women builded
Will last while the ages roll;
For the beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

The world's progress and achievement may be seen in the works of men as engineers, as architects, as artists, and we stand in amazement at man's wonderful achievements when we look at the great cathedrals, the great temples of learning, of science, the greatest bridges that span historic rivers, these great devices which defy the laws of gravitation. We cross the ocean in a few days; we fly through the air with the speed of a wild goose in its migration. We stand, I say, in awe and amazement at the marvelous achievements of man. We go to art galleries and museums and marvel at the works. Again, we have our deepest emotions aroused.

Yet, if you go into the common home, the humble habitation perhaps with the common rag carpets, where in the home the mother has shaped and fashioned the souls of her children, where she has molded their dispositions, developed their gifts, and given to them inspiration for achievement, then you are in the presence of the greatest of all artists.

In this sense Sister Nixon has been a master artist, blessed of God, a blessing to her husband and her name revered forever in the memory of her children and in the affection of all who may not have known her. We may take off our hats to this great master artist, the mother of man.

I congratulate this wonderful and close family on having been so well born. I congratulate Brother Nixon in having been designed one in this happy matter—thrift, companionship, cooperation, unity of purpose in every worthy undertaking, which has so beautifully crowned.

She has gone to her reward. It is perfectly natural for her to die. When these bodies are worn out, instead of their being a source of comfort and pleasure to us, they become the cause of pain and distress.

It is possible to get rid of them through death. She is relieved of all the encumbrances of mortality gone to the spirit world with all the freedom of a child. Gone from us, yes, but others are waiting for her there, and they will be glad to see her. They will be glad to welcome her for a beautiful Christmas in the other world, to which there shall be no end, because of the righteous and beautiful life so crowned by divine faith. I hope this family will not mourn but rejoice that she is wearing her crown. There is a reward, and they will meet her again by walking in her steps and living up to her inspirations.

May the peace of God abide in their lives, and may the spirit of peace abide with them, I pray in Jesus' name,

AMEN.

Vocal Selection	“I Need Thee Every Hour”	Bro. and Sister J.
	Stewart McMaster, accd.	
	By Dr. Frank W. Asper	

Remarks	Elder J. Reuben Clark
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I am glad to partake of the peace and quiet and the comfort of this service.

Sister Nixon and I are of the same family. My mother was her father's youngest sister. All my life I have heard of Effie. She came into the world in the midst of a great tragedy, to which reference has already been made. When she was very young her father was taken from this earth. Her mother had the responsibility of rearing a family, and she wore this responsibility well. My mother knew intimately her mother, and I have heard my mother often speak in the highest terms of the wonderful qualities of the mother of this good woman.

I have no recollection of seeing Effie until on one occasion when I went to take some photographs of some coal fields in the mountains, and while there we stopped with Brother and Sister Nixon. I have only occasionally seen Effie since that time; I think the last occasion I saw her was that to which reference has already been made, when she and

Brother Nixon celebrated an anniversary. I have always heard of her and known her as a woman of righteousness, great endeavor, a splendid mother.

If I might be permitted to say it, there runs through her family and mine certain great qualities of devotion, loyalty, humility, and desire to live righteously. From all I know, this good woman abundantly exemplified all these qualities in her life. The most of us, and that included Sister Nixon, have an abiding faith in the restored gospel, in the restored priesthood, in the divine origin of this church. We are not harassed with doubts. The Lord has been good to us. He has given us faith.

I do not need to preach to Brother Nixon and the family about where Sister Nixon has gone. That we know. We have no doubts about it. She has gone to the reward which she has earned.

The approaching Christmas season brings a little more prominently to our minds perhaps the mission of the Savior, what he did for us.

“Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you peace.”

We know that. We know it from the sorrows we have suffered, and from the gladness which has come into our lives as we have placed our trust in Him. That is the hope and the faith and the knowledge which we have.

The saying runs, in the midst of life we are in death. We Latter-Day Saints have reversed that saying to, in the midst of death we are in life, because while we lay aside this mortal body, as Brother Morris has told us, it has served its purpose, it goes back to mother earth. The instant that transition begins our spirits move unto a glorious life, a never-ending life of peace and joy and happiness and reunion with all of the loved ones who have gone before us. Our parting here is sad; that we all know. But the reunion and joy that comes hereafter we have yet to experience. This woman is safe. She has lived her life through. She is saved. Exalted, and goes into the Celestial Kingdom. It is for is to

live that we may go where she is, where she will live. It is for us to live that we too may be saved and safe when we give up our bodies.

I hope that on this and similar occasions we can gain courage and hope and faith, for this land will have grief to endure, and we shall need all the faith and the hope we have to get through safely.

When we have reached this stage, there is nothing that can be said to help the life that is gone. Happy are we when, as here, nothing need be said to help. This life was lived with sufficient perfection that no major mistake was made, and the love and the mercy of the Lord can wipe out the trivialities that might not have squared with all that might have been done.

So, I say to Brother Nixon and his family, I sorrow with you, but I do not mourn. There is not a place for mourning. Joy I have in my knowledge of this life and of its achievements. Gratitude I give to the Lord for the association which has been yours with this splendid woman. Gratitude I give to the Lord for the association of friends all through her life. And the prayer I utter is for you who are left. May you live as God would have you live so that you shall be as this good woman here—saved, exalted in the Celestial Kingdom. God bless you Brother Nixon, the family, give you peace and comfort. You know He is the source of peace and comfort, and you know he gives it to those who earnestly want it, and mat this come to you, I humbly pray in the name of Jesus,

AMEN.

Remarks

Bishop D. B. Stewart

We have in holy writ mention of the three wisemen who were sitting out looking for that star, seeking the holy one. Last evening three other men met, not wisemen, but sons-in-law of this marvelous character, and discussed there something of her life. There were so many beautiful thoughts, it is difficult to couch them in words, so I sought the Book of Books, the book that gives joy and the thoughts we want. I would like to read to you an expression from the scriptures

which I believe is profoundly appropriate to the life of this marvelous woman:

“Strength and honor are her clothing; and
She shall rejoice in time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And in her tongue is the law of kindness.
She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children arise up, and call her blessed;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her.
Many daughters have done virtuously, but
Thou excellest them all.
Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain;
But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”

She shall be blessed. We, as the descendants of Mother Nixon, praise her; we call her blessed. Her husband, he praiseth her.

She was probably as generous a person as ever lived. I have never known of her to forget a birthday. Not only her husband, her children, those who are husbands and wives of her children, but her grandchildren and her great grandchildren—never. Not only did she not forget the birthday, but she did something about it. She remembered it.

In our discussion last night, it was felt that one of her strongest characteristics was that of justice. She wanted to see everyone receive his just rewards. She was humble; she was prayerful; she was loyal to her family; and so, brothers and sisters, may I read what I read a day or two ago at another funeral, though this time with definite evidence, because of being a member of this fine, unusually high-class family:

“Poets to come! Orators, singers, musicians to come!
Not today is to justify me and answer what I am for.
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental,
Arouse! For you must justify me.”

As a family and the teachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ, we can do no other than accept the challenge, —than justify the life of Mother Nixon.

May God bless us in all our hour of trial. May we be strengthened by this that has happened in our midst. May we be more closely woven as a family unit. May the ties be tied with cords that may not be severed. May we grow and develop and justify them.

The family has requested that I thank the many friends who have shown their love by their many acts, —the display of flowers, the unusual willingness to accept the request this afternoon to participate. —we know how busy many of these folks are—how generously they responded—and for the many other ways in which kindness and friendship have been shown, we thank you. I think it is marvelous of Brother LeGrand Richards to be with us this afternoon. I wonder how he does it. He is always there. Being the Presiding Bishop of the Church, I am sure he must have a kind heart to be so generous and come show his loyalty and friendship. As also with President Clark. He is called many times every day—and also the others who have participated on the program.

Vocal Selection “Oh Love Divine” Bro. Richard P. Condie
Accd. By Dr. Frank
W. Asper

Benediction Bro. Reuben G. Miller

Our Father who are in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.

We thank Thee for the blessings which have attended us during this service. We are grateful to Thee for the words which have been spoken in behalf of our dear one who has passed away. We appreciate all that has been said, and we ask Thee to ratify this in Heaven.

We pray that Thou wilt go with us during the remainder of the service to the cemetery, and during all that is required in paying our

respects to this most noble woman. We who have been associated with her and know of her greatness, her kindness, her hospitality, and all that has been said of her is true. She has been one of the noble daughters of Zion. Her life and example has been worthy, and we who have associated with her have benefitted by that which she has shown in her life.

We appreciate these blessings that have come to us today on this occasion, and the kind words, and ask Thee to accept of our gratitude and dismiss us from this service, and we do it in the name of Jesus Christ,

AMEN.

Marriage to Katie Dawson Hughes

Katherine Myrtle Dawson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah on 4 May 1885 to Thomas Goodman Dawson and Annie Margaret Mitchell. Katie's father died when she was a young girl of 13. On 18

June 1902, she married William Hughes and had three children, Milton William—7 July 1904, Merle Kathryn—26 May 1908, and Dawson Wayne—5 December 1910. In 1930, the family moved to Santa Monica, Los Angeles, California. William Hughes passed away due to heart problems on 11 February 1941. On 1 January 1943, one minute passed midnight, Katie married James William Nixon II. They were together for 6 years before James W. Nixon passed away on 18 March 1949. Katie died on 18 September 1960, in their Los Angeles home—108 Witmer St.—and was sent back to Salt Lake City for her funeral.



James W. Nixon and Katie Hughes



Four Generations: Catherine Marcussen Jensen, Annie Mitchell,
Katherine Dawson Hughes, Merle Kathryn Hughes



Katie Dawson Hughes and Merle Kathryn Hughes



William H. Hughes, Milton W. Hughes, Dawson Wayne Hughes

James William Nixon II Diary, Vol. 4, 16 Apr—7 Jan 1942
Marriage to Katherine Dawson Hughes
December 17, 1942—January 7, 1943

Thursday, December 17, 1942

I drove up to the gas station and filled my tank under the rationing system for the first time, drove on out to Santa Monica and called on Katie Hughes and met her younger son, who is a policeman and his family. Spent a pleasant afternoon with them, after having dinner with Katie.

Called on Erma and then St. Clair family and being tired I stayed there all night at 1523 crest St. St. Clair did not come home so I did not see him. One year (a long year for me) today since Mamma passed away.

Friday, December 18, 1942

I left St. Clair's at about 7 and came home. A Mr. Rowland came and pruned my trees and instructed me on the care of the citrus fruit. I changed my clothes and went downtown to get some spray solution and got a few more X-mas cards. Wrote a list of my children with address for the Better Speech Co. to mail each one their work and dictionary as a X-mas remembrance.

I also wrote to Ezra and sent check for suit and bedding \$62.20. Wrote up my diary and retired.

Saturday, December 19, 1942

Went downtown at 10am and met Katie on bus from Santa Monica, from there to Elysian Park Ward and borrowed a book from Sister Parsons or outline to prepare lesson. Found there would be no classes. Cam back to town. We had dinner at Clifton's, and went to Orpheum to a show, visited awhile and came home, after putting Katie on the bus to S.M.

Sunday, December 20, 1942

I spent the day at Santa Monica. Visited their Sunday School, met Dr. Harding, kid Davis, Dr. Smith, whom I had known before.

Mrs. Katherine Hughes took me to a turkey dinner, and I spent the remainder of day at her home. We rode down in Bro. Young's car and back on the bus. Wayne, her policeman son, took me to the bus when I returned to L.A.

Monday, December 21, 1942

I first took my laundry up to 3rd and Witmer, and left my raincoat for cleaning at the tailors, then took my Chrysler to Bob's Garage and had the door check fixed and the ceiling light also. Came home and ate my dinner and breakfast all in one about 3 o'clock. Reed came in while I was talking with Mrs. Finlay, so he helped himself to a lunch. Mr. J. Larson came in and paid his rent, \$23.00.

I prepared the mixture and sprayed the citrus fruit until dark. Wrote some more X-mas cards and posted them and retired.

Tuesday, December 22, 1942

This morning I sprayed my trees and rose bushes and did some pruning. Worked in the garden all day until about 5pm. I went downtown to buy some rat poison for Mrs. Rutherford's home which was inhabited by a big rat. Bought a few flower seed while there. Came home and made out an application in California.

Posted up my diary and retired for the night after offering my thanks to the Lord for his many blessings during the day.

Wednesday, December 23, 1942

This morning I prepared the ground for and planted the sweet peas. Worked among the trees and shrubbery the rest of the day cleaning the leaves off from the ground to get the spider infested trees leaves away to burn. We bought a turkey at Safeway on P.N. Life order and Katie's rings.

Thursday, December 24, 1942

I took the turkey out to Santa Monica for Katie to cook for our X-mas dinner. Visited with her until night and came home on the bus.

Friday, December 25, "Christmas" 1942

I cleaned up the house—vacuumed, mopped, and dusted. Katie and her son Milton came in with the turkey, cranberries, etc. while I was in the bathtub. She went ahead preparing the dinner. Milton could not stay. I showed him around before he left. Erma and family came in about 1:30 p.m. So, we just had them, Katie and myself for dinner. When Ralph and Erma went home, Katie and I went to the show. After which I put her on the bus at Pershing square for Santa Monica and I came home.

Saturday, December 26, 1942

Today was observed as a holiday also and no stores were open. Katie came in and we spent the day partly at home and partly downtown, where we went to a show and she returned home to Santa Monica on the bus and I came home and started to prepare my lesson for Sunday School, but became so sleepy I could not, so retired.

Sunday December 27, 1942

Katie came in and went to S. School with me. I presented a synopsis of the last four lessons in the manual, preparatory to taking up the new manual. We came home and Katie prepared dinner for ourselves and her son Wayne and family. They were all late coming and did not get home till nearly dark, but we had a pleasant visit together, and Katie went home with them.

Monday, December 28, 1942

Katie M. Hughes, the widow of William Hughes and I had become engaged to marry. I had bought her a ring. She came in this morning to go with me to get our license, and we went downtown to the Hall of Records and got our application made out then to Dr. Baker, to get a blood test and he sent us to a lady doctor on upstairs who took it. We then went to shopping, bought her a coat, dress, and hat and slip in. Then we went to a show. I put her on the bus, and I came home and ate my supper—wrote up my diary and after praying I went to bed.

Thursday, December 29, 1942

Prepared Orange, lemon and tomato juice and ate one grapefruit. I mailed out my gas bill and Olaf's also.

The Radio was returned, and I paid \$25 for its repair by the Southwest Radio Maintenance Co. 4408 So. Hoover St.

I wrote up my diary and some letters, went down to Dr. Bakers and got my health certificate—then to the city Hall of Records, next to the Central Market and bought some stuff to eat and came home and phoned to Lyle. Katie called me up and we talked over matters of the wedding.

I wrote a letter to Sister Austin, also to E.H. Gannette to announce the wedding in the papers in Salt Lake.

Wednesday, December 30, 1942

Arose at 6, folded up bed in my den and wrote George Stuart of Delta. Took my car up to Witmer Garage and had my lights adjusted then drove over to 2122 Pico and left the door handler to be recovered. Came back by way of Belmont Service Station and filled up with gasoline, then home. Took extra bedding and feather bed down in basement and arranged my clothes in the closet to make room for Katie's clothes. Was very happy in contemplation of having her in the home to care for me and someone to love and talk to. I called her up on the phone and arranged to go out to Santa Monica tomorrow. Brought the laundry home also my topcoat. Called Mary Andrus and Dr. Baker on the phone. Wrote some letters and retired. Wayne Hughes the policeman called. He is to be my stepson.

Thursday, December 31, 1942

Packed my suitcase with the things that I wanted to wear at my wedding tomorrow, to the sweetest woman in California, Katie Hughes. It had been arranged by her friends to give her a party to be held at Charles Rasmussen's residence, and that we were to be married in his home, by Bishop Joseph Young. And then go to the temple as soon as convenient on account of congested travel and gas rationing.

I reached Santa Monica at 2 p.m. and went direct to Katie's home and found her watching for me. We enjoyed the afternoon together. Milton, her son, who is the purchasing agent of materials for all of the Douglas Plants, came home about 5 and soon retired to sleep. We had asked him to go to Hollywood and get our license at midnight before anyone else on New Year of 1943. Toward evening we dressed and drove over to Rasmussen's and found some of Katie's friends already there. When the crowd had finally all assembled there were about forty people.

Milton went to Hollywood and got the license and at 1 minute past 12 the Ceremony commenced by Bishop Young that made us man and wife. Among the guests present whom I had formerly known was Mark Woolley and wife, Dr. G. H. Harding. Also St. Clair and

family, Erma and Family, Katie's two sons, Milton and Wayne. Bishop Young and wife and some of the Relief Society Sisters.

There were some lovely presents brought. Ice cream and cake were served, and all enjoyed the evening. We drove home and reached there at 3 a.m. happy.

Friday, January 1, 1943

Did not get up until eleven o'clock this morning. In the afternoon we went downtown to a show, and thus spent our Wedding Day. We were both very much in love. I was very appreciative of having a good woman to care for me in our home and to be a companion to me and keep me company. I really felt happy. I knew that angel wife Effie who has parted this life more than a year ago was happy in the spirit world with her loved ones who had gone before and that it was now up to me after one year of lonesomeness to try and be happy and useful in the church the remainder of my life. This I knew would be a source of happiness to her to know I had someone to take care of me, for she had told me on various occasions that if she were to go first that she would want me to marry some good woman to look after me.

I felt that I have found a jewel in Katie Hughes, who regardless of my age has really come to love me as she has never any other man, so she solemnly has told me. I feel thankful to the Lord for directing us together. I am very happy with this noble woman as my wife.

Saturday, January 2, 1943

I was more rested this morning as a result having had a good night's sleep. Katie spent the day in arranging things in the home. I spent some time at the desk and wrote some letters. Olaf came in and visited awhile. I prepared my S. S. lesson.

Sunday, January 3, 1943

We went to Priesthood Meeting and Sunday School at 9:30. In the Gospel Doctrine Class I introduced Katie to the class as Sister Nixon and sprung a great surprise on them all. We both received many congratulations and good wishes. It was Fast Day and we both bore our testimony in which I made a public announcement of our marriage. Paid \$1.00 fast offerings. Asked to have Katie's recommend sent for.

After Fast Meeting we drove to Santa Monica to have dinner with Billy—Wayne's wife and family. We went over to Katie's former home and packed up some of her things to bring home. Met Bill Maloney, Milton's pal, who carried things out to the car. We had a lovely dinner to which Wayne attended. We reached home at 10 p.m. and retired.

Monday, January 4, 1943

We spent the day at home. Busy at cleaning and rearranging. Stella Horsley called up from Mildred's and we invited them to have lunch with us tomorrow. I also arranged for my annual medical examination at 3:30. I went downtown to mail a special delivery letter to Harold to get St. Clair Birth Certificate to enable him to get in on a job at the Douglas Plant, which was being arranged by Milton Hughes, my new stepson.

Tuesday, January 5, 1943

Helped Katie prepare for company and Stella and Mildred came at 1:30 to visit with us. We had a lovely dinner prepared by my wife.

Mildred returned home at 3:30 and I took Katie and Stella with me while I went to Dr. Safrik for my annual physical examination. I then took Stella up to Mildred's home. Returned home to meet St. Clair, who was arranging to go to work at the Douglas Plant. I advanced \$35.00 to him to meet an obligation.

Lyle came in with him. I received a check from George Stuart of Hinckley for \$54.00 1st pay on \$150 for land I sold him.

Wednesday, January 6, 1943

Went downtown to a notary and signed a deed that E. G. Geary had sent me. Also signed an agreement setting forth my wishes relative to the care of my wife Katie if I were to pass away first. It provides that she shall have a home as long as she lives unmarried and \$50 per mo. from my estate and no further claim upon the estate. Also, that my heirs shall have no claim on this property now possessed or later acquired. We afterward went to a show in Los Angeles.

Thursday, January 7, 1943

Took our laundry and went out to Katie's former home and washed. I went to the Ralphs store and bought some things to eat. We got the washing done. Milton came home and helped me put the washer in my car, and a lot of other things and come home after night and found a telegram from Harold asking for St. Clair's church Birth Certificate. Also, a beautiful silver and cut glass condiment set as a wedding present from the Pacific Nat. Life Assurance Co.



James W. Nixon II and Katie Hughes, 108 Witmer St. Los Angeles, California



Olympic Theatre, Los Angeles

**James William Nixon II Diary, Vol. 5, 7 Jan. 1942—Jan 1943—
Nov 27, 1944**

**Marriage to Katherine Dawson Hughes
January 1, 1943—January 6, 1943**

(This is a duplicate that has already been recorded in Vol. 4)

Synopsis of 1 week Jan.
Friday, January 1, 1943

At one minute past 12 o'clock of New Year's Eve, I was married to Katie Hughes at the residence of Charles Rasmussen, in Santa Monica, Calif., in the presence of 45 guests, all of whom were special and intimate friends of Sister Hughes, except my granddaughter, Erma Bird, and her husband, and my son, St. Clair and his family. We received some very lovely presents. The party broke up at about 2 a.m. and we drove over to Katie's home at 1728 Washington Ave and loaded our car with her clothing and other belongings. Among other distinguished guests at our party was Dr. G. F. Harding of S. M. We arrived at 108 Witmer St. at 3 a.m. and retired at 4. Naturally therefore we did not arise very early that morning.

Saturday, we spent the day in our home. She arranging things and I passed off the time at the desk, writing letters. Olaf came in and visited us for a while.

Sunday, January 3, 1943

We both attended S.S. and church service in our ward. In the Gospel Doctrine Class which I was conducting, I introduced Katie as Sister Nixon, which was a great surprise to them all. We both bore our testimony in the Fast Meeting which followed.

After services, we drove out to Santa Monica and visited Wayne's family and had a turkey dinner with them, after which we drove over to Katie's house and loaded up with her wearing apparel. On Monday, Stella Horsley called us on the phone, and we arranged to have her and Mildred visit and have dinner with us on Tuesday.

Had my annual physical examination through the Calif. Western States Life and by the Life Extension Bureau of New York.

On Tuesday, —on my way to take Stella back up to Mildred's home.

On Wednesday the 6th, we went downtown to the Clark Hotel and had our Estate agreement signed before a notary—also my last will in which this agreement was embodied. It provided that my wife should have a home and \$50.00 per month as long as she lived unmarried, and at her death or remarriage, the real estate should revert to my heirs.

We went to a show at the Los Angeles Theatre. On Thursday we took our laundry out to S.M. and washed. Brought her washer in with us in my car. Also, a lot of other things she needed. When we reached home, we found a beautiful wedding present from Carl R. Marcusen as a token from the P.N.L Co.



Early Electric Cars, Los Angeles

James William Nixon II Obituary

March 18, 1949

James William Nixon, 82, former Provo insurance man, died in Los Angeles Friday at 6:45 a.m. of a heart ailment, according to word received by Salt Lake relatives.

Born Sept. 7, 1866, in St. George, son of James William and Johannah Marie Schultz Nixon, early pioneers, Mr. Nixon attended elementary and high school in St. George. Later he took normal training at the University of Deseret.

He married Effie Dean Woolley in the St. George temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Sept. 7, 1888.

In 1920 the family moved to Provo, where Mr. Nixon became associated with Intermountain Insurance Co.

Mr. Nixon moved to Los Angeles with his family in 1940, where Mrs. Nixon died December 1941. Mr. Nixon married Katie Dawson Hughes in Los Angeles Jan. 1, 1943.

Surviving are his widow and the following sons and daughters: Dr. James William Nixon, Provo; St. Clair Nixon, Los Angeles; Mrs. Olive Elggren, Mrs. Effie Nina Bowman, and Mrs. Grace Dean Stewart, Salt Lake City; Ezra J. Nixon, Roosevelt, and Jessco C. Nixon, Washington, D.C.

Funeral Services for James William Nixon II

Yale L.D.S. Ward Chapel,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

March 23, 1949
12:30 p. m.

Elder Thomas E. Robinson of the Yale Ward
Bishopric presided.

Beautiful floral offerings were effectively arranged on the rostrum and speaker's stand. The casket, heavy bronze, was covered with a blanket of white carnations and red roses, centered with white iris.

Although the weather was inclement, a March snowstorm having been in progress all day, the chapel was a place of peace and quiet. Frank W. Asper, Tabernacle organist, played as a prelude Dvorak's "Goin' Home", as friends and neighbors filled the chapel almost to capacity.

ELDER ROBINSON: My Brothers and Sisters, today, on this beautiful occasion we have met to show forth our love and our respect to one of the fine servants of our Heavenly Father, —a loving father, a goodly neighbor, a community builder, a beloved husband, a stalwart churchmen—indeed, a man of God.

I think that those of us who have known Brother Nixon, even in just a very casual way, have learned to love him and to know of his greatness and his goodness. Today I was just rambling through a little scrapbook that he had kept, and I found therein I think one or two of the things that might well show to us some of his ideals in life. Here is a little poem which I would like to read first:

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 stand 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.

One other little poem that he always had tucked away in his memoirs there seems possibly fitting on this occasion:

Should you go first, and I remain
To walk the road alone,
I'll live in memories garden, dear,
With happy days we've known.
In spring, I'll wait for roses red,
When fades the lilac blue,
In early fall, when brown leaves call,
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first, and I remain
For battles to be fought,
Each thing you've touched along the way
Will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile
Though blindly I may grope,
The memory of your helping hand
Will buoy me on with hope.

Should you go first, and I remain
To finish with the scroll,
No lengthening shadows shall creep in
To make this life seem droll.
We've known so much of happiness,
We've had our cup of joy,
And mem'ry is the gift of God
That Death cannot destroy.

Should you go first, and I remain,
One thing I'd have you do,
Walk slowly down the path of death,
For soon I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take,
That I may walk the same,
For some day down that lonely road
You'll hear me call your name.

I am sure that Brother Nixon had this in his heart when he laid away his sweet, beloved wife; and I am certain that he would like for Sister Katie to have this in her heart today, knowing that he will walk that path slowly in order that she might catch up, and call his name.

And today, on this very lovely and beautiful occasion, I would like to pay tribute to these fine children, to this fine wife whom he has left, knowing them as truly “lifters” and not the “leaners” in humanity; knowing that this world would be a far better world if all humanity were composed of the type of people that Brother Nixon has brought and fostered into this world.

I ask that the Lord might bless Sister Nixon and all of these children, and the grand-children, and all who are called to grieve this day, that they might think kindly upon the life of this great man, and know of a surety that they have nothing about which to grieve, but rather that which to be thankful for; for in this great man we have the sample of an example well set which we might follow in order to gain that which he surely has gained—Eternal Life in the Celestial Kingdom of God—a constant companion of the Master in the days that are yet to come for him.

The family are desirous that I thank you good people for the flowers, for the sympathy that you have extended, and your kindnesses, and most of all I am sure they are grateful for your love and for your friendship in this hour of their bereavement.

* * * * *

The services will now proceed with a trio composed of Wanda Gibbs, Florence Erickson, and Arline Smith, singing “A Prayer”.

The opening prayer will be by Brother LeRoy Whitehead, followed by a second trio, “O My Father”. After that trio, we will have a talk by Bishop Gaskell Romney.

TRIO

O FATHER, KEEP US WE PRAY

(Florence Jepperson Madsen)

O Father, keep us we pray
From idle worry today,
Direct our thoughts from above
By Thy perfect love.

May we in faith ever grow,
And walk in light where e're we go,
May we more helpful and loving be
To those who are needing Thee.

INVOCATION

LeRoy Whitehead.

Our Father which art in Heaven, we bow our heads in humility, and yet lift our hearts in praise and gratitude and appreciation at this time, for we have the privilege of coming together as a family and friends to show our appreciation for one whom Thou hast called home. Father in Heaven, we do at this time desire to acknowledge Thy hand in all things, to recognize that though we may have life and rejoice in it, there must come also a time for parting; and though our partings at times may be sad, and we miss those who are taken home, we do

recognize, our Heavenly Father, that we have much to live for in our memories.

On this wonderful occasion, we would like to acknowledge before Thee our appreciation for the life of this fine man who has done so much in Thy Church and Kingdom, who has particularly devoted his life not only to Thee and to Thy Church, but to a very wonderful family who today call him blessed. We recognize, our Heavenly Father, that as we reflect upon his life, we know that he has set the way, and that if we can follow in his footsteps, we will find success and happiness at the end of our lives, as well.

We present him before Thee, Heavenly Father, as one without guile, as one who has gone his second mile, who has given a greater service and who has done the job in such a way that we feel that Thou must say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into thy rest." As members of the family, Heavenly Father, we are appreciative of his encouragement, of his devotion to a cause, for all fine things he has done to make our lives pleasant and happy. At this time, we would like to express our appreciation for the wonderful family that has come as a result of the devotion to those who have been associated with him. We pray that Thou wilt bless them this day, assuage their grief. Grant that they may live in memory, Heavenly Father, of all the wonderful things he has done in the past. May they go forward, walking in his footsteps, and reflecting on the fact that he has done his job well, and that they must do theirs well.

We sincerely pray, Heavenly Father, that Thou wilt bless the wonderful things he has done as a member of Thy Church. May his testimony as it has been given throughout the nation and in the mission-field bear fruits, and the realization that he knew that God lives, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that this Church is Thy divine instrument in this day and time.

We pray, our Heavenly Father, that Thou wilt be with all the members of this family, be with his brother and his sisters who have enjoyed so much throughout their lives the wonderful association of

this fine man, and his encouragement and his help. We pray that Thou wilt bless us this day in these services. May Thy spirit be here in rich abundance. Bless especially those who may speak to us, or who may furnish musical numbers, that they might find joy in the service which they render, and that we who are here to listen may be edified and built.

We pray, Heavenly Father, without magnifying words, that Thou wilt accept of us, and help us especially that our lives may be patterned after this good man whom Thou hast called home. We dedicate these services unto Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, AMEN.

O MY FATHER

(Eliza R. Snow)

O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation
Did my spirit once reside;
In my first primeval childhood
Was I nurtured near Thy side.

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;
Yet oft-times a secret something
Whispered, You're a stranger here!
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father,
Through Thy spirit from on high;
But, until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?

No! the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal court on high?
Then at length when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

BISHOP GASKELL ROMNEY

My Brethren and Sisters: I feel a responsibility in standing before you, but after listening to such beautiful music, and the inspirational prayer, and realizing that the loved ones have respected me enough to ask me to speak, I feel that with these sentiments behind me I should be able to express my feelings in such a way that will bring comfort and satisfaction to this family who have been bereft, and that is my prayer as I stand before you here today.

When Brother Robinson read this poem,

Should you go first, and I remain,
One thing I'd have you do;
Walk slowly down the path of death,
For soon I'll follow you.

I think that is in the heart of every man and woman who is old enough to realize what life is, and how definite death is. We cannot help but feel that there will come a time when one of us will go, and others will follow.

When I think over my association with this family, and their experiences—they had a young child, a child of tender years that left,

the mother left, and now the father is gone. It shows to us how uncertain life is, how the young and the old, the poor and the rich, — all have to pass through this experience, and our hearts are full of sorrow when one leaves us, no matter at what age of life. We always feel a vacancy and void in their absence and in their passing, and we mourn, which is right; yet it is one of the most beautiful things in life, is death. There isn't anything that has such a wonderful influence upon our lives as does death, and the uncertainty of it. If we all knew that we would live until we are old, we would be callous in our feelings; we would never be solicitous of the welfare of our loved ones. If they were sick or ailing, we would take it for granted that they would live until they are old, and then they would die. Yet, such is life—it is uncertain. When anything happens, and we are ill, and accidents happen in our lives, we are solicitous of the welfare of our loved ones, and this uncertainty I say is a blessing because it keeps alive the tenderest emotions of the human heart. There isn't anything in life that creates that feeling, that solicitous feeling which we have, and the care which we exercise in behalf of our loved ones as does the uncertainty of life. And therefore, it is a wonderful blessing; it is always hard to bear, but yet those who pass through it have a feeling of appreciation for what their loved ones have accomplished, an enjoyment in the memory of their association, a gratitude for the heritage which has been bequeathed to them, and they cannot help but rejoice.

And so today I am rejoicing with you in the accomplishments of this good man. The good which men do lives after them, and especially is this true when they have lived in such a way that they have left descendants to carry on and magnify the principles that they lived for.

I have been thinking, since I looked into the journal of Brother Nixon, how our lives joined one another at different times. I was born in the same town as Brother Nixon was—St. George. He was a few years older, and when they organized the Order in St. George his father was made President of that union and made a liberal contribution to its support. My father was made superintendent of construction of the buildings that were constructed in his time, and during his time in

Southern Utah. Brother Nixon goes his way, I go mine, to far distant parts, and then we come back, and I stand at his bier and speak of his accomplishments. I rejoice in the fact that after these years I have had the privilege of meeting with him, talking with him, and feeling of his soul, and getting some of the expressions from his heart which he told me how he felt, and how he loved life and his loved ones, and what he had accomplished. I feel he died with a great satisfaction in looking over his past.

As a boy, he assumed the responsibilities of a man in pioneer life. I can appreciate what he went through, and what responsibilities, because I had similar experiences. He assumed them as a man. When his father died, he was a father, and a stay to the rest of the family. There was one instance that happened in his early life that interested me very much. He was living in the same block where his first wife lived—Effie Woolley—I remember her well. I used to think of her—she was a few years older than I—as a boy, I used to think of her as one of the most beautiful girls—I thought she was just a charming young lady. He first took her to a party when he was eight, and she was six, and he said then he wanted her to be his companion in life. This friendship grew into love and devotion, and they were eventually married in the House of the Lord, and the result of that union has been eight children, seven of whom survive him.

I think what a beautiful love story could be written by somebody who had the talent, out of a beautiful companionship of that kind. And also, if they could bring to our realization the accomplishments of these children—how faithful they have been in the Church that they were reared in, —a home where they predominated, where the authorities of the Church were welcomed, and have had an influence for good upon the lives of these children. They all grew up faithful members of the Church, good tithe-payers, observing the Word of Wisdom, and exemplary Latter-Day Saints wherever they go. I am going to read something further along to show how this family affected the communities in which they lived.

Brother Nixon later taught school. Then he became a Bishop, and one of the things that happened in his ministry impressed me very much. I will just refer to this to show that he exemplified what was instilled into my mind when I was a boy in St. George.

They came down there to decide on a spot to build the Temple, and some of the Brethren, Brother Kimball and other, wanted to build it up on the higher ground, and President Young said, “We will build it here”, which was down in the swamp, practically. The Brethren who had differed with him said, “President Young, as long as the question was open, we debated it in our minds, and told you, our reasons; but when you decided where the right place is to be, we are with you one hundred percent.” When the Academy was being located in the community in which he lived, and he was Bishop, the Huntington people naturally wanted the Academy in Huntington, but the authorities of the Stake wanted it in Castle Dale. Now, it takes A strong man—a man of faith—to go against his own inclinations and the desires of his ward members, and to say, “We will support the authorities of the Stake, and we will build the Academy in Castle Dale.” What a wonderful thing that is, that feeling of faith and loyalty, to have in the heart of a man, and the members of this Church, to realize that our authorities are inspired of the Lord, and as long as we follow them, we will never go astray.

Afterwards, he was called on a mission. I just don't remember the number of children, but four or five that his wife had when he was called to go on a mission. And he had an accident; his eyes were affected because of an accident, and he couldn't go. He came to see President Woodruff and told him of his condition, and he was released temporarily, and he felt very sorry, thinking possibly something he had done had caused this accident which prohibited him from going on a mission. President Woodruff said to him, “Brother Nixon, it isn't what you failed to do that this has come to you, but it is the destroyer trying to thwart you in your efforts to do good.”

That is a wonderful attitude to take. It is the spirit of the Master to feel like when problems come our way and we have to meet hardships to realize that the Lord is sometimes permitting the destroyer

to try us—not that we have failed to do our duty, and he is trying to stop us from fulfilling the same. Brother Nixon afterwards went on a mission, and through his untiring efforts he was the means, with the help of the Lord, of bringing fifty-two members into the Church.

Now, he wasn't only active in the Church—he was active in a civic way. From what I gained from his notes, he was the first man to put electricity into his home, to have a telephone, to modernize his home, and then to provide means whereby all of his children could go and receive a college education. That seemed to be his main ambition in life—to help others, and also to provide for the future of his loved ones. All of his sons have been on missions. He has six of his grandsons now in the mission field. I am just going to read here a short paragraph from one of his grandsons who is in the mission field that can tell you more pointedly than I can the influence he has had upon his children and grandchildren. Speaking of his grandfather, he says:

When I look back over his life and stewardship, I can see much of the faithfulness of Abraham, the wisdom of Solomon, and the dignity of President Joseph F. Smith and Heber J. Grant. His charity towards others in judging the unknown circumstances which caused their deficiencies was of the type and degree to enlarge the soul, second only to the growth of the soul, caused by pure knowledge itself.

“Grandfather commanded obedience from his family in good degree, and they have become a family of grace, honesty, and leadership, and he understood that the very roots of the government of God depended upon and included family life. He has exacted certain virtues from his family, or perhaps I should say in his family, which are more rare than gold on the earth today.”

That shows the influence that he has had upon his descendants. Here is a letter that I received from a Bishop in Provo, to show the influence and power that he had in the communities in which he lived:

“Dear Bishop Romney: From the Sixth Ward of Provo to your ward come Brother and Sister J. W. Nixon who have resided in Provo for the past fourteen years. Both, as well as their children, have

been outstanding in their loyalty, devotion, and active service in the Church. I think we have never had a family in our ward who have done more in every possible manner than this one. It is with profound regret that we are required to give them up. We feel to congratulate you highly upon their coming to your ward, as I understand, at least temporarily. I want to recommend them to you most highly and extend my heartiest congratulations.

With good wishes,

(Signed) HERALD R. CLARK,
Bishop of the Sixth Ward of Provo.”

I think that is very commendable. There are very few of us that would take from our Bishops a letter of that kind. And so, I think their children, their grandchildren—twenty-six grandchildren, sixteen great grandchildren, should rejoice in the accomplishments of their father.

There are many other things that I might mention in connection with Brother Nixon, would time permit. He has lived a beautiful life, and in his closing years he has been blessed with a companion who has ministered to him in his declining years, Aunt Katie, as they call her. She has won herself, her way, into the hearts and love and appreciation of these children, and I am sure that she, this day, rejoices in the fact that she had six years of beautiful life with this good man, and is honored and respected by the children who now survive him. He is also survived by two sisters, and a brother—Sister Emma Mathis and Sister Josephine Whitehead, Salt Lake City, and George Nixon of Provo, Utah.

Now, my Brothers and Sisters, when we think of what this life means, and what await us in the future, we rejoice in the passing of a good man, and there isn't any hesitancy in our minds and in our decisions as to the glory which he will attain to. He was a good boy. He mentions many times how he exercised faith in the Lord, prayed to him for help when times were hard, and dangers surrounded him, and he received miraculous answers to his prayers. He married a beautiful girl for time and for eternity. He reared a beautiful family. He was

active in the Church both at home and abroad. He was a wonderful leader, and he was a man who exemplified courage in meeting the problems of life. Even at the age of fifty-two, when he thought he could retire in comfort, disaster overtook him. and he had to engage in a new occupation in which he excelled and became an outstanding member or worker in the insurance business. Now, all of these things are outward evidences of a successful life.

I want to read you just one passage here from the Doctrine and Covenants, but before doing so, I want to quote the words from the 20th Chapter of Revelations, where it says:

“And the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.”

Now, the book that I have been talking about so far is the book we are all conversant with who knew him—and all of us can hear about the things which he accomplished and rejoice in the same. But this is another book, the Book of Life. No man knows the Book of Life which is going to be opened. Even the man, himself, doesn't know it, but God knows it. He knows the Book of Life. He knows the things which have been hard for this good man, which permitted him to make outward expressions of his good will and service to others, and therefore in speaking or thinking about the glory he shall attain, there isn't any questions in our minds but what he will enjoy a celestial glory, for notwithstanding they die, they shall rise again in a spiritual body. “Even ye shall receive your bodies, and your glory shall be that glory by which your bodies are quickened.” Is there any question in our minds but what he will attain to that glory which motivated his actions here and caused him to be so solicitous of the welfare of his descendants and his loved ones, to rear them in faith and admonition before the Lord, and to devote his life to the service of the Master?

If we could look into that Book of Life, as our Father in Heaven looks into it today, we would award him a degree in the Celestial Kingdom of our Father, for he was quickened by a celestial glory.

May the Lord bless his descendants, that they may appreciate this, and that it may bring them consolation and hope, and console them in their hours of grief, I pray, in the name of Jesus Christ, AMEN.

ELDER ROBINSON: Brother and Sister J. Stuart McMaster will render a duet, "Beside the Still Waters", after which we will have a talk by Bishop LeGrand Richards, followed by two numbers by Brother and Sister McMaster, "I Need Thee Every Hour", and "In the Garden."

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

The Lord is my Shepherd,
No want shall I know;
He leadeth my soul
Where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring,
Redeems when oppressed.

Beside still waters
He leadeth me;
His love will guard thee tenderly;
Thy grief shall pass,
Thy doubt shall flee,
He leadeth me.

Fear not, O Pilgrim;
Dark though the way,
Press on, and faint not,
Soon comes the day.
Lead on, kind Shepherd,
This be thy prayer,
Jesus will guide thee,
To pastures fair.

BISHOP LEGRAND RICHARDS

I feel very honored here, Brothers and Sisters, in being called to say a few words today. I am glad I could follow Brother Romney because Brother Romney has had the privilege of knowing Brother Nixon so well, and his family—to know all about his history, and I imagine those of us who are here today have known him or better than I have, so I couldn't say very much about his life.

I have had the privilege of knowing his three daughters quite intimately here in this community. I have had the privilege of associating in the Bishopric with Brother Stewart here, and his wife, who is one of the daughters, and we enjoyed each other's association very much. I think these women are some of the choicest and finest women we have in our community, and I know their children, and they are equally fine, and they are carrying forward in the spirit of the Gospel of the Master that had been instilled in the hearts of their parents by this good man.

Now, I have met Brother Nixon in a number of places: in Idaho Falls, in different wards here, and in California, and I have never met him but what he was just bubbling over with the spirit of the Gospel, with enthusiasm for it. I remember in one testimony meeting, he just couldn't keep his seat, he just had to give expression to what was in his heart. You just couldn't meet him without feeling lifted up and inspired with his enthusiasm, and I liked that. I think it is a good thing to be enthused about things that are worthwhile in life. With all of his achievement, it would be as naught weren't it to be guided by the Gospel and its philosophy of life, and the purpose and the end which he hoped to be able to achieve.

So, I am grateful for my association and friendship, and the association with the family. I wish I had known his sons better. I just met some of them today, and I was very happy to know from Brother Romney that they, too, have all been in the mission field; and that shows what the father and the mother have been able to plant in their hearts. We know the Master gave us the token by which we might know. He said, "Men don't gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles." These sons and daughters are the best evidence, and the grandchildren, of the quality, the type of manhood and womanhood of Brother and Sister Nixon. Nephi of old said he was born of goodly parents, and I think there is nothing in this world more to be desired than to be born of goodly parents, and be properly taught in your youth, and have noble aspirations planted in your hearts, have ideals by which you want to live, and standards to guide you, so that you will be able to

achieve in life the things that are truly worthwhile. There is no counterfeit, or substitute for righteous living and for obedience to the commandments of the Lord. We are told there was a law irrevocably decreed in the heavens before the foundations of the earth were laid upon which all blessings are predicated, and that no blessings can be obtained except by obedience to that law.

Now, life here in mortality is short at best. We only live for a few years, and it is a preparation. I like the words of the Scripture in the Pearl of Great Price that tell us about the reality of our spirit-life, before we were born, which was beautifully portrayed in the song, “O My Father”, to which we have listened. I like it because it tells us that those who are faithful in the pre-existent life shall be added upon; but it also makes it very definite and plain that those who are faithful in their second estate shall be added upon forever and forever.

Now, that is Brother Nixon's condition. He has been faithful in his second estate, and he has gone to reap the reward that the Lord has in store for him.

Now, I don't know how much money and property he is leaving to you, but I am sure that if we could go with him and see him open his safety deposit box there, and draw out the promissory notes of the Lord, and see how he is entitled to collect on them because of the life he has lived, we couldn't feel very badly about his going. The only sorrow there can be is the loss of friendship privileges for a brief period of time until we will be reunited, and those of us who have a definite faith in eternal life realize how much longer that is than the little period here in mortality. That time just seems insignificant here as compared with what is ahead. Those of us who realize and have faith in the reality of that life think it will be an added condition, an improvement over this, and the Lord has promised that those who keep this estate shall be added upon forever and forever. And it will far exceed our ability, and the possibility of our minds to comprehend and understand, because those things are hidden from our understanding. That is what Paul had in mind when he said, “Eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God had prepared for them that love him.”

And so, Brother Nixon has gone to receive that reward. Now, if you will, just stop and think a minute of some of the promises the Lord has made, and the promised blessings through obedience. In the early days of the Church, when members first joined, and the enthusiasm of that new religion burned deep into the very soul, the testimony, they went to the Prophet Joseph, and they wanted to know what they could do that would be most pleasing in the sight of the Lord, and almost invariably the answer came back that they should thrust in their sickles and reap, for the harvest was white, all ready to be garnered. Then they were told if they should labor all their lives and save one soul unto Him, how great shall be their joy in the Kingdom of My Father. And if your joy will be great for one soul, how great shall be your joy if you bring many souls unto Him. Now, Brother Romney indicated that in his missionary labor, he brought over fifty souls unto Him. I just don't believe any of us have the ability to comprehend and understand just how far-reaching that may be.

I have had a little experience, when I was President of the Southern States Mission, which helped me to understand what it would mean to bring one soul unto the Master. I received a letter in Atlanta from one of the good brethren down in Phoenix, and he said in substance that his father was one of the first converts to the Church in the South, back in 1840, and he said since that time his father's own descendants had given over one hundred years of missionary service to the Church, and there were then fifteen in the mission field. We had three in our mission.

Now, the missionary who labored diligently in those early days, walking through those swamp lands that were full of diseases and fever, if he only brought back one man into the Church, he may have felt like his labor was somewhat in vain; but multiplied by a hundred years of missionary service from his descendants alone, not counting their converts, and their converts, is another story. I told that little story in a missionary meeting here in Barratt Hall in connection with one of our conferences, and this brother was there. He came up and said, "Bishop, it is now a hundred and sixty years." And it was just one hundred years since his father was brought into the Church. Now, multiply that—a hundred and sixty years of missionary service from

this one man alone, not counting their converts. Now, multiply that by fifty—the fifty converts Brother Nixon brought into the Church, and then figure out what joy will be in the eternal world for the missionary service he has rendered, and when you do that, probably you could better understand the words of Nephi when he saw our day and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, and the restoration of the Gospel upon the earth, when he said:

“And blessed are they who shall seek to bring forth my Zion at that day, for they shall have the gift and the power of the Holy Ghost; and if they endure unto the end they shall be lifted up at the last day and shall be saved in the everlasting kingdom of the Lamb; and whoso shall publish peace, yea, tidings of great joy, how beautiful upon the mountains shall they be.”

Could you describe in any possible terms the reward for publishing glad tidings, and to bring forth Zion in the latter days, more beautifully than Nephi did it in those words? And so, Brother Nixon goes to collect on the promise for the missionary service which he has rendered.

Now, there would not be time to refer to all of these promises. “Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.” And he was meek and humble, child-like and Christ-like, and I think men as that was what Jesus had in mind when he said, “Except ye become as a little child, you cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.” And then He said, “Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.” And it is men like Brother Nixon who can walk in a world of wickedness and sin and adultery and fornication who can keep themselves sweet and clean and undefiled before God and man who will be able to stand before the Master of all men, and receive the plaudits and the greetings, because they are pure in heart, and they shall see God. And that is the promise, if you refer to the 76th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants, that the Lord makes to those who shall come forth in the resurrection of the just. I want to read just a few words from that:

“They are they into whose hands the Father has given all things.”

No reservation. They are to become heirs and joint heirs with Jesus Christ in all things that the Father hath prepared from the very beginning.

“They are they who are priests and kings, who have received of His fullness, and of His glory;

“And are priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchizedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son.”

That is Brother Nixon. That is just a description of the type of man that has gone home to his rest.

“Wherefore, as it is written, they are gods, even the sons of God.

“Wherefore, all things are theirs, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are theirs and they are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

“And they shall overcome all things.

“Wherefore, let no man glory in man, but rather let him glory in God, who shall subdue all enemies under his feet.

“These shall dwell in the presence of God and his Christ forever and ever.

“These are they whom he shall bring with him, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven to reign on the earth over his people.”

Now, Brother Romney referred to the fact that he was a tithe-payer, that he taught his children to pay their tithing. I like the promise in Malachi to those who pay their tithing. You don't always read all of the three chapters of Malachi—you read where they said they rob Him in withholding their tithes. Then there was a little discussion among the people, and the Lord listened, and they began to argue with themselves, and the Lord required a book of remembrance should be written before Him in which should be recorded the names of those who served the Lord in this manner, and then he said:

“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.

“Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the

wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.”

All those promises are Brother Nixon's, and his name shall be written in the book of remembrance, and he will be numbered among His jewels.

Now, I suppose when we think of all these thing, when the Lord promised all would be theirs, that we might have in mind the parable that Jesus taught of the talents, and the one that had taken the five, and brought another five, and He said, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

I think Brother Nixon has gone to become a ruler over many things, to enter into the joy of his Lord. I feel so grateful that those of us who are here today have an abiding faith that nothing will be taken from him, that every power and grace and good gift that has been his in this life will be added to forever and forever, and that he will continue his ministry and his labor in the eternal world to which he has gone, for there is a great work to be done there, for the Gospel of the Son of God has got to be preached to every soul that has ever lived upon the earth, until every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ.

Now, in preparation for that great work, I like the words of Victor Hugo in that immortal poem, *The Immortality of the Soul*, and I would like to close today by reading these words to you:

“I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest, once cut down, the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple; it is a fairy-tale, and it is history.

“For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse—history, philosophy, drama, romance, satire, tradition, ode, and song. I have tried all, but I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like many others: I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn.”

So, this great high priest of God has gone on to a new life, and the door opens on today. He hasn't said the one-thousandth part of what God has given him the possibilities to do. He will proceed to God, and he will go on and continue the magnificent work he has commenced here in this world, and I pray that his life and his contribution may ever be an inspiration to his children, to his grandchildren, and to all those who follow, until all shall be absorbed in the coming of the Lord and His kingdom in the earth.

I leave my love and blessing upon those of you who mourn this day, in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, AMEN.

DUET

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can Peace afford.

I need, Thee, O I need Thee,
Ev'ry hour I need Thee!
O bless me now, my Savior,
I come to Thee!

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Stay Thou nearby;
Temptations lose their pow'r

When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain
Come quickly and abide
Or life is vain.

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

DUET

IN THE GARDEN

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses.

And He walks with me,
And He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of his voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night around me be falling,
But he bids me go through the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.

ELDER ROBINSON: The family desires that we thank each and all who have participated today in these services, the trio, Sister Passey who rendered the solo, and Brother Asper who accompanied the trio, as well as Brother and Sister McMaster; and Brother Romney and Bishop LeGrand Richards for the fin comforting and inspirational remarks they have made.

The pallbearers are Jack Nixon, a grandson; Ward Maxfield, John Rich, Wilford Coon, Nevin Williams, and Eugene Johanson, Grandsons-in-law. The Granddaughters will form a flower line with the cortege as it leaves the chapel. The postlude will be played by Brother Frank Asper, and the prayer will be given by Brother John McQuarrie. The burial will be in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery. The dedication of the grave will be by Brother LeGrand Dowdle.

BENEDICTION

At the close of these very beautiful and wonderful exercises, before departing, we pause, O Lord, to express unto Thee the thanks and gratitude which we feel for the manifestation of Thy power and goodness unto us. We came to this sanctuary, our Father, with bowed heads, in silence and dread to stand beneath the shadow of death with our friends, and share with the, their sorrows, as we have so often shared their joys, but everything has been so wonderful, so beautiful, and the wisdom and hope and knowledge and the spoken word, the beautiful strains of music, the hymns of praise to which we have listened, and these beautiful flowers—it has all been so beautiful that we feel it isn't an occasion of sorrow, but only a sacred and solemn hour.

In following and reviewing the path of our departed brother, who had walked so carefully in the steps of the Great Master, we realize clearly that birth is not the beginning, and death is not the ending, and that the grave is not a receptacle for our spirits, but that all the lines of experience run directly through and far beyond to a life of hope to the region once painted as oblivion and despair. We ask Thee, O Lord, to accept all the sincere desire and gratitude of our hearts for the life and

mission of this brother, and for the members of his family who remain with us. Watch over and bless us as the cortege, the remains are carried to the last resting place, that no harm nor evil befall. And sanctify unto our good, through Thy name and honor and glory all which has been said and done this day, and dismiss us with Thy benediction, we pray, in Jesus' name, AMEN.

The granddaughter, bearing the beautiful floral offerings formed a line behind the casket as Frank W. Asper, organist, played as a postlude, Aria by Handel.

Katherine Myrtle Dawson Hughes Nixon Obituary

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. Katie Myrtle Dawson Hughes Nixon, 75, died Sunday evening of a heart attack at her home, 108 Witmer St., Los Angeles.

Born May 4, 1885, at Salt Lake City, daughter of Thomas Goodman and Annie Margaret Mitchell Dawson. Married William Henry Hughes, June 18, 1902, at Salt Lake City; he died Feb. 11, 1941. Married James William Nixon, Jan. 1, 1943, at Los Angeles. Marriage was later solemnized in Salt Lake Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He died in March 1948. Lived early life in Salt Lake City. Moved to Los Angeles in 1928. Former president of Santa Monica Ward Relief Society, and active all her life in Church work. Former captain of Daughters of Utah Pioneers in Los Angeles area.

Survivors: a daughter, Mrs. LeGrand (Merle Kathryn) Dowdle, Salt Lake City; son, Dawson Wayne Hughes, Los Angeles; step-children, Dr. J.W. Nixon, Provo; Clair Nixon, Los Angeles, Calif.; E.J. Nixon, Logan, Cache County; J.C. Nixon, Arlington, Va.; Mrs. L.E. (Olive) Elggren. Mrs. D.B. (Grace) Stewart, both of Salt Lake City; nine grandchildren; seven great-grandchildren. Funeral will be announced at 360 E. South Temple.

