

Interview with
LUCY (CRAWFORD) SCHIEFER

January 9, 1969

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
ORAL HISTORY COLLECTION**

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LUCY (CRAWFORD) SCHIEFER

Lucy (Crawford) Schiefer was interviewed on January 9, 1969 in Springdale, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voices of Remembrance Foundation. She related her personal history of living in various parts of Utah.

FH: Would you please state your full name?

LS: [My name is] Lucy (Crawford) Schiefer.

FH: [What is] your birth date?

LS: [I was born] December 16, 1904.

FH: [Where were] you born?

LS: [I was born in] Virgin, Washington County, Utah.

FH: [What was] your father's name?

LS: [His name was] John Robinson Crawford.

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

LS: [Her name was] Eliza Ellen (Hepworth) [Crawford]

FH: Would you spell Schiefer?

LS: [It is spelled] S-C-H-I-E-F-E-R. It is a German name.

FH: [What] can you remember from your early childhood? Tell about the blessing you were given at birth.

LS: My father [was] working in the grist mill in Virgin the winter I was born. His sister [Annie (Crawford) Isom] married the son of the midwife [who] was to wait on my mother. His sister was expecting a baby at the same time. Mother moved to Virgin to be with him and be close to the midwife because she was the only one in the country [area]. She wouldn't travel that far and leave her daughter-in-law. I was born in the Hallahan house in Virgin in one of the back rooms about four o'clock in the afternoon. When I was three weeks old, mother moved back to Springdale [and] I have lived here all my life.

I lived two miles above the church house in Springdale and the [United States] Post Office until five years ago [1964]. The government bought my home and I moved over to Springdale. I am now [living] at the lower end of Springdale.

FH: Did you have [any] sickness in your early life?

LS: Yes. I was about four months old when [my parents] thought I was going to die. They took me to my great-grandfather, Samuel Kendall Gifford. He was a patriarch and they wanted a blessing for me before I died. In that blessing he promised me that I would yet live to be a mother in Israel and, through the rearing of me as a child, my parents would train me in the right way and that I would be an instrument in the hands of the Lord and work out my own salvation. I was promised that the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood would yet flow through my veins like a river. It has done [that].

When I was four years old, I was thrown from a horse. I lit on my stomach across a rock right by the side of a big boiler of boiling molasses. My father reached out a stick of cane to the boy on the horse opposite me. It struck the horse that I was on and he jumped and threw me off. [The incident happened] a fourth of a mile from my home. My father carried me home thinking I was dead. As he went in the door I started to gasp for life. He administered to me immediately and I regained my consciousness [and] lived.

When I was seventeen years old, a horse ran away with me out on the dry farm. [It was] about fifteen miles from Springdale on what we called [the] Big Plain. I was riding this horse along the street. I was only the third person [who] had ever been on the horse. He was blind in one eye. A rattlesnake was in the center of the road and it rattled. The horse jumped to the side of the road. [The area] was filled with Russian thistle and sounded like a million rattlesnakes in there. It panicked the horse. He got out of there and ran back to the barnyard which was about a mile away. Allen Hirschi, I believe it was, stopped the horse for me after he went into the barnyard. He still bucked and everything. But, in the process, it ruptured my appendix.

Two days later, I was still out [at] the dry farm, but I was very sick. My uncle and my grandmother [Carnelia (Gifford) Crawford] came out and brought me home. The doctor said I had one chance in a thousand to get well. Mother said, "We will take that chance." They worked with me day and night until I came out of it. My father was gone on a trip with two of his brothers for a family reunion of their wives' families. They had been gone for three weeks. They had no way of getting in touch with him. He was out [of] the country [area] at the time with no telephone and no way of getting word to him. They begged me to live until he came back. I am still alive!

FH: Did they operate [on you]?

LS: No. The doctor didn't think it was necessary to operate because he thought I would die.

FH: Did you attend school during these years?

LS: I started to school when I was nearly eight years old. I was very small for my age and had to walk two miles. Dad wouldn't let me go until I was nearly eight [years old]. I started [the] October before I was eight [years old]. I finished school before I was fifteen [years old].

FH: How far did you go in school?

LS: I completed the eighth grade. After I was married, I took a correspondence course with International Correspondence Schools from Canton, New Jersey. My husband [Arden Guy Schiefer] took the course and I studied with him. He received a diploma but I didn't. I hope I have a little knowledge from that [experience].

FH: Do you remember [any] teachers from your school [years]?

LS: Henry Graff from Santa Clara [Washington County, Utah] was my first [grade] teacher. Arthur Paxman was my second [grade] teacher. Robert Woodbury was my third [grade] teacher. From there, I [will] just have to name the teachers, but I cannot remember [the order of them]: Walter Cottam, Milton Moody, Sadie [inaudible] and Marvin Terry

FH: Did you enjoy school?

LS: [I enjoyed it] very much.

FH: Did you have good teachers?

LS: They were excellent teachers. At that time, I am sure our education through the eighth grade was equivalent to the high schools today.

FH: How old were you at the finish of the eighth grade?

LS: I wasn't quite fifteen [years old]

FH: In the early years did you take any trips?

LS: When I was about sixteen [years old] a group of about twenty-six people, including one aunt and a great aunt, Mary Winder and Etta Gifford, chaperoned a group of young folks up [to] the Asay Creek [Garfield County, Utah] area, Mammoth Creek, on a fishing trip. We were gone two weeks. We went by team and wagon [with] two wagons and a few horses. Most of us had horses to ride at

that time. The only food we had was what we could gather around the outside [of the camp]. That trip was outstanding because we had to go through Zion Canyon and up the east rim trail on top of the [Cable] Mountain. [We] took these aunts [who] lived on ranches there. We went through Mount Carmel, Orderville [and] Glendale and up through Long Valley Canyon to Asay Creek. It was a wonderful trip. I think there were twenty-six fish caught [during] the trip. [Mount Carmel, Orderville and Glendale are in Kane County, Utah.]

FH: The fish were not as important as the fun. [Laughter]

LS: That is right! One morning we woke up and there had been a rain during the night. We were in the ranger cabin up on Asay Creek. We all ran out to see the big flood. It was clear water which we couldn't believe, because down here our flash floods are muddy as can be. [Laughter] That was good water because it had to go through the swamps and the meadows there and there is no place to pick up mud.

FH: I noticed a sign down below here when I was coming up that says that sometimes the river gets so muddy that the fish swim backwards to keep the dust out of their eyes! [Laughter]

LS: [Laughter] Julius Madsen put that sign up there.

FH: The Virgin River gets [fairly] muddy.

LS: Yes it does. In fact, all year it is muddy. It should have been named Muddy River, but it was called the Virgin River by mistake.

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

LS: When I was ten years old, the Sunday school superintendent asked me and Cambalina Hepworth to go out and gather flowers for the mothers for Mother's Day. We went to several places in town. This was the first time I ever did that kind of work. I was on committees to gather money for celebrations like Fourth of July, Twenty Fourth of July, when they gave prizes for races and [other events] from that time on. So I must have done a good job that first day. I have worked on committees of various sorts ever since, civic and church.

FH: Did you have [any] activities in Primary, Sunday school and Relief Society before you were married?

LS: I was asked to be an organist for Relief Society when I was sixteen years old. The organist [had] moved to Salt Lake City [Salt Lake County, Utah and] there [was] no one else to play. The president of [the] Relief Society lived two miles out of town and was a neighbor to me. She didn't know how to drive a team. I had

driven teams ever since I was [very] young, so I took her and her mother and some other women in the district to Relief Society [meetings]

FH: You were the taxi! [Laughter] What did you do in Primary before [your] marriage?

LS: I was a primary teacher when I was fourteen years old. I was an assistant to Zelpha Langston. [She] would say to the children, "If you be right quiet while Lucy tells a story, I will go down home and bring you some treats." They would be very quiet while she was gone. As soon as she returned to take over, they were noisy again! [Laughter]

FH: You had a way with them.

LS: It was the treats, not me!

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LS: [William] "Will" Gifford was the superintendent of the Sunday school [when] the organist moved away. He asked me to be [the] assistant organist and [to] take over until they could get a new organist. From that time on, any time that was necessary, and there was no one else to do it, they asked me to do [play the organ]. I picked up music by myself. My father taught me the names of the notes and time on them. Other than that, I have never had any lessons in music. My father was one of the best musicians in the town. He could play any instrument he picked up. He was a beautiful singer. My grandfather, his father, was also a musician. He played the violin and the organ.

[Lucy's father, John Robinson Crawford, owned a baritone horn which I heard him play many times. They had a reed organ and a violin. I think a couple of the boys could play the violin...not well, but they could play some. I think Uncle John had played in the band which Edward Duzette organized in Rockville and Springdale.

Added by J. L. Crawford during editing.]

FH: What was your grandfather's name?

LS: [His name was] William Robinson Crawford. He was a pioneer [in] this country [area].

FH: Was he called to come here in the early days?

LS: He came with his mother [Marilla (Terry) Crawford]. [Her first husband was John Crawford.] [Their only child, William Robinson Crawford] was born in Calhoun County, Illinois on an island in the Illinois River. It was part of one big island. I don't believe the island is there today. He came with his mother and her family by

another name to Utah. Her second husband [Nelson Hansen] left her and went to California to the [California] Gold Rush. We never heard of him again. He had one son [who] he took with him, Andrew Jackson Hansen. In later years, he came back to hunt for his mother, but I believe it was too late to see her. He did see his brothers and sisters.

FH: Did he say what had happened to his father?

LS: He didn't know either. He [had] farmed him out to neighbors and left him. He didn't know [how] he died. He later became a reverend in [the Methodist] Church.

FH: There is a story that has to do with an apple that tells a little about your father's character. Would you tell about that [story]?

LS: Yes. My father taught us to eat an apple down to the core. He said, "Don't waste anything because there are people in the world [who are] starving. You should think of those people whenever [you take] an apple. Eat all of it and [so] not waste it."

FH: It was a wonderful lesson in frugality.

LS: That is right.

FH: Is there anything else about your father you would like to tell?

LS: We had a wood and coal stove and a fireplace in the old home. We were taught to save the ashes. Mother used ashes to soften the water for washing. It seemed [that the water] was always muddy on wash day. We would put some ashes in the water, stir it very vigorously for a few minutes, let [the water] settle [and] dip the ashes off of the top [as they] came up. Then [we would] dip the clear water off and start over again until we had enough [water] to do our washing.

FH: Did [the ashes] soften the water?

LS: [Ashes do] soften the water. They make lye from the ashes of the ash tree. When I was small, my grandfather used to pile [up] the ash trees. [He would] cut them down, and while they were yet green, he would pile them in piles and put dirt over the top of them [to] make charcoal. He was a blacksmith. My father was a blacksmith by trade and also a wheelwright. My grandfather used to make wagons from start to finish. He would put the iron tires on them. He used his own charcoal for that purpose. He had a big grove down across the [Virgin] River from what is now the cafeteria. All through there was a big orchard [of] ash trees grown for that purpose — to build his wagons. He used the ash. It was [a] hard wood. He used that to make wagons, the wagon tongues, [inaudible]. [See addendum.]

FH: [Did] he use his own wood to make the wagons?

LS: That is right. He treated it.

FH: We would have a hard time doing that today.

LS: When I was a [young] girl, a visitor came over to make little baskets. He made some [from] the willows. The scrub was willow. His name was Joseph Millet, Sr. He was the father of many of the early pioneers [in] this part of [the] country [area]. He [Millet] also took shavings [from] his ash trees and would weave very small baskets. [They were] lovely baskets that would last a long time. You could use them for various [items].

FH: Your father was a talented man.

LS: Yes, my father was a very talented man. He was a builder and [also] took a course in pharmacy. He expected to go into [the] drugstore business at some time in his life. He wanted to be a school teacher [but] his father thought he needed to be on the farm, so he never [became] a school teacher. He studied and had one of the best educations of anyone in the country [area] at that time. In fact, his [education] lasted until he was twenty-one years old.

After he was married, he was run over by a runaway team. My oldest brother [William], two of father's youngest brothers [Dan and Jacob] and sisters, Emma Crawford and Marilla [were in the wagon]. I don't know [if] anyone else was on the wagon. Father was cutting hay, green feed for the cows at night. The team [became] frightened [while] these children were sitting in the wagon. Father ran to grab the team and he got one line in his hand, but it was just enough to throw him. He rolled over and the wagon wheel caught him and rolled him over and over. He lived through it, but it caused an extra [deformed] joint in his back so he was kind of humped-back the rest of his life from the accident. He went to school afterwards to learn to be a school teacher.

FH: [Did he want] to do things with his mind instead of hard work?

LS: That is right, but he continued on with the hard work. He was a watchmaker and cleaned [watches]. He had a lot of [watch parts] on his table the day he died. He also took care of honey bees. He was the only one in the country [area] for years [who] took care of bees. I used to love to go out with him. When I was about nine years old, I went out and somehow a bee got in my glove and stung me on the center of the hand. It hurt so bad that I gave up working in the bees with him. I don't care much about that anymore. My brother older than me, Newell [Knight Crawford], was allergic to bee stings so he couldn't help. We did help with the honey after dad brought it to the house.

FH: Tell about your mother.

LS: Mother made quilts and worked in [the] Relief Society. She [also] worked in Primary. One time in the summer it was so far to go the two miles to church that they gave us a branch. We lived in a little hamlet called Oak Creek [Washington County, Utah]. Pauline Ruesch was the branch president of the Primary [with] mother, Sarah Crawford and, I believe, Fanny [(Crawford) Gifford. Fanny played the organ. While her [Fanny's] husband [John Gifford] was on a [LDS] mission, she played the organ. Pauline Ruesch's father [John Jacob Ruesch, a Swiss immigrant] was a very wonderful musician and [had] taught her music, so she led the singing. We had enough children [so] that we could have Primary without going to Springdale to the ward.

FH: What do you remember about your mother's parents?

LS: I remember my grandfather, Squire Hepworth. He came down and stayed two or three winters with my mother. He lived in Oxford, Idaho. That is where [my mother] was born. After she was married, he moved to Elba, Idaho. That is where my grandmother, Margaret Ellen (Cox) Hepworth, lived. She died there. After she died, I had two uncles, [John and George Hepworth, whose] wives had died. They would bring grandfather down and spend the winter here. It was too cold in Idaho to work, so they came down. Mother would take care of all of them. In fact, three of her brothers lived there for seven winters. One brother, [Arlo Hepworth] stayed there in the summer as well. Arlo was raised in the family and he seemed just like a brother to me. He was seven years older than me [and] is still living now in [inaudible] Idaho. He married after he left here.

I don't remember much about what grandfather did during my lifetime. Before that, he lived in Springdale for a few years and was a carpenter. There are houses all over the country [area] that he built. He used to put bric-brac, they called it, around the houses. A number of [houses] in Orderville still stand with his fancy trimming on the houses. Most of the houses in Springdale that he helped to build have been torn down.

FH: [It seems] like your mother must have been a hard worker.

LS: Not only that, in the early stages of Zion National Park [Washington County, Utah], she ran a boarding house and took care of a number of men [who] worked on the road. We had fourteen [men] at one time [who] came there for meals. She put up lunches for all of them.

FH: Is this [when] they were building the [Zion] Tunnel?

LS: No, [it was] before that, when they built the road in the floor of the canyon. I guess from 1915 to 1921 [when] they [built] that [road].

She was a hard worker all her life. She raised everything we ate. We dried peaches when I was a [young] girl. Sometimes father would go with [some of the

men to peddle], but usually he sold his peaches to someone else. They would take [fruit] as far as Manti [Sanpete County, Utah] and maybe even [to] Salt Lake City and trade for cloth for our use. Sometimes we would get sugar, but mostly we [used] honey because father raised the honey. We were poor people. We didn't have —

FH: [Was] it honey and local sorghum molasses?

[John Crawford kept bees and produced honey for many years. At that time, everybody grew sorghum cane.

Added by J. L. Crawford]

LS: Sorghum molasses which they grew, ground and processed.

FH: [Were] there any faith-promoting experiences [in your life]?

LS: There was one after I was married. My grandmother [Carnelia (Gifford) Crawford] was sick. My father and Uncle [Daniel] "Dan" Crawford and his wife [Sarah] were going to St. George [Washington County, Utah] to go to one day-time session [at] the [St. George] Temple. They wanted to go by way of the Big Plain early in the morning. Grandmother Crawford wanted to go with them. She hadn't been there for some time and wanted to go with them. They took her out to Big Plain and down to Hurricane [Washington County, Utah] and left grandmother with Aunt [Anna] Annie [(Crawford)] Isom, her daughter, and Mary Stout for the day. Then father, Uncle "Dan" and Aunt Sarah went through one session in the afternoon at the temple.

When they came back to Hurricane to pick grandmother up, we found she had had a heart attack during the day. She felt that she was going to die. She begged them to take her home so she could die. [There] was twenty-five miles yet to go. So father and Uncle "Dan" administered to her and asked the Lord [if] He would spare her life until she could get home. On the way home, I was driving with Aunt Sarah and my mother sitting in the seat to the side of me. Father and Uncle "Dan" [were] in the back seat with grandmother.

Just the other side of what is called Duncan Flats, there was a dugway. The roads were quite narrow and we met [two] big double trucks with gasoline tanks. I guess we called them semi-trucks. It wasn't dark, but it was after sundown. I turned out to meet [the] first truck not realizing he had a trailer behind him. I turned the car back and saw these big [inaudible] wheels right in front of my car. I also saw an arm reach out and grab the steering wheel out of my hands, [spin] the car around and miss these wheels just by inches. No one said a word for a few minutes. Then my father said, "That was certainly a narrow escape." I said, "Yes. If Aunt Sarah hadn't grabbed this wheel we would all have been killed." He said, "No one moved." I said, "Well, somebody grabbed my wheel. It must have been father [who] reached out because I saw the arm go past me and take that wheel. I

thought it was Aunt Sarah.” Father said, “No one moved in this car. You had help from someone else.” I knew then the Lord had answered their prayer on grandmother’s behalf. She lived a year after that night.

FH: Not only [was] her life saved, but all the rest.

LS: We should have all been killed at that time.

FH: Were there any other experiences?

LS: I have been blessed a number of times. We had to depend upon the Lord [when we were] ill and anything that happened because we lived fifty miles from the nearest doctor. [There] was a Dr. Middleton in St. George and I don’t recall the name of the doctor in Cedar City [Iron County, Utah]. But those two places were the closest to us. When anything went wrong, we called upon the Lord to help us [when] it became an event in our lives. We [thought] the Lord would be there whenever anything happened. Father was very strict to see that we had family prayer morning and night.

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

LS: We turned the chairs with the backs to the table before we ate our breakfast and before we ate our evening meal. We had prayer to guide us through the day and through the night. We depended entirely on the Lord because it was so far to go to a doctor. That is the reason my father had that [deformed] joint in his back that I spoke of awhile ago. It took two days to get him to a doctor. By that time, I don’t know if rigor mortis had set in, or what, but the doctor said it was too late to change [his] back and operate. [His back] couldn’t be changed at that time.

FH: Is there a story about an egg connected with your grandfather?

LS: My grandfather died when I was only nine years old so [this happened] quite some time [earlier]. I used to run and gather the eggs for my grandmother. She was a hard worker and would work in the garden. She knew I was dependable and I would gather those eggs. Each night I would bring the eggs to her. She would say, “How many eggs did you gather today?” I would tell her. Always she was one egg short. She would give me articles to count to see whether I knew how to count because there was always an egg missing. One night she didn’t work in the garden, she sat in the laundry room (she called it) and watched through the window to see what happened when I gathered the eggs. When I came to the corral gate to come out, grandfather met me. He picked up one egg and poked a whole in the end of it and sucked his egg for the day. [Laughter] I came in the house and grandmother would say, “How many eggs did you gather today?” She kept strict count because she paid tithing on those eggs. Every tenth one had to go for tithing. Then she knew why I miscounted the eggs. [Laughter]

FH: [Laughter]

LS: Grandfather was a very humorous man [with] what they called dry humor. He could laugh until he would shake his newspaper [and] he could hardly hold it and never make a sound. I never did hear him laugh, but I have seen him laugh a number of times. It kind of runs in the family. My father didn't laugh very loud and had several brothers [who] didn't make much noise. They also were quiet. My father's brother, "Jim" [James Crawford], was considered very quiet. He seldom spoke and said he learned more by listening than he did by talking. He was very careful.

FH: What did you do for fun when you were growing up?

LS: We were raised on a big ranch. To go from one side [of the ranch] to the other took quite a little while so we had horses that we would ride. Once in awhile, I didn't stop for a bridle or even a rope. I would just walk out, whistle, the horse would come to me and I would pile on. One day father caught me out on the street that way on the highway. He gave me a severe bawling out for that. He said I had no way whatever of defending myself that way. If anything startled the horse and it wanted to ride — and I did have horses run away with me a time or two, so I knew he was right. I never stopped for a saddle if I wanted to ride the horse over the field anywhere, unless I had to carry something.

We had a big row of currant bushes across the river. This, I [would] guess, was three quarters of a mile from the house. We would go over there in the spring and the summer and pick currants. Mother and I would each ride a horse and each carry two buckets of currants back to the house on these horses. We could put the bridle over the horn of the saddle when we had the saddle on. To go across the [Virgin] River, if it was very important, we usually rode a horse. If they were busy in the hay field, then we would have to wade [across] the river or cross on a foot bridge that my father made.

One time a cousin of mine, Nora Jolley, she was Nora Crawford at the time, waded across the river. It was a clear day. [She] carried her shoes and stockings. When we went to come back, the river was up just under our arms and it was getting kind of muddy, [but] it wasn't too bad. We got out and, by the time we [were] on the outside, a larger flood came down. [Laughter] It would have swept us away if we had [stayed longer].

Another narrow escape that I had was with my father and mother. It was on the Twenty Fourth of July. We had been celebrating in Rockville [Washington County, Utah]. We came home and we had pigs across the [Virgin] River in [the] orchard under the currant bushes. Father had to haul water for them because the water was out of the ditch that ran past. We dipped up water, filled the barrels and took them up to the pigs. [We] came back and he said, "I will fill these barrels to take to the house." We lived about a half a mile from the river. At that time, there

was no water system here. All our water [came] from the river. He was dipping up water and said to mother, "Whip the horses quick!" She didn't understand so he yelled for the horses to move. They did and when we turned to look back a flood had gone past us. If we hadn't [moved], we may have been swept down.

FH: Did these flash floods come from way up the river someplace?

LS: Yes, from the head of the [Virgin] River. We [would] have no warning unless you heard a rumbling noise. Sometimes they were [loud] enough [that] you could hear the rocks rolling. We [would] know [what it] was [when] we heard [the sound], but we were talking and didn't hear.

On another occasion, we had a big flash flood. The dam to the Springdale ditch was straight down from our house. We went down to [find] the water pouring over the dam. It was so beautiful [and] dad said, "I will go up and get the team and bring [my] mother down." My mother was with the children. There were three children and we were down on the riverbank. He [was] almost to the house and he came back, called to my mother and said, "Bring the children and come to the house. It might become bigger." She laughed. But she took the children and started to the house with him. He got the team [which] happened to be already harnessed. He just hooked it up and [brought] his mother and came back.

We had a big cane patch on the north side of what was called Oak Creek Wash [that] went into the river, just above the dam. We had a big squash patch on the opposite side of the river. It was the Twenty Fourth of July and there was quite a number of squash already formed on the vines. The cane was up [very] nice. It had heads on, but [was] not ripe. By the time father hitched the team to the buggy and [brought] grandmother back down there, the flood was up [to] where we had been standing. It had taken all [of the] cane patch [and] all the squash patch on the other side of the river.

The only flood I know of that was bigger than that was the one that came down five years ago [1964] and the one a year ago last December [1968]. These two [floods], I think, had more water than [the earlier] one. Father's premonition that more water would come saved the life of his wife and three children.

FH: Was the one five years ago when the scoutmaster from [the] Salt Lake Valley was caught in it?

LS: That is right.

FH: He was our neighbor.

LS: There were five of them [who] were drowned in that [flood]. This other one came down on December 19, [1968].

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LS: We had to have our own parties because there was no television or radios. We had our own orchestra through the town. Various ones [who] knew how to play instruments would get together and find their own music for dances and [events]. We always had parties, especially in the wintertime, and a dance about once a week. Friday night was our dance [night]. We always [planned] that Saturday night was [inaudible] night. [Laughter] We didn't have dances or anything. My father had a home evening [on] Saturday night in my home. We always had refreshments after reading the scripture and talking over the messages from the [Holy] Bible or he would give us lessons. We didn't have a lesson book that I remember back in that day. [It was] about 1915, I recall, [when] we had home evening. But he always read from the [Holy] Bible. Then we would have singing. My father played the organ. Some of the time we would invite neighbors in. One boy, especially, used to like to hear the tunes my father played that would jiggle the organ, he called it. [Laughter] The floor must not have been even so the organ would kind of jiggle on some of the pieces like *Turkey in the Straw* and *Marching Through Georgia*. [Laughter] Dad could play very good that way and he played for dances, too.

David Lemmon was a Native American. He learned to play the violin. He couldn't read except the *Book of Mormon* and he did that by faith alone. He couldn't read any other book. He learned that through prayer, but he could play the violin so that anybody could dance by that [music].

[David Lemmon was a full-blooded Native American, but from what tribe I don't know. He was raised by a family [named] Lemmon. He married a very blonde woman and raised a family in Rockville. His son, David, "Dave" married Rozette Gifford. Two of their daughters and a son became successful school teachers. "Dave, Jr." owned and ran the Zion cable for many years.

Added by J. L. Crawford during editing.]

FH: Did he live here in the community?

LS: He lived down between Rockville and Springdale for awhile. Then he moved to Rockville and that is where he died.

FH: Did he have his family with him?

LS: Yes, he had a family. He had a son by the name of David [who] married one of my father's cousins. The two towns joined together a lot of the time for sports. In our own home, mother used to entertain a lot. Young folks would gather there Sunday afternoons and maybe she would prepare supper at night for everyone. Sometimes the boys from the town would gather chickens, kill them, clean them and bring them in. Mother would cook them for a chicken supper for us. Or they

would bring canned oysters, and mother would cook them for an oyster supper. We had all kinds of suppers that way.

It wasn't just an age group. We had [from] grandmothers on down to young children to [come] out to our parties. Our social life was our community. It was a community affair. I remember Adelia [(Gifford)] Dennett, Zelpha Langston, my mother and Jane Gifford coming out. We always had chaperones for our parties. I don't remember ever going to parties without some older people to chaperone us. [Adelia Gifford married Dan Dennett.]

We had one game we used to play called Run-Sheep-Run. [We] would choose up sides. [Another game was Hide-and-Seek.] One side would go and hide and maybe they would hide a half a mile from where the other group was. We would scatter out and hunt in the fields and around the houses. We did have a limit on the space they could go, as far as the fields or the ledges were concerned. But they could go up and down the street as far as they wanted. If we could find them, they had to give the party. If our time limit was up before we found them, then we had to give the next party.

[Hide-and-Seek was sometimes a serious adult game involving the community.

Added by J. L. Crawford during editing.]

FH: I bet you looked [for them fairly] hard. [Laughter] No matter how it came out, you had a party.

LS: That is right. We had a party no matter which [side won]. It all depended on who lost, [who] would furnish the [next] party. We did have some parties without refreshments. We played games. We didn't go [to a party] and just stand around like some people do. We played games. They were uplifting, too. We learned things. We had quizzes. I remember [we] used to make [our] own games and think up ways to have games.

FH: What sports did you enjoy?

LS: In school I was on the girls' ball team all the time. [It was a simplified version of baseball called liners with one base.] I could foot race with most any of them. There weren't any girls my age, only boys, in my town. There were either girls' two years older or two years younger. The year I was born, it was all boys but me. We didn't have too many at that time at [my] age, so I had to either run faster than the smaller group or run [very] fast to catch up with the older group.

Horseback riding was our main sport. We used to have horse races. I lost a hat once. It [was] ruined in a race and I had paid \$5.00 for it. I felt bad about it because it was my own money.

FH: [That] was a lot of money in those days.

LS: It was.

FH: What about music in your life?

LS: We have always had music in the home. We had to make our own, but we always had it. Father had a violin and a baritone horn. He played either one of them very well. He had an old organ that was brought across the plains. He taught me the names of the notes and the time. Other than that, I [was] on my own. I learned to play by ear at first; then he taught me so that I could read notes. I never did get so I was perfect in music, but I entertained myself. I was organist for [the] Relief Society a number of times. I was assistant organist other times. I was organist for the Primary for years. If I remember right, my Aunt Marilla [(Crawford)] Ruesch was the Primary president for about nineteen years. I helped her in some way all those years. Sometimes I was the play leader if we could find someone else to do the playing of the organ while I taught dances to the students or a game.

The most [impressive thing that] stands out in [my mind about] Primary, was the drills. Aunt Marilla would mark out a drill with chalk on the floor. Then one of my playmates and I would be leaders and would follow these lines. The rest of the students would carry little flags until they learned how to [march]. Then we would step aside and let the children go on and [do] these drills. We always had a drill for the Fourth of July and the Twenty Fourth of July. [Drills] had to be in the celebration. We would get on the stage and march around with our flags. We would braid the Maypole every May day [May First]. [When] Thornton Hepworth was the bishop (he was an uncle of mine), we had a half-holiday on Saturday for the community. Everybody quit work. Each Saturday afternoon, we had a half-holiday. Everybody quit work and played games. [We would] play ball, or [go on] picnics in the canyons and celebrate that half-day so that we didn't have to do that on Sunday.

The community was united enough at that time that if they were out even on the Fourth or Twenty Fourth of July for a celebration and someone had their hay down and it would start to rain, everybody stopped, went out and hauled that hay in. They didn't work on Sundays in those days. They were very helpful.

One of my uncles on my mother's side, [inaudible], had a big field of wheat out in the shock. It looked like it was going to rain early Sunday morning. He thought he would deviate from not working on Sunday. He hauled [in] all [the hay] that he could and had a beautiful stack by the time sacrament meeting was out in the afternoon. It didn't rain until he had this one stack all completed, but he still had some out in the field. The cloudburst came and a big flood came down in the wash a little way from his barn. [The water] caught on a tree and switched the stream over and washed the whole stack away. What he had left out in the field he

still had. He said, "If that isn't a lesson for me not to work on Sunday, I don't know what would be."

FH: Have you enjoyed reading?

LS: Yes. I have about as big a library in the home, I guess, as most people have in their home. I don't take time out from working in the daytime to read, but I read nights. Whenever I am sick, I spend my time reading. I have accomplished quite a little bit in life through reading these books. I have good books. I don't have trashy books in my home. I never bought comic books for my children to read. They had good books. I have church books and classics. I have encyclopedias. My children have used those all through school. I have studied to try to keep up with my children. They have all been through college. I have had six children. The first one [Arden Crawford Schiefer] died [December 30, 1924] the day after he was born, but I raised the others. Two [of my] boys are bishops [in the church].

FH: Before you tell about your family, tell about your courtship and your marriage.

LS: [Laughter] I should be married before I have children! I went to a school party one night. It was on May 19, [1923]. That year, I think, school was [out] later than it usually was in those days. I was eighteen years old. My father and my brothers carried the mail for Springdale. It was about mail time. It was late at night and the school play was out. We had gone down with an uncle [who] had a very slow team. Everybody knew Uncle Louis Crawford with his slow horses. He didn't whip them up. Well, one [horse] was too old. I guess he was afraid to whip it for fear it would die if it went very fast.

When we came out, we saw the lights of this car coming into town. I said to my sister, "Squire is coming. Let's ride home with him." She said, "You go out and stop him." I ran out in the road with both hands up and right in front of the lights so he had to stop or run over me. When the car stopped, it wasn't my brother at all. [Laughter] It was Arden Guy Schiefer. He had a school teacher with him from Rockville. They had completed their program down there and he was taking her for a little ride afterwards. [Laughter] I apologized to him and told him I thought it was my brother and I was going to ride home with him. Nothing would do but what I would ride home with him anyway. So the school teacher moved over to the side of him, my older sister [was] sitting there and held me on her lap. He had a one-seat car, a Ford. I believe it was a 1922 Ford car, the old style. So he took me the two-mile distance to my home.

He said that night, "I will see you again." The next time I met him, he asked for a date. The school teacher never liked me very [well] from then on! [Laughter] That was May 19, [1923]. In November he asked me to marry him and I did.

FH: Where were you married?

[Arden Guy and Lucy (Crawford) Schiefer were married November 14, 1923 in Parowan, Iron County, Utah.]

LS: [We were married] in Parowan [Iron County] Utah. He was not a Mormon. He was from a little town nine miles from Bucyrus, Ohio. That was their mailing address. He lived on a farm a mile and a half from the little town of Broken Sword in Lykens Township, Crawford County, Ohio. He came out west for his health. He had had typhoid fever and the doctor said he shouldn't work for a year and he should travel around. So he went to California and came back with a Mr. Ira Millett from Rockville. Ira was a carpenter down in California. He wanted to come home. He had an older car and he was afraid to come across the desert back in 1922 alone. He asked Arden to come with him and told him he would board him for \$15.00 a month if he would come and stay here that winter. They came in November 1922. In March 1923, Arden [found] a job in Zion National Park as a surveyor with Mr. Balsizer. I don't remember his first name. So he was going back and forth all the time. I met him in Allred's store right after [the] trip [when] he had taken me home and that was our first date.

The night that he proposed to me I was out [at] the dry farm called the Big Plains. I had been cooking for a [group] of thrashers out there. He [came] out and brought me home on Saturday evening. When we came to Rockville there was a big cloudburst that came down. My brother, William, and my Uncle Louis Crawford were coming in with wagons and were ahead of us. We had stopped to gather pine nuts on the way. They came down ahead of us, but we passed them before they crossed the [Virgin] River. My husband, a friend at that time, had left his car in Rockville under a tree and we would leave our horses at Rockville. He had borrowed them to go out to the dry farm to bring me in. When we [came] to this river, we waited to watch these people cross before the flood came down. We could see the flood coming [and] they did get across in time. That was the last we saw them when they left there. We went to put the horses in the corral. By the time the storm was over, a tree had blown down across the car and we couldn't move it. It didn't hurt the car, but we couldn't move the car. The bridge on the upper end of Rockville washed out and the floods from there to Springdale, a distance of four miles, were so bad that we [returned] by horseback. It took us four hours to make those four miles. We didn't know where my brother and my uncle were with the team and wagon. We looked for them all the way along the road but we couldn't find them.

When we [arrived at] Springdale, I stopped at my Aunt Marilla (Crawford) and Uncle Walter Ruesch's place. Arden went back to Rockville to hunt for them. When they [came] back to Rockville, they found they had turned into Brig Dalton's place because the horses just refused to go on. The rain was so hard they turned right around in the harness facing the wagon. They stopped and we had missed them right there in town.

After everything was safe, and it was about two o'clock in the [morning], Arden was going to take me on home. Aunt Marilla said as long as my mother didn't know I was coming, I might as well stay there and spend the evening. She fixed a supper for us or breakfast, you might call it, and he wanted to know how I looked across the table from him. [Laughter] I don't remember what was on the table to eat — only that she had some soup. When we got up to wash the dishes, he came in to help me. He took me in his arms and said, "You look pretty good. I would like to have you stay there the rest of my life — across the table from me for all the meals that I eat." So I promised to do it. We lived for nearly forty-five years together. He died July 27, 1968.

FH: Where did you start housekeeping?

LS: In one of my mother's rooms. My father had built two new rooms on his house at that time. My sister [Susan (Crawford) Ruesch] older than me had married in March before I [was] married in November. So we fixed this one room up, painted and papered and put our stove, a bed, a dresser, a table, some chairs and a cupboard all in this one room. [Laughter] We stayed there for nearly a year. Then we moved to two rooms and a hallway in my grandmother's house because grandmother had to have someone take care of her. We moved there so I could be handy to take care of her.

Arden was working on [the] survey crew in Zion [National] Park. He worked there from 1923 until 1929. In the summertime, he would work as a check-in ranger. In the wintertime, he would work with the survey crew or whatever else they might have for him. He had steady work most of the time. If he didn't, he worked on a little farm that we bought for \$200.00. [It is] where the present visitor's center is in Zion National Park. We owned a two-acre farm [there].

FH: You bought a farm for \$200.00?

LS: It was quite a bit of money at that time. We built our first home there and moved in it on my father's birthday on May 12, 1925. In 1926, I went back and lived with my mother for a little while when my second baby was born. Our first baby was born when we lived there and we lost it. I went back there and lived with her for a little while so she could take care of me because my health was so bad.

FH: Tell about each [of your] children.

LS: The first child was named Arden Crawford [Schiefer], my maiden name being Crawford. He lived just thirty-seven hours and died [December 30, 1924]. His brain was crushed. He was an instrument case [birth] and came six weeks premature. The doctor crushed his brain bringing him. He said if he lived he would [have] been an idiot. Through administration the Lord was merciful and took him. Then we went until November two years later before the second one was born.

[END OF RECORDING TWO.]

LS: The little girl [Dorothy Schiefer] came to us on November 9, [1926]. She grew up here in Springdale. She worked in Grandma's Kitchen for a year and then went up to the lodge [in Zion National Park] and worked. [Grandma's Kitchen was later known as Bumblebee Café and Bumbleberry Inn.] She worked as an assistant [at] the fountain and then she transferred to Sun Valley, Idaho and worked one year. I don't know whether it was in Sun Valley or whether it was in Zion [National Park] that she met Norman Gilger. He had been married and had a two-year-old boy at the time they were married. She met him [when she was] working for the Union Pacific [Railroad]. He was a truck driver, but I don't know whether it was in Zion or in Sun Valley. I know she had other [boyfriends] —

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LS: — at the time. She married him August 13, 1949. They lived in Cedar City the first year and had one son there. Then they went to Las Vegas [Nevada] [and] to Boulder City [Nevada]. At first they lived in Boulder City three different places and then she came back to the same doctor for her second child. The first one is named Norman Hughes [Gilger] for his father. The second one they named Arden Russell [Gilger] for his grandfather and an uncle. They moved over to Henderson [Nevada]. Norman lost his job as a truck driver due to a wreck caused by rain and faulty brakes. The brakes [were] wet and he couldn't handle the truck coming down off Cedar Mountain [Iron County, Utah]. So he started working for the Titanium Corporation of America in Las Vegas. The third son, Robert Clinton [Gilger], was born there in Henderson.

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LS: [When] he was a few weeks old, they moved over to the Twin Lakes area in North [Las] Vegas and they are still there.

Dorothy was a very good student in school. The first 'B' [grade] she ever had was the last day in high school. It was from a music teacher because he thought she wasn't working at music. It wasn't because she wasn't up on it. He thought she could work harder so he gave her a 'B'. She had her college education in St. George at Dixie College.

I think she married very well. She has been through the temple and had her children sealed to her. She is working in the church and her husband and family [also] are. She raised [the] oldest boy of his named Timothy [Gilger] until he went into [military] service [for] his country. He spent three or four years in the [United States] Navy and was released recently. He went back to Topeka, Kansas to go to school. He met a girl there and married [her] December 28, 1968.

FH: What about the next [child]?

LS: The next one was Kenneth Guy [Schiefer]. [He was] named for our Uncle Kenneth and Guy is his father's middle name. He was very good in school and was [at] the head of his class. He and Mack Hardy seemed to be quite a bit ahead of others in their class. The teacher had to give them extra work. They wanted us to pay \$25.00 extra to get him in a class ahead so he could go to Hurricane to school — which we didn't do. I would rather he be a leader in his own class than the tail-end of another class. After [high] school was over, and before his college [education] was finished, he went on a [LDS] mission to Texas and Louisiana. He filled a two-year mission, came back and volunteered for [military] service [for] his country. He spent one year in France and Germany. He came back, went back to college and met Viola Seitz from Veyo [Washington County, Utah]. She was working in St. George and attending school there. They [were] married and have had three children — Terry and Kenneth Guy, for his father, and Sally, a girl.

Kenneth is a bishop. He served as a bishop's counselor three different times before he was put in as a bishop. He also was a high councilor for a little while before he was put in as bishop of the Artesia Ward in Long Beach, California.

FH: Is he keeping [very] busy?

LS: Yes. He is out of mischief! He is working at the present time for Northrup Nortronics. He never has asked for a job in his life. He came home from district school one day and said, "I have a job in the morning." I said, "What doing?" "Washing dishes down at [inaudible] Motel." They had asked him if he would come wash dishes for them. He worked there for awhile. When he [was] out of school, the engineer there from the Hurricane Mesa [Rocket Sled Track], asked him to go work for them. He worked there for awhile and then he worked in Zion National Park. The chief clerk came and asked him if he would go to work for them. After he worked for the engineer there on the mesa, they liked his work well enough that they sent him to California. He worked in Compton and Torrance, California for quite some time before he started at Northrup Nortronics. Each place had heard of his work and asked him to come. He didn't work on the Hurricane Mesa here because Ted Coleman, [who] was over the company, retired and it broke up the company. They disbanded and placed [the employees] in other companies. He has never had to ask for a job.

The next [child] was named Gerald Robinson [Schiefer]. The Robinson was taken from my father's middle name and also from my grandfather's middle name. We don't know where it came in the family, but it was a family name back on my grandfather's side somewhere. My father asked me to carry it on. We did the best we could. There were four girls in [my father's] family. One died and the other three lived, but we couldn't carry on father's name because [inaudible]. The only brother [who] had any children was Squire. He had seven children. Five [children] died at birth and, since then, the oldest son has died. He had one son by the name of John and he is, at the present time, about four years old. That is the only way that father's Crawford line can be carried on..

Gerald Robinson went to school [and] was a good student. He had 'A's' most of the time through school. He [went to Dixie] College here in St. George. Then he went into the [Utah] National Guard for two years and into [military] service for two years. He served out his term [near Oxford], England and in that area. Then he came back and worked on the Hurricane Mesa. In the wintertime, he went to school at the University of Utah [Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah] and graduated from there. They placed him in a school to give him a chance at three or four different places [where] he could work. He chose [the] China Lake [Naval Air Weapons Station in California], the navy base there. He has stayed there so far.

He has been active in the church all his life. While he was in England, he helped the missionaries there as a Sunday school teacher. He took care of some priesthood work in his spare time [while in] the [United States] Army. When they went to California, he and his wife were put in as the MIA [Mutual Improvement Association] presidency for the stake immediately. He was there for two years so he got to know everybody in the stake. Then they put him in as bishop of the Ridgecrest Ward [in California]. He served there for four years. They released him from that and put him in as bishop of the second Ridgecrest Ward. He is still serving there.

FH: All [of] your family is very active.

LS: Yes, they are very active in the church. He has three adopted children. Heidi was adopted six years ago. The next one they named Gerald Scott. He isn't old enough to go to school, but he is a very smart [young] boy. The girl is smart, too. The last one they have had just a year. His name is Charles, Charles Sidney. He is a very smart boy. They are just as nice as if they had been born to them. We love them very much. They will be raised up in the church, I am sure. Gerald's wife is Loretta McArthur from St. George. He met her while he was at school and married her before he joined the National Guard and [after] he served his time with the [United States] Army. She went over to [Oxford] and was there with him [for] a year. They came back together. He went over alone and she flew to him later. They are very good church workers.

The next [child] was named John [Abraham Schiefer]. [John] for my father and Abraham, his middle name, is for his grandfather on his father's side. [It is] a very substantial biblical name and he has tried to live up to the names and principles that were set for him. He was born the last day of July [in] 1940. He is a ward clerk at the present time. He married a woman with three teenage children. One of them married and had a girl and he has raised [her]. She is taking a nursing course now. She wants to take the baby back. She hopes to get married right away, but John has been awarded guardian of her until she is eighteen so whether her mother will get her, I don't know. He doesn't have any [children] of his own.

Norma [Schiefer is] the last girl. [She] married two years ago October 1, 1966. She married Kent Hirschi from Rockville. At the present time, he is working for the National Park Service in Chinle, Arizona. He is a tree surgeon [and] goes from park to park. They have been all over the parks [in] this district headquartered in Santa Fe, New Mexico. They have been in Glacier [National] Park, Yellowstone [National Park], the [Grand] Teton [National Park] and Jackson Hole [Wyoming], Dinosaur Park, Canyon de Chelly [National Monument] and Zion and Bryce [Canyon National Park]. They hope to go several places in California. Their next move will be down [to] Lake Mead [National Recreation Area]. [Inaudible] all these places. [Inaudible] home across the [Virgin] River where we owned [property] until the park service bought us out to make a campground for the park. [The Watchman Campgrounds.]

She has been an active worker in the church. She has been organist for Sunday school and MIA, also a teacher in MIA. She was very active in her school work in the high school. She belonged to the marching group. She was a Rebelette [dancer] at Dixie College for two years. She was very active in sports of that sort. She is handicapped by a bad heart due to tonsillitis when she was about three years old. Her father wouldn't give in to let her have an operation. It caused rheumatic fever. She had a heart operation in May 1967. Since then, her health has improved and she is getting along just fine. At the present time, she isn't very active in church work because she is [living] out where there is no church most of the time.

FH: Tell about your own life after you were married.

LS: I had to work to support my own children. My husband had a job, as I said, with the [National] Park Service all these years. We raised our own fruit. We raised chickens, sold milk, cream and eggs for the lodge in Zion [National Park] and for the cafeteria [there] for a long time. We also furnished chickens for one of the motels, the Whitney Lodge in Kanab [Kane County, Utah], for quite some time. We raised our own chickens until I became allergic to feathers and had to give that up. [Laughter] We milked as many as fourteen cows at one time. My husband would have to work either from six o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon or from two o'clock in the afternoon until ten o'clock [at night]. So it was up to me and my children to milk those cows at least once every day. He would have a week [on] one schedule, then he would switch to the other [schedule]. He did get one day off for awhile, but it never was Sunday. He had to work Sundays always because he seemed to be able to rush the crowds through the park faster on a Sunday than most of the [other] rangers. He never joined the church until two years before his death. He joined the church, was baptized and took his family to the temple in February before he died July [27, 1968 in Springdale].

FH: I bet [having him join the church] made you happy.

LS: It made me very happy, but he was very sorrowful to think that he put it off so long. He knew the church was true, but he didn't know what his folks would say [and] how they would feel about it. He didn't want to cause his mother any sorrow. After she died, he waited so long that he didn't have nerve enough to do it. I think when his two sons became bishops, it kind of got to him [what] he had missed all these years when he could have been doing things. He broke down and joined the church. I know it was a very hard thing to do because he didn't know what his own family would say about it. Of course, they haven't said much about it. They don't know enough about the church to know. They haven't said much about it.

We worked together. He had me handle his finances. He was a bank director in the Hurricane Bank for about twenty or twenty-five years. He attended the meetings, but a lot of the business he was unable to attend to so I carried his messages to the president of the bank for him. That way, it helped me to gain the business knowledge. I don't know very much, but I relied on his word, his and my father. The teachings and knowledge they had has helped me greatly in the business world as well as in church affairs.

My husband was very strict. He told the children when they wanted to be baptized, they could be baptized and be Mormons if they wanted to, but there would be no Jack-Mormons in our family. If they joined the church, they would have to live up to the teachings of the church.

FH: It seems to have had a good effect. Have you been active in the church all through [your] married years?

LS: Yes. I served in the MIA presidency [for] six years. In fact, I was president six different times for two years at a time. One time I served four years. I served as a counselor two different times. I have been president of the Relief Society. I was a counselor for four years and a president for three and a half years. In the intervals in between, I have been a class leader in all the classes, even literature which I don't know too much about. I was theology teacher several different times in Relief Society. I taught social science. I never was a work director. I was secretary two different times for short-term periods. That isn't my field. I just don't care much about secretarial work although I do love to be an executive. I have been a home worker in the genealogical society and what they called proof reader until they reorganized the bishopric and I was released from that.

I also have worked in civic affairs. At the present time, I am working on getting the cemetery [records] up to date [on] all who were buried in the Springdale Cemetery. [These records are] for the library [at] the [St. George] Temple. I find it is very interesting work, but I am not much of a secretary. It is kind of hard for me to go about that kind of work.

FH: It is very important work, though.

LS: It is very important and must be correct. I also have been a Sunday school teacher at various times all my life. I have taught the adult class and teenage students. I have never taught little bitsy children. Even in Primary I have taught the Trailbuilders, the boys in Primary, for years. I love the outdoor life. That is the kind of teacher the boys need, someone who can go out. But, at the present time, I am teaching the girls. I have to learn to crochet, to knit and cook to teach these girls.

I served one year as the Primary president. In that time, I conducted five times because I was also the organist [laughter] and I taught a class. I had two positions in one organization during that year period. But I had good counselors [who] would take over.

FH: You must have been a good executive to keep it running that way.

LS: If you have good counselors, you don't have to do the work yourself.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LS: My husband did a lot of work as a ranger in Zion National Park. He put in the telephone lines, both the East Rim Trail and the West Rim Trail, up through the tunnel to the east entrance. He learned to be quite a mountain climber, although up until the time he was married [and] came here to Zion, he had never climbed but one mountain. He climbed a mountain in San Bernardino [California]. He climbed once and that was the only mountain he could remember climbing until he came to Zion. The first day here was spent climbing out [on] the ledges that they call [Canaan] Mountain where Ira Millet had a sawmill on top. From then on, he decided to climb any mountain anybody else could. He climbed with Superintendent [inaudible] in Zion National Park, Don Jolley. I don't know if anyone else would have held up [inaudible]. [Inaudible] They climbed the mountain and [took] a picture of the tree sitting on the bridge. It was always his desire to take me up there.

[Ira Millet's sawmill was on Canaan Mountain which is located west of Colorado City, Arizona. The whole area is sometimes referred to as Shunesburg Mountain.]

Added by J. L. Crawford. during editing.]

In April of 1930, Easter Sunday, my sister Verda, my brother Norman, he [Arden Guy] and I climbed this mountain. For some cause or another, he didn't have to work in the checking station [that day]. He had every other Sunday off all winter and it happened that was his day off. Two friends of his forgot that it was Easter Sunday and gave him permission to go. So we climbed this mountain and it took us eleven hours to [inaudible] the tunnel. We climbed right up over the edge of the mountain right by the tunnel. It had just opened. We took ropes and went along. Norman and Arden would climb first and put the rope around a tree and

would haul two of us up, one at a time. We went over three or four ranges of mountains and three valleys. It is a mile wide with the [Hepworth] Canyon valley laying flat and then came out over another range of mountains and around where we could look down on the tunnel road.

[A climb to the bridge involved going up Gifford Wash, over a ridge into Hepworth Wash, then over a notch above the tunnel where the slot is located. It is a hairy experience!

Added by J. L. Crawford during editing.]

We had to go up a crevice. It was about seventy-five feet high and about a foot and a half wide, a little crevice. One of the boys, I don't remember which one, went first. I believe it was Arden [who] went first and tied the rope around the tree so that there would be no danger of us falling. We had to put our knees on one side of the crevice, our back on the other and inched ourselves up that way. Press our knees and raise our back. There was nothing to hold to, only slick ledge on both sides. That is the way we went up there.

In another place, we had to cross a crevice that was about five or six feet wide and I don't know how deep, but it was too dark to see the bottom. There was a log across that. Arden went across [the log], threw the rope back and pulled us across that. I had become so exhausted on the way back after we crossed that pole [and] I was frightened, too. We stopped to rest and they said I snored something terrible! I dropped off to sleep and they let me sleep for five minutes and we went on. I lost my nerve that trip. I never climbed a mountain afterwards. [Laughter] It was enough — although I had climbed mountains all my life up until that time. I have climbed a few since, but I am very careful not to get [inaudible].

My husband went up the face of the ledge with Anges Woodbury, [E. T. Scoyen], superintendent of the park, and Don Jolley. They went as far as there was any place to go and then they had to turn back. During that time, he had a heart attack while he was there. It was very severe and they let him rest as long as they dared and came back in daylight. That was the starting of his trouble. [Arden Guy] looked younger by ten or twenty years of his age. Up until ten years ago, he had been [sick] with infectious hepatitis. He worked as a park ranger until he was seventy years old. He was seventy years old on March 22, [1960]. He worked until the last day of March that year, 1960. Then he retired.

The [next] year he had infectious hepatitis and it kept his health down. He never did get over it. That is the main cause of what took him [when] he died. His liver didn't work anymore. He died with a coronary occlusion. When he [was] dying, my son and daughter came down here and stayed with me overnight because Arden couldn't sleep nights. He had to sit in a chair when he did sleep. He would sit there and sleep [in the] daytime and wander around at night. The night before he died John [Abraham] and Zelma [Schiefer] came down and said they wanted me to go to sleep. "Johnny" would stay on the davenport while

his father stayed in the chair. I went in the other room and slept until four o'clock [in the morning]. Then I heard "Johnny" talking to him. I knew they were having problems so I came in. "Johnny" was postmaster so I told him to go in and sleep the rest of the night and I would take care of [Arden]. At seven o'clock [in the morning] I got up and [fixed] John's breakfast and he went to the post office, opened it up, sorted the mail and then came [back]. At 9:00 a.m., Zelma woke up and ate breakfast. They did the dishes together.

After John had gone to work, the odors of the breakfast floated through the air and Arden asked if I had breakfast ready. I said, "No." I had fixed John's breakfast, but if he wanted some I would fix it. So I fixed his breakfast for him. He ate alone and I waited to eat with Zelma. "Johnny" and Zelma left at ten o'clock [that morning] to go back home to [can] some peaches that they had picked the night before. Arden followed them to the door and he told us he could have had those peaches done if we hadn't wasted most of the day sleeping. He was kidding her and laughing when they left. After they left, he walked back in here, sat down and read the new Relief Society magazine that John had brought. He brought the mail to me. Then he said, "I think it is quite smothering in here. I think I will go outdoors and sit in the breezeway."

He went out the front door and sat down in the chair with no arms on it. I helped him to sit down because he couldn't sit down in the chair alone without help. He laid his crutches that he had used for about ten years against the wall. He said, "I forgot to bring my magazine." I came back and [brought] the Relief Society magazine out to him. I went in to make beds. I made one bed and started to make the other and was so exhausted. I thought I would just stretch out for a minute. I dozed off and, when I woke up, the sun had broken through the clouds and my first thought was: he is out there in that hot sun. I ran to the door and opened it. I could see he was dead. He had dropped his magazine on the floor as if he had just gone to sleep.

[END OF RECORDING THREE.]

LS: He never moved. He never fell off that chair. When I went to him and [realized] that he really was dead, I went to the telephone and called John to come help me get him in the house. I didn't tell him he was dead. I was afraid he would come too fast. He came faster than he would have if I had told him because he was afraid his father would fall off the chair. We put him in the house and his wife [Zelma] called the undertaker.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

LS: All my life I have been raised up with faith-promoting incidents. On July 10, 1958 I did my washing in the morning and I believe I did the ironing. I usually mop the floors after I wash clothes, too. I had two floors to be mopped at that time. I lived across the [Virgin] River. That night we were to go to Hurricane. I was taking a

load [group] of women to a genealogy meeting. I was so tired. I didn't really enjoy the meeting very [much], although I tried to get something out of it. There was only one woman in the car that could even drive the car. The rest didn't know how. That was Della Hardy. She knew how to drive a car, but had had an accident so she wasn't very well or she would have taken her own car in the first place.

When I came past Virgin I felt so strange. The thought came to me: what would happen to this group if I had a heart attack. I prayed that the Lord would carry us home and nothing would happen. I always said my prayers before I went off anywhere anyway. I wanted Him to protect me. We came home about eleven o'clock [that night]. I couldn't relax. I seemed to be kind of wound up. So I sat down and played the piano another half-hour before I went to bed. I went to bed but I didn't sleep. About two o'clock [in the morning], I woke my husband up. I had such terrific pains [that] I was unable to breathe. He got up and walked me around the floor for awhile. Finally it was sunup. John was the only one at home with us. At the time, Norma was in school in St. George. Between the two [of them], they held me up and walked the floor with me. I had such severe pains I couldn't breathe. I couldn't sit down or lie down.

Our doctor lived twenty-five miles away. He had cancer of the liver and was dying [from] it. I knew something was wrong, but I thought it was [the doctor's] heart at the time. I didn't let them call him until I [was sure] he had had his night's rest. He [came] there a little before eight o'clock in the morning and said I had had a coronary occlusion and I was to be put in bed. He said walking had helped to dissolve the blood and helped to keep it going to keep me alive.

My son called for the bishop and [our] other son, Kenneth. He was working on the [Hurricane] Mesa. They both came. When the doctor gave me [a] shot to revive me and get me out of [it], I just went off. They administered to me thinking I would love [the] bed, but I came out of it. They said that I had to stay in bed for four months. The morning that I got up out of bed, I [received] word that my oldest brother [Squire] had died of a heart attack. He had been over a number of different times to visit with me. He had had a heart attack previously. He said, "If either one of us has to die, to go over there if father needs us, I wish he would let me go because I am unhappy." His second marriage was very unhappy. He said he wished that if one of us had to go that it would be him. On the morning of October 16, 1958, he got up from his bed, started to the bathroom and fell over dead with a heart attack. I always believed that he was taken in my stead [so I could] finish raising my family.

My husband was such an honest man that he wouldn't allow any of us to take anything that didn't belong to us. He didn't allow us to cheat anybody or allow any card games in the house. He taught his [children] all to play dominoes because he thought it taught them to count. They are all very good in mathematics. It is through him that they are. He believed in being honest and good and giving a day's work for a day's wage. I believe in the same and my

father raised me that way. We were always honest. He wouldn't allow us to even walk along the street where fruit had fallen on the ground — [if it] came off a tree that belonged in the other fellow's field. He said that belonged to them and he wouldn't allow us to take it. I know that being honest has been the greatest blessing in our lives. The Lord has blessed me with so many things that my father gave to me.

I know that God lives. I know that Jesus is the Christ [and] that He came to earth, died, was resurrected and went through that change in order to make it possible for us to do that. My posterity, all my sons and daughters and their families on down through the generations, if we will live as good a life as my father and my husband wanted me to live, they can return back to their Father in Heaven. I know that the prophets are all true from the Prophet Joseph Smith down to David O. McKay who is the president of the church at this time. I know if we live as they have taught us to, that we can come back and be in the celestial kingdom with our Father in Heaven. I ask that they all remember the teachings they have had in the home both from their father, their mother and their grandparents on either side.

Arden had a good father and a good mother [Abraham and Emma Jane (Smith) Schiefer]. His mother was especially good. She was blind the last eleven years of her life. She never gave up the faith although she didn't belong to the Mormon Church. She had a wonderful knowledge of the gospel contained in the [*Holy Bible*]. We have done the work for her and I feel that she accepted it. When we went to the temple I could feel her presence there. Her work had been done beforehand and Arden was sealed to her the morning that he had me sealed to him and our children sealed to us. I felt Grandma Emma (Smith) Schiefer there as well as I did those [who] were living. I believe they were there.

I would like to tell one incident [about] my oldest son [Kenneth Schiefer]. He was ten years old and I took a group to the temple to be baptized. He was there. He was being baptized for his own father's people, for his grandparents. When the baptism was almost done, he saw a man climb right up between the one who was confirming the people and the ones who were witnesses. There are no steps at that fount for him to come. It frightened him. He went pale so much so that the witnesses said that he was sick and he had done too much work, too much baptizing. They wanted him to quit and let somebody else go on. He had only done, I think, twenty-two names [off] of his sheet that night. They used to have twenty-five names on a sheet. They let someone else take it. He tried to tell them that it wasn't that. He turned white from seeing this fellow. He came home and he didn't know who he had seen. He came home and was telling his father about it and his father said, "Describe the man to me." He described him to him and Arden said, "That is my grandfather." It had been Kenneth's great-grandfather. When we had the temple work done for the group, they found that we didn't have quite enough information on his great-grandfather's line and they wouldn't let him be baptized for that man. He was already with the group to do baptizing and it wasn't done. It wasn't done for several years afterwards but now it has been

completed. This grandfather died while kneeling down at the bed saying his prayers at night. So he was a wonderful man. He was ninety-four years old.

I ask the Lord to bless all my posterity and I do it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

[END OF RECORDING FOUR. END OF INTERVIEW.]

ADDENDUM TO LUCY (CRAWFORD) SCHIEFER TRANSCRIPTION

Added during editing – January 2009

I remember my uncle John Crawford making charcoal by stacking wood into a pyramid and covering it with earth, leaving a small hole at the bottom for ventilation, and burning it for days. I didn't know what kind of wood was used, but I supposed it was the abundant cottonwood. Lucy may be right in stating it was ash. Cottonwood, however, was the main source of "ashes" for use as lye and for settling murky water.

For firewood, most people hauled cedar [juniper] and pine out of the hills, but Uncle Johnny Crawford used mostly cottonwood. When green, it cuts and splits easily, but when dead and dry, it is almost impossible to split. Since the cottonwood was so plentiful, Uncle John and his sons would wait until the leaves had fallen, then a lot of trees were dragged unto the yard. He owned a Model-T Ford car that furnished power for a circular saw, by attaching a drum to a rear wheel and jacking the wheel up. Many days would be spent sawing and splitting the wood. I remember great piles of the wood, some of which went to grandmother's home. Green cottonwood is a lousy fuel, but after it dries for a month or more, it is a clean-burning, hot fuel, leaving a minimum of ashes.

Cottonwood was the most plentiful of the riparian variety, box elder and ash coming next. The velvet ash was the principal source of hardwood for making of tool handles and for wagon making, Grandfather Crawford's profession. He planted a grove of black locust trees, the wood of which went into wagon making. He probably introduced that variety as it is a non-native. Lucy's [great]-grandfather, Samuel Kendall Gifford, is said to have introduced the Ailanthus tree to the area as the mature tree provided a fairly light, but strong, wood for the legs of his chairs. He was the chairmaker for the entire area.

Osage orange is another introduced variety and is said to have been the best wood for the manufacture of hubs for wagon wheels.

Lucy mentions her brother Newell's allergy to bee stings. I recall that Newell was excused from much of the farm work due to hay fever. Newell made up for this deficiency by his artistic and mechanical talents. Probably every boy in the valley had a wooden horse that was carved from pine boards by Newell. They were small, probably the largest being only about ten inches long. Some he even equipped with saddles and bridles. [They were] very accurate. The Model-T Ford, the most common car in our area in the 1920s, came from the factory without a foot feed, or gas pedal. Engine speed was regulated by a lever on the steering column. Newell designed and built a foot-feed and all 'T' owners, as far away as Hurricane, flocked to him to have him install his invention on their vehicles.

—Jasper Louis Crawford, nephew

USES OF NATIVE PLANTS BY EARLY SETTLERS OF SOUTHERN UTAH

Added during editing - January 2009

Following is a listing of the principal trees, shrubs and plants which I remember being utilized by the residents of Zion and vicinity during my youth. Most I have witnessed myself, while a few came from listening to my elders. This may not be a complete list and I have neglected to treat medicinal uses of native plants:

Ponderosa Pine: This has always been the most important tree for building material in the Intermountain West, but was not readily available to settlers in the Virgin River Basin. Prior to the building of the Zion Cable in 1901, lumber was brought from long distances, such as Cedar City and Parowan area, but especially from Mt. Trumbull. Very few Ponderosa pines grew in Zion Canyon. Probably more than one mill in the Kolob area predated the Flanigan mill east of Zion Canyon.

Cottonwood (*Populus fremontii*): Largest and most plentiful of the riparian woodland varieties. It was used in some of the first log houses. Trees were cut in winter and became a source of horse feed. Horses are known to eat the bark off many kinds of trees and the downed cottonwoods lured them away from the orchards. By spring, the cottonwoods would be pretty well stripped of bark. The remaining wood had many uses such as fences, corrals and firewood. Ashes from this wood were used for making lye and for settling silt out of water which was brought from the Virgin River for culinary purposes.

Ash (*Fraxinus velutina*): Probably the next most important tree in the area. The best source of hardwood for tool handles, chairs and wagon parts.

Boxelder (*Acer negundo*): Another member of the riparian community and probably more abundant than ash. Its importance was minimal, being little used except for firewood.

Black Willow (*Salix nigra*): Several willows are native to the area, but the black willow and peachleaf willow are two that attained large tree size. Small, limber branches were split, leaving the bark on, and used for barrel hoops.

Gambel Oak (*Quercus gambelli*): Not a large tree, but the largest oak in the area. A less important source of hardwood than ash, but served some of the same purposes. It was used for spokes in wagon wheels, for double trees and reaches (the beam connecting the front and rear axles of wagons).

Utah Juniper (*Juniperus osteosperma*): Commonly called cedar by locals, it was the best source of fence posts, many lasting well over fifty years. Also, it is still a favorite

- firewood as it burns very hot and clean. However, it isn't satisfactory for open fireplaces as it "pops" — throwing burning embers several feet.
- Rocky Mountain juniper (*Juniperus scopulorum*): Called red cedar [and is rare in lower elevations], but the wood, was, and is, used in decorative furniture. Young trees were often used as Christmas trees.
- Pinyon Pine (*Pinus edulis* and *P. monophylla*): A favorite source of firewood (fireplaces) and producer of delicious nuts, chewing gum and a base for homemade salve.
- Black Locust (*Robinia pseudoacacia*): Introduced by pioneers for use in wagon making and tool handles. William R. Crawford planted a grove of these trees near the present site of South Campground amphitheater, for use in his wagon making. A few trees still exist.
- Ailanthus (*Ailanthus altissima*): Also introduced by early pioneers by early settlers for the purpose of chair making. The mature wood is light weight, but relatively strong. Samuel Kendall Gifford, a chair maker, is said to have introduced this tree.
- Osage Orange (*Maclura pomifera*): Not found inside [Zion National] Park, but was once fairly common in nearby communities. It was brought from the midwest by pioneers and used where hardwood was needed. It is said to be very good in the manufacture of hubs of wagon wheels. It was used by Native Americans for their bows (bows and arrows).
- Sandbar Willow or Coyote Willow (*Salix exigua*): An excellent source of bean poles. Some early shelters were built by settling cedar posts upright and weaving these willows between, then plastering them with mud. This was an important source of wood for a variety of playthings, such as stick horses — for boys lucky enough to own pocket knives. The bark could be slipped off for making of whistles, squirt guns or pea shooters.
- Squawbush (*Rhus trilobata*): Quite extensively used by Indians for making baskets and arrows. I watched my father, William Louis Crawford, weave a large basket which he used for transporting many of his farm products. He had burned a large patch of the brush and, the following year, a rank growth of straight shoots came up which he used unpeeled. One of my school teachers had her students make small baskets from the same material, but in this case the bark was peeled off.
- Yucca (*Yucca angustissima* and *Y. baccata*): Roots of this plant were used for soap and shampoo by Indians and early settlers. Native Americans used the fibers for many purposes, especially soles for their sandals. As a Boy Scout, I used the dried stalk of *Y. angustissima* in a "fire by friction" set. A fire could be started in seconds by using juniper bark as tinder.

Tamarisk and Russian olive have largely replaced the sandbar willow for the length of the Virgin River. Likewise, some of the more desirable grasses such as Indian rice and wheatgrass have been replaced by foxtail and cheatgrass. Two plants that were unknown until about the 1930s are a purple mustard (*Chorispora tenella*) and the puncture vine (*Tribulus terrestris*), a member of the Caltrop family.

— Jasper Louis Crawford, nephew