

## LIFE HISTORY OF BAILEY ALLEN DIXON

Compiled in 1964 by Zola Dixon, wife of Keith Howard  
Dixon and typed by LaMar Albert Dixon July 6, 1965.

Bailey Allen Dixon was born March 23, 1889 at Afton (Star Valley) Lincoln County, Wyoming to Harvey Dixon and Susan Elizabeth Harmon. He was the seventh of nine children. They are as follows: William Wallace, James Henry, Susan Ida, Sabra Almeda, Riley Lyman, George Alfred, Mary, Bailey Allen, Phylemon Albert and Elva Lovina (Dot).

The family lived on a farm just out of the city limits. They raised their own potatoes to eat and tried to raise wheat and hay, but the cold climate usually froze the crops.

Bailey tells us the following stories. I used to fight for my rights. I'll tell you that. That's about the first thing I remember too, and if anyone wanted to fight, I'd fight them. Then one day I met a fellow who was bigger than me, and I got all the fight taken out of me.

Dad used to run a little bunch of sheep and my half brother Asael and I used to herd them out in the hills beginning early in the spring. The snowdrifts would melt and run down the hill and freeze again and we would have to push the sheep across these slick frozen places.

One day I was above the sheep when I slipped on some of this ice. Down through the whole band of sheep I slid and on down the hill. When I finally got to the bottom my pants were all worn out.

We herded the sheep up the lane past the neighbors to go to the hills. The neighbor kid wanted a little black face lamb we had in the herd. We told him he could have it if he could catch it. We had an old buck in the herd and when this kid tried to catch the lamb, the old buck took him in the seat of the pants. He went home without the lamb.

Dad had two families and we lived about 2 miles apart. When I was about 8 years old Asael (a half brother) and I used to go up a place called "Little Canyon" where the chokecherries grew. We were eating cherries one day and Asael hollered "Bear". I was scared to death and dropped the cherries and ran down the canyon as hard as I could go. Of course there wasn't any bear.

The school we went to in Afton was up stairs. It was used as a dance hall also. One day our class got out early. I slipped up the stairs opened the door and yelled as loud as I could, then I ran down the stairs as fast as I could go. Everything went fine till I tripped on the bottom step and went sailing out into the middle of a big puddle of water. When the teacher came out I was standing on the sunny side of the building trying to get dry.

We had a sheriff named Joe Call whose office was below the school. I was scared of him. We kids weren't permitted to play in the school much, but one day we got to throwing an overshoe around. I threw it and it broke a gas light. The kids told the sheriff and he came to see me. He said he was going to tell Dad and I was really scared. Dad never did say anything about it.

We used to go down by the river that we called "Crow Creek". Wild strawberries grew there, and up on the mountain there were wild grapes. We used to eat these all the time.

I can recall my Dad handling log chains when the temperature was 40 degrees below and he didn't have any gloves.

We left Star Valley in October of 1900 in two wagons. It was snowing like blazes. It took about 30 days to go to Hagerman Valley. Sometimes I rode in the wagon and sometimes I rode a horse and drove the cattle. We went by way of Stump Creek, through Soda Springs, Pocatello and down the south side of Snake River. We crossed the river at Starrh's Ferry and went on down to a little island at Thousand Springs, about 3 miles South of Hagerman.

We spent the winter of 1900-01 on this island. The weather certainly contrasted a lot to what we were used to. We spent most of the winter in our shirt sleeves.

That winter we went to school in Hagerman. We rode horseback. One time Lym and I were on one horse and Alf and Asael were on another and we had to sidetrack just before we got to school for a place to feed the horses. Lym and I put our horse away and I hid behind a sagebrush. When Alf and Asael came by, I jumped out and hollered. It scared the horse and he threw them both off. When we started home at night, I said, lets hurry and I'll scare them again. Lym gave the horse the spurs and I went off end over end backwards and here came Alf and Asael on their horse and ran right over the top of me, but it didn't hurt me anywhere.

We used to like to fish in a stream that came into Snake River at Thousand Springs. Some of the fellows around there were talking about swimming their horses across the stream. I had a horse called "George". I took him into the stream at the mouth where it went into the river and he was just about ready to start swimming when a fellow named Gustin saw me and yelled for me to go back. I found out later his purpose was to keep me from

swinging into Snake River. I never would have made it out.

We moved from Hagerman to Camas Prairie in the spring of 1901. We had an awful time getting there, the mud was so bad. It would roll up on the wheels until it blocked them against the wagon box.

Two men from Camas Prairie came to help us in. One was Tom Gustin, the other Billy Sant. When we would get stuck, this Tom Gustin would lay on his back, put his feet against the hub of the wagon wheel and lift on it. He would always get us out. We landed on Fir Grove Flat about March or April 1901.

Fir Grove was a small patch of timber on the side of the mountain. We got our wood to burn there. Dad used to work up in there quite a bit. Once in a while I would go with him. It was a hard job because there were lots of trees and big rocks.

My brother Jim filed on a homestead that had an old house on it. We fixed up the house the best we could and moved into it. There were four rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs and there was my father, his two wives and all of us kids.

Shortly after we moved there, my half sister took appendicitis. The closest Doctor was 14 miles away at Soldier. I can remember how she suffered and how hard it was to get the Doctor and how little they knew about such things at that time.

We built another house and the two families could then live by themselves. We lived at Fir Grove for about 10 years. Eventually a one room school house was built and I got about 3 years of school there.

We used to run cattle and horses on Fir Grove Fat.

Dad organized the Sunday School there. We belonged to the Fir Grove Branch, Cassia Stake. The Stake Presidency was William T. Jack with William T. Harper and John L. Smith as counselors. They used to come with a team and buggy to visit us. This was all the contact we had with the church for a number of years.

At the school at Fir Grove there was one unruly kid called Charley Sant. The teacher had an awful time with him. One time she had to leave me in charge of the class while she went to get his older brother to come and get him. This kid and I had a fight. He reached in the wood box for a stick of wood. I clamped down on his head with my knees and his sister threw a book at me. We had a free for all until his brother finally came to get him.

Fir Grove Branch was discontinued. So we went to church at a small town of Manard. We finally sold the Fir Grove property and moved to Manard where I finished my eighth grade schooling. There was a post office and a general store at Manard. Half brother Harvey ran the store. The closest town was at Soldier about 7 miles away.

Lym and I used to break horses. We would fix a box on the front bob of a pair of sleighs, hook a wild team on this and turn them loose. Lym was going to ride one of them one day and I was going to snub her to my saddle. Somehow I let the "turn" slip on my saddle. The horse got loose, ran to the end of the rope and Lym hit the ground hard.

When I was about 19 my oldest half brother was carrying mail from Soldier to Gooding. I would trade him off sometimes. One day it was really muddy and the mud would roll up and block the wagon brakes, so we took the brakes off. All that was holding the wagon was the team.

We were going down one long hill when the neck yoke broke and away we went. We had five passengers and they hung on till they got thrown out. The team went on until the wagon tipped over and caught on a rock and they had to stop. One passenger, a Campbellite minister, ran by us and down to where the team was and then came back to us and said, "well, I got them stopped alright. They're down there a ways". We finally found an old spring wagon someone had left there, loaded everything on it and went on into Gooding.

We used to stack hay at Hagerman. Dad used to have mean horses around. We had about three teams hauling hay in from the field and one team on the derrick. There was a saddle horse running loose in the field. He rolled in some straw or chaff and got some caught in his tail. He ran by the derrick team and spooked them. They ran away and broke the 1 inch pull rope, took off out into the field, scared all three teams. They all ran away.

A fellow called John Collin was driving one team. They ran across a bridge, kicked the boards off and fell in the water. Afterwards he said "Well, those horses will never run away again. When they hit the water, I had both hands in the air and I baptized both of them. From now on they'll be good horses".

The neighborhood was made up of these families. Dixons, Butlers, Stots, Adams, Olsons, Labrahms, Robinsons, Jenkins, Poulson and Thurbers. We had to furnish our own entertainment. We had dances and parties. We'd go to each other's homes, mostly on Sunday afternoon. Our place and Mother Butlers were the usual places. We'd have dinner together and play games. We didn't have anything but horses so we couldn't go 100 miles in two hours.

We used to dance till sun up. We'd start at 8 or 9 and dance till midnight, then quite and go to supper and come back and dance till daylight.

One 4th of July we danced all night, went and hauled hay all day, danced all night again, and back to the

hay field. About 9 O'clock, I had all I could take so I went around on the shady side of the stack and went to sleep. I slept the clock around.

One time I rode from Fir Grove to Soldier on our old cow pony, danced all night and started home the next morning. I went to sleep in the saddle and when I woke up, the horse was out in the middle of someone's herd of cows wandering around.

It was while we lived at Manard that I met Eva Butler. I courted her and later we were married in the Logan Temple on July 2, 1913. I was 24 years old. These years at Manard were the happiest years of my life.

After our marriage, we lived on a farm near Manard in a 2 room house. Our oldest son, Wallace was born May 30, 1914 in Manard. Due to difficulties at birth Wallace was totally dependent on us all of his life.

We spent the winter of 1917-18 in Salt Lake City in an effort to obtain medical aid for Wallace. While we were there, I bucked freight for the Railroad to make a living. Our second son, LaMar was born there on January 23, 1918.

We returned to Camas Prairie and lived there until 1923 when we moved to Rupert. I wanted to come ahead and bring LaMar with me in the wagon, but the relatives raised a big fuss and said I couldn't take him, he was 5 years old, so we got a railroad car and moved on that.

I tried farming for 1 year in Jackson district about 5 miles East of Rupert, then went to work sorting potatoes. We then moved into Rupert where we lived for a time on Strawberry Lane. We then lived in a house on A Street, where our third son Keith was born on September 24, 1924. I still worked in potatoes and did a little carpenter work and started shearing sheep each spring.

I had a one man outfit for a number of years. I traveled in a wagon at first. I spent 2 or 3 seasons in Pendleton, Oregon, for Oscar Pearson. I have worked with Lester Stott from Manard, and run a shearing plant for Jim Farmer and Theo Painter. I also worked with a cousin, Marion Henderson.

Once I started shearing sheep in Hammett, Idaho and ended up in Browning, Montana close to the Canadian border. I could see Glacier National Park but never went there. I have also been in Lewiston, Montana. I've been as far South as St. George, Utah and as far East as Fossil, Wyoming.

Sheep shearing was no place for kids so I never would take my boys with me. It was fascinating work and once a sheep shearer always a sheep shearer. I didn't want my boys to shear sheep though. My daily average was 140 to 150 head per day. The most I ever did was 198.

I was shearing sheep for President May one time and complaining about it, and he said "Well it's a good honest work, nothing to be ashamed of". Those fellows made good money, but they would usually turn themselves loose when they got out like that.

One time when I was working with Ab Bybee, the seats at camp where we ate were made of 2 X 8 lumber laid across a couple of saw horses. As I went in to dinner, I spread the 2 X 8's apart a couple of inches. Ab came in and sat down and we ate, and I made sure I finished first. When I got up I grabbed those boards and slammed them together. Ab almost went clear over the table. I didn't get to see if I made any blisters. Ab liked to have another cup of coffee after he ate his meals. I'd try to stand up about the time he got his elbow up good and give him a little help with it. Ab always boasted that no one could get into his trailer house. He always kept it locked and one day we picked the lock and took the skeleton of an old sheep and hung it inside so that when the door was opened, it would swing right out. We filled his bed with bones one time and he got even. He filled my bed too. Willis Reed had a tool box built on the back of his trailer house. One day when we broke camp, 2 or 3 of us filled the box with dead sheep. He hauled it around for 4 or 5 days till it got to stinking, then he went looking to see what it was. Another time we loaded it with rocks. Willis was writing a letter one time and I tried to throw water on him. He grabbed my arm and tried to throw me over his shoulder. It felt like he cracked my rib.

Breaking camp in Pendleton one day one of the fellows hollered and said, "Dixon, come here!" I walked over and he held out a bottle of whiskey. He said "Here's some of the best stuff made in Oregon". I said "Thanks, for your kindness, but I don't use it". You mean you've lived this long and don't use this. I said "No I don't". Well, he said, "I want to congratulate you".

Another fellow got the idea he was going to get me to drink his wine. He always had a gallon with him. He was going to show everyone he could get me to drink it. One day, I was sick and he came in and offered me some wine, he told me how much good it would do me, make me feel better and all that. I refused it. He was very disgusted when he left.

One day when we were in town, a fellow who was riding with me wanted me to wait for him a minute. He went around the corner for a while and came back with something in a sack. I didn't say anything, but I knew he had some wine. We got about 10 miles from town and I asked him, "What would they say if we had a wreck and that bottle got broke? They would say we were both drunk. Now I've never been drunk in my life and I'm never

going to be. After this, there won't be anymore bottles in my car". He soon went and bought his own car. We still bunked together after that, but when he stayed out late at night playing cards and carrying on, he wouldn't come in and bother me, he would make his bed out on the ground.

Eva had the care of the three boys while I was gone shearing sheep. Wallace became quite a chore for her. He had to be lifted, carried and fed. We had him in the hospital for a while too. We took him to the hospital in Nampa, Idaho and had to leave him there for quite a while. He passed away at 16 on November 22, 1930, and we buried him in the Rupert Cemetery.

When Keith was about 11 years old we ran a small Armour Creamery with a few groceries for about a year. We lived in the back of the store. One time we tried to sell watermelons for 5 cents each. They wouldn't sell, so I put 4 of them in a basket and priced them at 25 cents a basket. It wasn't long until they were all sold out.

There wasn't much profit there, so I bought 3 lots on the North side of Reed Avenue and all the ground on the South side. Eventually I sold the South side ground. We built a house out of railroad ties. While we were building, we lived in a trailer house and a tent. This was in 1935.

In 1936 LaMar graduated from High School. I was still shearing sheep for a couple of years yet and I gradually went into some carpenter work and got out of the shearing business.

LaMar married Anna Seamons June 1, 1938. I gave them one of the lots on Reed Avenue for a wedding present and helped him build them a small house.

In 1940 Eva had to have an operation for a goiter, so I took her to the hospital at Soda Springs. She went through the operation fine and was doing well, but three or four days later, she suddenly took a turn for the worse and passed away June 24, 1940. She is buried in the Rupert Cemetery beside Wallace.

On September 27, 1940, I married Bessie Roland in the Logan Temple. She and her children moved into my house on Reed Avenue. She had one daughter and four sons. Keith was the only one I had at home.

I built a house next to mine on my other lot and rented it out. I also remodeled the house I lived in. It now had 3 bedrooms, a large front room and large kitchen and a bath.

I took over management of Reeds Riteway Store in 1942, Keith enlisted in the U.S. Army. He served until January 1946 and upon his return he married Zola Jensen on February 28, 1946.

In 1950 I built a chicken coop on the back of my property and started raising broiler chickens. I sold the house on the lot next to me and LaMar had finished his house up. LaMar was offered a better job, so he sold his house and took his family of four boys and one girl to Boise, Idaho to live. This was in the fall of 1950.

In 1952 I quit the Riteway Store and raised chickens and did carpenter work. I began to have trouble with stomach ulcers. In the following years I expanded my chicken coops to about 4,500 capacity. Some of the neighbors didn't like my coops so close, so in November of 1959 I traded my house in town for a 40 acre farm at 275 N. Meridian Road, about 3 miles North of Rupert. I expanded my chicken coops here to 9,000 capacity. The house was old fashioned, so I remodeled it.

Along with the 9,000 chickens (four times a year) I raised Weiner pigs and we have 3 pairs of Chinchillas, a dog and a cat.

I've had a few good words said about me. Ted Simpson used to say, "I like to be out with you because you're the same wherever you are". Von Wakely used to say "If that Bailey can do it, so can I. I'm never gonna get drunk again.

As for my parents, the last time I saw my Dad, we lived on Camas Prairie and my half brother, Harvey, had spotted fever. Dad got on a horse to go and take care of him. He took the fever himself and died. He was 62 years old. I was between 12 and 14 at the time.

My mother died while I was shearing sheep at Gray's Lake. She had been living at Manard. She was at Sabras place in Bliss when she died, June 14, 1916. Both parents are buried in Hagerman Cemetery.

I was blessed about April 1, 1889; baptized April 3, 1897 by Alonzo Kennington; confirmed April 4, 1897; ordained a Deacon, date unknown; ordained a Teacher September 13, 1908 by John L. Butler; ordained a Priest, date unknown; ordained an Elder May 18, 1913 by Orlando Funk; ordained a Seventy May 15, 1920 by G. Wallace Meham; ordained a High Priest March 7, 1943 by Thomas E. McKay. I have served as Scout Master, Sunday School Teacher, Ward Clerk and have been a counselor to Bishop J. Dean Schofield and Bishop Lavon E. Darley during the early 1940's.

There has been a lot of smooth sailing and a lot of bumps in my life, but I believe I've got a strong testimony as anyone. I know that God lives and that Jesus Christ was his Son, and that Jesus died to save the world. So if I die tomorrow, you have my story. Make it sound the best you can. (At this time Bailey was 74 years old).

LaMar and Keith, sons of Bailey, recalls the following incidences. Some being told by their father or mother and others remembering themselves.

I recall Dad telling how the snow used to drift around the house at Manard and when he came to the house after milking the cows he would have to slide down the drift to the house with the bucket of milk. One time Mother heard a thud against the door and opening it found Dad all covered with milk. He had slid too fast down the drift and landed against the door and spilled milk all over him.

We used to have an Oakland touring car, about 1920 vintage and the car had to be cranked to start it. One day Dad was cranking it and it kicked back throwing the crank out hitting Dad in the mouth splitting his lip open. This was the only time I can remember of ever hearing Dad cuss. We took him to the doctor and had his lip sewed up and for some time afterwards when he ate his meals he would have to place the spoon in his mouth then turn it over to draw it out. I remember one time Dad was going to teach Mother to drive this same Oakland car. They got into it and Dad went through the gears with her and the handling of the clutch then Dad cranked it up. Mother started out, got all mixed up and would up in the ditch. No damage was done except to her ego. I don't recall of Mother ever attempting again to drive a car.

When we lived on A Street, the folks belonged to a sort of a study group. There were Doc Hyde, Jess Smith, Dave Borup, John Bowen, Joe Bailey and their wives and I suppose others that I have forgotten about. Joe Bailey was a rather large man and they were having a watermelon bust one time and Joe Bailey decided to pick up a melon and run away with it. About that time he tripped over something, probably Dad's foot, and landed flat on the watermelon. Another time the group decided to have a Hobo party and dress up as such. By pre arrangement food was distributed around the neighborhood and they were to go begging for their food. When they got to the Freeman's place Mr. Freeman made the men all go out and cut up some old railroad ties that he had soaked with water before he would give them any food.

One time we were having a social at the church and Reed Catmull was to do a hypnotism act. Reed got Dad up on the stage and hypnotized him (supposedly) then lay him down with his head resting on one chair and his heels on another chair with nothing under his body. Reed placed a large piece of concrete slab on Dad's chest then hit it with a sledge hammer braking it into. Dad survived the act but said he thinks Reed cracked one of his ribs.

Another time I (LaMar) was helping Dad drive a well on the property on Reed Avenue. The well casing was a 1 1/2 " pipe with a sand point on the bottom end and a drive cap on the top end. We used a 10 lb. sledge hammer to drive it with. I was standing on a scaffold driving with the hammer and Dad was down below holding the pipe straight. I was probably about 15 or 16 at the time and able to handle the hammer. I gave a good hard swing and the hammer head came off, hit Dad on the arm just below his shoulder. It knocked him down and he just lay there a while holding his arm. We think to this day that it cracked the bone in his arm, but he wouldn't go to a doctor to find out.

A friend of the family, Harold Peterson, has referred to Dad for years as the Bad man because of Dad's initials B.A.D. Dad has had a lot of fun with Harold over this.

During the days of the depression in the early 1930's, there just wasn't enough money to go around, so Dad used to go into the desert North of Rupert and cut sage brush to use for fire wood. I (LaMar) used to go with him. I don't remember of Keith going much. I suppose he was too young at the time. Dad would hook the trailer on back of the model T Ford we had and the way we would go. One time when we got out into the desert the axle on the car broke. Dad had to walk to a small railroad station called Kimama and call into Rupert to have someone come out and tow us back to town.

If there was every any commotion going on in a group and Dad was around you could always be sure he was usually in the center of it. I remember him telling about a Halloween prank he and some other young fellows pulled on a neighbor. The neighbor had left the place and while he was gone they took his buggy apart then put it back together again straddle the roof of his house. Another time when he was sorting potatoes, one of the fellows, I think it was Vaud Peart, came to work with a mustache. Dad warned him that he had better have it shaved off when he came back to work the next day. Vaud didn't heed Dad's warning, so Dad and some of the others took Vaud down and painted his mustache with Mercurochrome.

Keith says he recalls he and I taking Dad through the canal checks in an auto inner tube one time.

Dad always enjoyed his grandchildren very much and they always used to enjoy watching Grandpa stand on his head for them. He was still doing it for them at the age of 70.

At the time this is being typed (July 6, 1965) Dad has had quite an up set with his ulcers. He spent several days in the hospital last spring with them hemorrhaging, but the doctors succeeded in getting the bleeding stopped

and Dad went back home after a few days rest in the hospital. As I recall, this was about his second or third time in the hospital in the past 3 or 4 years.

Dad and Bessie still have their 40 acres North of Rupert although Dad doesn't farm the ground, he still raises chickens, fattens a few calves and pigs and still does carpenter work.

Dad and Mother never had any daughters, but between Keith and I (LaMar) they have 4 granddaughters and 10 grandsons. One of the granddaughters, Darlene, daughter of LaMar, was born on Dad's birthday March 23, 1956.

Keith and I pay tribute a most wonderful father. His life has not been an easy one but he has left his sons a great heritage.

July 1968

Since Dad's history was completed and recorded (July 1965) his health has continued to decline.

Due to his ulcers and Parkinson disease setting in he had to give up the raising of broiler chickens, but he continued for a while to do a little carpenter work. He was losing the use of his hands, though, and had to finally even give up his carpenter work. After this he didn't move out of the house very much, except to attend his priesthood meetings and other church meetings when he could.

About the first part of May 1967, he fell in the house and was unable to get himself to the couch. Bessie was working at the store at the time. Shortly after he fell, Dennis happened along and found him. He was taken to the Twin Falls Clinic for a check up. The doctors said he had not hurt himself in the fall, but his health condition continued to decline while at the clinic. About May 17 or 18, 1967 he went into a coma never to come back out and passed away about 10:30 p.m. May 20, 1967.

So the curtain is lowered on the life of a man loved by his family and many friends.

## FUNERAL SERVICES FOR BAILEY A. DIXON

May 25, 1967

Invocation by Harold A. Peterson

Our Father in Heaven. . . As we meet here this day for these services for Brother Dixon, we are thankful this day for the life of this man. We are thankful for our association and acquaintance with him. Help us that we may realize Thy hand in all things. Bless the family and those who are called to mourn. Bless them with a desire to continue on in this life that they may do those things pleasing in Thy sight. Father, particularly bless Bessie. Help her that she may realize Thy hand in all things. Be with those who speak and sing. These favors and blessings we ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Song by Etta Smith, "Oh, My Father"

Life sketch by Bishop LaMar Nef.

Bailey Allen Dixon was born March 23, 1889 at Afton (Star Valley), Lincoln County, Wyoming to Harvey Dixon and Susan Elizabeth Harmon. He was the Seventh of Nine children.

The family lived on a farm just out of the city limits where they raised their own potatoes to eat and tried to raise wheat and hay, but the cold climate usually froze their crops. His father had two families and they lived about two miles apart.

They left Star Valley in October of 1900 in the thick of a snowstorm. It took them 30 days to go to Hagerman Valley where they stayed until the following spring when they moved to Camas Prairie. This time they traveled in knee-deep mud. Here they settled at Fir Grove Flat which was a small patch of timber on the side of the mountain. His brother, Jim, filed on a homestead that had an old house on it. They fixed it up the best they could and moved into it. There were four rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs in which to house the father, his two wives and their children. They soon built another house and then the two families could live by themselves.

For recreation they had to provide their own entertainment. The neighborhood would have dinners together and play games or sometimes dance. Often they would start at 8 or 9 and dance till midnight, then quit and go to supper and come back and dance until daylight. One 4th of July they danced all night, went and hauled hay all day, danced all night again and back to the hay field. About 9 O'clock Brother Dixon had all he could take so he went around on the shady side of the stack and went to sleep. He slept the clock around.

After about ten years the families moved to Manard. Here he met and courted Eva Butler. They were married in the Logan Temple on July 2, 1913. Bailey was 24 years old. On May 30, 1914 a son, Wallace, was born to them. Due to difficulties at birth, Wallace was totally dependent on them all of his life. The winter of 1917-18 they spent in Salt Lake seeking medical aid for Wallace and while there another son, LaMar was born on January 23, 1918. They returned to Camas Prairie and lived there until 1923 when they moved to Rupert. Of this move, Bailey said, "I wanted to come ahead and bring LaMar with me in the wagon, but the relatives raised a big fuss and said I couldn't take him, (he was 5 years old) so we got a railroad car and moved on that."

On September 24, 1924 a third son, Keith was born. Brother Dixon turned his hand at several things in order to provide for his family. He worked sorting potatoes in the winters, did a little carpenter work and sheared sheep each spring. This profession took him to Browning, Montana close to the Canadian border, down to St. George, Utah, and as far East as Fossil, Wyoming and West to Pendleton, Oregon. He became very good at this fascinating work but felt it was no place for kids, so he never allowed his boys to go with him. He was shearing sheep for President May at one time and complaining about it and President May told him that "It was good honest work and nothing to be ashamed of."

His wife, Eva had the care of the three boys while he was gone shearing sheep. Wallace became quite a chore for her. He had to be lifted, carried, and fed; so they finally had to place him in the hospital. He passed away at the age of 16 on November 22, 1930.

LaMar graduated from high school in 1936 and Brother Dixon began to do more carpenter work and less sheep shearing. In 1938 LaMar married Anna Seamons and for a wedding present his father gave him a lot on Reed Avenue and helped them build a small home there.

In 1940 Eva had to have an operation for a goiter. She went through the operation fine and was doing well, but three or four days later, she suddenly took a turn for the worse and passed away June 24, 1940.

On September 27, 1940 he married Bessie Roland Jamison in the Logan Temple. She had one daughter and four sons, the youngest, Dennis, was adopted by Brother Dixon.

In 1950 he started raising broiler chickens and in 1959 they traded their property in town for a 40 acre farm

three miles north of Rupert and expanded the chicken coops to 9,000 capacity. He also put his carpenter ability to work and remodeled the home on this property.

Brother Dixon has always been active in the Church. He served as scoutmaster, Sunday School Teacher, Ward Clerk, and counselor to two different Bishops, and Secretary to the High Priest Quorum. He had a strong testimony of the Gospel and even as his health began to fail, he attended meetings whenever he could and enjoyed the fellowship he found in the Church.

He loved and enjoyed his family and especially his grandchildren. They used to enjoy watching Grandpa stand on his head for them. He was still doing it at the age of 70.

In July 1965 Brother Dixon spent some time in the hospital with bleeding ulcers and since that time his health has gradually failed him. On Saturday, May 6, he was taken to the Twin Falls Clinic where he passed away on May 20, 1967.

He is survived by his wife, Bessie, three sons, LaMar A., Boise; Keith H., Heyburn; Dennis A., Ogden, Utah; three step-children, Mrs. Marjorie Haskell, Kimberly; Gene K. Jamison, Los Angeles, Calif; and Everett M. Jamison, Campbell, Calif; 24 grand-children and 6 great grand-children; three brothers, Asael Dixon, Phoenix, Ariz; R.L. Dixon, Gooding; Philemon Dixon, Boise; two sisters, Mrs. Ida Kennington, Fairview, Wyo.; and Mrs. Elva Andrus, Ucon, Idaho.

Bishop Nef: "I have know Brother Dixon for a long time and it appears to me that he lived a rich, full, and quite happy life, even though it wasn't an easy one. From the history that has been compiled and written for me, it was interesting to read some of the things he had her put down about him. It showed that it wasn't an easy or humorous existence that he had. At least I think that most of us won't remember putting up hay with a pitch fork.

He tells of the time when as a family they put up hay in Hagerman. He recalls once when a saddle horse broke away. It ran through the field and excited another team which started and took off. When the horse reached the end of the road, all three teams that were in the field had run away. I am sure with this kind of experience he learned some of the things we know as comfort now.

He didn't have an opportunity for a complete formal education. But I'm sure he learned quite a bit just by living. He's taught me a few lessons.

Our first year here, Brother Dixon came around selling nursery stock. He encouraged me to get some growing. I felt I hadn't the time, so I told him I would eventually. He said, "Trees don't grow eventually, they take time." I guess it was his influence that made me pick a place and get the ground ready for the trees. When I see the beautiful apple blossoms this spring, I am grateful to him. It's true eventually takes time, you must plan and do; don't be a victim of circumstance.

The Savior in his day said, "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." It is a good practice that we work all we can. I am sure with this lesson that we can look at the life of this man. It is one well filled with a variety of things. Brother Dixon always did a full measure of work for the money he received. I appreciate this kind of thing.

Brother Dixon tells of the time when he sheared sheep. He traveled all over. On one occasion his bunk buddy and he were riding together in his car. His buddy had him stop, when he came back he had what was evidently a bottle of wine. Bailey said, "What if we should have an accident and were both killed. What would the officers think?" That we were drunk of course, answered his friend. "I have never had a drink and don't intend to have anyone think I do", remarked Baily. From then on the man got a car of his own. When he came in late at nights, he even made a bed on the floor, so as not to disturb Bailey. This illustrates the high, constant standards of Bailey.

I had the pleasure of visiting him and Sister Dixon at tithing settlement. He truly has a treasure in his heart.

One Christmas he asked me if I knew of any family who wouldn't have any special Christmas. Sister Dixon wanted to know how many children there were in the family. No names were mentioned. I went to their home and picked up a lovely box.

In a few days we will remember him for all the things he did. Mark E. Peterson wrote this article for the Tribune that I would like to read.....

## CHURCH NEWS

Editorial Page

### THE TOMBS WE BEAUTIFY

In almost every part of the world, the living pay honor to the dead. It has been so from earliest times. It is



as common among primitive races as among those most advanced. Reverence is instinctive at a grave side.

The mystery of death contributes largely to his attitude. All must some time go that way, nearly all look upon it with apprehension. Few, like Bryant are "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," and approach their graves "like one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Yet we know that death is as natural as birth, and if we will but believe the Word of God, we will know that it is only the body that dies--the real individual lives on forever.

We are the children of God. He is eternal. As his offsprings, we are as eternal as he is, and are not subject to death. The personality never ceases to exist, the individual is everlasting. Only the body dies, and it is but a house, a garment, which is discarded for the time being as the true individual goes on to better things.

This hope abides in every human breast. With many it is but a hope. With some it is a certainty. The testimony of the truth has made it so.

As we beautify the graves of our loved ones, and mark a sacred anniversary on May 30 each year, we do so tenderly, remembering our dear ones with love, fond memories and hope for a happy reunion. Each approach to the tomb should give us further reassurance of immortality, with added confirmation of the indestructibility of the soul.

But the Savior pointed out a lesson to us in this respect. It was given in a time of stress and persecution, but it illustrates a principle which we cannot ignore.

He was being assailed by the scribes and Pharisees. He called them hypocrites. He said: "Ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchers of the righteous, and say, if we had been in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets."

Yet they rejected him, the greatest of all the prophets, the very Son of God.

To further drive home his lesson he said: "Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets."

After condemning them for their sins, he spoke in a spirit of longing and mercy: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not."

They honored their dead, but with what meaning? They forgot that their present lives should have a consistent relationship to the manner in which they honored their dead. But because they were rebellious against the principles of truth and right, the honors they heaped upon their dead became hypocrisy.

They praised the dead prophets but denied the living ones who taught the same principles and stood for the same teachings as those who were dead. Where was their consistency?

There are those today who feel a sense of reverence as they pass a Church building, but would never enter it nor keep the principles it represents. There are those who remove their hats in the presence of our national flag, but refuse to obey the laws for which that flag stands.

There are those of us who honor our pioneer forefathers, but refuse to obey the teachings for which they gave their all.

What is our position? Can any of us be saved in the presence of God by the good works of our ancestors? Can the obedience of a faithful father or mother save a disobedient son or daughter? Can the righteousness of our forefathers snatch us from the depths if we refuse to follow in their footsteps?

Each of us will be judged according to our own works. Each of us must stand on his own record.

It is good to honor our dead with flowers placed upon their graves, but is it not more important to honor them by adding luster to their names by living in honor and virtue and faithfulness? ---End of Editorial.

I am sure that Brother Dixon is one who has honored his name. He hasn't massed a great fortune in money or property, but he leaves to his family and posterity a fine heritage that they can be proud of.

To Sister Dixon and the rest, I ask our Heavenly Father, please bless them with strength and courage in the time of trials, and that they may have his spirit in all things. This I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Song by Ned Stocks. "Whispering Hope".

Remarks by Earl Griffin:

Sister Dixon, grandchildren, and all the members of the Dixon family. It is an honor for me to represent several who I feel could stand here today and review and talk about the life of this fine man. But I want you to know that I appreciate this and for the opportunity I had of knowing him.

As I had the opportunity today to go to the mortuary to view the remains of this fine man, it was a contrast to the last time I remember seeing him. He was tire and ill. As I ponder, I remember the last time I had the chance

to shake Bailey's hand. It was right here in the foyer of the church while he was on his way to Sunday School. And as I sat there I remembered the first time I remember seeing Brother Dixon... at a store on the North side of the square 18 years ago purchasing something and he was introduced to me then for the first time. Now I pause and reflect upon the life of this man and as I look at the program and notice printed the 23rd Psalms, I am reminded of a story I once heard. A certain great man was asked to entertain for a very educated people and as he performed he was applauded again and again. Again and again he was asked if he would give another number. Then one man in the audience asked if he would read the 23rd Psalms. He read the passage with all of his grandeur and majesty and the audience roared with applause. Then when the audience had quieted down, he looked out into the audience and asked an old man to come forward. He asked him if he would read the same 23rd Psalms to the people. With a bowed head and a contrite look he said; "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." And when he finished a great hush fell over the audience and this man, the one that received all the applause, got up and said, "I know the words, but this man knows the author".

Brother Bailey showed himself to be like this humble man through his life and through his works. One of the speakers at one of our conferences said that Gospel of Jesus Christ changes the lives of the people. In the last few days I have thought of the effect on Brother Dixon's life. If he hadn't been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, I wonder today what could have been said and under what conditions he might have been talked about.

I would like to direct my remarks to the grandchildren. We know there were about 25 or 26 and several great-grand children. To him the life of his grandchildren were very important. I have had enough occasion to know that Brother Dixon loved his grandchildren. In all the times that I have visited him, never did I leave before he told me something about his grandchildren. So it is to you grandchildren that I would hope that you would remember this man as someone who loved the Lord. As someone who had the Gospel of Jesus Christ affect his life.

There were several characteristics that greatly effected the life of Bailey Dixon. The first of these was dependability. I was Brother Dixon's Bishop for a few years and to me he was a very dependable man. I can never remember Brother Dixon coming to a meeting late. He was willing to serve in the Ward, in the Stake or in any other capacity. I asked a favor of Brother Dixon, and I am eternally grateful for his attitude and dependability; and that was to pick my boy up and take him to Priesthood every Sunday morning. I didn't have to worry whether he would be there or not or whether he would be on time or not to get him to the Priesthood meeting, and we will always appreciate him for being such a dependable man. Grandchildren, you could do nothing better than to take this fine quality, a rare thing today in the world to have somebody say he will do something and do it.

Bailey was to me an honest man. The Bishop remarked on the privilege of having them come into tithing settlement. I remember him often saying, "If you don't think this is the right amount, I would like you to put down what you think it would be." Brother Dixon didn't want to be in a position that he would ever be found short of paying the full tenth of his income. He was honest with his time and with other people. It was always a pleasure to me as we associated with him to see good-hearted joshing go back and forth between him and the men of this Church. Brother Peterson and he often argued about who could catch the most fish the fastest. I know that they were honest in the things that they did.

Another thing that impressed me about your grandfather was his kindness. He was most kind to Bessie both as they worked in the store and as they worked together in raising chickens out on the farm, and coming to and from Church he showed himself to be a kind, considerate husband and father. I would like to remind the grandchildren to give consideration to this fine quality of kindness. He was always kind to his friends and anyone who knew him could tell you that he was considerate of other people's feelings. He wasn't a possessive or loud man. He was actually unassuming, yet he was kind.

Another quality. . . .

I remember when he lived in town and wanted to move north to expand his chicken business. Many times during the day he would pass my home with all of the lumber his old pickup truck would hold from home to the ranch. Piece by piece and day by day he transported the chicken coop from town to the farm and rebuilt it. . . . I also recall that Brother Dixon was one of the ones to help those on the church farm. This quality was the one of work.

The last one was his love for the church. I have known Bailey since 1948, and have been associated with him in the Church and know that he loved the Church, that he loved the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We have heard mentioned today of the various activities that he participated in. He sat on my left as secretary of High Priest. I am sure Brother Merrill can testify to his dependability in connection with that position.

I had the opportunity to be the Home Teacher for him for a year, and it was during this time that Bailey's health began to fail, and he wasn't as active as I remember him in years past. It was the last time that I attended as a Home Teacher that Brother Dixon was desirous of being instructed in his dealings as a member of the Church. He felt real bad that he couldn't go to all the meetings.

He was always concerned about his family and brought me up-to-date on their activities. And as I reviewed with him some of the things that he was asked to do as a member of the Church, he was able to say that he held family home evening, family prayer, and was doing all of the things that he was asked to do in the Church.

And so Sister Dixon and boys and family members, we pause this day to remember this fine man, these were some of the things that have impressed me about knowing this fine man, these were some of the things that have impressed me about knowing your husband, father, and grandfather over the past years. I am sure that Bailey gave serious consideration to his passing this life. "For behold, this life is the time for men to prepare to meet God; yea, behold the day of this life is the day for men to perform their labors." While Bailey lived in the flesh, he had to maintain the standard with which he was surrounded. I can feel within my heart that he loved the Gospel and chose and did those things which improved his life.

I feel that you as a family could do nothing to make Bailey happier than to do the things that he tried to do, that you might continue to serve in the Church. Boys, remember the teachings of your father and the example that he set for you. Grandchildren, remember that your grandfather was indeed appreciative and loving toward you and you would do him a service if you would follow his example. May the Lord bless you and sustain you, I pray, humbly in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Song by DelOra Johnson, "The End of A Perfect Day"

Benediction: Keith C. Merrill

Our Heavenly Father: At the conclusion of this service we want to thank thee for all the things that have been said about the life of this man. For his life, for his examples that he has shown us. We are thankful for his loyalty, father love, dependability, and service to his fellow man and his service to others before self. Bless us all that we may learn from his life the things that will be important to us in our lives. And the family, God bless them that they may live lives that have been taught to them from example of this good man. We ask that Thy Spirit may always be with them that they may learn more about the Gospel of Jesus Christ and live it. We ask Thee to be with us on the way to and from the cemetery. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

The family prayer was offered by LaMar A. Dixon at the mortuary, prior to the services.

The grave was dedicated by Keith H. Dixon.