



EFFIE DEAN WOOLLEY NIXON

Born March 24, 1868 at

St. George, Utah

Written by her husband, James William Nixon

Effie Dean Woolley Nixon was the daughter of Franklin Benjamin Woolley and Olive Foss Woolley who were early pioneers of the Dixie Country, settling in St. George, Utah in the year 18. Her father was killed by the Indians on one of his trips from St. George to San Bernardino, along with others who were making the trip to purchase merchandise. Effie was only nine months old at the time of her father's death.

Her mother, who was an unusual businesswoman, carried on with the program that her husband had outlined. She even drove her own team and hauled freight from Salt Lake City, and later from York Station when the railroad had been extended that far south. Frequently she would take her baby child, Effie with her on these trips. Many times she has related to me – her husband – incidents that happened with them while passing certain points in our travel, over this same route, since we were married. Her brother Frank also drove a team along with them when he was a very young boy.

When Effie was a little girl of only four or five years of age, her mother provided a playroom for her in the upstairs of their home. In this was placed a little cast iron stove with lids, oven and all parts of a regular cook stove, and provision was made for the smoke from it to enter the chimney that passed up from the room from the kitchen below. She had her dolls and appropriate furniture like cradle and buggy and doll bed. In this room she had a little dining table and chairs and cupboard and dishes enough for a party of about six. This room was nicely carpeted with lace curtains at the windows and everything as orderly as any room in the house.

She took a great deal of pride in the care of her playthings, had frequent parties with her playmates and would always arrange for their dinner without the help of her mother or sister, Ida, who was several years her senior.

At the age of six, she started school in the 3rd Ward schoolhouse. It was there that she first attracted the special attention of the writer who was attending the same school at this same time. We played marbles together at recess time and inasmuch as her home was on the same block as mine, I would sometimes walk home with her. I thought there was no other girl at school or anywhere that was as beautiful and smart as Effie Woolley. A little later while she was still six, and I eight years of age, a party was gotten up in the fourth ward of St. George for little children only. I asked my mother if I might ask Effie to go with me to this party as my partner. My mother told me I should go and ask her mother first, which I did and obtained her consent. The day and hour arrived for the party. My mother dressed me up in my best with a new pair of suspenders and bow tie and sent me on my way to Effie's. When I reached the house I found her all ready to go. In the meantime, my mother followed me down and came in at the back door to learn how I conducted myself. We were soon off to the party; hand in hand we walked down to the building, later known as Woolley, Lund

and Judd's Store, in the basement of which we played. Effie and I were sweethearts from then on.

At the age of nine, Effie's mother died of brain fever in Salt Lake City and through the advice of Brigham, her body was buried in Salt Lake for two years and then exhumed and brought to St. George for burial, beside the remains of her husband, whom she always felt was not dead, but would yet return to her. It has been the opinion of some members of her family that her continuous grief and anxiety over her husband – whose body she did not see, as all that was left of it when found by his brother Dee Woolley, was shipped to St. George in a sealed military casket. When he left for California, he gave his wife an outline of things he desired her to do by the time he returned. Each time she accomplished one of these things, she would say in her grief stricken meditation, "I've done the things he asked me to. Why does he not come now?" The only evidences of his death that she was permitted to see were his boots and some of his hair.

The mother's body was conveyed to St. George in a wagon. Her son Frank was the sole teamster and made the trip with his mother's body of 365 miles alone, many times camping out and sleeping on the ground. In those days it was a journey of more than two weeks time.

Effie's sister Ida then became the mother of the family of three boys and Effie. Soon after this time her brother Frank was called to fill a mission in England. During his absence, Effie was permitted to go to Salt Lake City and stay with her relatives of whom there were very many. Much time was spent in the home of President Heber J. Grant. She returned to her home in St. George when her brother Frank returned from his mission. She attended the district schools of St. George from then on.

Early in her girlhood life she taught in the Primary and for a number of years was a Sunday School teacher in the 3rd Ward of St. George. She finished her high school work under the tutorship of J. A. Whitlock in the upper room of the county courthouse at St. George.

In the year of 1886-1887 she attended the B.Y.U. in Provo and roomed and boarded at the home of Aunt Ann Jones, 4th West and 3rd South. She continued her schooling in 1887-88 at the same school and remained at the same boarding house. Domestic Science and Domestic Art were her favorite studies, though she excelled in history and was often referred to as the savior of her history class. She got high marks in geography and other studies.

During the summer months she spent her time in Salt Lake City studying dressmaking with Mrs. Dukes, a noted dressmaker. A young lady about her age by the name of Nellie Barrett took lessons of Mrs. Dukes at the same time and they became very intimate friends.

During one of these summer vacations, she made a trip to Price to visit my sisters Emma Mathis and Hannah Whitmore who had married and moved out there to live. She also accompanied William Hunter and his family out to Duchesne, where she stayed only a few days. Among her very intimate friends at Provo was Florence Jepperson, who became a famous singer. She also frequented the home of William McCullough. Millie McCullough, his wife, was formerly Miss Millie Pierce of St. George and at Provo lived on the same block as my Aunt Ann Jones with whom Effie lived. Her brother Ezra also lived there during the same period of time, and attended the B.Y.U. Her brother Jed attended the same school earlier and lived at the McCulloughs.

During these two years the writer attended the old University of Deseret, which stood where the West High now stands. He occasionally visited Effie and her school and on one occasion, made a trip on horseback from the park, near Price, to Provo to see her. This was in the year of 1887. Her spare time seemed to have been taken up mainly with needlework, some painting and the making of wax flowers.

Effie was always fond of reading later on, and became familiar with the writings of most prominent authors and their works. In the summer of 1888 she returned to St. George to prepare for her wedding. She spent some time at the Nixon home nursing my sister, Lena L. Nixon, who passed away while Effie was at the home.

It had been planned by Effie and I to be married in the St. George Temple on my birthday, September 7th, and she went to St. George for the purpose of making definite arrangements. The plan was carried out perfectly. We were married by Pres. J. D. I. McAllister in the presence of her sister Ida, Max, Ezra and Grace – mother and George and members of my family. Her dress was a pea green silk, and was made by herself, under the supervision of Mrs. Dukes, her instructor in dressmaking. The wedding reception was held at my mother's home. We received many lovely presents.

Three days later we started out for our new home in what was then called Castle Valley. Effie still had many of her playthings, well preserved, when we married and most of these we took with us to Huntington, which was to be our new home. Her sister Ida was then living at Pike Springs, Arizona. It took us two days travel to reach there, which was on our route. We remained there and visited a few days and then drove on to Orderville and visited with her brother, Jed and Aggie, his wife. Jed was teaching school. From there we drove up to Upper Kanab where Effie's brothers Frank and Ezra were engaged in the stock business. There I became acquainted with Artemisia Snow Woolley Segmiller, who was a plural wife of Effie's father and now the wife of Dan Segmiller. Effie had spent a year up in these parts with her brothers before going to the B.Y.U. After finishing our visit with the boys and their families there, we drove on to Panguitch and stayed at Sargants. Among other things that we shipped by rail in addition to her play things, was the family organ that had been given to her; also canned and preserved fruit, trunks and boxes.

From Panguitch we drove to the mouth of the canyon that leads down to Circleville and there we camped. From there we drove to Marysvale and camped. Next day we drove to Monroe before noon and from there to a farm near Glenwood and from there drove over to the other of the Gooseberry Mountains and bought some grass for the horses. Drove on over to Gilson's Ranch and bought some oats, and nooned at the head of Meadow Gulch, where I cooked venison for dinner. Then we drove from there to Quechumpa, and from there to the Muddy – (now Emery town) where we stayed at Samuel Williams'. Next day, September 27, 1888, we reached Castle Dale where we stayed with Will Crawford and his wife Ella, who was Effie's girlfriend from St. George. While at Castle Dale, I took an examination to be a school teacher. On September 29th we drove to Huntington. M. E. Johnson, the school trustee, met us and invited us. We had dinner with Miley and Hannah and then went out to look for a place, and concluded to take the Guymon house, across the lot from Johnson's. While making preparations to move there, we moved into Bishop Charles Pulsipher's home and cared for it while he went to Salt Lake to Conference.

Effie went with me to Price to get our furniture and household goods that we shipped from St. George by train. We were there a few days visiting my sisters and friends, and then we loaded up our belongings and started for Huntington. It had rained hard the day before

and the road was very muddy. One place it had cut a channel across the road and we were forced to stop and carry rocks from the side hill and fill this up before we could get across, so it was 9:00 p.m. before we reached the town. Bishop Charles Pulsipher remained away until about the time we were ready to move into our rented log house across the public square from his home. So we finally got moved into our house Sunday, October 14, 1888, and we attended church this afternoon and after meeting we went to visit Don C. Robbins family, who used to be friends in St. George.

I commenced teaching school Monday morning, October 14, 1888 in the old Guymon Store building on the south side of the public square. My living quarters were about forty feet away. Effie and I fixed up this log house the best we could by chinking and daubing it with mud – putting in a new window, boarding up a back kitchen and making part of it into a coal shed. When she got settled, she began dressmaking for the public. I well remember the first dress she made was for Hannah Johnson – Peter's Hannah as she came to be called.

Effie made 52 dresses the first year she was married and sold a great many models that were used to take measurements and cut out clothes by. She invited Della Cowley, then living at Cleveland, but formerly of St. George, to come and stay with her for weeks at a time and always enjoyed her company. She passed the first winter of her married life very pleasantly. In the spring we moved across the square into Don Robbins' home where Grandma Robbins was then living. Early in the spring we purchased a city lot from J. B. Meeks and made preparations for building a home on it. While still living in the Robbins place, her first child was born June 5, 1889, and she chose to name him after his father, James W. His first crib was a large dry good box full of clothes that had been shipped from St. George.

Before the winter had set in her home of four rooms had been completed sufficiently to move into. Effie was beginning to feel that she had a real home and took great interest in fixing it up in a very attractive manner. In the following spring she took active part in setting out a large, choice orchard, holding the trees in line while her husband sighted to get them straight and filled in around them with earth. She also helped to make a garden to raise vegetables. Not satisfied with her efforts in keeping the house and caring for the baby, and occasionally making a dress, she took a school teacher, Mr. Poag in for a boarder to help along with money to buy the things she wanted to fix up and furnish her home.

The following year after moving into our new house, we bought twenty stands of bees, which we prepared a shed for on our lot, and Effie always assisted in the extracting of the honey. She always canned a great deal of fruit, of which we soon raised an abundance. She was a leading figure in the society of the ward, and took an active part in the organization of a woman's Sewing Club that would meet alternately at the members' homes and there furnished them very much amusement and pleasure. She also took part in the drama that was put on by members of the ward. She was a member of the Relief Society and the Sunday school.

Her second child was born on the 15th of February 1891 in our new home at Huntington, and was named Olive Ida in honor of Effie's mother and her sister. The third child was born February 17, 1893 and named Myrtle Lenora – the second name in honor of the memory of her father's sister, S _____ Lenora Nixon. The fourth child was born April 21, 1895 and given the name of Effie Nina, in honor of her mother and her father's cousin, Nina Gregory.

In the year 1894, Effie consented to care for her husband's grandfather, William A. Nixon, of St. Cloud, Minnesota, if her husband wished to go back to his home and bring him to our home at Huntington. Accordingly, this was done and Effie cared for him for about two years, and gained the admiration and deep affection of this old gentleman, then about 80 years of age. It was a coincidence that their birthdays were on the same day of the month, the 24th of March, and was always duly celebrated. Nina was born while Grandpa Nixon was at our home, and it pleased him to have her named after one of his granddaughters in Iowa. Effie necessarily exercised a great deal of patience with this good old grief-stricken man, whose family had deserted him.

Soon after his return to the east, I was called to fill a mission to the state of California, leaving Effie with four small children to care for and more than that she was an expectant mother of a fifth one. This, she felt, was her first real trial in life; her oldest child being only seven years and three months old at that time. I left her with practically all of the outside chores to do as well as her housework. It was during the period of Huntington's history when there was no water system for the town and all culinary water had to be dipped up from the ditch that was on the street, and placed in barrels for household use. Often the general canal would break and leave the town without water for a day or two. Then in the winter time the canal would freeze up and leave them without water. On such occasions as these it would be necessary for Effie to hitch a horse on to a sled with a barrel and, with Willie to ride the horse while she rode the sled and helped hold the barrel on, they would go down to the river, one mile, and haul the water home. She also had to chop her own wood for heating the house and cooking.

When I think of that experience during the period of expectancy for a woman, to prove loyal to her church, we may agree that it was a real trial of faith. After two years of experience of being a missionary's wife, she met me in Salt Lake with all five children on my return from California on October 5, 1898.

To add to her discomfort while I was gone, she had serious trouble with her eyes, and had to have the tear duct probed a number of times. We spent the winter of '98-'99 at Wellington, Utah, where I taught the advanced grade in the district school. Effie, with the children, returned in the early spring to Huntington where I taught the following winter. Effie gave birth to her daughter, Grace, on the 21st day of December 1899 at Huntington, and gave her for her second name, Grace Dean. This made her the mother of six children, comfortably located in her home that we built ten years before, and now surrounded with a beautiful orchard of choice fruit and shade trees and lawn. It was a great relief for her to be able to shift the responsibilities of the outside chores and the management of a man's affairs to her husband, who had again taken up the profession of teaching, and who was then in the new brick school house, one block from the home.

The winter passed as usual. A Commercial Club was organized, with J.W. as President and a jolly bunch of co-workers who were elected directors. Effie and her intimate lady friends became very much interested in this organization and functioned as a sort of auxiliary so they all took part in the frequent parties and socials that were held in the ward under the auspices of the Commercial Club which were generally held in a large hall over the co-op store.

In the spring of 1900, while her husband was away on the road selling Western Loan and Saving stock up in the coal camps with the company president, P. W. Madsen, a neighbor lady, Vilate Meeks contacted Effie with a proposition to go into the millinery

business on the terms that Effie furnish the room – which I had recently purchased of Bishop Charles Pulsipher, located on the corner of his lot – and which had been previously occupied by a doctor and provided with some few shelves and a small counter. Miss Meeks would furnish millinery material and they two would go into the millinery business. Something happened in Miss Meeks affairs that prevented her from living up to her part of the bargain. In the meantime, Effie had written to me about the arrangement they had made, and to know if I would favor sending some confectionary to be sold along with the millinery stock. I consented to it and went into Salt Lake and ordered out a bill of candy and nuts and notions for them to sell.

Now it developed that we had a small shack of a storeroom and some confectionary on hand, and so we were thus forced into business. This changed Effie's course in life very materially, for she had to give much of her attention to the "baby business", which was fast growing into a real adult. We soon had to have more goods and then more room for them.

This was in 1900, and before the year had passed we were making preparations to build an addition on to the store. Olive was then nine years old and had been so thoroughly trained by her mother in housekeeping and the care of babies, that Effie could leave her with the house and children and feel perfectly at ease, while she went to the store – one block away and spent three or four hours at a time selling.

Effie soon developed into a real saleslady, with her pleasant expression and congenial attitude, ability to inspire with confidence; her transition from housekeeper to storekeeper was really marvelous. 1901 came and went and found us growing in the mercantile business. We completed one addition to the store building, 25' x 50', and had transferred all our goods into it. From this time on Effie spent the greater part of her time clerking in the store, and frequently was left in charge of the whole business for several days during my absence at Salt Lake, purchasing goods or away in the country on business. She had the ability to buy the right kind of merchandise in proper quantities and at the right season of the year; and to be able also to select patterns and styles of dress goods that were saleable in our country towns. It was not long until she was drawing trade from our neighboring towns, and therefore she put in a good supply of dress material and some ladies ready-to-wear. She kept what she termed an order book, upon which she would record any article of any kind that was called for that she did not have, with the intention of ordering it either by next mail or from the next drummer that came; and people soon came to know that if it were to be found in the county, J.W.Nixon's store at Huntington would have it. Thus trade grew and Effie shared the responsibility of the whole store with me, and in many things her judgment was found to be superior to mine in matters of business, particularly those things with which women are usually more familiar than men.

In 1902 it became necessary to employ more help, and the services of Mae Loveless were secured, then a little later Julia Westover as well, and Effie and these two girls cared pretty well for the inside sales, while her husband branched out into other lines, such as machinery on the outside.

On July 29 of this year a real trial came into her life again, when her husband was called to preside as bishop of the ward. Almost from the beginning of their residence in the ward he had been a member of the bishopric, and knew something of the responsibilities of a bishop; but notwithstanding this, she humbly agreed to take her part with me and we would do the best we could. This naturally added to her responsibilities, and it took some of my time that might have been used to do the things that had to be left for her to do. Among other

things that became my duty was to go to Conference quarterly and semi-annually in Salt Lake, and this left the whole responsibility of the store with her. This happened in April 1904 when it became my duty to go to Salt Lake to a Conference of the Church, but Effie feared to have me go as she was in expectancy, but I promised to be home in time. On April 8 of this year, 1904, I arrived home just two hours before her son, Ezra was born. She got along nicely, but had been worried for fear I would not reach home in time. This made her seventh child and was named after her brother and boyfriend, John G. McQuarrie – Ezra John.

As it became necessary for the children to attend school, Effie employed a young lady housekeeper to care for the home and prepare the meals for the children, while she, Effie, stayed in the store. It will be recalled that soon after they became established in their home that they purchased a small apiary of bees. These multiplied rapidly under proper care and it soon became so numerous that it was necessary to move them to the field. During the time there were in the city lot, Effie took an important part in the extraction of the honey – and even after they were moved to the field she used to assist in capping and extracting the honey, in addition to her work in the store – always ready and willing to take part in the things that needed to be done. This capping she had become expert in, while hired help could attend to the store alone occasionally.

Then there was her fruit to can and preserve, a matter that to Effie was of great importance. The trees that we planted on the city lots had come to produce heavily of all kinds – peaches, pears, plums, apricots, cherries and delicious apples. All had to be cared for, and it had become the practice to store away at least a full year's supply of all fruits as well as vegetables in her cellar. Effie always supervised this canning and preserving work. She had had a lot of experience as a girl in St. George in caring for fruit. In those days, they used to sun dry a great amount of peaches, pears, apricots, apples and plums. This they would do by either peeling or leaving unpeeled, the fruit to be dried, and spread it out on the roof of a building, or a platform constructed for the purpose, and where they were very particular and desired to keep the fruit from being contacted by the flies, they would cover it over with mosquito bar, and this was their custom.

Well do I remember the "Peach Cutting Parties" we used to have alternately from one home to another. At these parties the work to be done was to peel the peaches, or without peeling, cut them into halves and remove the stone ready for spreading out to dry. This sort of party usually ended with a dance in the carpet less front room or a lunch of some kind. Effie's home in St. George was always considered a "gathering place" for our crowd. Substituting the dance or the lunch, we frequently participated in what was then called a "Candy Pulling". This consisted of making candy from "Dixie Sorghum" and when it was at the proper stage of cooking, we took it in our hands and pulled it back and forth to get the proper color, and make it more flexible, etc. This part of the program was always very interesting. So it was in Utah's Dixie that Effie got her experience and knowledge of how to preserve fruit. I remember there that she used molasses (sorghum) in place of sugar to preserve the peaches in, and found to be very delicious, so the custom followed us into our own home at Huntington. I recall that a part of my work was to crack the shells of the apricots and peaches to get the pits to include with the fruit that was being preserved, to add to the flavor. I came to know that the pits improved the taste of the fruit where it was preserved. Effie's cellar was an attractive picture see at the close of the canning season.

Our store continued to grow in size and volume of business. We added to the building an equal size of the part then occupied, making it as square of 50' x 50' and two stories high, with a full cement basement which we used for storage.

Among the hired help in the home were Nell Thurman (Brockbank), then Dorothy Ipson and Katie Mathie; all very splendid girls who learned to love Effie and the children. She was anxious for them to study instrumental music, as well as other studies, and employed Mrs. William T. Mathie, a music teacher, as their instructor. As they reached the proper age, they were sent to the Emery Stake Academy, ten miles from home, and later from there to Provo to the B.Y.U. Effie was always partial to the church schools, and she saw to it that all of her children attended the auxiliary organizations to which they should belong.

Time passed on rapidly in our home. We were now running a farm of forty acres, three hundred colonies of bees, and the store, which kept us all busy.

On the 21st of March, 1908, there was born to Effie her last baby, whom we named in honor of the Scowcroft family of Ogden, Jessco and the second name of Effie's cousin, M. F. Cowley – Jessco Cowley. This made her eighth child – four boys and four girls had been born to this noble woman. She had worked continuously in the store from its beginning and merely took a short vacation during the stork's several visits. She had cared for her health all during her life, and as a result she possessed a fine, healthy body and enjoyed this enviable record, that with the exception of the case of her daughter, Myrtle, who passed away on the 7th of August, 1907 of appendicitis, she had never been obliged to call a doctor into her home to treat one of her children. She owned a very fine up-to-date doctor book that she studied in all cases of illness, and with her unbounded faith in prayer, it always carried her over any sick spells with her children without calling in a physician.

In the case of Myrtle, she was being attended by a physician, who erroneously diagnosed her case and was treating her for an ailment entirely foreign to that which she had and which took her life. This was Effie's first great sorrow in her married life. Myrtle was a lovely girl of fourteen years and six months, who had won the love of all of her acquaintances. She was the leader in her classes at school. Her girlfriends of the school adopted a plan of visiting her grave in a body once each week, which they followed for some time after Myrtle's death. Her death came as a great shock to the community as well, for she was checking in the store on Thursday, attended a party on Friday night and died on Tuesday. She told her friends at the party that it would be the last party she would ever attend and they took it as a mere joke. It took a long time for her parents to become reconciled to her death.

As years went by we kept enlarging our business in the amount of stock carried and in buildings. We purchased another spot of ground on the same block on the Main Street on which we built a large warehouse, in the upstairs of which we established a picture show, and used the same room for a dancing hall. In this same house, we arranged for a number of living apartments, and a drug store, which we rented out, but managed our own amusement hall. Effie took a great interest in the latter, for she enjoyed shows and besides, it was making money for us.

In the rear of this building we built shed for machinery to clean alfalfa and clover seeds for the public and that became an important part of our business. We installed an engine to generate our electricity, which supplied lights for the amusement hall, the store and the projection machine.

It was not customary for Effie to become nervous, but there was one thing connected with the show that seriously upset her. That was to have that engine stop running, and result

in all the lights going out, leaving an audience in the dark until I could get to it and start it again. This sometimes took several minutes, which seemed to her like hours.

As yet there was no electric power line through or into our county, so we were the first citizens to enjoy the luxury of electric lights. This was true of the telephone convenience. We established a double wire system of phoning from our store to the home, which proved to be a great convenience. Of course, these two – the lights and the phone – gave way to the Utah Electric Power and the Bell Telephone, when they established their lines in our county. We took stock in the Price Commercial and Savings Bank at Price when first organized and also in the local telephone company that was organized in eastern Utah. In all these activities, Effie was consulted and not only did she concur, but supported me to the limit in all of the ventures we undertook.

It is not a difficult task for a woman who loves her surroundings from the first she sees of them and likes the people of the new community she comes into, likes the climate of her new home and admires all that she sees in nature, to make her home and to be content. But it takes extraordinary womanhood to feel in her heart that “this wild and dreary country you have brought me to make a home is the most desolate, barren and forbidding looking country I have ever seen in my life. I know I can never like this place, but I am willing to try and make the best of it, if this is where you want to live, for I love you with all my heart and will always want to be where you are.”

This was Effie’s case. The sight of Castle Valley as it was then familiarly called with its barren hills practically without vegetation of any kind, and alleys unproductive of verdure of any kind, showing only the effects of the ravaging storms of centuries past and the only living thing to be seen along our road as we traveled was the prairie dog, who would dare to come to the surface of the ground, sit upon its haunches a few seconds, make a few hideous barks and skulk back with fear, or an occasional skinny, half-starved coyote in the distance. No trees, no birds, no flowers, no beautiful streams of water or grass covered valleys to gladden the heart of the passerby, was there to be seen by this young bride of only a few weeks. What a honeymoon! Yet in the face of all of this, she could say, “I will try to be content and make the best of it if this is where you want me to live.”

That same noble, loyal feeling was manifested all through our married life of fifty four years, and to the day of her death, when surrounded by her daughters, she said to them, “You know I have always been madly in love with your father.” Barren desolate wastes, and uninviting surroundings, obstacles of many kinds, or lack of conveniences for comfort could not break down her courage or determination to carry on, and do her part and the full duty of a devoted wife. Our devotion for each other increased as we lived on together and raised our family; each additional child that came to bless our home formed a new link in a chain that bound our hearts together for all time and all eternity.

Time came and went and years passed, crowning our efforts with success in our business affairs, and one year after the other very much the same. From the small beginning of a little confectionary stock, we grew year by year until in 1918 we were running a seed plant, lumber yard, picture show, farm and store. The time had come when it was necessary for higher education that our two eldest daughters would have to go away from home for it. We decided that in that event it would be a fine thing for their mother to accompany them, and if mother went it would be a fitting thing for father to go also. Having all agreed on the above plan, we began to work to that end. Effie had liked Provo schools, so we planned to sell out our holdings at Huntington and move there, as soon as it was practical. I arranged to

purchase the George Sutherland home on 2nd South St. Effie and the children moved there in 1919, and I remained for a time to close out our business and close up all of our affairs.

For several years before leaving Huntington, the family had lived in the upstairs of the south side of the store, which had been made into modern living quarters – the town having established a water system, it enabled us to have all the modern conveniences in the building. This was a great improvement and saved Effie a great deal of travel back and forth to the home, which we rented out to others.

In all the years past, we had accumulated a great deal of furniture and household goods, most of which Effie desired to take with her to Provo; therefore we chartered a car to ship them in from Price, our nearest railroad station. The folks had reached Provo, and for want of furnishings, took quarters at another home while waiting for the arrival of their furniture.

I had arranged a room in the upstairs of the amusement hall for my private use, fitting it up with a bed and my office equipment that I had not sold to Mr. Geary with the merchandise. To this room I moved all of my store books that I might have a place to work on my outstanding accounts and a place to sleep without going to a hotel.

It had been a number of years since Effie had seen her brother, Ezra, who was then living at Dayton, Idaho. As she had the children now all in school and located in their new home, we thought it was a good opportunity to visit her brother. While she and I were there spending New Years Eve with the family in 1920, a telephone call came for me stating that the “amusement hall at Huntington was in flames,” caused by an overheated stove. The theatre was leased to Everett Johnson and the fire broke out in the roof. The building, with all of my belongings, was burned to the ground. This naturally ended our visit and Effie returned with me as far as Provo, and I continued on to Huntington, which took forty eight hours and when I reached there, I found the fire still smoldering and many of the household goods of my renters were still piled in the street. My fire insurance only covered a part of the twenty thousand dollar loss, but it reduced our income to the extent that I felt it expedient that I engage in further remunerative employment. I returned to Provo and after due deliberation and consultation with my wife, we decided that ‘life underwriting’ would be the best thing for me to engage in, and after interviewing with a number of insurance companies, I decided to contract with the Intermountain Life Insurance Company and chose as my territory, Eastern Utah, where I was best known. My success was phenomenal. The first year I wrote \$512,000 of business and while subsequent years were not so good, owing to the panic of 1921, yet the encouragement I had received caused me to carry on.

Effie, finding herself in a home sufficiently large to accommodate many more than her own family, and having for so long been actively engaged in making money, decided to turn the unneeded part of her home into an apartment house and take in roomers. This gave us the idea of adding on to the building, which we did by building an addition on to the east part, making it more symmetrical and uniform, besides adding a number of more rooms for rent.

Effie now had her hands full again and was happy but for one thing; my business was taking me away from home so much; out on the road soliciting, and we had been together so much for thirty two years, that she would get lonesome, and to overcome this condition, we decided to purchase a building that had formerly been used for a store and remodeled it for a theater, and I would manage that and stay at home (1928).

This plan was all worked out and a company organized consisting of Parley L. Larsen, Jesse E. Day, Dr. J. W. Nixon, Effie D. Nixon and myself - The large majority of the stock being owned by ourselves. Everything started off well in the show business the first year, but we had not been operating long until the flu broke out and people ceased to go out in public, which of course, worked a great hardship on our show. No sooner did the flu abate, than the radio came into use and it being such a novelty, it kept the public at home and again all shows suffered. Effie used to act as our ticket seller, and her smiles allured a great many to the inside that would not otherwise have come in, but with all that we could do in the way of advertising and holding out inducements, good pictures and splendid sound, still the year showed a loss. About this time, there came along a man who had extended experience in the show business who wanted to lease the theater, and we consummated a deal that gave me my freedom again, and Effie's also. I went back on the road, selling insurance. This was now 1929. My trips would sometimes extend as far south as St. George and later on to Las Vegas, Nevada and would keep me away from home for six weeks at a time. The Intermountain Life sold out to the California Western States about this time, and the Pac Net Life Assurance Co., was organized and persuaded me to go with them. This I did in 1929. I was first sent up to Brigham City to open

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HISTORY OF EFFIE DEAN WOOLLEY NIXON
Born March 24, 1868
as remembered by her daughter, Grace Nixon Stewart

Mother, when Ezra was but a few months old, had had little sleep for several nights because of Ezra's restlessness. It was the custom in those days to give a few drops of iodium to induce sleep, finally this Mother did at about three o'clock in the morning, Ezra slept. At dawn Mother looked at him, he was quite still and she could not waken him. Mother called Olive to telephone Papa who was sleeping at the store to relieve the night watchman. Papa went for the doctor. Meanwhile, mother and Olive dipped the infant in the barrel of cold water raising his arms up and down in an effort to revive him. All the family were now awake and praying fervently for the life of our baby brother. The doctor arrived and applied stimulants, but to no avail. He was administered to by Willie and Papa. The family gathered in the west bedroom and plead for Ezra's life. We knew that Mother would not live if his life were not spared. When we returned to the living room, where Ezra was lying on the table, the doctor said, "He has been dead at least for two minutes." We gathered around the table in silent supplication. The baby gasped and coughed. Our prayers had been answered.

It was early autumn, leaves had begun to fall. There was a strange stillness about the house. A girl of seven sat on the top step of the front porch, her head leaning against a white column. The myrtle vine clung close to the four columns and along the top of the porch roof. The child watched the small purple flowers fall hesitantly from the vine. A few alighted on her bare brown feet and gingham dress. A moon larger

than any tub, was rising over the eastern hills in the early dusk. She was thinking of her beautiful blue eyed black haired sister who had sat on the porch with her in the cool of the evening a few days before and how still the house had been since she left. Tears came to her eyes as she heard the tolling of the church bell and the long procession of black clad people following the white flower decked casket. A few evenings later mother and the child sat on the steps leading to our west room built for Papa's law study. Holding mother's hand as she was grieving over Myrtle's death her mother said, "Much as I loved and miss Myrtle, I would rather bury any of my children than to have them do wrong."

But to the beginning: Mother and Father were childhood sweethearts. Papa's words were "At the age of 8 years I was especially attracted by the looks and conduct of little Effie Wooley who was six years old, and many incidents of our childhood were deeply impressed on my memory. There was a school party I wanted to take beautiful Effie to. After being properly coached by my Mother I dressed in my best clothes, and a pair of red suspenders, I went to Sister Wooley and bashfully asked if I could take her little daughter to the party. Sister Wooley consented. I still remember the happiness in my heart and how proud I was walking hand and hand with lovely little Effie to the party. This was the beginning of a real love affair. At the age of 12 years I concluded that she was the most beautiful and loveliest girl in the entire town. I became jealous if

she paid any particular attention to any other boys."

Mother's father had been killed by the Indians when she was but nine months old. Her mother died in Salt Lake City when she was nine years old. Her mother had left them well provided for. Her sister Ida and her three brothers took care of mother. She also spent much time in the home of Brigham Young in St. George.

Mother attended the BYU. Papa, who had attended the U of U was now teaching school in Price, Utah. He took a short vacation and rode on horseback three hundred miles to Provo to see his sweetheart. Some months later in September of 1888 they were married in the St. George Temple. That month they arrived in Huntington where Papa was under contract to teach school. They stayed the first night with Millie and Hannah Johnson, one of the school trustees, and became fast friends with them. Our parents bought a city block in Huntington and later built their home on it. They also planted an orchard on their property. People greatly admired our home with its shade tree, lawn, and orchard. They built a cystem with a water pump and they also purchased an aperry of bees. A school teacher boarded with them, and they kept a hired girl.

They belonged to a special social club and with them they created their own amusements: moonlight sleigh riding in "two seater clatters" with sleigh bells, heated bricks to keep their feet warm, dinners at members homes, and surprise parties.

Mother belonged to a literary club to which she brought

much enrichment, having read all of Charles Dicken's and Shakespeare's works.

Mother and Father bought a forty acre farm, across Huntington river, which proved very profitable.

In the spring of 1897, Papa was called on a mission. He was torn between his desire to go on a mission and concern for Mother who would be left with four children-Willie, Olive, Myrtle and Nina and expecting another. Mother said she would manage. Mother gave Father every encouragement to accept the mission call. Papa continued as principal of the school and working his farms. To provide money for his mission he sold the small farm on the south side of Huntington, for \$300.00. After caring for his crops and making what provisions he could for his family, he left for a mission to California the third of October.

This was a very difficult time for our mother. She earned money by dress making and by teaching this art. She drafted her own patterns. Mother also gave piano and painting lessons. It was a severe Winter. The ditches from which we obtained our water were frozen. So Mother and Willie with split logs made a crude sled, placed the water barrels on them and dragged them to Huntington River where they broke the ice to obtain water for the family needs.

Papa was made President of the San Francisco mission. Our Father was blessed with the gift of healing and baptized fifty of his own converts. Our brother St. Clair was born while Papa was on his mission. Papa asked that he be named for his convert

friend Dr. St. Clair. After an outstandingly successful mission, Papa returned home two years later, just in time for October conference where Mother met him.

Mother was gifted in dramatics. A dramatic club was formed. Mother, a beautiful woman with black hair and beautiful large brown eyes was generally cast as the romantic lead, and was greatly admired. However, she didn't hesitate to suggest her own children for the child parts. In one play Willie was the child of the villain who definitely looked the part. He entered so completely into the character of the evil father, that he made a deep cut in our brother Willie's fingers. In another play Grace was supposed to be the small daughter of an exceedingly poor family. From habit of always wanting her family well dressed Mother had Grace attired in a new yellow dress, and shiny pattern leather shoes.

Papa and Mother were approached by a neighbor, Violate Howard, who said she would put in her time making hats if Mother would provide the house. She consulted Papa, as she did on all important matters. He said to go ahead if she so desired and said they could use the little frame house they had purchased, with ground of half a city block. Papa was in Salt Lake City and bought some confectionary to put in the store. However, Mrs. Howard changed her mind about the millinery business. So it was left to Mamma and Papa to sell the confectionary. They put in shelves and counters, and this was the beginning of their business career as merchants. When ten years had passed they

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had the best mercantile store in Huntington.

Papa was ordained Bishop. Some of our happiest childhood memories were Sunday evenings after church. The councilors and their wives and children would come to our home. We would spend the evening in our red plush Victorian parlor. After refreshments the adults would discuss church affairs while we children sat on the floor taking turns looking at wondrous pictures thru a telescope, or fascinated by the large chart which stood on three legs. As the pictures were turned the life of our Savior was revealed. Mother would often play appropriate music as our Lord's life was shown in graphic form. The memory of this experience years later gave Grace the idea for the Bible Programs, accompanied continuously by pictures, and music from the Tabernacle organ. Over two thousand of these inspirational programs were given in an area extending from New England to California and the Canadian Alaskan and South American missions. I am deeply grateful for our Sunday evening family nights.

Mother and Father always eager to give their children the best possible education, bought a beautiful home in Provo in 1911. We had rented a house the year previous. Jessco, Ezra, St. Clair and I attended the BYU Training School. We would return to Huntington in the summers where we all worked hard, either in the store, the home, the orchards, with the 200 hives of bees, cattle or the farm. We were fortunate to have parents who worked hard and taught us to do the same.

Willie and St. Clair brought freight from the railroad

in Price to the store. They drove two wagons coupled together and drawn by four work horses. At times not arriving home until three in the morning. Mother never went to bed until they arrived. Then it was necessary to unload the freight and take care of the horses. Much of the merchandise was drawn by a pulley to a landing platform on the second floor of the store. They and the other members of the family worked on the farm and ranch, extracting honey from the bees in the honey house- a sweet but sticky place. Olive took care of the home which she kept spotless. She cooked for the family and the threshers at harvest time. Grace helped her, not so sure I was much help, mostly I took care of my two younger brothers, Ezra and Jessco. However, I was rather useful as a "shewer of flies" from the long table set on the lawn, where the threshers and hired men ate the delicious food Olive prepared. A branch from a tree was the weapon used on the flies. Olive was so kind and beautiful. Everyone in town loved and admired her. Emma Wakefield a school teacher said, "If my daughter could grow to be just like Olive Nixon the greatest desire of my heart would be granted." Nina, also a very beautiful girl helped Mother in the store, as did Ezra and Jessco and when they were old enough they also assisted in the orchard and in taking care of the cattle.

Reflecting on the lives of my two beautiful sisters, I recall a Sunday afternoon when a relative was visiting in our home, she said, "Olive and Nina are such beautiful girls with their dark eyes and hair"- then glancing at me, sitting in a

corner reading a book, she generously added, "but Grace has a good disposition." Olive was married when I was twelve years old.

I shall never forget how hard Mother worked in the store at many difficult tasks. Climbing up and down the moving ladder to take bolts of cloth from the shelves for the customers, lifting fifty pound bags of flour and emptying them into bins (the same with sacks of sugar). Supervising and keeping a watchful eye on the clerks, some of whom were efficient and honest others who were the opposite. Mother made out needs to be ordered for the store: men, women and children's clothing, groceries, confections, furniture, Christmas toys and presents and supplies for other special occasions, posting sales slips, and accounts. She often did these jobs long after the family had all retired. When the store was closed Papa did all the posting in the ledger in his office at the rear of the store. When bookkeeping and other writing often kept him at the store until the early hours of the morning, Mother would send his supper to the store.

We also owned a picture show, dance hall, and several rental units which included a drug store, a storehouse and a small lumber yard. On certain nights after the family had had supper Mother would sell tickets to the picture show. Ezra and Jessco did the ushering and Grace played the music for the silent movies. Papa thought I played excellently. I am certain few others did, I had a problem keeping appropriate music in time with Charlie Chaplin's antics.

Mother was a real disciplinarian. We had to be in the house at 10:00 after a date. If we were later Mother would be out looking for us. It proved much wiser to be on time. I recall an incident of our sister Myrtle who had so many friends because of her vitality, cheerfulness, sense of humor and beauty. When she was 14 years old she was with a group of girls on the corner of our orchard talking. Mother sent Papa to get her (it was after 10:00). He took her by the ear and said he didn't want to hear any excuses-despite her efforts to speak. After arriving home, Papa found he had the wrong girl by the ear, Myrtle gleefully following behind.

There are definite advantages of living in a small town. You get to know people well. Various types and characters. Mother would permit her daughters to have "dates" only with certain boys. One family in town had the most handsome boys but they were absolutely "taboo". Nina particularly found this restriction difficult. Their father ran the town saloon. Once a month the young people of our town had a party in the public Square, everyone must leave the Square by nine o'clock or they were thrown into the county jail, which was conveniently located on the square. We had no street lights.

One of my most precious memories I have is of holding Mother's hand in sacrament meeting, the one with her gold wedding ring. She had such strong comforting hands. I can still hear her singing "Rock of Ages" with the congregation. She had her own hymn book, a treasured possession which I now have.

Papa was released from the bishopric and made Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools. He was an excellent public speaker. He also had a beautiful singing voice. The General Authorities always stayed at our home at conference time. Mother would cook for thirty people. We enjoyed Mother's cooking. Our home was a central gathering place for friends and relatives throughout Emery and Carbon County.

Olive doubted her ability to sing, Mother insisted that she could and that she take singing lessons. We all know the beautiful results. Our brother Willie said Mother had a will of iron. Our home discipline in Provo was much the same as in Huntington. We were never permitted to go to a public dance hall. After a BYU dance we could not go to Keeleys for food or ice cream, we were to come directly home. However, Mother would have an "oyster" stew and hot chocolate supper prepared for us. After which our dates must say goodnight.

Mother and Father had two main objectives in life-to help their family live a righteous life, and obtain the best possible education. We could study anywhere in America or Europe. However, there was one definite stipulation, we must study. For us they planned and toiled. They were protective of and devoted to us. For this devotion, encouragement and firmness we are now grateful. This same love and devotion was extended to their grandchildren.

In 1920 our parents had accumulated sufficient wealth that they could live comfortably on their income, and still

pursue their family objectives. Papa sold some of their property. Leased the picture show, dance hall, warehouse, rental units and so forth, and joined our family in Provo. (Ezra was now 14 years old and Jessco was 10.) Three months later, New Years Eve, while our parents were in Idaho, visiting Mother's brothers, the picture show caught fire and burned all of the property to the ground. Ezra and Jessco were at home with me. From Huntington they telephoned the news to us and we immediately telephoned our parents. The loss of this part of the income made it necessary for Father to go to work again which he considered a real blessing. He was only fifty-two years old and after such a productive life he was unhappy with retirement. He and Mother talked over various possibilities and decided on selling insurance, at which he became admirably successful. However, it took him away from home again for rather long periods. During one of these absences Mother was doing the washing in the wash house at the rear of our home. Her dress caught fire and one side of her body was severely burned. Nina, a nurse, gave her excellent care but it was an agonizing experience for Mother and us. It took weeks for Mother to fully recover.

Mother made exceptionally beautiful trousseaus for her daughters, part of which included her exquisite needle work. Our marriages were all in the Salt Lake Temple. Our wedding receptions at our beautiful home in Provo which we all loved. Some years after we were all married Mother and Nina took a ship to Hawaii where they spent a delightful vacation.

Our parents sold our home in Provo and moved to Idaho Falls where Father had been made agency Supervisor for the Pacific National Life Insurance Company. These were happy and contented years. I recall a letter from Papa saying it was like a second honeymoon. Sitting by the falls in the cool of the evening, Mother with her embroidery work, while Father read to her.

During the summer of 1934 Mother and Father took an extended vacation to the East. On their way they visited their children. Papa's words were, "In Salt Lake City we were royally entertained by our son-in-law Devierl Stewart". Grace and the children were studying at Martha's Vineyard Island. Olive was with the choir in California so they took Ruth and Elaine in the rumble seat leaving word for Olive to join them, which she did, at the home of Ezra and LaRue in Ordway, Colorado. They did all that was possible to make it an enjoyable experience.

They left Elaine and Ruth with Ezra and LaRue and family while our parents and Olive continued their trip. Again Papa's words: "We reached Washington DC and for the next two weeks we were entertained in a wonderful way by Jessco and Mildred, seeing all the places of interest, as well as fine dinners and theaters." From there they went to New York City. On the return trip they visited all of the church historical landmarks. During this time they bought a new Chrysler car. They visited Willie and Margret in Castle Dale, then St. Clair and Lyle in Los Angeles and later Harold and Nina at Jacob Lake. They returned to business and church responsibilities in Idaho Falls. A later vacation

was spent at Yellowstone Park with Ezra and Jessco and family who had been visiting them in Idaho Falls. Some years later Mother and Father moved to their last home, located on property they had bought earlier in Los Angeles, not far from St. Clair and Lyle.

Mother and Father's 50th wedding anniversary was celebrated at our home in Federal Heights. It was a beautiful occasion. They were so pleased and happy. Many friends had come from near and distant places, as well as loyal relatives including Mother's cousin J. Ruben Clark Jr. Another 50th anniversary party, for Mother and Father was given at Nina and Harold's home on Gilmer Drive. At this lovely occasion a memorable family picture was taken. Returning to their home in Los Angeles Papa carried on his business, but he and Mother had much time together. They both enjoyed their home, they would spend time reading, shopping, and various other entertainments. Also visiting their many friends.

Mother had developed a heart condition, she felt better at sea level and was happy to be near St. Clair, Lyle and family who were so considerate and thoughtful. Olive visited them frequently, her son Dean and daughter Irma lived in California. Olive was there when real tragedy came to our family. Mother had a severe heart attack and passed away. This memory is difficult to write about and still brings tears and a choking feeling in my throat. Olive said her last words were of our Father- "You are the only man I have ever loved-Will." Mother had a

life filled with joy, sorrow, pride, sacrifice and gratitude. They had a service for our Mother in Los Angeles and another in Salt Lake City in the University Ward. Never shall I forget the heartache of seeing Mother's casket unloaded from the train and the devastating grief of our Father. Mother's body was brought to our home. All that night I stayed by my precious Mother's side in our living room. My dearest friend Edythe Robbins stayed with me until three o'clock in the morning. She and I did the embroidery of Mother's Temple apron. After Edythe had left I continued my vigil at Mother's side. Before retiring Papa had pinned his last orchid on his life long sweetheart. The viewing was at our home where family, relatives and friends assembled. The funeral services were in the University Ward. Devirl was Bishop and President J. Ruben Clark spoke of how the pattern set by God, our Mother diligently followed. The theme of Devirl's talk was Mother's remarkable wisdom and justice. The internment was in the Wasatch Lawn Cemetery.

Papa was devastated at Mother's death. He was unconsolable. His grief was as a great wave of the sea which had overpowered him. We wanted him to live with us, which he did for a short time. Finally, he felt that his only comfort was to return to their home in Los Angeles where in his words, "His wonderful and devoted wife and he had been happy together."

The beauty of our Mother's life lives on in the hearts of her family, and is a constant inspiration.