

Interview with
DANIEL WINDER

December 21, 1968

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
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DANIEL WINDER

Daniel Winder was interviewed on December 21, 1968 in Springdale, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voice of Remembrance Foundation. He related his personal history of living in various parts of Utah. Myrtle (Crawford) Winder, his wife, also participated.

FH: We are at the Fly-In LD Ranch, the old Winder Ranch, [which is] about fifteen miles east of Springdale, up through Zion Canyon on the east end of [Zion National Park]. Would you please [give] your full name.

DW: [My name is] Daniel Winder.

FH: That's it! What is your birth date?

DW: [I was born] April 29, 1905.

FH: [Where is] the place of your birth?

DW: [I was born at] Mt. Carmel, Kane County, Utah

FH: What was your father's name?

DW: [His name was] John Augustus Winder.

FH: [What was] your mother's [full] name?

DW: [Her name was] Mary Annice (Hepworth) [Winder].

FH: [Can you] recall [anything] that happened in your early life before school days?

DW: I think the first thing that I really remember was a trip with my father to Marysvale [Piute County, Utah to pick up] a steam boiler when I was four years old.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: I remember he made my bed in the fire pit of the boiler so he could watch me while he was driving along. It took about ten days to go from Mt. Carmel to Marysvale and back in those days. He delivered the boiler over at the saw mill on the east end of Zion [National Park]. [The sawmill] made lumber that was shipped down the cable in Zion Canyon and hauled from there by team and wagon to Springdale and on down the [Virgin] River [to] St. George [Washington County], Utah.

FH: [What] about your [education]?

DW: I started the first grade in Mt. Carmel, Utah. My first school teacher's name was Bessie Little. The class was held in the old tithing office in Mt. Carmel. They had a school house but it wasn't large enough for all the grades so the first grade was held in the tithing office. I went to school in Mt. Carmel until I finished the fourth grade. Then we moved to Springdale, Utah where I finished grade school when I was fourteen years old.

FH: Was this about the normal number of years to go to school in [those] days?

DW: Yes.

FH: Were there [any] teachers [who] you can remember? Would you like to mention their names or anything that you can remember about them?

DW: I remember two or three teachers. The first teacher that I had in Springdale, that I remember, was Walter Cottam from St. George. The last school teacher I had in grade school was Marvin Terry from Rockville [Washington County] Utah. I never did attend school [very] regularly. I think five months was the most I ever went to school in any one school year. I left school about the first of March when I was in the eighth grade. I went back to take the examinations at the end of the school year, around the first of May, and graduated from the eighth grade with the best marks of anyone in school.

FH: Were you able to go beyond the eighth grade later?

DW: I had two years of high school at the Dixie Normal College in St. George. Joseph K. [Kelly] Nicholes was principal of the college at that time. Walter Cannon was one of the teachers. A. K. [Arthur Knight] Hafen was one of my teachers. Mrs. Hunt taught *The Book of Mormon*. I can't remember what they called that [class].

FH: You [must have] had a religion class in connection with school. Is that right?

DW: Yes, [but] I don't remember what they called it. Was it [a] theology [class]? Something [like] that. We studied *The Book of Mormon*. I worked to get through school. I hauled wood all one winter [with] Fred Fawcett's team. I hauled wood from out of the Indian farm up Santa Clara Creek. I made a trip every weekend all winter, [going] after wood. He took one load and he would sell the other load and give me the money. In other words, I [received] \$20.00 every two weeks for getting wood.

FH: That gave you [some] assistance for getting through school.

DW: I paid my way and my older sister's way through school for two years [by]

working after school and weekends

FH: Did you have any accidents or sickness when you were growing up?

DW: I had measles when I was about eight or nine years old and [I] had pneumonia. I [had] so much fever that I lost all my hair and it never did [grow too] much after that. I'm still baldheaded.

FH: You must [have] had a terrific fever to have caused this.

DW: I guess it was bad enough.

FH: When people had measles or pneumonia in your day, very often it was fatal.

DW: That is right.

FH: Were you able to [be involved in The] Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] activities during [your] growing-up years?

DW: No, I wasn't [for] church too much. I remember being baptized in [the] Mt. Carmel Creek on my birthday or right close to my birthday. I think it was a Sunday when I was baptized and the ice was floating down the river. A rather cold reception to become a member of the church to have to be baptized in ice water!

FH: [Laughter] [Did] you did [participate] in the Priesthood Quorum activities during these years?

DW: Yes, I went through the priesthood [in] the Mt. Carmel Ward until we moved to Springdale when I was about twelve years old. I was ordained a deacon in Springdale and I think all [of] my priesthood activities were in the Springdale Ward.

FH: Was your father doing work that kept you away from the organized branches quite a bit?

DW: We lived on the ranch practically all my life, [except] when we were in town to go to school in the wintertime.

FH: Was this why it was difficult for you to [participate] in church activities?

DW: That is right.

FH: What can you remember about your father?

DW: [My] father was, I guess, what you would call a pioneer. He was always out in the

mountains and on the ranches all his life. I can remember a lot of people saying [that] they would like to have my father's ability to make money with [their] ability to keep it. He never had any trouble of having too much money. He had so many children that it didn't make any difference what he made; it took it all for them to live.

FH: How many children did he have?

DW: There were fourteen children in the family. I can remember when we used a fifty-pound sack of flour every week for the family to have what bread [we] needed. Dad used to say it was just like running a hotel but nobody ever paid the bill. They just left it for him to pay!

FH: [Laughter] That was a big family to take care of, I'll tell you! He needed to be on a ranch, didn't he?

DW: You just about had to [be].

FH: What do you remember about his personality and your association with him?

DW: He was a man [who] loved his family. He was [hauling freight] on the road a lot of the time. Whenever he went on a trip, there was anywhere from one to three of the [children] with him. He was always out working. He was a lover of horses [and] always had two or three good teams. Some of the best [that] I have seen. When I was a [youngster] in Mt. Carmel they used to have pulling matches with teams. I remember he had a little black mare he called "Nellie." She weighed about 1,250 pounds. I have seen him get down and cut holes in the hard road so she could get [her] footing and pull a cross-lock wagon. It takes a good horse to pull the cross-lock wagon.

FH: [Would you] explain [a] cross-lock wagon?

DW: A cross-lock wagon is a wagon that [has] a chain tied from the front wheel on the right side to a hind wheel on the left. Neither wheel can turn. You can't turn the wagon; it just [has] to be pulled straight ahead.

FH: Just skid the wheels!

DW: [You] tie a horse to the end of tongue and let [it] pull [the wagon]. They used a load of grain or something [weighing] a hundred pounds [at a time] on the wagon to see how much they could pull. I have seen this little mare pull 1,200 pounds.

FH: Wow, she was a real puller! Terrific! [Did] he take [any] prizes with those horses?

DW: In those days, there weren't many prizes. Some of [the ranchers] might [have] bet a little bit, but it was [a] recreational [pastime] for people to watch. There wasn't

much money that changed hands.

FH: They didn't have much money to change hands in those days, did they?

DW: Dad used to have an old yellow saddle horse. I think he called him "Commie." Parley Allred had a chestnut sorrel horse. They used to race these horses all the time. They were just about [ties]. Whichever one got the start won the race. Every time they would come into town, Brother Allred and dad had to have a horse race. It was a race that was worth seeing, I'll tell you!

FH: Was your dad a strong LDS member? Did he go to church at all?

DW: Most of the time dad didn't take an active part in church. He believed [in] the church and he lived his religion pretty well. He was a lot more religious than he got credit for being. He was an outcast. He ran away from home [and] never had [any bringing up], he just grew up.

FH: Where did he come from?

DW: They came from Idaho into this [area]. The first place [that] I can ever remember dad telling about, was they lived in Springville. Then his mother married Grandfather Gifford, Samuel Kendall Gifford. Dad's father and mother separated for some reason and dad was raised by the Giffords. [The boys were] Oliver [D.] Gifford, Freeborn Gifford, [and] Moses Gifford, [who was] about his age. They were sons of S. K. Gifford. Somehow, dad didn't fit into the family [very] well and was sort of kicked out.

FH: What effect did that have on his life? Is that what brought him here?

DW: Dad and mother were married in the St. George Temple [on] January 3, I think. I don't remember the year but [it was] probably around 1895 or 1896. They were on their own. They worked on ranches or wherever he could get a job to support his family. It seemed like ranching was his long suit. He did lots of breaking horses and the like for a livelihood.

FH: With that many children he had his hands full. [Laughter]

DW: It was a good thing all those children didn't come at once because he never would have made it.

FH: What can you remember about your mother?

DW: I think she was the sweetest, most lovable woman on earth. I have never heard anyone in all my life say an unkind word about my mother. I remember how she used to work right along side of dad with us [children] in the fields. [It] just seemed like she had what it took to keep going, twenty-four hours a day, all the

time. In her later years she had heart trouble and, naturally, had to slow down.

FH: I don't know how she could slow down with fourteen children.

DW: Maybe if I were to tell you all the things that took place in [our] home you might understand [how we survived]. I can remember from the time I was big enough to get up and get around, I had to take my turn getting breakfast for the family in the morning.

FH: She knew how to organize things, didn't she?

DW: They were organized alright. Most of the [children] were boys, so all the boys had to learn to cook and wash dishes.

FH: How many boys were there in the family?

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: There were ten boys and four girls in the family. One boy and one girl died at birth. They were twins and they are buried on this ranch.

FH: On the ranch where we are [today]?

DW: Yes.

FH: This was your father's ranch?

DW: That is right.

FH: Can you tell about how he [acquired] this ranch?

DW: Dad homesteaded the ranch here. I don't remember when, but I'm sixty-three years old now and I have been here all my life.

FH: Were you born here?

DW: I was born in Mt. Carmel.

FH: You were not born here [so] you came here when you were [quite] small. Is that right?

DW: As long as I can remember, we have lived right here on this ranch.

FH: What was it like when you came here? [Was it] wild country?

DW: I can remember when we only had two or three acres under fence and about all we

raised was a little garden [vegetables] and a few potatoes for winter. I can remember the first threshing machine that ever came to the ranch. It was [in] 1917. I worked on the road all summer long for [Washington] County [building] the road so we could get the threshing machine in. I drove four horses on the Fresno alone all that summer [building the] road. I remember when we got the thrasher out here, it took me throwing bundles to the thresher. I got pretty tired. We had one old fellow on the threshing machine that had palsy pretty bad and he would shake [a lot]. He had to [use] both hands to get his cup of tea up to his mouth. [It] impressed me quite a bit. The first night, after we had thrashed all day, I was [very] tired. I was sleeping on the top of a bunk bed. I got to dreaming about this old man drinking his tea. I just [put] my hands up to my mouth and I was shaking real bad and I fell off the bed. I guess I spilled the tea.

FH: [Laughter] You were pretty tired, alright!

[TAPE RECORDER TURN OFF]

DW: I remember the spring when the twins were born on the ranch. We started to move out from Mt. Carmel. A bad snow storm came up and we had a lot of trouble getting in. Mother got sick before we got to the ranch. I think it was the first night we were at the ranch [that] the twins were born. One of my older brothers went into Mt. Carmel for help and [another] one went into Springdale for help. I remember Brother Samuel Crawford, Charles Hepworth and Oren Ruesch came back with my brother from Springdale. A lady by the name of Mint Carmichael came from Mt. Carmel. An old bachelor, by the name of Jim Paxton, brought her out in his buggy. They stayed at the ranch for quite some time. The twins both passed away and were buried here on the ranch.

Mother was still sick when the people went back to Springdale [and] dad had them bring some supplies up to the foot of the cable. My older brother and I went over there. I remember we left the ranch about 3:00 a.m. The snow was deep and we had to go early so we could take the pack horse over the top of the snow to carry the supplies back. We ran the supplies up the cable and put them on the horse. My older brother went down the old foot trail, down into Zion [National Park] and went to Springdale with the other fellows. I brought the horse back alone. My dad told me if the snow thawed out so the horse would fall through, I would have to stay until it froze again. I wasn't very old. I might have been ten [or] maybe eleven years old. I only [went] about two miles from the cable when the horse started falling through [the snow] and couldn't pull so I had to stay until it froze hard enough for the horse to walk on top. It was 3:00 in the morning when I got back to the ranch.

FH: A twenty-four hour trip.

DW: It was quite a thrill to be sitting around a little fire, hearing the coyotes and mountain lions hollering around, all by my lonesome. I [don't] think I will ever

forget that trip.

FH: I think you mentioned to me one time about some plowing you did at the age of nine. Is that right?

DW: That's right.

FH: Tell about that.

DW: When I was nine years old I was working for Henry Esplin who, at that time, was bishop of the Orderville Ward [Kane County, Utah]. I was on a ranch about a mile from this ranch and we were clearing and plowing ground. We had about forty acres cleared. Charles and Homer Esplin, Henry's boys, helped clear the ground and then they had to go down on the Arizona Strip to bring their sheep up. I stayed there at the ranch and plowed [the] forty acres with a hand plow. [It was] the first time it [had] ever [been] plowed. Anybody that knows anything about running a hand plow knows that was quite a job for a nine-year-old boy to do. Three years later, I was on that same ranch [and] I cut and harvested forty acres of corn alone. [I] had to cut it with a hoe and load it on a wagon, haul it into the yard and shock it. [A shock would contain fifty to one hundred stalks of corn tied into a bundle forming a pyramid.] I worked there for forty-five days and never saw a soul.

FH: You were only twelve years old?

DW: [Yes], only twelve years old.

FH: Do you think boys now-a-days could do that?

DW: Yes, I think they could, but they wouldn't!

FH: [Laughter] They would have to be raised up to do it, I believe.

DW: That is part of education as far as I'm concerned.

FH: What did you do during these years to just have fun? Did you ever have any fun?

DW: The only fun I can ever remember having was [a] Halloween once in —

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

DW: — Mt. Carmel. I used to have a real good friend named Billy Sorensen. He was our bishop's son. We used to go to his place. [The bishop's] wife was a real nice lady and every time the [youngsters] would come around she would make popcorn balls or cookies or something. We really liked to go there. I remember one Halloween we went to their place. The day before, we dug a hole across the

sidewalk, put a piece of cardboard across it, and covered it with leaves so nobody could tell it was [there]. We went to Brother Sorensen's place and kicked on his door. He came out to chase us. We all knew where the pit was so we went around it. He came running up the sidewalk, stepped on that cardboard and it kind of upset him a little! [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter]

DW: I was a little older then; we were down in Springdale and it was when they were building the first road up in Zion [National Park]. They had a road camp up there and Edwin Higbee was one of the road bosses. He rode a big fancy high-lifed saddle horse and used to come down to Springdale to Mutual [Improvement Association]. He was down there one night and some of us [fellows] decided we were going to have a little fun. But we didn't figure we were going to catch him! We fixed up a deal for Earnest Draper and Susan Crawford who we thought were getting a little bit too thick for their own good. We set an old barrel up on a bank along the roadside with a wire hooked to it, brought it down the bank and attached it to a little peg we [had] driven in the ground and put it on across the road to another little peg. We all hid to see what [would] happen when they hooked their toe on this wire. By golly, we just [were] settled down when Edwin comes on his [inaudible] saddle horse. He hit the wire and this barrel came toppling down off the bank! We had quite a circus for a little while. [Laughter]

FH: Did his horse throw him?

DW: It wasn't because he didn't try! No, Edwin was a good rider [and] he stayed with him. I don't think he knows to this day who did it.

FH: You're not about to tell him either?

DW: Oh, I wouldn't mind telling him now.

FH: [Laughter] It sounds like you had fun.

DW: Those were just two instances. [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter] There were a few more times when you did things?

DW: We used to rope calves just for fun, once in a while, [to] see who could catch one the easiest and the quickest. I remember one time I roped a cow over at the top of the old East Rim Trail. That was a trail my father built out of Zion [National Park] in 1900 so people could get their cattle up out [and] on up to the top of the mountain for the summer season [so they would have] more feed.

FH: Your father built that trail?

DW: Yes. I roped [an] old cow over there and it was my first experience of roping a

cow. She was wild and had long horns. She didn't much appreciate that rope and she only hit it a couple of times until she started to fight. I jumped off the horse and ran and left them to have it out. They had it out all right.

FH: She was tied to the saddle horn?

DW: She was tied to the saddle horn.

FH: What happened?

DW: The cow and the horse both got tangled up and [were] thrown down. I finally got up enough nerve to sneak up with my pocket knife and cut the rope and [let] them loose. I got on the horse and took off! [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter]

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: Dad put [in] the first telephone line that ran from Springdale to Mt. Carmel, up over the cable into Mt. Carmel, so that we would have some means of contact with people. It was quite an undertaking. He didn't set many posts. He ran it from tree to tree and nailed the insulators to the trees. I remember as a [youngster] doing a lot of riding back and forth maintaining that telephone line.

FH: Would you be out of communication once in a while?

DW: Some of those spans were quite long and they would break quite often — especially in the wintertime when they would get covered with snow. The [lines] would get so heavy [and] would break.
I think the last freight that came [to] Springdale from Lund [Iron County], Utah by team and wagon, was the last trip [that] I made. It was just about Christmas time. Springdale didn't have any Christmas supplies and Brother Ruesch, who owned the store in Springdale, came to dad and wanted to know if he would go to Lund and get a load of freight for him and get it back before Christmas. We only had five days. So we took two teams and wagons and went to Lund after the load of freight. Ordinarily it takes about eight days and we made it in five [days]. We [were] back in Springdale just about midnight on Christmas Eve. I think every man, woman and child in Springdale was still there at the store to get their Christmas [items] when we [arrived]. I think I must [have] been just a little bit homesick or tired or maybe both. Brother Ruesch noticed it. He had a great big fifty-gallon barrel full of candy on these wagons. He dug around in there and found a candy smoking pipe and handed it to me. I thought I was the biggest [fellow] in the crowd!

FH: [Laughter] How old were you? Do you remember?

DW: No, I don't remember. I probably was twelve or thirteen years old.

FH: When you were in school [did] you [participate] in [any] sport activities?

DW: As far as sport activities were concerned, I wasn't much of a sport. I was pretty good at pole vaulting and I ran the 100 yard dash. I was one of the best in Dixie [College] in both of those things.

FH: [Did] you [ever] have an accident [while] pole vaulting?

DW: I was practicing just before we were to have a contest in pole vaulting. It seems as though I had a good friend who was a little jealous. He planted a piece of steel in the pit where we landed. I cut my heel on it and it put me out of commission for several months. I didn't really get to try out for the final events in pole vaulting.

FH: I can just imagine how he felt after a trick like that.

DW: He probably felt just as good as I did.

FH: [Laughter] I bet you didn't feel very good either. Have you enjoyed music in your life?

DW: I love good music. I always wanted to learn to play [an instrument] but I never quite had the time or the money to do it. About the only thing I can play now is a phonograph, a radio, or television. If anything goes wrong, I can't even play them!

FH: [Laughter] Have you enjoyed reading?

DW: I love to read. I was a good reader in school and I [received] several prizes for being the best reader. I liked to read until my eyes got to where they bothered me and then I just quit.

FH: What can you remember about your courtship and marriage?

DW: Yes, I can remember a little bit about it. I only had one girlfriend [Myrtle Crawford] and I still have her. I chased her for about three years and she finally caught me.

FH: How did you happen to meet her the first time?

DW: Gosh no! My memory is not as good as some people.

FH: Was she a home-town girl?

DW: Yes, she was a home-town girl. I think the first time we ever [were] together [was

when] we went on a horseback trip. [We] went up into Zion [National Park and were] riding around. Her horse [became] stuck in the mud and they both [were] pretty well plastered up [with mud]. We went together for about three years before we married.

FH: How long did it take before you knew she was the right one?

DW: I knew that the first time.

FH: Where did you get married?

DW: We were married in the St. George Temple [on] September 11, 1924.

FH: What occurred when you went to the temple? I think you ought to tell this because it seems a little unusual to me.

DW: I hadn't had too much chance to be active in the ward [because] I had been out on jobs all the time. I was ordained an elder in the temple just before we went through to be married. I didn't know much about the activities of an elder [or] what was expected of [me]. I know I was very much embarrassed. The next Sunday after I was married, I was called on to administer the sacrament and didn't know how to do it. [I] had to be prompted word for word. I vowed then [that] if I ever had anything to do with the teaching of young people that would be one thing they wouldn't have to face. I'm sure that there are not any of the boys that were in the priesthood while I was the bishop that didn't have the knowledge of what was going on before they were advanced to an elder.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: I'm going to have to sit and tell my wife what to say when [you] talk to her because she keeps interrupting now. I'm going to have to tell you what happened when we went to get married.

FH: Okay! [Laughter]

DW: We went down to St. George the day before we were married, got our marriage license, and [were] all ready. That night we went to a picture show and then we went home. My mother was with us and my wife's dad. My wife and mother slept together in the house and I think her dad and I slept outside on the ground. He got up and came around and crawled in on the other side of the bed three times during the night. My wife thought that was quite a joke and wanted me to tell it. [Laughter] Is that what you wanted?

MW: [Inaudible] you wanted to get your part in!

FH: [Laughter] Where did you go to live [after] you [were] married?

DW: The first winter [after] we were married, we lived in one room of my older brother's house.

FH: Where was that located?

DW: It was in Springdale then. It is in [Zion National] Park now. It was just inside the park line. When it began to warm up in the spring, we bought lumber and made a frame and pitched a tent and lived in that for how long? A year or two?

MW: [Inaudible]

DW: Then we built a little shack down on dad's place, that is now owned by Calvin Ruesch, and that was where we lived for several years. Our first child was born in St. George. His name was Leonard Dan Winder.

FH: How did you happen to be in St. George? [Were you] down there for that purpose?

DW: We took my wife down to St. George [for her] confinement.

FH: That was Leonard?

DW: Yes.

FH: Can you tell a little bit about Leonard and his life?

DW: I think Leonard is a chip off Grandpa Winder's old block. He likes to roam around and rough it. He isn't too active in the church. He believes all this, but he doesn't stay anywhere long enough [to] really [be] active or do much. He is a hard worker, a good worker [and] a [very] good mechanic. [He is a] good operator on any kind of equipment [and] a good truck driver.

FH: Did he marry?

DW: Yes, he married and has three children. They are all married but one.

FH: Where did he live after he married?

DW: He is quite a lot like the fellow they tell about that lives everywhere but here. He will soon be from here. He has lived in Springdale, he has lived in Washington [City, Utah and] he has lived in St. George. He worked at the sawmills a lot around Hatch [Garfield County, Utah] and out at North Fork.

[The North Fork is a tributary to the Virgin River, coming in at the northeast corner of Zion National Park. It is the principal route for beginning the Narrows Hike. There are

ranches farther up the creek.

— Added by Jasper Louis Crawford during editing.]

FH: Has he [had] a lot of different jobs?

DW: Oh, yes.

FH: How many children did you have?

DW: We had nine children. They are all living and our youngest one now is twenty-one years old.

FH: Where was the second [child] born?

DW: She was born in Springdale and her name is Grace Winder. The third one was —.

FH: Let's first find out a little bit about Grace. What did she do?

DW: When Grace was about six years old, before she started to school, she [was] hit [by] an automobile. It spun her around and knocked her down. They didn't think there was any damage done but, right after she started to school, she [became] sick. She got St. Vitus Dance and it just seemed like she went from bad to worse. [St Vitus Dance is also known as Chorea – involuntary jerking movements of different muscle groups.] She had rheumatic fever and it just seemed like everything went wrong. She was under the doctor's care from the time she was six until she was sixteen before we actually found out what the trouble was. Then we took her to Ogden, [Weber County] Utah.

We had her to about every doctor, I think, from Salt Lake [City] to Los Angeles [California]. We had done everything it looked like was possible for us to do. [For] a long time, she was in California with Aunt Della [(Crawford) Higley]. We [received] a telegram. [It said] that, if we wanted to see her alive, we would have to get there as quick as we could. This was during World War II [and] gas was rationed. We couldn't buy gasoline. I was working for Charles Esplin at the time. He told us he would let us have gas stamps enough to get gas. So we took our little pickup, put a fifty-gallon barrel of gas in the back of it and went to California. We took my father-in-law [James Crawford] with us and all the [children] and went down there. We [arrived at] Aunt Della's about 4:00 a. m and the doctor was sitting by Grace's bed [and] I went in. He said we could come in one at a time and see her [as] she couldn't possibly live until daylight. She was a little gal that [usually] weighed maybe eighty-five or ninety pounds. She looked like she weighed 200 [pounds]. My wife and my father-in-law came in [to] see her. My father-in-law and I administered to her. She hadn't been to sleep. They didn't dare let her go to sleep [as] they were afraid she wouldn't wake up. We administered to her and she went right to sleep.

In a little while, the doctor said he would go home; that she couldn't possibly live. He told us to watch [her], he lived just a block and a half away, [and] to get in touch with him and he would be right there. We didn't get in touch with him. [At] 11:00 a.m. the next day he came up and Grace was still asleep. [She was] just sleeping as peacefully as anybody could. He came in the room and looked at her, took her pulse, and just stood there and shook his head. When he started to walk out, [he] motioned for me to follow him. I went out and he said, "Mr. Winder, what has taken place here? As far as medicine or doctors is concerned, that girl was dead. She just couldn't possibly live." I told him that we had administered to her. He said, "I have heard something about these Mormons administering to their sick and saving their lives. But this is the first time I have ever seen anything like this. I want you to know it wasn't anything that I did to save that girl's life." He told us we would [need] to weigh every bit of fluid that she took in and that she passed. If she was passing more than she took in, she had a chance to get well.

In about five days we brought her back to Springdale. My younger brother's wife was there. They lived in Ogden [but] she came down and saw her condition. She said, "Dan, I believe there is a doctor in Ogden that can help her." So we took her to Ogden. I carried her into the doctor's office. He was an osteopath, one of these pinch and tickle doctors, so to speak, that medical doctors condemn. They [think that they] are no good for nothing. I carried Grace in there and laid her on the table. He worked on her for a little while and said that was all he could do. I went to get her to take her back out [to] the car. He said, "You won't need to carry her." She walked to the car. For \$3.00, he corrected something that had cost us every dollar that we had for ten years. It was all caused from [the time she was] hit on her hip [by] an automobile just before she started to school. [It had] caused pressure on her nerve center. Her one leg was an inch shorter than the other when she went [to] that doctor's office. He corrected [it] and that was [what] caused her all this trouble.

FH: That was a wonderful blessing, wasn't it?

DW: It surely was.

FH: [Did] she [go] ahead and have a normal life [and] marry?

DW: She has had more than a normal life. Grace has had nothing but hardships, it seems like, all her life. She never had much chance to grow up with the other [children] and have good times. She has just had a pretty rough life. She married [and] she has one sixteen-year-old boy. His [husband] is dead and she has married again. I think that is all that I care to say about that.

FH: Where was the third [child] born?

DW: Was it the pig pen or the chicken coop? [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter]

MW: The barn!

FH: The barn!

DW: Our third child was a girl. She was born in Springdale in an old log house that was built by the Flanagan's. I believe [it was] on the old man [David] Flanagan's homestead. [It was] an old log house.

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

DW: We had that for our living room and our bedroom was a tent set up against this log room. Her name was Dolores [Winder] Her mother [was very] sick. She had sugar diabetes and [an] infection. We had quite a time when she was a baby. Our doctor was the doctor for the Nevada camp. The Nevada Contracting Company [from Fallon, Nevada] had a contract to [build] the tunnel and the road up to the tunnel. They had a company doctor. His name was Clark McIntyre. He was our doctor. He spent a lot of time at our home while [she was] sick. We think an awful lot of him. When Dolores was, what was she, two?

MW: She was very small.

DW: Dolores was a [very] small girl [and] she [was] burned pretty badly. Her mother was washing and the [children were] roasting potatoes around the fire where she heated her wash water. Her clothes [caught] on fire and she [was] burned [very] bad. We put her in the car and took her to the doctor. Who was the doctor then? Aiken? No.

MW: [Inaudible]

DW: Anyway, we didn't [have] too much success [and were told] to take her to the hospital. We didn't have money to take her to the hospital. Dr. Aiken was in Kanab [Kane County, Utah] and happened to be in the drug store in Hurricane [Washington County, Utah]. He said, "I'll get you some [medicine] that will fix that baby up." He got us some Kip. [An ointment composed of mineral oil and zinc oxide that was used to treat skin conditions. It was also known as Pyrol.] We had to spread [it] on a cloth and put it on her. When we first started, it would only last about an hour and it was [very] expensive. We finally [were able to] buy it by the bucket full, not just in little tubes. It was in a quart bucket. [We would] spread it on a diaper, just like you were spreading butter on a slice of bread, [and] wrap it right around her. She has a few little scars now, but very few, and we were mighty fortunate to save her.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: When Dolores started school, she was a [very] good student. She [received] almost all straight 'A's from the beginning. [She] was a [very] fine student. She [received] prizes when she went to school in Orderville. She drove from here in every day. She [received] a prize for being the only student in the school who had not missed a day of school and never was late [during] that school year.

FH: Was that about fifteen miles away?

DW: Yes, [it was] seventeen miles.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: The last three years when she was going to Orderville to school, this was [her] sixth, seventh and eighth grades, she never missed a day nor never was late. She attended Hurricane High School and graduated. However, she was married before she graduated. She went to school the last year after she was married. She married Lindon Kay Spendlove and they have a nice family of seven children. One son is married and one son is in England on a mission. They are a [very] nice family.

FH: The next one?

DW: [I guess that] would be Doyle [Winder]. [Is he] two years young than Dolores?

MW: Yes.

DW: Our fourth [child] was a boy, Doyle C. Winder. He was also born in Springdale.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

DW: We had just bought a new place in Springdale and were in the process of building a home. Doyle was born in the home. We didn't even have the doors and windows in. We had the roof on and siding up and we put sheets up to the windows and doors and he was born under those conditions. I guess that is the reason he turned out to be so tough. [He is] tougher than whale bone, but a [very] good boy!

FH: What has happened to him?

DW: He was a little bit like his dad [and] was kicked out of school because he wouldn't shave when he wasn't too far along. He [completed] two years of high school. He served in [military service during] the Korean War. He had some real experiences there that you can't get him to talk about. When he came home from Korea he married Helen Hall from Washington [City]. They have three children. The youngest is about six years old, not a young man any more, he is six years old!

FH: Where do they live now?

DW: They are living in Zion National Park [Washington County, Utah] now. He is on the ranger force in the park service.

The next [child] is Myrtle Dora [Winder]. She was born in Springdale and has been a good student in school. She was talented in art; a good artist and does a lot of drawing. She is married to Charles Ingham. They have a family of seven children. He is a professor at the University of Nebraska at Omaha at the present time.

Then we had Paul Squire Winder. He was born when we were living in Kanab on the ranch. [I] took [my] wife to the Kanab Hospital. He has been a [very] good student in school and played football and baseball for the Hurricane High School. He graduated from the College of Southern Utah in Cedar City [Iron County, Utah]. He earned his way through college, most of the time, with football scholarships that helped him [through] school. Now he is teaching in Las Vegas [Nevada]. He married Dorothy Graf from Hurricane and they have three children — a very [nice] family.

Then there is James Harlan Winder. He was born in Orderville on January 12, 1942. He also went through school in Hurricane and graduated from Hurricane High School. He went to college in Cedar [City for] one year. He married Loretta LeFevre from Hurricane. They went to Salt Lake City [Salt Lake County, Utah] to school for the Phillips Petroleum Company. Since then, he has operated the Phillips 66 Service Station in Springdale. They had three children, [but] lost one [child].

[Next] is Danell [Winder]. She was born in Springdale and went through school in Hurricane. She drove the school bus for seventeen years for the Washington County [Utah] School [District]. I was driving a bus at the time and used to take her to Hurricane with me. When she went to kindergarten I owned a shoe shop. She would stay there with me and go to kindergarten and ride the bus back and forth. [After high school] she went to beauty college in Salt Lake City and trained to be a beautician. There is another name for it, but I can't say it. She worked at that for a couple of years. Then she went to the British Mission in England. [After] coming home, she married Roger Harris. They are living in St. George.

[Next] is Carl Thomas Winder. [He] was the last one and we kind of ran out of material. He got kind of a bad start. He is only a little [over] six feet tall and twenty-one years old. He graduated from Hurricane High School, [went] to one year of college and served a two year [LDS] mission in Florida. He is attending college in Cedar City now. That finishes the family. [There is] just two old worn out people left.

FH: [Laughter] Tell what wore you out. What are some of the things that you have

done since you married? What did you do to make a living?

DW: [Laughter] I have done everything under the sun!

FH: That is quite a bit of territory!

DW: I know that is quite a bit of territory, but I have been over it all! [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter] You said that you drove the school bus for seventeen years. Were you doing other things besides that?

DW: Right after we married, I was working on construction for the Union Pacific [Railroad] building the lodges at Zion [National Park], Cedar Breaks [National Monument, Iron County, Utah], Bryce [Canyon National Park, Garfield County, Utah] and Grand Canyon National Park [Arizona]. I stayed with them for several years. Then I worked for the Park Service [doing] construction for a few years. Wages were not too good. During the time that the road work was [being done] for the tunnels, I worked for the contractors as a stone mason and quarryman. I helped to build the rock walls that are all along the tunnel road, the bridges, [and] the arches in the tunnels. I had a part in all the rock work that is along the roads,

I tried ranching on my own for awhile, but wasn't too good of a manager so we kind of flopped at that. I had a heart attack in 1938 and was down for a couple of years. I couldn't do anything [and was] almost bedfast. I had to sell the ranch and what cattle we had to keep going. I went to work for Charles Esplin as a ranch foreman for his sheep and cattle outfits; moving camps and taking care of his ranches. [I stayed with him] for four years. In 1944 I started driving [a school] bus for [the] Washington County [School District]. I drove for seventeen years. I regained my health and went to work for a fellow by the name of William L. Mundy for a couple of years building houses. Then I went back [to work for] the park service for about two years. Then I got the job I am on now as ranch foreman for the Flying L B Ranch that belongs to Harold G. Drews . I think this is the end of my story. I have been here a little over three years.

FH: It seems [like] you gravitated back to ranching.

DW: I am here now doing the things for him that I would have like to have done for myself if I would have had the money and equipment to do it.

FH: Are you back working on your father's old homestead?

DW: That is right. I am working on the old homestead. I used to own the place after my dad didn't make a go of it. He mortgaged it to the state and I bought it back from the state and had to sell it when my health failed me. So I have had a little bit of experience in everything. I have [been] a carpenter, cooked, made ice cream and have done about everything under the sun to make a living. Never had to have any

help to amount to anything from anybody.

FH: Have you ever gone hungry?

DW: No, I [have] never gone hungry. That is one thing that I think my [children] can say, they never went hungry. Sometimes they didn't have as big of a variety as they should have had. But they always had something to wear and something to eat.

FH: Isn't that just about as much as anybody can use? [Laughter]

DW: Not as much as they would have liked to have eaten, maybe.

FH: [Inaudible] [Laughter] I would say that this sounds like a pretty wonderful life you have had, with so much variety you surely could not [be] bored.

DW: I served as a secretary to the Elders Quorum [during] that time, a counselor in the ward Sunday school, counselor in the ward bishopric for a couple of years, president of the Second Quorum of Elders twice, president of the Zion Park Stake High Priests Quorum for five years, [served] nine years as a bishop and recently was released from Sunday school superintendent [for the past] year or two. I have not exactly been idle.

FH: Not in the least. After such a life of [a] variety [of experiences [with] a wonderful family, I think you are very well-qualified to give counsel and advice to your descendants and maybe bear your testimony. What would you like to tell those [who] will come after you?

DW: Counsel and advice are [some] of the things that are most freely given and the least respected of anything on earth.

FH: Yes.

DW: It is something that you give with good intentions, but a lot of times it is not taken the way you mean it. I was talking [with] a man the other day that is seventy-eight years old. He said he could tell his son a lot of things about handling livestock, but he wouldn't listen. I told him I could do that [also]. I finally had the opportunity of making this son of his listen a little bit. He came [to] me to help him get a wild cow in. He had chased her for a day and a half and she had never gone over five miles. He couldn't get her and wanted some help. I went out to help him. We run her a-ways and I couldn't make her turn. I said, "Shall I rope her?" He said, "I don't know. I sure hate to put a rope on one. You don't have anything but trouble." I finally roped his cow, brought her in and put her in his truck. He said, "I guess it is a good thing that I got somebody [who] had a horse good enough to catch a cow and a man who knew how to handle her after he caught her." He was trying to drive her in with a wire whip. He used the wire

whip on his horse and never got close enough to hit the cow until after she was roped and tied up. He finally got the cow.

I would like to say in conclusion that work is the best thing that ever happened to mankind. The Lord said, “By the sweat of thy face thou shalt earn my bread all the days of thy life.” He didn’t mean until we were sixty-five years old and the government will keep you, or you can just lie down and die or anything else. He said, “By the sweat of thy face thou shalt earn my bread all days of thy life.” He was talking to Adam and his posterity. I guess I must be some of that posterity because I have never [had] anything without getting it by the sweat of my brow. I know that this gospel is true. I know that God lives, hears and answers our prayers. I know that the power of the Priesthood is the only thing that has saved my wife and several of my children, at times. I know that if we have problems that are bothering us, that if we will get down on our knees, humble ourselves and ask the Lord to help us with real sincerity that He will never fail us. We will know how to solve [our problems].

When I was chosen to be the bishop of the Springdale Ward, I was notified a week ahead and was told to pick some counselors. At the time, I was president of the High Priest Quorum and we had a dry farm that I was working on. I thought I had some counselors picked out and told my stake president who I wanted for counselors. He said, “I want you to be sure.” I said, “I think I am sure.” I was plowing on this stake high-priest farm and, as I came around a certain oat patch, it seemed like someone said you had better go in there and pray. I went on and came around another time and someone said you had better go in there and pray. I still went on. I came around the third time and it seemed like that somebody was standing right in front of me and said, “You had better go in there and pray.”

So I shut the tractor off and went in the oat patch and opened up my heart to the Lord. When I opened my eyes — just as plain as I could ever see anything in my life — was two men standing in front of me. [Emotional] I knew those were the men that were to be my counselors. I didn’t have the strength to do any more plowing that day. I went home and talked to my wife. I hadn’t had any sleep since the stake president had told me that I was to be the bishop. It was worrying me too much. We went to bed that night and I couldn’t sleep. Finally, I asked my wife if she would get up and pray with me. We prayed and I still couldn’t sleep. I knew these two men [very] well. I had served [with] one of them as a counselor in the bishopric five or six years [earlier]. I knew he was a good man. I knew the other fellow [very] well and he had some problems. I was afraid the people would not accept him. I got down on my knees and told the Lord the problems this other man had. I told Him if He wanted me to have him as a counselor, I would like to have him. But I didn’t know whether the people would accept him. When I opened my eyes there stood those two men. I knew that they were to be the counselors. I never said anything more about it to anybody. When we went to be set apart, Brother Romney who set us apart —

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

DW: — laid his hands on this brother's head and he went right down the list of everything that I had mentioned in my prayer that I thought was a problem. This brother was told that he would have to overcome those things. I never told Brother Romney, I never told my stake president, I never told anybody anything about it. I know that the Lord knew what He was doing. I have seen the [attendance] percentage in our Sacrament Meetings raised from twenty-two to seventy-eight percent. I have seen our Aaronic Priesthood [attendance] go from seventh in the stake to first place and win an electric clock that is still in our chapel. It is used constantly. I know that the Lord will help us and guide us if we will put ourselves in tune and do the things that He wants us to do.

I think that is sufficient.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR. END OF INTERVIEW.]