

**J.L. Crawford**  
**Zion National Park Oral History Project**  
**CCC Reunion**  
**September 29, 1989**

Interviewed by: Don Graff  
Transcribed by: Jessica Williams  
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Don Graff: Okay, this is Don Graff and today I'm interviewing J.L. Crawford and we're at his home in St. George, Utah. I think J.L.'s got a little bit prepared there, so why don't you just go ahead and give us that or however you want to do it and then I'll ask you questions after that.

J.L. Crawford: Okay, I just have some notes here to kind of help me keep in chronological order the things I'm going to say. But first I might confess that during the reunion I discovered that my memory of dates and occurrences was a little bit faulty. As a matter of fact, I had lived with the wrong impression all of these years as to which camp was built first and which one was torn down first.

Don Graff: I think we all got an eye opener with that.

J.L. Crawford: It was sort of proved by photographs and the testimonies of other people. But then by way of alibi on the same point, I wasn't there much of the time that this was being built. Although I was a resident of the area, I was somewhere else much of the time that this whole program began. In light of that, maybe I should go back and set the stage a little bit for the establishment of the camps. Of course I'm not going to talk about the establishment of the CCC because that's written up. I'm sure it's a matter of record. I do remember Franklin D. Roosevelt's campaign although I wasn't old enough to vote. I do remember his promise that he would put a million boys to work in the National Forest. That was to simplify the thing and his detractors, of course, came up with the fact, or their idea that within two or three weeks all of the trees that were available would be planted if you put a million boys to work. But anyhow it turned out to be one of his finest programs, in my opinion. It was one of the first programs to really get going and there were a lot of them. I can't name the different programs or the bills that were past under which the CCC was a part. In the book which has my name on the front, *Zion: Tower of Stone*, there is a statement in there that I believe it says that by April there were so many boys in so many camps. That's an error. I don't remember the exact figures, but anyhow that should read that the program got started by April after Roosevelt took office and by July I think the figure is 300 camps were established by then and there were something like 300,000 boys. Maybe those figures aren't exactly right, but anyhow I wish to correct the statement in that book because it says that there were that many camps in April, but the program just began in April.

I graduated from high school that year, '33. So the program hadn't started by that time. However, I wasn't available, nor maybe even eligible to go into the camp that early. Then go back another couple of years and I stayed right where these camps were where my family or my uncles lived and owned property, owned farms that surrounded the present

site of the visitor center and most of the residential buildings in Zion. We sold out to the park in 1931.

Graff: When you say “we” is that your uncles or your dad and everybody?

Crawford: All of the Crawfords.

Graff: All of the Crawfords sold out in '31?

Crawford: One uncle, Sam had his property split and that is right near the entrance to the Watchmen Campground, so he sold about half or maybe only a third of his property and so he maintained his home and farm right on the park boundary. And the rest of us, my dad and about three other brothers, one brother had sold out three years earlier and left the country. The balance of them sold out in the summer of '31. They allowed us to move what stuff, as a matter of fact that was part of the deal, that they would move all of our buildings, and tools and equipment out of there, which is too bad. They should have kept some of it for a living history program, like the old overshot waterwheel, the sorghum mill, the old molasses boiler, the old blacksmith shop with this great old leather bellows and forge. Gee! What great stuff that would be now for living history if it had just been preserved.

Of course the cable, the Zion cable which brought lumber from the top of the mountain down, it'd gone out of use many years earlier, but I've always felt like that should be restored, not necessarily restored, but stabilized and kept where it can forever be seen and the story told because it's one of the great stories of this area. Well, to get on with this other.

In the summer of '31 I worked at the Zion Lodge for part of the summer and I believe that was the summer that I got into a little difficulty and got fired. So I went out to the Grand Canyon and got a job with the same company and did the rest of the year out there until school started and then I went back to Hurricane High School.

In the summer of '32, the people of Springdale got together and petitioned the Park Service to allow them to go in and harvest the hay. There was a lot of alfalfa hay growing all over this area that the park had taken over. Although it hadn't been irrigated because they just let the irrigation cease in most of the areas, they did keep it in two of the ditches. One ditch supplied Springdale and the other, well let's see, it does now go on the east side of the river and then they cross through a syphon and come into the west side of the river, but that is a later project. There was a ditch on each side that supplied part of Springdale property, but dad's old ditch and the regular Oak Creek ditch were allowed to go out of use for the most part and they didn't maintain the farms or orchards. I don't remember that we went in and harvested any fruit that summer, but the park did allow the people of Springdale to go in and harvest the hay. At least they made one general big cutting of all the hay and then they divided it up among the people of Springdale.

Then of course all of that farm land being abandoned like that became just one glorious weed patch. You can't believe all the beautiful sunflowers that grew up, and the Russian thistle and the Fox Tale, and it was a mess. I don't know if there was any burning of that grass because it was so dangerous to burn. But they did have a lot of the fellows go in with, and I don't know who did they before the C's came in, but they would take these weed cutters and they'd whack down a lot of the weeds. They were still growing after the CCCs came in and so that was one of the projects to fight all of these exotic weeds. I say exotic because although some of them may have been native plants, they were certainly exotic in the sense that the ground had been disturbed and so the natural plants, like this shrubbery that would have been put there naturally, would have given away to these fast growing grasses, like the Russian Thistle which was a real pest.

Anyhow that was the summer of '32. Then of course I went to high school my last year '32-'33 in Hurricane. When I got out of school in 1933 I was aware that this organization was going, the CCCs, Civilian Conservation Corps. That was a fact, and that a camp was going to be built in Zion. That summer my grandmother, my mother's mother, took me and my cousin Paul Crawford to Michigan where she had a daughter living who was having some problems and she wanted to come to Utah. So we travelled back to Michigan and spent part of the summer in Michigan and waited for her to dispose of some property and we drove out the car that we rented, an old '28 Chevrolet. My aunt had a model-A Ford truck which we had to do some work on before we could come back, but we loaded all of her household furniture on it and drove to Utah which was quite an experience. Let's see, I would have been 19 at the time and Paul 17, I think. Paul was a pretty good mechanic; as a matter of fact he overhauled that old Chevrolet's engine, that is he took out the bearings, if you can believe such a thing, under a shade tree out in Michigan, and we got back to Utah and run out of money. We had to leave the truck up in Central Utah and go back and get it later. But anyhow that pretty well took care of the summer. As I remember I didn't have any outside job; I just worked on our little place that my dad had bought down in lower Springdale.

This canyon adjoining the property with the lodge on is where my dad bought his property. It's where Walt Halsey lives now. He had fruit trees, of course, and so I did a little fruit peddling and so forth. Instead of going into the CCCs that year, I was able to get into college because of the fact that the Mormon Church had dropped Dixie College. In order for Dixie College to remain an educational institution the people appealed to the state to take it over and maintain it and the state agreed to, provided the local people could make it go for two years. So they appointed an acting president; B. Glen Smith was his name. So he contacted each of the student body presidents of all the high schools in the area and I happened to be the one at Hurricane that he came and got. I spent a whole day with him driving through the Hurricane and Virgin River, upper Virgin River area, contacting all of the students that had graduated from Hurricane High. His little pitch was that the people in St. George would practically give people their rooms and they would provide ways to work out their tuition. Just come to Dixie and let's build up the student body and make it go. We did convert many.

To give you an idea of what things were like in that period of history, I and my sister, who was a high school student at the time, and I was a freshman in college, rented two upstairs rooms in a home in St. George for five dollars a month. They fixed it up with a little stove upstairs and my sister stayed in the kitchen. She had a cot in the kitchen, and I had another bedroom, and that's the way that we went to school. About Christmas time I took a friend in with me to help pay expenses, and he needed a room anyhow, another fellow, and so he and I occupied the one bedroom and my sister in the other. We made it through school that winter. We paid five cents a quart for milk. We didn't buy it from the store. We just went to a farmer's place, a neighbor, George Seegmiller, happened to be the one. He was quite a prominent farmer there and sold us milk. I think we got part of the time two quarts a day sometimes just one, but anyhow it was five cents a quart. I think I went to school with one pair of corduroys and I had a second-hand suit and I made it through school. So in the spring of '44 then I was able to get a job again at the Utah Parks lodge.

Graff: You said '44; did you mean '34?

Crawford: Did I say '44? Okay 1934. I worked most of the year then at the Zion Lodge and I recall that year I worked until the lodge closed. I was one of the last two people to walk out of the kitchen. That's the best job I could get up there was the kitchen help. I and Leonard Duffin closed the kitchen that year. Then as I remember, I wasn't able to go to school again. I didn't have the money for that, and I thought well, CCC's look pretty good. They got that camp in Zion, and they were building a second one by then. Since I've had my memory jarred a little bit I can remember now that they did build one on the west side of the river which as I recall it didn't even have a name. When they built the new one, it was the Bridge Mountain Camp. I can't even remember the company number of that company on the west side. Do you know if it was 10\_\_?

Graff: Oh yeah, it's on these tapes but I can't remember.

Crawford: I'll call that the Zion Camp.

Graff: Yeah, okay that's fine.

Crawford: I recall that I went down there and I went into the office and said, "What do you do to get in this place?" And they sort of laughed at me and they said, "We don't have a thing to do with that. You get in and we'll put you to work." So I found out that I had to go through the county operation and you had to be sort of a welfare recipient to be eligible. Of course, we were certainly eligible because what money we had gotten out of the sale of our property was gone in buying new property and starting to build new home and we didn't have it near finished when our money was gone. So it wasn't hard for me to get a job with the CCC. But it seemed at that time I had gone to the one on the west side of the river, but they were building this new camp. As I remember, the company 962 was first housed in this camp on the west side of the river, but in the summer of '34 they went to Bryce Canyon, that is the bulk of the camp, and the new camp was being built then across the river. So in the meantime they filled that camp up, the old one, the first one, so when

it was time for the boys to come back from Bryce Canyon for the winter, the new camp was ready for them, and that's the one I went in.

I can recall I got KP about the day that the bulk of them were moving back. They didn't have the kitchen all set up and it was a mess. They didn't have the water heater connected right and they couldn't get the water hot. We were up something like two o'clock in the morning getting the dishes washed that night. Instead of china dishes, which they had later, they had plates that were made out of a metal; it was an alloy, partly aluminum. I recall that they had served peanut butter and you rub peanut butter on aluminum and try to get it off with cold water, then you can understand what we had to contend with that night. They had people working on that coal range and the hot water system trying to get it going, but anyhow we got through it. As far as the work I was assigned to, and by the way, going into that camp first was a little bit rough. We were issued these old army World War I uniforms. They had a lot of surplus evidently, including some of the old woolen long handled underwear and the old O.D. shirts and pants that were tight in the crotch and scratchy.

Graff: O.D.?

Crawford: Olive Drab, olive drab woolen uniforms.

Graff: Okay.

Crawford: Then the old army blankets and we slept in those without any sheets for a long time. There was no linen.

Graff: You spent all night scratchin'?

Crawford: Oh brother! That was something to get used to. I don't remember what we used for pillows. There certainly weren't any pillow slips. I don't remember how long that went on, but eventually and it may not have been that winter even, but we did eventually get linen. The barracks then were built with wooden bunks. I mean there was just one on top of another. Eventually those were done away with and we got cots, folding cots so you didn't sleep one over another, but that was a long time later.

Anyhow my job to start out was just pick and shovel and it was miserable in the winter and mostly they were starting to landscape for the south campground at the time. That's the one, of course, that is still called the South Campground.

Graff: Well it's on the north end now.

Crawford: Yes, there is one south of it now. It was a matter of using a pick and shovel and it was hard work. One morning after I'd been there only a week or two, we were all on the truck ready to head out for our jobs. I don't know the titles of all these men; they had these foreman and Owen Johnson was a superintendent or something and he was over all of the construction workers in this particular camp. There was a fellow over him Frank Rozell,

who eventually became the superintendent of all of the projects over both camps, but Owen Johnson was his subordinate. He come and climbed up on the side of the truck this morning and announced that "We want people who've had some experience doing rockwork." Boy I jumped up, threw my hand up there and he went like this "you, you, you, and you," and just ignored me. I said, "So much for you." It was only two or three days after that and I bumped into John Excel, and he says "Hey, how come you're not on my crew?" And I said "Because I got ignored; I raised my hand when they called for offers."

Graff: Was he the only one or did some of the others raise their hands?

Crawford: Oh yeah, he took four or five. I don't know who all raised their hands, but he picked four or five people.

Graff: Who had raised their hands?

Crawford: Yes, I suppose. Anyhow Johnny knew that I had had a little bit of experience. I think it was in one of these Roosevelt projects. I don't know if it was WPA work at that time or not, but they were doing some work through the town of Springdale, curb and gutter work. That was all done under that program. My dad had been on that program working that and he wasn't too healthy. He wasn't able to go every day, so I would go and take his place, and I learned how to dress rock there. So Johnny grabbed me and I got on his crew, and he even made me a foreman in the quarry for about a week. If you read his project report, you'll notice that the warehouse was begun I think in '33. They got it up so far and then for some reason they stopped, maybe they stopped just during the summer while these boys were somewhere else. They went to Bryce Canyon.

Anyhow, I think the bottom part below the ground level was built, the foundation and up a few feet above the ground, and they stopped work on it. But in this winter, this would be the middle of the winter of '34, we started to open it up again. Then he took me and put me to dressing rock and John Excel was the foreman for the rock work on that warehouse. So that's what I did. Most of the winter in December, January, and February '34 I was building the warehouse and the shop, the garage. And we were taking the rock that they had torn from the old warehouse and shop which was up near Pine Creek, where the Pine Creek residences are and it was just north of that. They'd torn those down and we refinished the rock and used those.

Graff: You call it the shop. Is that the actual machine shop that's there today?

Crawford: Yes.

Graff: Okay.

Crawford: I always refer to it as the garage; most people prefer to say it's the shop.

Graff: Whatever, just so I know which building it is?

Crawford: Just to the west of the warehouse.

Graff: Right.

Crawford: I can still pick out individual rocks that I dressed in both of the buildings, not many but a few. I recall John came to me one day and said "We need a windowsill. How we going to make it?" I took a look at the measurements and I said "Let me work on it." I think that I've shown you that I figured out a way to chisel angles on it and make it sloping and so on. He says, "That's fine", and he brought the rest of them, two or three other fellows anyhow and put several others to work making others, so we made all the windowsills from my pattern.

Graff: From your pattern right?

Crawford: I felt I should bust my buttons for that.

Graff: You should.

Crawford: We got the rock work done on those two buildings. All the other rock buildings in that area and the maintenance yard and utility area were built at a later date. Some of them may have been built by CCC work or some of them have just been built by Park employees. But I was somewhere else when that went on. They did take me and a few of the other fellows down to the south entrance and we built the sign pylons there at the south entrance. Elmer Winder, we called him "Straw-boss," I think that he was in this program that they called "L.E.M." the Local Experienced Men. He was a married man with a family, but there were a number of them in this project in the CC's that came in under that program. I worked there until that was finished and then it was spring. I don't know April maybe, and whatever time, it came time to reenlist and I just didn't. I thought it best that I get out.

My brother was working over at the brand new cafeteria which had been built just adjacent to the new South Campground, so I thought that it would be nice to work there. I got out of the CCC and worked there that summer. They had a pretty bad manager that year, and I got a little unhappy with the load of work they were putting on me. I had gotten a cousin of mine a job there and we got in a little trouble one day. During our afternoon break, our job was to go up to the lodge and pick up ice. Then they had this big ice plant at the lodge where they made the fifty pound blocks of ice and we had to go and get a supply of ice each day, plus other supplies and bring them from the lodge down to the cafeteria. Well we went swimming that day and used as much time as we could afford, so we got our ice and headed for home with plenty of time except the old jalopy broke down. It just quit running. We had to push it to the garage and get a mechanic to work on it and so we were something like an hour late getting to work. So the boss fired my cousin on the spot. I had been in charge of cabins. Well this is beside the point; it has nothing to do with CCC's. I had been in the job that summer all alone, renting the cabins. I had to go show the people their cabins. At that time beds weren't made up. These were

cheaper quality of lodging and the cabin was rented without bedding. If the person wanted the bedding they could pay extra for it, then I'd volunteer to make it up for them hoping to get a tip. Sometimes they'd say "No, we'll do it." Sometimes they'd have me do it with a tip. But then I had to clean all the cabins. There were twenty some odd cabins. So when he says "Dan, we won't need you anymore, and Jasper can wash dishes if he wants to stay," I just said "No I'll go with Dan." So we went to Cedar or Parowan. I had a month or two to kill, and I don't recall what I did for the rest of that year.

The next fall I decided I'd better get back in the CC's if I could, and I could. I don't recall the procedure. At that time for some reason I went back in the camp on this side of the river called the Zion Camp. Then the job I got that time, and this was like in October when I went to work or maybe September. They put me in the shop which I'd helped to build as the tool and parts man. They had a separate room for that where they kept all the supplies. They had a stove in there and a bigger stove out in the shop. So, I was to stay in the little cage and issue tools to the mechanics. In addition to issuing the parts and tools, I was to keep expense accounts on all the machinery, all the trucks and everything. When anyone came after gas or oil they were assigned a ticket for it and each day I was to gather up the tickets and go and enter it in the books wherever it belonged. That was some of the job.

The people that worked with me there were Lawrence Gifford was another enrollee who was a mechanic, Kenneth Grimly from Hurricane, he might have been an L.E.M. He was married at the time. Then there were the regular foreman. H.E. Brockmire was not in the CCC program; he was the Park mechanic, chief mechanic. Of course he was in charge of all the mechanic work, but then each camp had their mechanic and I don't know what assignments there were. There was Richard Erwin, who was over trucks I think in both camps. Alan Hall was one of the mechanics and Mack Bean also. Mack was an uncle of mine, who by the way just passed away two weeks ago, this being the middle of December.

Lehi Bybee was another L.E.M. He was from Tropic and a good mechanic. He and I were pretty good friends, but we'd knock heads occasionally. Kind of an interesting incident took place one time. He was quite a drinker. People made a lot of jokes out of him. Everybody liked him. He was a jolly type fellow, but he was known to like his beer and so forth. He had a big family, a nice family, a great family over in Tropic. Times were hard and he, of course, was glad to get this kind of job. One day they left him in charge all the regular bosses were gone, so Lehi Bybee became the boss. Early in the morning he came up to the door of my office. We had one of these Dutch door type things, the two parts and had a little platform to sign receipts on. He held up as I remember a big long Stilson wrench or maybe it was a piece of pipe, and he said "You see this?" He says, "Well I'm the boss today and if I catch you out in front here by this stove, I'll wrap this around your neck." He didn't scare me very bad. He thought that I was slacking off, and I'd go out and loaf and talk to the fellows. So they had to call me when they wanted something out of the office and he didn't want to have to do that. Well he had a point. But I liked old Lehi.

Along in the spring, I've forgotten just what month, it might have been May, I think it was, along with the rest of the camp they moved me to Bryce. I recall that I nearly froze to death the first night. We got there late at night. I nearly froze going out on the truck with a lot of other fellows. We had a cover over us; I think some kind of canvas. They gave me a tent to sleep in and I think maybe I had two of those blankets, but getting up there in 8000 feet it was something else and I spent one miserable night. But the next day they gave me a separate tent because my job was to be the assistant of the warehouse man there who was Dick Critchlow. He had been seasonal ranger and he was later, but I thought this was kind of prestigious to get to sleep in this tent. It wasn't even an army tent. They just pitched it at the back of the warehouse so I was completely separate from the camp. All I had to do at the camp was to show up at meal time, get my three a day. Then I had my own little tent. It was a nice job and a nice experience there at Bryce. My job was to keep track of the tools and keep inventory on them and occasionally I would have to take a vehicle and go out on one of the projects and check on the larger equipment and keep tabs on all of that.

During the summer they came up with a new program. This must have been under Civil Service, but they came up with this program and it was called "Junior Assistant to Technician." This was open to enrollees in the CCC. If you passed their examination, then you were eligible to take this job. It was a very attractive salary at that time which was something over a thousand dollars a year and that was a little better than the dollar a day we were getting, which looked pretty good to me. So I took the test and I didn't get a fabulous score. I think it was something like 85 was my score which was well above passing. But I don't know anybody that ever went to work on that job and that particular program. I didn't hear anything anymore about it for several years. And let me jump ahead and state that several years later after I was long out of the CC's and established in a kind of career, I got an offer for their job, but by that time I wasn't interested because I had my mind set that I was going to work the job I had for a little while, then go back to school which I did.

Along in July, I can't recall just the date but it was the latter half of July, they sent me back to Zion, and this was a promotion but I didn't look at it that way. I had gotten to liking Bryce and to send me back to Zion out of that nice cool mountain air back to Zion in July was . . . .

Graff: That was worse than that first cold night?

Crawford: I proceeded to get sick. I don't recall now. It was kind of a cold, a sore throat, I don't know what happened to me, but I was miserable for a few days. I didn't like the job. I was assistant to the park purchasing agent, but the warehouse was in a mess. It had these two camps working out that with the equipment there and some of the equipment was coming back and my job was to straighten up the warehouse, to put it in order and to catalog everything. In the meantime, a friend of mine, Harmon Reusch, had got to talking with me and convinced me that it would be a nice adventure to go to Idaho and work on farms. I don't whether this was the regular period of re-enlistment or not, but I asked to be released, discharged. They granted me discharge and Harmon Reusch and I

headed to Idaho. That's another story. We spent the rest of the summer up there working on the farms which may have been a good experience. I only found out several years later that I had made a big mistake. In the long run it didn't turn out to be such a big mistake.

In the spring of 1937, a new service station was built in Springdale by the Utah Oil Refining Company. Alvin Allred, he probably had the biggest business in Springdale, and he had a store, a real successful café, and a cabin camp. In those days we would call them motels; they had their own individual cabins, but his was a very high quality affair. He even sent my brother way out in Nevada where I happened to be at the time to get me to come operate the station. He had taken the lease on it and he wanted me to operate it. So I went to work on Memorial Day 1937, operating this Utah Oil service station. I worked for him for a year. Then I told the company that I was going to quit unless they felt like they could give me the lease on it and they did. They took it away from him and so for two years I leased that station. In all this time, of course, the CCC was still going, still operating. I had for customers some of the people on the CCC's, and I can remember some of the personnel. I haven't mentioned, when I had Don here, to talk about some of these people. The army personnel for instance, Captain Whitney who was over this Bridge Mountain camp and his assistant Lieutenant Brothers, who actually preceded him in there and started building the camp, and as far as I know he stayed with it for several years anyhow. Dr. Schrank, he was a well-liked doctor. By the way he patched up a finger of mine. Moving a rock, when I was working on this warehouse one day, one of the trucks was backing up and the driver had cramped a wheel and the wheel had hit a big rock and tipped it so that the wheel and the rock fell back between the fender and the wheel, and he couldn't go forward or back. So I got a hold of the rock and was pulling it back as the driver started forward and caught my finger between the rock and the fender and peeled the skin off of my forefinger. Dr. Schrank sewed it up without any anesthetics and it's about a two inch scar that I have left and I recall that he commended me after I he got that sewed up. He said "You didn't even flinch." I said "As far as I'm concerned that finger is dead. I didn't feel a thing."

Graff: Didn't even feel it then?

Crawford: It was just as numb as could be. It was a long time before the feeling came back, but had no permanent damage. Dr. Schrank was a well-liked doctor.

Graff: Now did he stay right in the camp?

Crawford: Most of these officers lived in town. They'd rent a house or room or something, maybe in a motel. Some of them lived in Allred's cabin camp. They'd just rent one of his cabins and that was their home. At Bryce, they'd do the same thing down at Ruby's. They'd rent a cabin and that would be the home of these foreman and Army officers.

Let's see, another person that should be mentioned was Sgt. Frank Holland. I've forgotten whether he was classified as First Sargent, or it seemed like he was a Mess Sargent. He had, I know, a lot to do with purchasing. I got kind of friendly with him; he was a nice guy. I remember that he had an awfully pock-marked face, but a real decent

fellow. Turned out that he, in talking over the phone, you now, having to call to put orders into different companies, he got acquainted with one of the telephone operators here in St. George. He ended up marrying the gal and they became the parents of the last president of Brigham Young University. Jeff Holland is their son. Frank died a few years ago. He came and lived in St. George and made a living selling real estate for many years. Let's see, who else would [there] be?

That was on the old Bridge Mountain camp. Across the river I don't remember the officers' names over there, except that they did have a different doctor. His name was Dr. Anderson and I thought that was a funny name because he looked oriental, but there again he was a swell fellow that liked to visit. We had a lot of fun with him. For some reason Dr. Schrank was over in that camp one time. To get an idea of what a joker he was, it happened to be April fool's Day. We in the garage, during this winter that I worked as the tools and parts man in the park garage, we decided instead of going back to the camp for lunch every day, we talked the Mess Sargent into making us lunches and so we just carried a sack lunch. Then we had what we called "gunbolts" a big can or something and we made coffee on this big pot belly stove and have hot coffee and sandwiches and that was our lunch. We enjoyed it that way. We would just sit around and everybody would have a good time during the lunch hour. This happened to be April fool's Day and I remember biting into a jam sandwich and oh, what a horrible taste I got. I opened up and there was a big chunk of this old green gel laundry soap in it, and I bit right into it. All of the fellows were laughing about it and then another fellow got it.

Graff: He got one too?

Crawford: He got three of us. Oh jeez, we said we're going to raise Cain with those guys. So we kept the sandwiches, and when we got back to camp that night we marched into the headquarters and asked for Dr. Schrank, and some of the officers, and two or three of us held these sandwiches out and said "Look here and see what these cooks put up for us for lunch." Dr. Schrank's remark was "Keep it under your hat; everybody will be wanting it." And that's all the satisfaction we got out of that complaint. [Laughter].

Graff: That's all you got out of it?

Crawford: Well let's see, what else have we talked about? Oh yeah, the winter I spent over in the Bridge Mountain camp, we had a flu epidemic. The day I got sick, I just threw up, and it came on at night. I think that we had been to some kind of a program maybe MIA, Mutual, so forth. So instead of going to the camp I went home and went to bed. The next day, here came the camp ambulance after me and said "Come on" and I said "No I want to stay here where my mom can take care of me." They told me "You're in the camp now, you're..." They took me back to camp. They had a building that was set on a lower level down on the sandy bottom of the river and they called it the "drying house." Anybody who wanted to do laundry could go in there and hang their stuff in there if it was inclement weather. They made a hospital out of that and golly there were a bunch of us sick there for a while, but we got over that and nobody died. I remember that sometime during the winter they took us to Las Vegas and to go to the Boulder Dam.

[It appears they are looking at something]

Graff: Cute anyway.

Crawford: She was a real prize. Anyhow, we went to see Boulder Dam, and I've forgotten what stage it was in. It was pretty well along in its reconstruction by then. They let us sleep in VFW Hall in town and I remember a lot of the fellows really got drunk. They were away from home and on their own, and these old vets really took care of the boys and they had a pretty good time. I remember it was really cold riding down in trucks in back and other things.

Let's see a lot of the fellows, of course, were Mormons and so they really got involved in going to church, in community affairs, and parties, and different entertainment. The town of Springdale, of course, would provide quite a lot of entertainment, especially through the church and the MIA program for these fellows. There were dances. A lot of dances went on Friday nights especially. This wasn't exclusively a CCC trait, but it always did go on even before there was anybody but Mormons in there, there was always some drinking going on at these dances. But it was a little tough to handle everybody because there were so many young fellows and maybe you could say, so few girls. Mack Bean who was a mechanic in the park and who was a big husky guy, they assigned him a job as bouncer for some of these dances. I remember this one night there were two of these boys from camp, and I wasn't in the camp at this time, wait a minute yes, I was too. I was in the Zion camp, the one on the west side. I was at the dance and I can remember these two fellows that Mack Bean had to toss out two other times or just sent out they were too drunk. He said "If you come back in again, I'll throw you out personally," and here they came after a while and they went past him and hanging onto each other. They got right out into the middle of the floor and both of them fell over. So Mack grabbed them both by the collar and just swept the floor with them and threw them down the stairs in that old entrance out of the recreation hall. It was about ten steps, and he just threw them down that and then out the door.

And then, of course, the town constable took over and that was Barney Gifford who was at this time town constable. It was Norman Crawford who was the deputy sheriff at the time. So Barney started off to the jail with these two fellows, but their buddies undertook to head them off and they did. It turned into a gang fight and it went on right out in the middle of this bridge that crossed the stream, this wash in the middle of Springdale.

Course I had to go out and look on for a little while and there was a pile of fellows. It was dark. There were no street lights or anything, and I could just see this big pile of fellows right in the middle of the road and on this bridge. Then I saw this big guy go and jump right on top of them, so I proceeded to pull him off. I grabbed him and yanked him off, and he spun around and hit me on the jaw. Then I was backing up and I discovered that he was about a good head taller than I was and I just kept backing up and I was saying, "I wasn't doing anything. I just thought that looked uneven and I wanted to get you out of there." So, finally he gave up and we didn't have any kind of scrap. It turned out that

Norman Crawford almost got killed and that somebody hit him in the face with a rock and he lay not unconscious, but he was baldheaded and his whole scalp clear down to his neck was just as black as the ace of spades. It fractured his skull right across just above his eyes. He laid there just in the bed for a few days and he did recover, but he lost his sense of smell and he had a crooked nose. Anyhow, it didn't do him any good.

Graff: Now you mentioned a jail. Did they have a jail in Springdale at that time?

Crawford: Under the WPA project they built a little one room jail, I don't know about a 10' x 12' or a very small room, I think that it is still standing up there in back of the Springdale school house. It was built under the objection of a lot of the town people who thought they didn't need a jail and I guess it never was used as far as I know. I don't know anybody who was ever incarcerated.

Graff: That night?

Crawford: That night they didn't use it.

Graff: They didn't put anyone into it?

Crawford: But they did get those fellows that started that battle that night and I think that they took them to court and they were fined about \$50 a piece or something like that. We found out later who had wielded the rock that hit Norman and it was a friend of mine. He didn't show up at camp the next Monday morning and I asked another fellow from his home town "What happened to Willard?" And he said "Well, what are you doing here?" He said "He stayed home because he thought that he had killed you." He had picked up this rock and hit somebody with it and then he heard that a Crawford had gotten hit in the face with a rock and he was the one who had wielded the rock and he thought that it was me.

Graff: That was Norm Crawford?

Crawford: Norm Crawford.

Graff: Was he your uncle or cousin?

Crawford: He was a cousin.

Graff: Cousin.

Crawford: Yeah, a little bit older about three or four years older. This was Willard Duncan from LaVerkin who had done that. But then he went and found out that it wasn't me and this kid said "Well he's sick; he thinks that he just about killed you and he stayed home and he's sick over it." And I said, "Well you tell him it isn't me."

But we were having a dance a while after that in our camp, the west side camp, and this fellow came up to me and says "Hey I want to talk to you." I said "Yeah?" I don't know whether I asked him his name or whether he told me. I remember his name it was Fred Collins and he was from Circleville, Utah. He outweighed me by fifty pounds and a head taller than I am. He says "You got to meet me and prove you're the best man." "What do you mean?" He says "You broke a tooth of mine." I said, "I didn't do any such thing." And he said "Well you sure did." I said "I didn't even hit you with my fist." I couldn't convince him that I didn't. I pulled him off that gang, and he swung around and didn't clip me hard, but he got me on the jaw, but I didn't touch him. Somebody had hit him and broke a tooth and he thought I did it.

Graff: Thought you did it?

Crawford: So boy, I could see that he could clean out me. The next day I went over to his camp. He was in Bridge Mountain across the river and I had to look him up. I says, "Hey I've got to convince you someway I don't have anything against you, I just thought it looked uneven when I pulled you off that gang, but I didn't even touch you." He says "Oh, don't think anything of it; that was booze talking. I was drunk when I was talking to you. I didn't mean anything by it. I still think you broke my tooth." Later on I got kind of acquainted with his family; he wasn't all that bad a guy. The middle finger on one hand was missing, and they said that he lost that finger by getting in a fight and getting it snagged by a tooth and got blood poisoning and had to have it amputated.

Graff: Oh, my gosh!

Crawford: So he had kind of a reputation for fighting.

Graff: That wasn't the guy that you really wanted to mix with.

Crawford: I didn't want to mix with him. What else do we got here that needs to go on?

I did mention earlier that I had made a big mistake in getting out of the CC's in the summer of '36 and going to Idaho. After I got operating the service station in Springdale one of my customers was Frank Rozell, who was the project superintendent over at both camps, quite an important figure there in Zion, a very capable person. I serviced his car; he had one of Allred's rooms. One day I got talking with him and I said something about a park job, park ranger job. He said "Well we were going to put you on that job, but you have to get up and quit." I said "Nobody told me."

They had taken some of those fellows out of the CCs and made them seasonal rangers, put them on fee collecting. In those days they didn't have special features like if you went on as a ranger and then you were assigned maybe on the entrance station or patrol, or wherever they wanted to put you. It was all park ranger jobs. Two or three of those fellows got those jobs, and I would've had one of them had I stayed. Of course as it turned out I was able to run this service station for two or three years, then I went back to college. Well after the war, I finished my college on the G.I. Bill of Rights, got a degree

and then I also got a permanent place as Park Ranger which worked out well. This CCC experience was a good one I'm glad to say.

But this business of forgetting which camp, I was thinking Bridge Mountain Camp was the original one. It turns out that it was the second one to be built and it was also the first one to be dismantled.

Graff: I don't know if they ever came across which one was dismantled first.

Crawford: One of the pictures that one of the fellows had up there showed, it was taken from up on the hill above the Watchmen residential area and you can see the camp on the west side of the river and there is no camp at Bridge Mountain. I've forgotten how I could tell this was a late picture, but there is no Bridge Mountain camp there. But they did keep a few of the buildings. They were on the north end of the camp, and in this picture they didn't show because it was across the area where it would have been the south end of the camp. I should've copied that picture, but I didn't.

Graff: Well hopefully someone copied it up there. They shot all those pictures; we just haven't got them developed yet.

Crawford: Some of the buildings there became residences. I remember Dale Campbell lived for several years in a residence that they had converted, one of the old army office buildings into a residence. Then they had a shop about where that tennis court is now. They made storage out of it for many years for parts long after the war. They stored a lot of equipment over across the way. Then when they built the Watchman residential area, they did away with those and moved everything.

I might mention some of the things in addition to the projects that I worked on, some of the things they did. You may have interviewed fellows who worked on this I think they called it the Parunuweap Trail. We call it the Watchman Trail now because they abandoned the project when they got up to the high cliff or up to that notch. For some reason they abandoned the project and they built a pretty good trail up to that point. I remember one fellow got really seriously injured I think falling rocks. I don't think that was the reason they abandoned it; they probably it wasn't a good idea, too expensive. Anyhow they called it off and they let the upper end of that trail just deteriorate, but they maintained the bottom end of it as the Watchman Trail and it's a very much used trail today.

Some people have the misconception that the CC's built the tunnel and built that rock bridge. That wasn't so; that was all done before the CCC's came in. They may have built one or two of the trails.

Graff: The Overlook Trail, I've always heard they built that one.

Crawford: They did build that trail. I don't think that I can name any other trails that they actually built, but they did all the maintenance work on all the trails and the roads and

they did a lot of slope dressing like on the switchbacks. They did a little rock work where rock work had previously had been done and maybe a piece of it came off around culvert heads. I worked for a little while up the canyon up in the narrows on the culvert heads. The culverts had put up in without any concrete or rock work around the ends of the pipe.

End of interview.