

INTERVIEW WITH: Mae Chynoweth
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INTERVIEWER: Marsha Holland
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Tape 1, Side A

MH: I'm here with Mae Chynoweth. We are at her home in Tropic, Utah. Hi, Mae,
how are you?

MC: OK.

MH: If you could just state your name.

MC: I'm Mae Chynoweth, I was born March the twenty-third, nineteen twenty-four, in
Tropic, Utah, in my parents home. Ten children were born there and I was their
seventh, the seventh child. And it was a wonderful home we grew up in.
Hardships and hard times, but it was a happy home and parents that loved us and
cared for us and we just was happy children all our life there.

MH: What were your parents' names?

MC: Emily, Samuel and Emily Pollock, Emily Davis Pollock..

MH: So she was a Davis?

MC: Davis from Cannonville. Uh, huh.

MH: Oh, Cannonville? Now is Sam Pollock, is this the Sam Pollock that Sam Pollock
Arch is named after?

MC: Yes.

MH: What did Sam do?

MC: Sam was a sheep man and a cattleman. And he was a bishop and a stake president. He run four terms as County Commissioner and he was, the fourth term was when he was older, in his late seventies and they still wanted him to run for County Commissioner one more time. But the Cottonwood Road that goes from here to Lake Powell, it saves forty, I think forty-four or forty-six miles, from going around Kanab-way. He and three other men built that road with a bulldozer and a grader. And he loved that road, you know, but maybe someday it will be paved, who knows, but in his day it was a great accomplishment. He was a great man in this area Marsha, very. And he was a builder, the school and the seminary and the chapels and the dump road for all my young years, and he saw that that got oiled. And he was just a great man and had a good family.

MH: Did he work for a particular company or how was he involved in the development of the area?

MC: I don't think he, I can't remember, only just in business like I say building businesses that he made a living at but as far as going out on a defense job or anything like that, he worked for himself.

MH: Um, hum.

MC: But they did have ten children, all born in their old home that's still standing.

MH: Oh, where is that home?

MC: It's where Kay Willis lives now. Just and old home over a block and down a block, Marsha, and the old home is still standing.

MH: I'll have to go by and take a look.

MC: And that's where we learned to work was on that home, it was a little over an acre of ground I think. And we had every barnyard animal and we children took care of it because my father and brothers were at the sheep herd and we tried to help our mother and we learned to milk cows, to take care of all the barnyard animals. And we had an old horse named Simple, and I think as many kids as could get on his back, as long as we locked our arms around each one we stayed on but if one fell off we all fell off. But that horse, I swear he never would move a foot or anything as long as he knew children was going under him or around. He just sensed that we were, you know, and we loved that old horse. I think Dad and Mother bought it especially for all of us children.

MH: You have a good story about milking cows. When did you learn how to milk cows?

MC: Well my sister, my brother Afton, went to the sheep herd to help my father with the other two sons and my older sister, deceased now, but she went to Ruby's Inn to work and we thought that was a great thing because there was no money for us children. And of course, Afton gone, why I knew my mother and she, I had three brothers and sisters under me and so mother said she had to have someone learn to milk the cows. And of course a young daughter, just maybe twelve years old, and I was sensing being a teenager and she said, "I will learn you how to milk". I remember how she'd take me out there and have patience. How my arms would ache. But I never complained. I had a responsibility in our home and a trust from my mother and father that I carried all of my life. It was the trust they had in me. And so mother, I learned to milk those cows and I'd milk them and not let

anybody know in our crowd and teenage group, you know, because I felt that they didn't have to do that but I did. But I loved my mother. And right up until the time she gave birth of her children she worked right to the time her babies were born, And I knew that she couldn't go out. Winter, summer, rain or shine we milked the cows. On night, I'll have to tell you Marsha, there was a silent movie coming into town and that was a great event for us children. So we went to mother and told her about this here movie that was coming down to the old church house. It burned down in later years. So Afton and I, she told Afton and I if you'll go and milk the cows and do the chores, why I'll give you, I think it was ten cents a ticket, why I'll give you the money and you can go to the movie. Well being wise, we didn't know how wise mother was. And we children went, Afton and I, took the buckets out and milked the cows but we were short a bucket of milk. Mother knew, and I'll go on with the story but anyway we milked the cows and we couldn't wait to run down to the movie, which was down where the park is now. And so when we got the cows all seen to and the chores done why then she gave us the dime, each of us a dime, and we ran fast, you know, down to see this great silent movie. And we went in and it was already started. And so we sat kind of on the back row. And we sea on our legs because it wasn't that warm, you know how kids will sit on their legs and kind of and I can just remember Afton's shoulder right against mine, you know, we loved each other. Oh this silent movie was the greatest thing in our life. And it wasn't very far through the movie until a tap comes on Afton and my shoulders and it was Mother. And she said, "You'll come home and finish milking the cows." And we went up the street, that block or two blocks to home

and not one word was said. She was a great teacher. And we went out and we got a full bucket of milk from the cows and it was pitch dark. And I remember it taught me the best greatest lesson that I ever, you know, she ever taught me. That if we were going to do anything to do it well, she'd say. We was taught, and we never got to go back to the movie, And no more was said about that. That is what taught that great lesson.

MH: You must have been in the house when your mother was giving birth. Did she have any help?

MC: A mid-wife. Aunt Dee Riding that lived a mile and half, may be a little over a mile out in the canyon. She has been dead a lot of years. And anyway whenever shed' take sick, why she'd go for the neighbor, if Dad wasn't home, we'd run for Brother Ahlstrom and he'd get in the wagon or the old buggy and he'd go get Aunt Dee and she'd come and we'd hear that first cry from the babies. We never had a lot in our home but it was the happiest home. The three, sometimes two and three times a week she would make ten loaves of bread. We'd come home from school and we'd see all this bread and we knew Mother wasn't very far away. We'd holler, "Mom, we're home!" Many times when she was there with that big responsibility of every thing and Dad and them was to the herd, I'd say "Mom, I'm home" and if she wasn't right there I'd go to her bedroom and she was sleeping or resting. Or I'd se her on her knees in prayer. I'd tiptoe back until she'd come out. How I loved her for what she'd done. One day, I came home from school and I hollered "Mom, I'm home." It was bitter cold, it was in January and here she was ready to give birth to the tenth child. I could see the loaves of bread on the stove.

The stove was just getting hot so she could bake this bread., but no Mother. So, I went out the back and heard her chopping the wood. In those days we didn't, the women didn't know what wearing jeans or pants was. They had dresses. I could see this long apron, that she would wear, waving in the wind, and her trying to chop this wood, just ready to give birth to the tenth child. I remember going out and telling her, "Mother, I'll do this." And I helped her get the wood in so we could build a hot fire to bake the bread. It wasn't very many days until she took sick with this baby. He came early, and he weighed just a few pounds and I remember how hard these times were. I always felt like Afton and I didn't do our part in getting enough wood in the next day and it gave her this early birth. I always felt bad over that. I did.

MH: Tell me about your brother and sisters. There were six in front of you.

MC: Herman, Iland, Virginia, and Nina.

MH: Nina, which was a popular name here, then?

MC: Nina, then Afton, then Mother lost a baby two weeks old with quick pneumonia, in between Afton and I, so she was the sixth child, and then I came, then there was Mae, then Erma and Verdean and then Lamoin.

MH: Now Verdean is a girl, and then...

MC: Lamoin

MH: Well, then how did Lamoin do?

MC: Well, he struggled for a lot of years, tiny, you know. I had a great charge of doing all these chores, because it took Mother a long time, then she had the tenth in January. In those days it snowed even with the windowsills and over the fences.

And for a young girl, to shovel trails to the corral for the animals, to take care of them, in the muck and all we had to do. And Mother lying in there trying to take care of this infant that was so frail and fragile. I learned such great lessons from her, just the hardships. But I never did dare complain and put any more stress on her. When Dad and the three boys and the mules and the dogs would turn the corner down where June and Obie Shakespeare lives now, or by Doug's Motel now, we kids would sit out on the old fence and watch when we knew they was coming. We would see them come, the mules and Dad and the brothers and the dogs were coming. We'd run in and say to Mother, "Oh, they are here, they are coming, they're coming!" I remember she'd start to cry. She lift this old apron up to her face and for a little while she knew her burdens would be light, because they were home. I sensed this responsibility.

MH: It was quite a bit. Tell me about Emily, your mom.

MC: Emily had to be a noble angel on this earth. What she did for others was unreal. I remember as a child when she would raise this garden from fence to fence, because times were so hard. We didn't have any money, we raised what we ate. She raised this garden. Dad bought a little, bought us all, the little kids, a little red wagon. It was quite a big red wagon and it had little slats around it. Mother would take this wagon and whose ever turn it was, and we'd go out and gather all this garden produce. She say, "Now take this to Sister so-and-so, or Brother so-and-so." And we'd look up and ask, "Do we have to, again? We've done it so many times, do we have to again?" I don't know how many wagonloads we took to everywhere in this town. She raised so much.

MH: It was such a good message though, of always giving.

MC: So many times, the people we'd give the produce to, we got so many kisses and hugs and pats on the head. S, we were rewarded.

MH: Do you remember her parents? She was from Cannonville, right?

MC; She was from Cannonville. Her parents were Johnnie and Annie Davis. I need to let you take Grandpa Davis' book. It is marvelous.

MH: I sure loved Jack's. You have all these sisters and brothers. You went to school always in Tropic, then?

MC: Always.

MH: Now, were there two separate schools or was there an elementary and a high school?

MC: Well, the old school was down there. The elementary was in the bottom and we'd climb stairs to go to the high school. I remember only one typewriter. I never did learn to type. I've been so sad since I've lost my eyesight, because I didn't learn to type. I was too busy with life to learn how. We had one in the school. We loved that school. We learned and had good teachers. I was a cheerleader for years and Jack was a star basketball player and the president of the high school you know.

MH: So basketball was very popular then too?

MC: Oh, it was Marsha.

MH: Hasn't changed much. Would you travel around to the games? How would people get to and from all the games?

MC: Well, I think we had a bus that took us to different things. We didn't travel to games like they do now though. We did go though, and I think it was in a bus. It

was good school years. The old school building was down, this just this side of the firehouse now. It did burn down. It was a sad day, but we did get this school up here. My sister Nina, for nine and a half years, was the school lunch; she did it all alone. I can still see her going up those steep stairs on the outside carrying kettles. She lived across the street, her and Royal. She'd cook a lot of the stuff on her old cook stove and take it over. But kids to this day say nobody cooked like Nina.

MH: I'm sure people would agree. So, you were on the cheerleading team. I recognize some of the people in this picture. You graduated in what year?

MC: We graduated in 1942, Jack and I. We graduated in the same class.

MH: If kids wanted to go onto college, how hard was that for them?

MC: Well, it was... not too many went. A lot of them was able to go and work and provide for themselves. But very few of us went. Then it was the war years, Marsha, not only was it harsh and hard in our homes trying to live in this little community, but then we had the war years coming on. We lived in a time with no water in the house. We had to go clear out to the corral where we watered the animals. Every night it was our chore to see that there was a bucket of water and our teakettle that Mother kept on the stove, was full on, every night for her to get up and start the day with. It was hard. We had no electricity, no...

MH: So, it was dark walking out to the corral?

MC: When the moon came out, it was a luxury for us kids. We loved the moon, because it was so dark most of the time.

MH: It seems like that tradition sort of continues. It was more of a celebration time when there was a moon. I've heard a lot of people talk about going out and doing this and that, hiking and festivities and so forth. The kids still do that, the kids still do that here, not like in the cities.

MC: Yes, but Marsha it was harsh times, I can't tell you, how hard it was.

MH: Well you were growing up right in the heart of the Depression.

MC: I was, and my clothes, Mother had all these children and she had these three little girls. She couldn't keep our hair up. It was getting so long. I remember her setting us out on the porch that is still down there and Sister Ahlstrom, her neighbor, came over. Mother said, "Oh Rose, help me cut these girls' hair." I was just twelve and sensing being a teenager and growing up and being like my older sisters, and I thought oh, my long black hair. It had a little natural curl. It was just like they put a bowl on our head. It was just about like this, middle way across our ears, cropped straight around, and bangs you know. I looked in the mirror, of course Erma and Verdean were younger, they didn't say it was how they looked, but I looked in the mirror and remember grabbing my head and crying and crying. Mother felt so bad. I vowed, I'd never let anyone take care of my hair again. But she promised me it would grow back and it did and always will.

MC: The Ahlstroms, you've mentioned them twice. They lived....

MC: They lived where Keela Mangum lives now. Beautiful old two story home. Beautiful old big home. The greatest neighbors. I don't know how many times Brother Ahlstrom went for Aunt Dee to help Mother when Dad wasn't home.

They shared everything they had. Dad would give them meat, because Dad had plenty of meat and my Father would take me to everyone he thought needed it and would hang it on a tree, on a string or anything thing he could and never let them know who brought it. But they all knew Brother Pollock brought it.

MH: And here it was such hard times, and he was very generous through such hard times. Would you make your own clothes, then?

MC: Mother sewed. She made our older sisters' dresses were cut off and sewed down until they would fit us. Most of our clothes were hand me downs and refitted. Coats were a luxury in those days. We had aunts and uncles that lived up north. Mother and Dad went up north quite a bit 'cause he'd have to go after sheep herd supplies. It would give Mother a little time out. There were great sales in those days. You could buy a dress for two or three dollars, that was beautiful. I would never forget, I had hand me downs for so long... I remember they went to Salt Lake. I had the main part in the Great Operetta. We would send up north to get the long costumes, the Belles of Barcelona was the first one I was in. Dallas LeFevre, La Mar LeFevre brother and I got the main parts because we could sing. I remember Mother and Dad going up to get shepherd supplies and if we got a pair of shoes a year it was a luxury. I thought what am I going to wear out there on the stage? Everyone turned out for this great operetta. I knew my part, I knew my songs. I knew how to walk, I was coached on that. I remember when they came back and I never will forget it. We wore cotton stockings. I remember when Mother and Dad came back, they had the most beautiful black taffeta dress with puffed sleeves. It was just gorgeous. It was short and they had a pair of silk

stockings, which was one of the greatest gifts they could ever give me and a new pair of shoes. Well, I felt like the belle of the ball out there on stage.

MH: What was the performance again?

MC: Belles of Barcelona. What a marvelous night that was. And they stood up and they clapped and cried and we cried. It was a great teacher for me. I learned many character stake things that have helped me all my life.

MH: So, you are a singer?

MC: I was then, not any more.

MH: You are not going to sing me one of the songs? Please?

MC: No.

MH: Then after high school you...Jack did some work around here, then he enlisted?

MC: No, he didn't enlist. He worked at anything that he could make a dollar at. A dollar in our day was like a hundred dollars now. But we were junior and senior sweethearts. We knew he was going into the war. Our seminary teacher used to tell Jack and I, "Oh, you are just great kids. You are just an example couple." We didn't know what that meant. We were just happy-go-lucky teenagers falling in love with each other. Still in school. I remember up where the property is, it was long before Dad gave it to us, a bunch of us kids walked up to Bryce, one Sunday afternoon, after church. Coming home all the other kids went and walked on down. Jack and I stayed, just after we got over the Park line. He knew, I'd told him after I graduated I wanted to go to Idaho, to Sun Valley, Idaho, where my sister worked and get a job. And Jack said, "I knew if you went I would never see you again." When we were coming home from this Bryce Canyon trek, home, he

knew he was going to propose to me. Here we were still in school. So, the other group, they all went on down the road. I remember him taking my hand and squeezing it so tight. And he said he, "I've got something special to tell you. Maybe I have no right." We knew as quick as he graduated, that he'd go to war. War was a scary thing. We'd hear it over the radio about the world's events and it was scary. We walked a little ways. I thought, he squeezed my hand so tight, and I had my school ring on. It was making dents in my fingers. (laughing) I was thinking about that when he, and there was a full moon, Marsha, and it was a gorgeous night. I remember him stopping and getting in front of me and getting my shoulders. He just kind of got a hold of my shoulders so I would look right up at him. He said, "I don't want you to go to Sun Valley, I don't want you to go away. I want you to stay here. And maybe I have no right to ask you this most important question of my life. I know I'm going off to war. I want to marry you." He said, "Will you marry me?" Something in simple words like that. I looked at him and thought, are you crazy? Asking me to marry you when we are not even graduated from school? We have no home, no money, nothing to our name, only the shirt on our backs. I was just about to tell him are you crazy to ask a young girl like me, to do such a thing in our life. I remember his eyes filling full of tears. He kind of turned and started walking down the road. I said, "Jack?" And he thought that I didn't think that much of him. He said, "I know I don't know how to dress or dance that good, and I have no money..." And I felt bad to think that my thoughts were so foolish. Finally he came back and said he'd do anything if I'd marry him.

He said, "I'll work my fingers to the bone. I'll do any job that I can. Maybe we won't have it all right now, but I promise you one day, I will give you everything. I can to make you happy." We walked down the road a little more and I think we both cried. We got close to home and hardly said a word. We were just in such deep thought. In the back of my head I knew I had to go home and milk cows. I didn't want to tell Jack that. I didn't want the teenagers to know that. It was getting late and I still had to milk the cows.

Finally I said to Jack, "I've got to go home."

He asked, "Why, it is Sunday night?"

I told him he didn't understand. I said, "I've got to go home and milk the cows so my Mother won't have to milk them."

He said, "Why haven't you told me this before?"

I said it was because I was ashamed. And he said he would go help me. It was the biggest, most beautiful moon. I have got it written in my journal that it was the best cow milking time I ever had. He went out and helped me milk the cows. We took the milk in and he helped me separate it, running it through a disk so the cream would come out. Then we went out and sat out on the lawn. He didn't want to go home. He had an old pick-up truck of his father's. It was a 1932. It was parked and then the group had walked to Bryce. When he left that night he said he would promise me that things would be better if I would just say yes.

Before he left that night I think I told him yes, I would marry him.

End of Tape 1, side A

Tape one, Side B

MC: He knew he had the girl of his dreams, which there was lots of them around, but I was the girl of his dream. But anyway, that's a long story, Marsha.

MH: That's a good story. Jack told me about when you finally went up to get married and that was in...

MC: That was in 1942.

Recording stops and then resumes.

MC: Well, I told you about milking the cows that morning.

MH: But I don't think we have that on the recording. The morning that you were leaving to go...

MC: No, no. Well we had to bathe in a number three tub. We had to heat our water on the old cook stove. I got up and did this and I thought I'd be real careful and I'll just come in and wash, my arms and get dressed. Jack and his mother would be waiting outside in this old pick-up to get me. And I didn't want them to know I had to milk the day I was to get married. Here was Erma, Verdean and Lamoin remember this little boy, the little one that has had such a bad life, him putting his arms a round me and saying, "I don't want you to get married. I want you to stay here with me." Then he cried. But anyway, I took these buckets and I went out to the corral to milk these cows and I fed all of the animals. The granary was there and I fed the chickens. We had everything. I milked the cows. I had these two buckets of milk just foaming with milk and full. I told you we had a swinging gate and if you kicked it hard enough you could get through it before it would swing back. I was hurrying and I had this milk in my hands. I kicked the gate and I kicked it too hard and it came back and hit the buckets of milk. The milk

went all over me. I remember leaning my head on the gate and crying. I thought, no, we need this milk, Mother needed this milk to make butter and cheese and cottage cheese. I felt so bad over that, but I was just soaking wet with this milk.

MH: A milk bath?

MC: I knew they were waiting outside. I remember going in and had everything ready to go. Mother had bought me a pretty little gown and a little negligee gown, things to go get married in. Seemed like I might of got in the tub and bathed again or spit bathed, but anyway I did get ready and I was probably a half hour or so late. We got in the truck; about eight o'clock, maybe before then, and we started out and we had the twelve flats, as Jack has told you, all the way up, in the hot sun. He'd repair it with a boot or a little patch and we'd go again a little ways. The thought came to me, a selfish thought came into my mind once, I thought what am I doing, why am I going through this for?

MH: I would have thought that too!

MC: We never had anything to eat. I don't know, Grandma Chynoweth probably made a little something to eat. We didn't have money to buy anything. But I'd go out there and try and help Jack. When we got to Salt Lake that night, they were having a bull convention. Mother and Dad had gone up early to get everything ready to go to the Temple.

MH: Oh, so they were already up there.

MC: Yes, that is why I had to do all chores and take care of the little kids. I remembered it was after two o'clock when we got in to this old hotel, McCullough it was called. Mother and Dad always stayed there. They were great friends with

the owners. We thought Jack and Dad would have a room and Mother and I would have a room. But when we got up there they could only get one room with twin beds. So we got there a little after two in the morning. Jack slept at the foot of Dad's bed and I slept at the foot of Mothers twin bed. We could have reached over and held hands. (laughs) We had to be at the Temple at 7:30 that morning. I was too particular with my hair and myself. I had to look just so. I remember Mother and Dad saying to hurry. We walked one block to the Temple, frightened to death. Two little kids just graduated out of school. We would look at each other and think what is in the future for us. But we went in and we were married by an apostle of the Lord, who later became the President of the Church, President Harold B. Lee. And he was a great friend of my father's. The things he told us Marsha, I still remember to this day. He told us that we were going to have it hard, that our life would be harsh and that the way the world would be going with World War II and everything, that we would have lots of hardships to face, but he said, "As I look into your faces, I see great promise there." He said great things would happen in our lives, then he went on, you know.

MH: Jack went off to the War and then Evan was born? Evan was born when Jack was gone?

MC: Jack was classified as 4-F. He was called into the service and he went in to Fort Douglas. They called him up there, and he had a little heart murmur then and walked in his sleep. The night we were married he walked in his sleep. He came back home. All of these boys were going off to war and we lived in Henrieville. We paid five dollars a month for an old home. We were living in that. Mother

and Dad Chynoweth were keeping us with food. Anyway, it was about a week after he came home. They sent him home as a 4-F. When you are a 4-F, you are rejected; you've got something wrong. Well, Marsha, to be a 4-F with all these boys going off to war, you were just a downcast. Here this young couple, just married and everyone turned their backs on us. I tell you, it was the hardest time in a young couple's life. We felt like we never had a friend. We'd hear these little [comments], somebody would tell us, "Well, our son is going, or so-and -so is going."

Jack was able to work and help his father on the farm. They've kept him exempt to help his father on the farm. Well, we were the saddest two people. I remember going to Grandfather Chynoweth, Jack and I, and we said, "Dad Chynoweth, we can't live like this, we have no friends." Well, it was sad time in our life. We had no money, but we felt like running away and hiding. We lived like that, that harsh time, when people would turn their back on us. Finally, Grandpa Chynoweth got us and promised us that he was going to get us a job in the Church. They put me as secretary of the primary and Jack in the elders' quorum doing something. We felt like we weren't even worthy for that call because he didn't go into the service. Well, it went that way for two years and we lived on deer meat and vegetables from the gardens and what our parents gave us. It was hard. A young couple like that today would have separated. They couldn't have handled those harsh times. We loved each other and we were married for time and all eternity in the Temple. We knew this and honored that. But, anyway, we were expecting our first baby. Jack was just thrilled. We didn't know what the future would hold, and he got

another call from the service. They accepted him. Three months after he went into the war he was shipped over seas and put right on the front line as an infantryman. He was wounded so badly, you read it in the book. I went six long weeks with this little boy to take care of, living with my Mother and Dad. I went six long weeks that we never heard on word from the war department of his condition. Just that he was wounded, hospitalized, and notified at a later date. We lived by prayer and faith and...

MH: What did you sense about Jack?

MC: I knew he was seriously wounded. No word, was a good word, we'd say. But we didn't know whether he had his limbs or what or where he was wounded or what. But the War news was so frightening on the radio and in the papers. It was frightening, Marsha. I can't begin to tell you when Jack was wounded and so bad, the people who turned their backs on us came back on bended knees. (Crying) They carried me around on a pedestal and they took the little boy and ask my forgiveness. They turned their backs and they knew what they had done to Jack and I. To me these people are pillars of gold in my life. I promised the Lord if Jack came home a normal soldier and could take care of this little boy and me, that I would devote my time and energy and might to helping other people. And I have, Marsha. I've run the hundredth mile.

He was wounded so badly. It was four days before they touched him. When they went to take the blood and the mud and the muck off of him, the nurses told him the doctors looked at him and said is this the enemy or one of ours? And then they took care of Jack. To get that off of his body, they were afraid he would

have a blood clot. It was unreal to let him lay there that long. But there was so many wounded, they got to him when they could.

MH: When was Evan born?

MC: Evan was born in 1944, two years after we were married, on June the 2nd. He was a beautiful little baby. He was born, I had to find an old slow pick-up to take me to Richfield to the doctor. Mother and Dad had something wrong with their car, I can't remember. Harv Mangum, that would be Pete Mangum, I don't know if you know Pete and Keela, it was his father, my cousin, my first cousin. He went and took this old slow pickup and in just two weeks I was supposed to have this new little baby. Jack was gone and wounded. I remember getting in that pick-up and Mother and Dad crying when I left. I thought I'd never get to Richfield. I was paralyzed when he got me down there. Then when we got to Richfield he took me over to stay with my Aunt Hattie and Uncle Al, they were close to ninety. Here a young bride, expecting their first baby, I was so frightened. I remember when he was born. Dr. McQueary, he had a daughter Ruth, no Rachel, that her husband was in the war and he delivered their first baby. So he sensed my feelings. I remember eighteen hours of trying to have Evan and I held back everything and I would never let go. He finally came in and said honey if you don't help me get his baby here, I'm going to lose both of you. He knew I was frightened and I didn't have my mother and dad there, nobody. My Aunt and Uncle were old, one little nurse and Dr. McQueary. And I loved that man. He was so tender. He told me how to have that baby and I did. He was pretty near an eight pound baby, a beautiful black headed boy. I cried so hard when the nurses

let me hold him and the nurses told me I out to be cheering instead of crying. I said, "Yes, but you don't know why I'm crying. I'm doing this all alone." (Tape recorder is turned off.)

Recording resumes

MH: When did Jack come back?

MC: He was wounded in '44, was it 1944 or '45. Jack went the following January, was it a year or two. Well, he didn't see Evan until after Evan was two. When he came home, the only thing he ever knew about his father was the pictures and the little stories I'd tell him about him. I used to sing to him about the different things. I'd say, "That's what your daddy and I sang together." And I think he knew, really, think he knew his father, this little tiny boy, when he came home.

MH: I was gong to ask you how Jack felt when he came home and saw his son?

MC: Well, it was something else. And Evan knew a person he'd never seen and the heartaches we had. Then I told you Marsha, the eight years after Jack came back from the war, he lived the front line trauma. It was wicked.

MH: He had bad dreams?

MC: Oh, you would never know. If it hadn't been for Grandfather Chynoweth and my Mother and Father right here, you'll never know, Marsha. He lived those front lines and the cry of death and the stench of the bodies, and the things he saw. Like I told you, I've leaned up against the bed or the wall, holding him in my arms with that shaking body. I can't even tell you how bad it was. A lot of times I'd pick this little boy up and bring him in, put him in his father's arms. That would

comfort him while he had Evan in his arms, I'd run as fast I could. We never had a car. That's Reed's place up to Mothers, so that is four or five blocks. I remember running until my lungs would hurt. He came home in January and I'd get in and I'd say... A lot of times it wouldn't until he got to sleep and he'd have these nightmares and I'd run in and say, "Oh, come quick Dad, its Jack, I've got to have some help."

MH: Would they just talk?

MC: Yes, he did everything to get Jack out of those shaking...they weren't convulsions; they were...the cry of death.

MH: Was it one part or ...?

MC: Many times. You don't train for war and go on the front lines and be right in the very worst of it and not have nightmares about it.

MH: What was the time when you think he became healed?

MC: It was three or four years when it was bad, after he came home. Then I could see him, I knew... My dad would say we've got to get him a job and get is mind off of this.

MH: Do you remember what job he had when he came back?

MC: Oh, Marsha, I can't even remember. It is all in my journals. I've got five hard-backed journals. The road going over to Escalante... he worked. He was only a young boy. He would do anything. He had the energy. He was blessed with energy, so he would go and he made a little bit. I remember, I was buying that home. When they'd get cigarettes or candy bars, he'd sell them over there and send me the money. Sometimes it was just ten dollars. But then, it was like two

or three hundred to me. My father and Grandfather Chynoweth, I started buying this little home, it was just a shell. There were two rooms and this dark basement. You went down into this dark basement. There were two rooms and an old cook stove in there. And they helped me to start buying that.

MH: Was that in Tropic?

MC: Down back of Reed's store. That old home is still standing. I remember when Jack came home; we bought a door at a time, or a window at a time. A few boards to put the flooring down. Sometimes in the winter when it would be so cold, we'd hang quilts up on the door so the snow wouldn't come in. We lived in one room in the basement. He'd go gather wood and we live in this dark basement.

MH: When did the electricity come in?

MC: Electricity came in during the war. Yes, we had electricity then because it came before Jack came home. There was a phone in town.

MH: In town?

MC: It was the old crank type. I remember where Lisa, Evan built that home and he and Judy loved that place before they moved to Kanab. Anyway, Alton and Louie Shakespeare lived down there and they had the only phone. It was two blocks away from the little house. I was living in the basement, Jack and I. No, I'm getting ahead of myself. I knew Jack was coming home, Marsha, so I wanted to be brave. So, I took this little boy, this little babe, and I told Dad and Mother I wanted to go and fix those two rooms in the basement and have it all ready for when Jack got home. You can imagine my anxiety. I was expecting a phone call

when he would come. Louie and her son Gene came up at one or two o'clock in the morning and they scratched on this little window. Louie said not to be scared; it was just her and Gene. I asked, "What is it?" She told me Jack was on the phone. He was in New York. I couldn't leave the little baby, the little boy. Louie said she had brought Gene so he can stay with him. It was a dark night. There was electricity, but no streetlights. I remember us feeling our way down around to her place. When we got to the phone, of course, it had cut off. She walked clear back up to this little dugout I had. Her and Gene went home and it wasn't very long until they were back and said they had Jack on the phone again.

(laughing) And so Gene stayed with Evan and I went down. The first words he said, I never will forget it, he said, "Is this my sweetheart?" (Crying) I said it was. He wanted me to talk to him so he could hear my voice. Louie said, she told me so many times, she is dead now, I had a listening ear, that the tears that rolled down my cheeks were unreal. But he wanted me to talk and kept telling me I was his sweetheart and he was coming home to his sweetheart and his little boy. The war was over, I remember him saying so many times, "The war is over, I'm coming home, the war is over." (Lots of crying)

MH: Jack came home. I'm sure it was a great reunion. Then did you have more children after Evan?

MC: Three years, then I got pregnant. That was something else in our lives too. I knew Jack wasn't well, but we were expecting another baby. Of course we had have a cow and we had to have pigs and where Reed's is, where he built the motel, he built that on out. It used to be quite a steep bank. It would drain and

they had big flood and it would run right past our house. A lot of times they'd be so big they come right up to the house. But anyway, I had a pig that Dad had brought. I was in my seventh month with this new baby. Jack and I were so thrilled. We couldn't wait for this new baby. I went down with this five-gallon bucket. We saved every scrape and everything we had. It was heavy and me seven months along. I lifted the bucket up over the fence to pour the swill, we called it, in the trough for the pig. I kind of had, a little twinge of pain. I thought I'd be all right. So, I picked up the bucket and started back to the corral and I started up the bank where our home was. I started to hemorrhage. There were no cars going by. My neighbor through the fence was old and everyone was off to defense plants. I thought I can't have this baby; I'm only seven months along. Evan was asleep. Jack was cutting timber, I think. I sat down and took hold of my knees and my legs and I couldn't have the baby, no one was there. I must have sat there for two or three hours until Jack came home. He came in but I wasn't in, so he called for me. I remember I had become so weak I couldn't even see. He came out the back door, down the little steps and he saw me sitting there. He ran to me and seeing me in that condition. I told him he had to run for help. I knew I was going to have that baby. He ran over a block, to over where the Pizza Place is now. There was one little store. He ran for Sister Ott, Bob Joe's grandmother who lived back behind the Pizza Place where the post office is. He ran and said, "Sister Ott come quick!" She was the Relief Society president. Jack came out and picked me up, just took me in his arms and took me in and put me on the couch. It was awful. Then he and Sister Ott took me, took me... I can't

remember where we got a car, but he took me. She was born just before we got to the hospital, just a little two and a half-month-old baby. Doctor Duggans said that she would never live. I wanted to go through long hard labor for Jack, so he could see what I had to go through with Evan. He was there. Sister Ott took this little tiny baby and...Anyway, they saved her and she is the mother of eight children now.

MH: That is quite a story.

MC: Then we did get two other daughters.

MH: The daughter that was just born, what was her name?

MC: Deanna. That was when Deanna Durban was a great singer, and we named her after Deanna Durban.

MH: You had Deanna, and she is the proud mother of eight. Did you go over to Panquitch?

MC: We had to go to Panquitch. A little home over there, there wasn't a hospital then, it was in a home.

MH: You had Deanna, then who else?

MC: Then I had Christine, two years later I had Christine, then two years later I had Randa Kay, who owns the Pizza Place. And we call her Randi.

MH: The next time I see her, I'll call her Randa Kay, then she'll know I talked to you. Randi lives here and ...

MC: Christine lives in St. George and Deanna lives in Magna and Evan our only son lives in St. George.

MH: He isn't in Kanab?

MC: No, he was the bishop over there when his wife died leaving him with four children.

MH: Oh, that was Monte's (Twitchell) sister.

MC: It was, Judy. And she died of bone marrow cancer. Anyway he remarried and they live in St. George. He ...

MH: So, what do you think of the changes that have happened around here in the last little while?

MC: Oh, you live in a marvelous age, Marsha. Our children live in a wonderful age, but they are forgetting the true art of homemaking. If they had to come back and do [what we did], if hard times came and they had to grub for their food they wouldn't know where to start. But this generation of mine, we could teach them so much, but they are not interested in learning. No time. But it is a grand age.

MH: And what about the area where we live, Tropic. What do you think about Tropic now?

MC: The people have not changed, but we see lots of improvement and lots of wonderful things happening here. The schools are good and the ward of the church is strong. We see strong youth and individuals here. Great men of character and women of nobility, and Marsha, they are pillars of gold to me. I see great things in our youth here.

MH: I think they have good examples here, including you.

MC: Not me, I'm sure.

MH: Did you live here with all your children in this home?

MC: No, we lived with all of our children down in the little home, back of the little store of Reed's there. Then, Jack got a job. He worked in the timber, he and Dean [Wintch]. They went in partnership. If you can imagine for twenty-five years owning the same hammer, the same axe, the same everything they had was in partnership. Is that unreal? Everything they did, they were partners in. He [Dean] married my younger sister, Erma. So, they worked at any job they could. I can't tell you how hard they worked. We built the first theatre here. They came home because they saw these silent movies in the war. And they came home with the idea that they wanted to build a theatre for these people around here. They built a 300-seat theatre. [We ran it from 1946 to 1960. We sold it to Harold Shakespeare who went up to Alaska and made a lot of money. Then television came in and you couldn't make it. It sat there for years. Then he donated the land to the church, where the parking lot is on the west.]

Tape one, Side B ends

Tape two, Side A begins

MC: Well, TV came in and we sold that wonderful place for five thousand dollars.

MH: What has happened to the building now?

MC: It's been tore down and the church is there. Run all those old movies. I've got sixty movies in here of the old time favorites that are hid away because they are marvelous.

Tape ends

