

Interview with
NEWELL KNIGHT CRAWFORD

January 13, 1969

**VOICES OF REMEMBRANCE FOUNDATION
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NEWELL KNIGHT CRAWFORD

Newell Knight Crawford was interviewed on January 13, 1969 in Springdale, Washington County, Utah by Fielding H. Harris, a representative of the Voices of Remembrance Foundation. He related his personal history of living in various parts of Utah.

FH: [Would you give your full name?]

NC: [My name is] Newell Knight Crawford. [I was born] on January 17, 1901. My father's name was John Robinson Crawford.

FH: John Robinson Crawford?

NC: Yes. My mother's name was Eliza Ellen (Hepworth) [Crawford].

FH: Where were you born?

NC: [I was born] in Oak Creek [Washington County] Utah, originally called Springdale. That is where I was born.

FH: Has that become part of [Zion National] Park?

NC: Yes. [It] was a two mile trek to school [to] Springdale from Oak Creek. My first teacher was Henry Ware. I was in the third grade [with] that teacher.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I think I went about three months.

FH: [Was this] before you [were] sick?

NC: School started late. We only had about six months of school in those years. I went to the president's holiday program. There I [was] exposed to the measles. I don't remember much of school after that until after I was out of [school]. I remember my older brothers and sisters coming home from school in the evening. I was sitting out in the door and watched them. One day they were coming home [and] a cow ran him up onto the fence. He had a book sack and [was] shooin' the cow. [Inaudible] went down to see what the [commotion] was. He was up on the fence. That is what I remember from school [about] the children coming home.

Whenever it stormed, my father and brothers would take the horse team and drive to Springdale and bring us home instead of letting us walk in the cold rain. Dad [inaudible] night and morning. Then we had to get out and go get the wagon out

to go to school. [We] made two trips a day, back and forth. School would let out at 3:30 p.m. and it would be around 5:00 p.m. before we [arrived] home. We would have our chores to do after that [inaudible]. The parents usually did most of [the chores]. We had to help gather wood and take care of the other chores that weren't done.

FH: [Did] you get the German measles?

UV: No, not the German measles.

NC: [There were] about three or four days [when] I knew nothing.

FH: Were you so sick you didn't know anything?

NC: I remember taking a strong drink. It wasn't whiskey.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: [Did] you take some brandy?

NC: Brandy. It made me about to heave myself inside out [when I] took it. It was terrible. I could hardly do it. The doctor claimed afterwards that I took it anytime. Whenever I [had a] cold I might [get] pneumonia. I had pneumonia when I had the measles. I took it to [inaudible] and it caused my hearing to go out on me.

FH: [Did] you have the measles and pneumonia together and this caused you to lose your hearing?

NC: Yes, [I] lost [my] hearing. Many of [the folks] in town got their hearing aids at the same time.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I don't remember anything until the next year or two. I went to school and they found that I was too hard of hearing and I wasn't learning anything. Then they gave me something to see what I was doing and explained it [to me]. [They] told me how to do it and I went to work on it myself. I couldn't do [the work] in the class. That way I got myself out and [they] sent me back to [the] fourth [grade].

FH: [Does] this mean that you had special training? They helped you on the side. How far were you able to go in school?

NC: I went [through] the eighth grade in Hurricane [Washington County, Utah]. [I entered] the ninth grade but I didn't pass it. [Inaudible] I couldn't read [well] enough. [They] gave us Shakespeare [to] read [only] to find that I couldn't read at all and [couldn't] get anything out of the lessons. They gave us too much [school

work]. I took the easier course and I didn't take enough subjects to qualify my grades. I left some of the classes. I just didn't feel like taking them.

FH: Were you very limited in what you could do?

NC: Yes. I did the best I could in those subjects.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: [I participated in the] deacons' quorum and helped the deacons' quorum while I was working in [The] Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints] there. [I went] down maybe once a month and took my turn helping do the janitor work for the church in the morning before church.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: We used to have our religion class every Wednesday. We had an hour session during the week. William [inaudible] taught the class a number of times and Samuel K. [Kendall] Crawford taught other times. They took turns. At that time they would have our class out and [use] the room for the primary.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I didn't learn much of that.

FH: Because you were hard of hearing it was hard for you.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I worked and got into [wood] carving. I made it by myself. I played alone so much. I carved [wooden horses]. Aunt Emma (Curtis) Crawford asked me to make one for the display for the primary. I made one and took it down and put it in the display room. One of my cousins bought it. That disappointed her. She wanted to buy it herself. I don't remember whether I made one for her but I don't think I did. I went from there [to] making more of them. One Christmas I made fourteen for my nephew, carved them out in about six weeks' time. The next year, my nieces all felt so badly about it [that] I had to make them [each] one. I made fourteen [more]. [Inaudible] asked me for one. I picked it up and sent it down to her all wrapped up in a great big wad of paper in a box about four-inch square. The horse was only about two-inches tall. She was unwrapping and unwrapping and disappointed for fear there wasn't going to be anything. [Laughter] [When] she unwrapped a little horse, she just jumped in the air!

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: [He was] a mighty good dad. He always attempted to get out and work. I remember him going out. Well, I don't remember him going out but I remember when he came in the morning. He had been out on the ditch taking care of the water. They had such a time keeping the water in the ditch. He had gone late and came in. I went out with him a lot of times. He would take me with him when I was just a young fellow. He would leave me sitting and looking and watch out for these boots or something like that and play there. He would always find me there when I came back. I remember going with him down to Grafton [Washington County, Utah] to cut grain. When we got to Grafton he unloaded his binder, set me on the table and went down the river bed. He crossed the [Virgin] River a time or two. The water went onto the table and I was sitting in the water. Of course, being it was summer, it [didn't] hurt me. He got down to the field, not quite as far as where Evan Lee lived. The Crawfords had a farm there. He went off and left me. I don't know where he went but he [was] way late. He [had not] expected to be gone so long. When he came back, I was asleep on that load of [items] for the camp back up on the wagon. I hadn't gone anywhere. He was afraid I would get lost and wander off when he was gone too long, but I just played around until I was so tired that I just went to sleep.

I went with him a number of times out on the farm. We call it [the] Big Plain that is out here [in Washington County, Utah]. We have been fairly good to work the ground [and] to get it all done. However, I had two other brothers taking turns. Whatever we had to do, we did it to help him out.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I remember my grandfather very well and my grandmother too. My grandfather died in 1913. I remember the family left at night to go out to the [Big] Plain and help plant it. He came back and they were all gone again. He was there. When Squire [Crawford] and I came home from school we went to help take care of some of the sorghum that they had made. We went down to put it in the shed because it might storm or somebody would take it. My grandfather told us how to do it. We saw him leave the blacksmith shop with a bolster with a wagon and a few tools in hand, a hammer and chisel. He was walking up the hill. We worked there to get the canned [items] in. We went down and came back up. When we came up to the house, my grandmother called me. We hurried up as fast as we could and she said, "Grandfather has passed away." He was lying right near the work shed where he was going to work. He went to put the bolster down and he fell right that way and the bolster laid right on his body.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: We had to hurry and find Uncle Jim. We knew he was there but he had gone over east from there to [his] home. We called him and got word to the other folks. My grandmother liked me to be around playing but she never wanted me to play on her day-yard because I stirred the dirt up too much. [Laughter] But other than that

she was real good to me. She would always see that I had a birthday card [on my] birthday.

FH: What were their names?

NC: William Robinson and Cornelia (Gifford) Crawford.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: Tell about your mother.

NC: I don't know just what I would [say]. She liked to look after me [very] good because I had that sick spell. She watched over me [a lot] and never let me out. They were working and checked out from head to toe where I was gone. They were [very] nice. I know you could never find anybody else that was better [than my] mother. She [inaudible] fairly good.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I remember her daddy, but I don't remember her mother. It was quite a bit earlier.

FH: What was her father's name?

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: Squire Hepworth. He lived in Melba, Idaho.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: [I had] four sisters and three brothers. There were eight of us in the family. I never did see my oldest sister.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: [My brothers and sisters were:] William Robin Crawford, Squire Crawford, Susan Ruth, Lucy Sheba, Verda Davis, and Norman P. [Pierce] Crawford was the younger brother.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: "Will" [William] passed away in 1935. Squire passed away [but] I don't remember what year.

UV: [It was] 1955 or 1956, wasn't it?

NC: I don't know. The rest of them are still living.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: My brother, "Will," worked with my grandfather much of the time. One or the other of the boys and an uncle [were] helping him.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I used to work for my grandfather quite a bit of the time. We worked for ourselves too, [doing] whatever we had to do. [I] worked for the [Zion National] Park and built [inaudible] there for them. [I] worked for Arden G. Sheefer. At the time of his death, he lifted something and ruptured his stomach. He passed away three or four days after that. A few days [later] my sister, Verda, came down with appendicitis. We had her in the hospital. We didn't know whether she would pull through for awhile. She made it okay. She didn't look too bad because she took [sick] so quickly and [inaudible] hard on her. It left mother worrying because she lost one boy. Squire [served in] World War II. He went to [the] lumber camp on Portland Island in Portland, Oregon. He came back in 1945, I think it was. He went on a LDS mission. He came back and worked on the farm. [Inaudible] worked for himself but he worked for father later on.

[Squire] and I went up on the west of the mountain up here. One morning he left home to go up there. He passed a car, a [inaudible], with a little camper in the back of it. I was passing him and made a big turn under the tunnel. The car turned and started going sideways. I gave it a whip and swerved right across the road and turned around and came right back facing the road and saw my shovel lying out in the middle of the road. I didn't know what had happened, but my car started sideways on the gravel and turned way around. [It was] lucky that nobody was coming around or I would have hit back into him. [Laughter] It turned us white going sideways.

A curtain went up on the ranch every time we went to work. When we got done we would fetch it back. We had to work out here on the south mountain. I had to haul our equipment. Arden was helping. He had to go in the [United States] Army the same time that I did, just a month before I left. But he was in about three years. During that time, I had to farm with Squire and my dad doing most of the work.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I can't hold onto it.

UV: He goes to sleep. [Laughter]

FH: You like to read but you go to sleep?

NC: Yes, [and I] drop the book! [Laughter] My eyes are so weak that they don't allow me to read very much. I like to read but I like to put in my time on other things, too. I read at night so I don't have to waste too much time.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: June and Wayne DeMille invited me to go to St. George to Wayne's wedding. While I was there, I was introduced to my wife [Sarah Ila (Workman) Crawford]. She was in the reception room [at] the wedding of Wayne DeMille. We went out that night and I got a date. We went down and spent our time out south of St. George that evening. From then on, I went down and saw her by myself after work. I would leave here and then come back before eight in the morning because I had to go back to the ranch to work. Therefore, not many people knew I was stepping out. I worked up here on the [inaudible] combine cutting grain. I would leave and come down about —

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: Go down and back and then I would be here Sunday and never mentioned going down Saturday night. [Laughter] I had the engagement all done. Paul Gifford came in one day telling me about their engagement and said, "You ought to tie her up and get married." I turned to him and said, "I already have the ring on her finger." It shocked him. He hardly talked to me anymore. [Laughter] He went out and told [folks] that I was engaged. That was the way the word got out. He told Ray Laney in St. George. After I came to the house to propose to her to be married, we told him to keep it still. She never even told his mother about it. She was married and her mother said, "We didn't know anything." He said, "I knew it the first thing." [Laughter]

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: [Laughter]

FH: [Did] you become an elder?

NC: Yes, I was an elder for several years before that. I have the ordinations of all of us: Ernest J. Crawford and Ronald Christensen, the whole line clear back to the time of Adam. We went to the temple. We got the recommendation. My bishop was James B. Madison. I went the first week to do my endowments. Then the next week we were married. We went right out and had our cake up and down the street to the bells ringing.

FH: A shivaree! [A noisy celebration for a newly married couple.]

NC: Yes. We came home and it started to rain. The family gathered here and we headed home. We had our reception for the wedding in St. George at [inaudible] home. I know they had one and had the other one here at home.

FH: [Did] you have a reception in St. George and a reception here at home?

NC: Yes.

FH: Is this where you came to live?

NC: Yes, right here [in] Springdale to live in our own home. That was sixteen years ago.

UV: It will be seventeen years in a day or two.

NC: On [a] Friday night.

[END OF RECORDING ONE.]

NC: [Inaudible] turning lathe. [I] used that to do my first turning. Later on —

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: [Inaudible] timber I had to make [inaudible] we had timber where I got a good stick and tarred it out and I ripped it out on the saw. [I] do the turning and after it is straightened out, put it together, take the rawhide and soak it three or four days. [Then I] put it in lime and ashes and take the hair off. I would take the hide and scrape the hair all off [very] clean. I would take the knife and cut [the hide] in strings. I would average from twenty to thirty strings off of the hide. Then I would lace my carrier up and put it together.

FH: In other words, you cut your own wood, cure it and dry the ash wood. Then you make your own rawhide, cure it and cut it in strips.

NC: Yes. I had to do it the hard way. The trouble now is getting the rawhide to do it. They don't [inaudible] hides out. They don't do like they used to. The butcher man had the job and we would buy [hides] from the butcher shop. We don't have the chance like we used to.

JH: Is it hard to get the rawhide?

NC: Yes. I am getting allergic to cutting and boiling it.

FH: [Do] you do caretaker work during the summer?

NC: I work for [inaudible] during the summer and take care of his yard, watering outside, take care of the flower plants that they have and mowing the lawn. He had a patch [inaudible]. I had to do the irrigation for that and take care of it.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I am quite a lot weaker. If I had it all to start over with now I might [have] a different life than I have now. If [I] hadn't been hard of hearing I could have been better, much better. I could have studied. I just let myself lag back and I couldn't get what I wanted. I wish I could have been like a lot of them. I would have been further ahead than I am today. [Inaudible] without that education —

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

FH: What would you tell people that have a hearing problem?

NC: If they have the means, get a hearing aid.

FH: [Get] a hearing aid and an education?

NC: Yes, an education. Because if you don't have [an] education you can't fill out papers, write down time for people [who] work for you, write explanations [of] what you want [done] if you are not there. You have to know something to tell them. I can't tell you much myself. I haven't had [an education]. I know other people [who] have had the education [and they] worked easier than I have. It came better to them. They haven't had the trouble.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: I don't know. I can't tell you very much about it. I know there is something to it.

FH: [Do] you know [that] the gospel is true?

NC: Yes. I know the gospel is true. From reading so many of the scriptures where the men prayed and got the endowment of what they asked for and went to work. God had to have been there to help them when they needed the help. They got out alive and otherwise it looked like they might have gone. They had faith of some kind that they have got through God. Others have had it but I don't know where I have ever received anything like they have. I have not been in the [inaudible] I guess is the reason. But I know it helped me.

[TAPE RECORDER TURNED OFF]

NC: Something great [like] our astronauts going into the sky. [Or] someone inquiring enough to take up some study to learn more about the world [and] how it is built, and where we come into it. I would like to have gone [inaudible] first thing

started. Like our phonograph, how it picked up voices and brings [them] out and say it out so we can hear and have [the sound] go into those small grooves and it comes out in the records. I had ever come [inaudible] bring it out and show the people and hear what had been. It would have been the most wonderful thing in the world for that to ever be brought about.

FH: What you are saying then is that there are a lot of miracles in this world.

NC: I don't know what to make and how to make it [or] get the [items] to put it into shape and bring everything together. [Inaudible] now to bring the picture out. [Inaudible] a great thing. Something about it [inaudible] somebody to bring those things out. I have had the talent to do only what I have made, chairs or just small things compared to what they have [done]. My mind has been weighed on that.

[END OF RECORDING TWO. END OF INTERVIEW.]

UV – Unidentified voice. This may have been his wife, Sarah Ila (Workman) Crawford.

ADDENDUM TO NEWELL KNIGHT CRAWFORD TRANSCRIPTION

Added during editing – August 2006

NEWELL KNIGHT CRAWFORD

17 January 1901 – 21 August 1985

The Christmas holidays were over and it was [a] cold winter day in January when a new son was born to John Robinson and Eliza Ellen (Hepworth) Crawford. One week later, 25 January 1901, he was blessed and given the name of Newell Knight Crawford. [He was] named for a prominent early-day member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Newell Knight.

Newell was the fifth child in birth order and was the third son to be born to John and Eliza. They had eight children and they were born — boy, girl, boy, girl, boy, girl, boy, girl. The odds of that happening are quite high. Their first born was William Robin Crawford, second child [was] Alvira who died at about one week, [the] third child Squire was born shortly after John left to serve a mission for The Church [of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints]. The little family lived with John's parents while he served his mission. The fourth child, Susan, was born after the mission [was completed] and was named for a sister in the mission field. At her request, John named his next daughter after her. Newell was the fifth child. Later, the sixth child, Lucy, was named for her mother's sister Lucy, who was named after the Prophet Joseph Smith's mother. The seventh child was Norman Pierce and the eighth [child] was Verda Crawford.

Newell was a cute and mischievous little boy. He loved to tease and keep everyone on their toes. [He] had a really special sense of humor that everyone who knew him loved. His sister, Susan, used to tell a story about him. He was well known for walking ahead of his siblings and cousins as they would walk home to Oak Creek from Springdale from Mutual [Improvement Association] or other church functions. These activities were usually [held] after dark and he would delight in getting ahead of the group, hide and wait until they [were] close to him. [Then] he would jump out and scare them. Or he would make weird noises to scare them. In those days, there were no porch lights, street lights, nor very many houses between town and where they lived. Youth then, as now, loved to tell scary stories so some were usually told as they would be walking home.

One night, Newell was up to his usual tricks and was ahead of the group. He managed to crawl down behind a large rock and was just crawling around it to get in the perfect position to be able to jump out to scare the group, when he met head on with a pig searching for the perfect position. Well, the pig did its own grunting and made its own weird noises, and Newell came out of his crouched position screaming and hollering. He was so scared — to run into something live and to meet it head on was not what he had planned. He hung right with the group all the rest of the way home that night. I used to

coax my mom to tell this story about Uncle Newell on summer nights when we would be outside in the evening trying to soak up some cool night air. I never heard her tell this story without her laughing so hard tears would come to her eyes.

Newell was baptized a member of this church [on] 26 June 1910. I think the reason for the delay was [because] he [became] very ill with the measles and had a very difficult time recovering. This illness left him hard [of] hearing. Of course, baptisms were [performed] in the Virgin River then, so it was necessary to wait until the spring run-off was over and the water wasn't so cold.

He was ordained to the Aaronic Priesthood and held the offices of deacon, teacher, [and] priest. On 12 September 1926 he was ordained an elder by John A. Allred. John A. Allred was ordained by Apostle Lorenzo Snow. He was ordained by Heber C. Kimball. He was ordained by the three witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris. They were ordained by the first presidency of Joseph Smith, Jr., Sidney Rigdon and Fredrick G. Williams. They were ordained by Peter, James and John and they were ordained by Jesus Christ.

Newell attended church regularly, but was never asked to serve in positions because he was so hard of hearing. I imagine it was difficult for him to sit through the meetings and be still, when you couldn't hear what was being said, but he knew it was the right thing to do so he was there.

He attended Springdale Elementary [School] and went to Hurricane to complete [his] ninth-grade education. That was the end of his formal education, but he went on working through the school of hard knocks for the rest of his life. Newell was drafted into the [United States] Army during World War II. It was unusual for a man who was so hard of hearing to be drafted, but the military board who knew him well turned in his name, so off to war he went. He did his basic training in Fort Lewis, Washington. The weather there was cold and rainy and different from what he was used to here in Springdale. He was sick all [the] while he was there. He was given a medical discharge because of his hearing problems and illness. He served his country honorably then and all the rest of his life. When his brother, Norman, went to serve in World War II, Newell took his nephew, Orlan Ruesch, out on the Big Plain [Washington County, Utah] to help harvest the wheat. When Orlan was drafted to go to the war, two other nephews, Ken and Callis, helped him.

Newell was taught early in life to work hard. He learned most of the trades of his father and grandfathers. He had many talents that he developed on his own, too. He loved to whittle and carve things. Most of his nieces and nephews had wooden horses [that] he carved. [They were also] given rawhide bottom rocking chairs [that] he made just for them as a wedding gift. Oh, how valuable and precious these items are. I needed some repair work done on my rocking chair and found a gentleman in Santa Clara who could do it for me. When I took the chair to him, he said, "This is a Newell chair. I recognize the workmanship in it. No one ever made a finer rawhide bottom chair. They are more comfortable than most other chairs." I was so proud of my uncle; well, I always have

been, but to hear someone who knew the craft of making chairs praise him so highly, I felt very proud and lots of love for my uncle. He rightly deserved the compliment.

Newell made a three-wheeled cart that had a handle in the front. It set low to the ground and [didn't have] sides on it. It was made for his dad to use to carry produce in from the garden and other places as it was so hard for him to carry things. I've never seen another cart like it. It was so handy. Even though it was made for Grandpa Crawford, we all thought it was our toy. The nieces and nephews played with that cart, hauled each other on it, and must have ridden a million miles on it coasting down the hill in their driveway.

Newell was very talented in the things [that] he could make with his hands. He made a small replica of a pioneer covered wagon. He had it in many of the parades that were held in Springdale. It was small enough that it had to be hand pulled, which he did himself, walking it through town. We could take the cover off and haul kids in it but it wasn't nearly as much fun as the three-wheeled cart. Thank goodness we weren't allowed to play with it. I believe his sister, Lucy Schiefer, ended up with the covered wagon. I think we just plain wore the other cart out.

Whenever there was a work project to help beautify the town, Newell was always right there. If the church needed donations made money-wise or work-wise, Newell was always one of the first to volunteer. He worked on the welfare farms and helped all he could in that respect. Newell and his brother, Norman, were the first known persons to climb to the top of The West Temple in [Zion National Park]. He loved to hike and knew the mountains and trails well in Zion and Springdale.

John was a farmer and owned a considerable amount of property in the area and some out on the Big Plain. His sons, Newell and Norman, were always there to help with the farming. They eventually purchased a combine that made their work much easier on the Big Plain. Newell was plagued with allergies all [of] his life. Working with the grain harvesting and the word-work he so dearly loved must have been a real task for him. Fortunately, he didn't give it up until late in life. Newell sometimes did work for the [National] Park Service in a seasonal capacity.

Newell didn't marry until late in his life, so he spoiled his nieces and nephews. He made Christmas Day for us. He didn't have a large sum of money, so his gifts sometimes couldn't stretch to individual gifts; sometimes we would have to share with one of our siblings. One year he gave a red metal fire engine truck to my brother and me. We were both really proud of it and played with it a lot. He always came to our house on Christmas morning. As he walked through the door, it was a contest to see who could be the first to say "Merry Christmas!" to each of us. Later, we would go grandma's house, where he lived, and it was the same thing. He would play the "Merry Christmas" game again. He loved to be with the kids, or maybe it was the kids who loved to be with him. He had a scooter that he used for transportation around town. If we were good and didn't get in grandma's way, he would take us for a ride through town on that scooter. That was sheer joy to get to ride with him on that scooter.

Newell liked to try new things. He was always reading magazines where he [would] find out the latest gimmick. One day he ordered a new shampoo and ointment to apply to his head to make his hair grow. He was bald-headed as [was] his father and three brothers. If it worked for him, the rest would definitely try it too. He was so thrilled when a little fuzz started to grow on the top of his head. But it never [was] more than the little fuzz. We wondered why he was trying to look better and become more handsome. Then one day we got the word. He was going to be married.

While Newell was courting Ila and making trips to St. George every week, he and a friend started going to the St. George city dump and locating toys that were broken, and sometimes not broken, that had been thrown away. He would bring these toys home, repair, paint, and do whatever [was] needed to get [them] working right. Then the toy would be given to needy children at Christmas time. Many a child had a happier Christmas because of his ability to see how things worked and his kindness in doing the deed.

Newell had attended the wedding of a good friend from Rockville. There he met the sister of the bride. She liked him. He liked her. They dated and fell in love. Yes, she would marry him. Newell started to work on remodeling his mother's house. Two bedrooms where his Aunt Emma had lived in their home were cleaned out, painted and made into a small apartment for the two to live and share the kitchen quarters with Newell's parents. They were getting along in age and he felt a need to be there to help care for them. Newell and Sarah Ila Workman were married on his fiftieth birthday, January 17, 1952, in the St. George Temple in St. George, Utah. He brought his lovely bride home to Springdale to live happily ever-after.

We were all so excited to have a new aunt. She loved music, loved to read and could lose herself in a book and never know anyone was around. She had lots of books and records, thus was really an attraction for the nieces and nephews. We all loved to go to her house to play. No children were born to this couple. They lived their lives for each other. Ila loved cats and they were her babies and were well taken care of. They slept on her lap as she read. She was very knowledgeable and shared her knowledge with others as a teacher in Relief Society. She was often asked to recite poems she had memorized for social occasions. We loved to hear and see the way she could express them so well.

After they were married, Newell went to work pretty much full-time for Austin Excell as a caretaker for the Driftwood Lodge [in Springdale]. He kept the lawns and shrubs up nicely, could make repairs and take care of most anything that needed [attention]. He became a valuable employee to them and it was good for him to have dependable work. They tried to keep him on full-time as he was such a good employee.

Age is sometimes cruel and it wasn't [very] nice to Newell. He suffered with arthritis and eventually lived life in a wheelchair. One day he met his old friend, Alma Cox, and challenged him to a foot race. "I'll sit in the wheelchair — you push." His sense of humor never left him.

Ila was in a bad accident and had to be in a care center [for] quite a while. Newell wasn't able to take care of the house and himself very well, so he sold his home and eventually Newell and Ila both [were] living in the care center. For a while, they were in St. George [and later] they transferred to [a] Hurricane care center when space became available.

Newell died August 21, 1985 in Hurricane, Utah. He was survived by his wife, Ila, [and] two sisters, Lucy and Verda. He was preceded in death by his parents, [John and Eliza Crawford], brothers Will, Norman and Squire, and sisters Alvira and Susan. His funeral was held in Springdale with many of his loving nieces and nephews, friends and other family members in attendance. He was buried in the Springdale City Cemetery with full military honors.

— Lucy R. Webster, Niece