

<b>INTERVIEW WITH:</b>	<b>Kathryn Griffin Coleman</b>
<b>INTERVIEWER:</b>	<b>Marsha Holland</b>
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This interview represents one of five interviews taken in the summer of 2007 as part of an effort by Escalante residents, Envision Escalante, and the Southern Utah Oral History Project to collect and make a record of the unique stories and lifestyle of the long time residents of the Escalante area. Recording made with a Sony DAT recorder. Audio .wav files of recordings are available through the Southern Utah Oral History Project.

MH: Today is July 30, 2007. I am in Escalante, Utah with Kathryn Coleman.

KC: Kathryn Naomi Griffin Coleman. I was born on January 12, 1933 here in Escalante.

MH: So, towards the end, middle, of the Depression years?

KC: It was. I remember it was still hard. We got by, but Mom made and cooked everything. She was a convert to the Church. She was born out on the prairie by Blair, Nebraska, and grew up on a farm out by Maxfield, Nebraska, by the Platte River. She had two sisters in Portland. One had two daughters just older than my sister and I. When they outgrew their clothes she would send them to my mom. Mom was such a good seamstress she was able to remake them for my sister and I. We always had fairly nice clothes. I remember we didn't think we were hard up, because everyone else was just about the same. My mother was a beautiful seamstress.

MH: That is the thing about that time, more was reused or remade.

KC: And we were taught to work. My chore was getting chips. If I went and forgot then I would have to out after dark and find them. We didn't have flashlights. We took the cows to the pasture, fed chickens, gathered eggs, and bottled all of our food, done just about everything there was. We had a big garden. My mother would plant peas, then she and Dad would pull the vines when they were ripe and put them in a #3 wash tub and we would pull the vines, pick the peas, and shell them, and she would bottle them.

MH: You were born in 1933, tail end of the Depression, do you remember what your dad was doing to support the family?

KC: He was farming. My dad lacked one quarter of finishing his veterinary degree. He took care of all the animals around here, more of a barter business. He would help deliver a calf, pull a calf, or take care of an animal. They would give him potatoes or food, to pay for it.

MH: So, he was the most knowledgeable animal husbandry person available in the area.

KC: Yes, he was.

MH: A quarter away from finishing your degree, you have learned a lot of stuff about doctoring animals.

KC: When the Depression hit the worst, why then, they moved back here, they couldn't go on. He graduated from Brant Agricultural College and went in the First World War, stationed in Everett, Washington. He was guarding the spruce trees, a duty because that was what they made the airplanes out of during World War I. He got a citation for that. That was where he met my mother. She was a

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telephone operator. She and her sisters went to the USO and that is where they met. They went there to dance, serve drinks, and visit with the soldiers.

They married. I think they stayed there for a year or two. Dad worked in the timber. My oldest brother was born there and he had asthma bad. They told him he had to come to a drier climate. So, they got here just about the time the flu epidemic was raging here. They were quarantined out in the back of my grandmother's lot in a little tent for six weeks. That was around 1918, when they first came. His mother was here.

I am the third generation, the youngest of the third generation. My dad is the youngest in their family. My grandfather Charles Emerson had six or seven children and his wife died and then he remarried. They were living in Kanarraville. She wouldn't come into this country, so she divorced him. She had one child, but she kept him.

My grandmother Griffin joined the Church in England. She and her younger sister came over here. When they got to Salt Lake, Grandpa was up there. She needed a place to go, so he married her and they come back down here. They had eight sons; my dad was the youngest of the eight. My grandfather died when my dad was four years old. She raised all of them, and most got a good education. There was seventeen all together. Grandma Griffin died just before my sister was born, who is nine years older than I am.

MH: So, was your grandfather in carpentry?

KC: My grandfather run sheep. My dad was good at carpentry. I think most men around here were good with about anything. Grandfather's name was Charles Emerson Griffin. My dad's name was Lorin William Griffin.

MH: What was his relation to the Show House?

KC: He built it in 1938. They stuccoed the front of it. He put pieces of petrified wood in the stucco, as they made it. They run the show house and Mom sold the tickets, Dad run the projectors. He used to take the movies and go all around the CC Camps, which were here at that time. He would go in the car, jack one wheel up and run the projector from that for the CC Camps.

MH: Hum, that is very innovative. Of course, most people were around here.

KC: I had an ear ache one night; Mom had sold tickets, with my brothers who is two and a half years older than I am. Mom told Dad she was going to take us home so she could put something in my ear. Dad hadn't come out, so Mom bundled me up and put me in the back seat of the car, but there was somebody in the car raising up under me. I was screaming and trying to claw out while Mom was saying, "Get in, well, get in." I guess it must have been one of the CC guys who had gotten cold and crawled in the backseat of the car, laid down. He went out the other side. I still can't get in the car without looking. Dad was coming down the hill; I was yelling, Mom was yelling, and Dad came running to see what all of the excitement was. (Laughter) It stayed with me.

MH: What do you remember about the Show House being built, how did the idea come about anyway?

KC: I don't know, never asked him that when he was alive. I don't remember that

actual building that much, because I was only four or five. I remember being in the show house and watching the shows and sitting on Mom's lap while she sold tickets, going up during the day and helping Dad pick up stuff, sweep and clean. It was special place. They had the Old Star Hall that used to show some pictures in, but they were mostly silent movies. I remember when they showed *Gone with the Wind* when it first came out. I just remember sitting on the front bench watching it. It was neat, because we didn't have TV.

My folks did lots of reading. My grandparents in Oregon always sent books. My mom read a chapter a night to my brother and I. We would be out playing in the snow and she would call and say, "Alvin, Kathryn, come in if you want me to read to you." We would go in, Mom would read to us or Dad would tell a story. My Dad was a big story teller. I told somebody once that we would sit around the table and Dad would make up tales. He was telling about he and Christopher Columbus sailing up the Escalante River. It was something we remembered. My father was a hands-on father. We went everywhere with him; hiking. Mom would pack a lunch and we would go over across the creek into what they call the Black Hills, above the white ones, hike around and look for rocks and stuff. I remember the one time; my dad was a great fisherman. He and Mom always went fishing. We went to Posey Lake fishing, got up there and it got storming so bad. We had another aunt and uncle and their kids with us. Mom had to drive the truck and the men had to get out and hold the truck on the road because it was clay and it was sliding, until we got around the turns. When we got down to the creek to cross there was such a huge flood, wall to wall. There was a flume that carried the

water from the north side over to the other. We went down there and Dad carried me across. I remember having my arms around his neck and my legs wrapped around his waist. He had one arm holding me and one hand holding the cable. That water was up there, swaying and cows and trees a floatin' by. We made it home OK. Everybody made it across.

MH: That is quite an adventure.

KC: We played in the creek, all the kids in the neighborhood, and there was a lot of kids. I said aunt and uncle, but they were acutally my dad's nephews, the same age, but they were his nephews and their kids. I remember seeing flamingos down in the creek and swans, and storks. Birds would migrate through here and stop. The mothers all watched. When it got cloudy like this, they were all down chasing us out of the creek. When we got our chores done, that is where we went and played. There would be geese. We had so many birds migrating through here. You never knew what you would see in the spring down there.

MH: Did you play in that clay mud?

KC: Oh, yes. We would Mud Crawl. We had not swimming hole, but we would get in the little bit of water and knock around. After a flood we would go down and look for mud balls, we called them. We would find the most different colors of clay all rolled in big balls; blues, red, white, all in these big balls that rolled down. We would get them and make little dishes or stuff like that. It was like play dough. If you left it out in the sun, it would harden, real well.

MH: Let's talk about some of your friends at that time.

KC: I played with Shirley Christensen, a year younger than I am, and Mazie Lee. I think Mazie stills lives in St, George. Her mother was my first grade teacher and her father was the superintendent of schools. I loved to sew and took after my mother in dressmaking. Mom and Mrs. Lee would give us a nickel and we would go up to the store and buy a little piece of cloth and come home and cut out and make doll clothes, sew them up for our dolls. We played lots of games. We would go up to Grandma Porter, my dad's sister and since I didn't have grandparents here. All her grandkids would be there. We would play Kick-the-Can, Run Sheepy Run, and Red Rover and all of those games. After we would run and play Grandma would come out and say to come in and set down and she would have bread and butter and sugar for all of us. There would probably be fifteen of us, all the cousins in the neighborhood. I remember she loved sweet buttermilk, made from sweet cream. My Mom was probably the only one that made it, so every time, when Mom churned, she took a red lard bucket that held about two or three pound of lard and [fill it]. She would send me; I'd cross the street, crawl under the fence and take Grandma up her little bucket of sweet buttermilk.

MH: How do you get sweet buttermilk?

KC: The cream is not soured. You make your butter with sweet cream. Most of your other butter, they would let it sit for two or three days until it would sour. The butter was all right, it just would come to butter faster if it was sour cream than if it was sweet cream.

MH: Was your family involved in the milk/diary economy, popular in the thirties?

KC: Yes, my folks milked cows and separated the cream and shipped the cream out.

The cream went to Junction. There was a creamery below town here. I think, there are still some of the buildings out there. Where the sewer lagoon ponds are, it is up about where the second lagoon is, if there is anything still left down under that hill.

My folks, like most, went to the farm in the summer a few times. I was nine years old then. We would go up in the Upper Valley and spend the summer farming.

We had milk cows and pigs. Two or three brood sows. I remember we had one old sow that was having babies and was trying to eat them. Mom and Dad run out and fixed the #3 wash tub and put a blanket or sacks in it and when a pig would fall out from the birth channel, Dad would distract her and my brother would jump in and grab the baby pig, throw it to Mom, then she would chase him. The sow would drop another one, I would grab it, throw it to Dad and jump out of the way. We did that until she had thirteen or fourteen baby pigs. We thought it was a big game. (Laughter) Otherwise she would have killed them all. We raised pigs. The behavior is not that uncommon; they are in labor, in pain and they don't realize what they are doing.

MH: Tell me about where your ranch was.

KC: It isn't there now. There is a sign that says, Pet Hollow. We had quite a ranch there and they let it all go to sage brush now. My brother and I spent a lot of time wandering around up in there. I surprised we never got bit by a rattlesnake. We were careful, but we was everywhere.

MH: I know there are reports of many artifacts up in there?



KC: We saw the Moqui houses. We run onto it up in there, but you know, we didn't go into them, because they were up on the ledge, but it wasn't the big thing that it is now. We were aware of them and talked about it, just part of it. We preserved stuff, never destroy stuff like that. My brother and I would hike to town a time or two, it was seven miles. That wasn't the main road, so there weren't a lot of people traveling back and forth. You wouldn't get a ride. We had an old horse and would go out catch him in the field and go riding without a bridle. When we got off, the old thing would leave us.

MH: Is your brother, Alvin, still around?

KC: No, he is dead. My sister is the only one left alive in the Panguitch Nursing Home. There were five of us. The oldest was Bernard. He died of a ruptured appendix when he was about nine because they had to go from here to Salina to the closest doctor. They had to go by horse and buggy. It took them a day to get to the top of the mountain, another day on down past Widstoe. He died on the operating table.

MH: It seems like common thing to hear in the interviews I have done, a least one family member died of appendicitis.

KC: There were no antibiotics then either. My next brother was Wilford Griffin. He married Kolleen Owens from Panguitch. They had six children. Their third child, a daughter, died of encephalitis. Wilford had asthma and emphysema. Being a German prisoner of war, he had shrapnel that had cut through all of his stomach. The Germans had operated on him and they just held him down because of no anesthetic. All they had for bandages was toilet paper. They were evacuating out

of Paris. He and another French soldier had found some champagne at the top of a hotel where they held them. They gave it to the guards and they got drinking, as they went around a turn, they rolled out of the [vehicle]. The French Underground found them.

MH: An escape!

KC: They tore their wounds loose, but the French Underground found them and doctored them and got them back into England. My husband, Frank, and I hadn't thought about this, but his oldest brother was also a German prisoner of war in a concentration camp in Russia. Jerry Roundy came up and said, "Did you two know that your two oldest brothers, each one, were German prisoners of war, the only prisoners of war from this town, when you two married?" We didn't think about it.

My brother, Wilford, helped put the first TV in here. He had a service station. He died of asthma and emphysema. Bernerd, Wilford and Iola Elizabeth. She married a Woolsey and had three children. Then my brother, Alvin. He was career Army. He was married once and they separated but had three girls by that marriage. He went back in the Army and met a wife there who was a nurse. They had four children. But he died a few years ago. My brother had two girls and two boys by the second wife and three by the other. They all live in Wyoming. The two girls live in Glenrock and the two boys both teach school in Grand Junction. One girl is a radiologist and one is involved with psychology up there.

MH: Do they still have ties here?

KC: We see them and talk to them, some. My sister's kids, one lived here and her daughter lived up in Mayton, son in Grand Junction. The daughter and I talk, she calls one weekend, I call the next.

MH: Let's talk about your family. It certainly sounds like you had a wonderful childhood with your family. How did you meet Frank?

KC: I did have a good childhood. We weren't rich or anything, but Mom would pop popcorn or make candy popcorn. In the winter, we raised our own pop corn and then in the winter we popped the corn. My grandparents always sent books. My parents were big on reading.

Frank and I went to school with his sister from Boulder. He grew up on a ranch in Salt Gulch. If you can get him to talk about it, he has got some...he is the middle of fourteen children, he would have a lot of stories to tell. If you can get him to talk about it. Anyway, some of the guys from over there would come over. I was sixteen. The girls that I run with around here was going with some of them. We were all in a crowd one night, had some food and had a bonfire by anybody's house, he and I got paired together. We were the only two that were not a couple. I said, the first night we were together, everybody kind of left us, we laughed about it. But we talked about everything from snakes to skins. We went together off and on then. I graduated from high school and he went in the Army to Korea. I graduated from high school and went to LDS Business College in Salt Lake. He spent eleven months on the front lines in Korea. When he came home, we got married.

MH: Was he the same man? Could you see the impact Korea had on him?

KC: You know, I know it did, but I don't think, but maybe because we have a different attitude, but seems much as these Viet Nam Veterans, they don't make a big deal over it, like that.

MH: Do you think that is because the people who return here, are much closer to life, from beginning to end, seeing things being born and things dying and take care of their own, much closer to the earth anyway.

KC: Well, we always raised all of our chickens and pigs, animals, you know, and I remember our oldest child, a boy, who died fourteen years ago, he and our next one, three years younger, they had a calf that they raised named Sunshine, they were getting ready to butcher it in the fall. They weren't going to eat it, so we said we would trade it with Uncle Hyrum, his oldest brother for one his. (Before he died, our son was sick about nine months) He said, "Would you two please fess-up, did we eat Sunshine or not?" I said, "Yes." They looked at each other and said, "See, I told you we did." (Laughter) We raised chickens, we ate them. When our oldest daughter was about four, I was making a cake or something. I said, "Go down to the chicken coop and get a couple of eggs." She came back just a crying, wailing. I said, "What's wrong?" She said, "The chickens looked mean at me." (laughter) When you open the doors, they kind of turn their heads, like this...side to side. She has never lived that one down.

MH: I remember getting chased by geese on the way to the milk barn, They would lay in wait and come out and attack you and you'd run as fast as you could to the milk barn.

KC: That is what Frank said. They had an old turkey that didn't bother the boys, but the turkey would fly on the girls. They had dresses on and he would go after the bare leg.

We did a lot with our kids. We went camping and fishing. We had farms, and I run the café above town, where the art gallery is now. He had the service station, so when I was working, he had the kids, or took them with him. Our daughter laughed about the fact that she could just see over the steering wheel and they would be hauling hay, he would be throwing the bales, up in the truck. Our son would be dragging them. She would turn the key on to start the truck. He would have it is granny gear, and she would steer it between the bales. When he would holler, "Whoa!," she would turn it off. When they were ready to move he would say, "OK!" and she would turn the key to start it. She was too small to reach the brake or the clutch, couldn't reach them. She is a nurse now, just got her nurse practitioners. When she was in nursing school, she was asked where she had learned about the birds and the bees. She said, "Well, we had cows and when the bull was with the cows, we knew they were breeding and when the rooster would chase the chickens and the boar was with the sow. It was just, that was it. We branded the cows and drove them to the mountain.

MH: That is a pretty neat thing.

KC: It is; we enjoyed it.

MH: I know the Griffins have a long history of ranching, but do the Colemans as well?

KC: Yes, his folks had the ranch in Salt Gulch. His family would always have family reunion and we would go camping. The kids always like to get together

and camp. It used to be when we first went; there was a communal bed for all the kids, because they all wanted to be together; one bed for the girls and one bed for the boys. We didn't have sleeping bags or tents. We had to take all the bedding from our house to keep warm. The kids liked to make popcorn and cookies and stuff like that.

If we didn't have money for Christmas; we never charged anything. Frank would make stuff for the kids; a cradle for the girls or a cupboard. I usually sewed. The two older ones said that I made them, what I called "clown pajamas," pajamas for them by piecing together scrap flannel out of all the different colors. They thought that was the neatest thing there was. I made all my own clothes for myself and my kids. I made my girls prom dresses.

MH: Wow, which is just not done anymore.

KC: Oh, no. Now I can't see to sew, that has been hard for me.

MH: Did you also get into quilting?

KC: I pieced quilts and quilted. I kept my own patterns, newspaper patterns. I would cut out the shirts for our son.

MH: Would you use an old shirt, cut it up, to make the pattern?

KC: Well, I kind of knew what a shirt pattern was like. Cut up the side and make the arm hole. For little shorts I used the old pair and made them. For Sherree, our oldest, when she was little, if we were out I would go in the store and look the girls' dresses over and go out and get in the truck and sketch what they were like. Then I would come home use my basic newspaper pattern and decorate it up.

MH: Really impressive. It is hard to imagine someone doing that now. It requires a certain talent to look at something and make it into a garment.

KC: My girls still do. We will go in someplace, they will see something and it is five, ten dollars. They will look it over and say, "We can make that when we get home." So, they will make it. I can't see to sew anymore but, my younger daughter took a wrap-around robe that I liked and had cut-up, she took it back to Hurricane and made me a new robe. Our older daughter likes to do quilts.

We had three kids, Lance, and three years later there was Sherree, then I was never able to conceive again and then I got pregnant with Deanna. There was fourteen years between her and her sister. I remember my son, when we told him we were going to have a baby, looking at us thinking, "Oh, my word!" since he was seventeen.

MH: He was probably a great help, like an uncle.

KC: He worshipped her. If she would see something on TV he would go buy it and bring it home to her. It was hard for her actually because she had a brother and sister, fourteen and seventeen, and my father had died and his mother had died. She had us and another set of grandparents that were doting on her. She was the sixty-fifth grandchild for his Mom and Dad.

Deanna is in Hurricane as is Sherree. Lance, her husband died, like I said, about fourteen years ago. He had a son and a daughter. His daughter turns twenty-six on Sunday. Our grandson lives in Myrtle Creek, Oregon, Shawn. He has two little girls, Shelby and Shaylee

My older daughter was never able to have children. She adopted and her daughter just had a baby boy. Three great-grandkids. I went down and helped with the new baby. I got to spoil him a little bit.

MH: Tell me about when you got married. Was it in Escalante?

KC: No, you know Arnold and Deon Alvey? Arnold and Frank were in the Army together and they were friends before. We had dated. They were in Korea together. Deon and I messed around, were friends during that time. When they came home, why, we double dated. I remember they were coming to pick us up to go on a picnic. Deon and I packed a lunch. We were really pleased with ourselves and made tuna fish sandwiches. We got up there and neither of them would eat tuna fish after being in Korea and seeing all the fish over there. They wouldn't eat tuna fish sandwiches. For us, that was a treat. If Frank would talk to you about marching through the camps with all the starving people and the pots with the fish heads floating by...

We weren't going to be married until spring. I was going to go to California with an aunt, my grandfather's sister lived down there, Martha Slaughter. She lived in Los Angeles. She had a daughter she had adopted, but no other kids. My sister had gone to live with her and worked. I was going to go down there and live. Frank and Arnold decided they wanted to get married in December, 23<sup>rd</sup> of December. The four of us went to Richfield and got married. We were married by a Bishop Connelly. We had a double wedding. So didn't' make it to California then. Went later, but not then.



MH: Were your parents angry with you?

KC: They weren't with us. They didn't make a big deal about the wedding and receptions like they do now. I assumed Deon had a bridal shower. My mom had a bridal shower for me. I did lots of embroidering and crocheting and had a lot of stuff in my trousseau. My Hope Chest.

When we were first married we went to Salt Gulch and stayed with his folks, because they did not have electricity into Salt Gulch at that time. We spent the first four months there, while he helped them put power into Salt Gulch. He helped run the lines. Then we went to Boulder and lived for a year and he worked and helped the farmers around there. When we lived over there, his brother had a home which he said if we wanted to clean it we could live in it. It didn't have a bathroom, didn't have water. I had to go down to the ditch and dip my water in a bucket and pack it up. Raised a grade and had a couple of milk cows. He was helping Truman Lyman haul cattle out to the auction. The cow hadn't been milked and it was getting towards dark, the calf was a bellowing. I finally thought, "I can't stand this!", so I went down and milked the cow. When he came home he said, "I didn't know you knew how to milk cows."

I said, "I know you didn't know I could milk. I wasn't about to tell you I could milk." (Laughter) I didn't do it a lot until after we got our own cattle and he was gone a lot.

We lived there about a year and moved over here. We were lucky to find a house to rent. The house had cold water in it was all. I had to heat the water on a wood stove. We were living here when our son was born. I would heat the water on the

stove and put it in the ringer washer and rinse and hold him on my hip while I rinsed. Then when he would go to sleep I would run out and hang; it was a way of life, didn't think about it. Until the last one was when we got an automatic washer.

MH: Was there a story that goes with the automatic washer?

KC: My washer was dying on me and the ringer washer I had was leaking oil. We went out to buy a washer in Cedar City, we were looking at a ringer washer at Northeast Furniture and the salesman said, "I've got an automatic washer that has been repossessed. The people had it only a month before we got it back. We can't sell it but for minimum." I think we paid only fifty, sixty dollars at the time because it was repossessed. That was the first automatic washer I had.

MH: Was it heaven?

KC: In some ways, yes, and some ways, no, because with the ringer washer, you washed once a week and got it over with. With an automatic washer now with two of us, it's not so bad, but when you had kids and stuff, you were washing all the time. I think we wore our clothes longer than they do now.

When I was a kid, we would come home from school and change clothes. I had clothes I wore to school and clothes I played in and worked in. We wore them to school all week and Mom washed them.

When we stayed with his folks at the ranch, they didn't have water. They had to dip the water out of the creek and bring it up. When the water was froze back, we would eat dinner, get it started, then go out and scoop dish pans full of snow and pack them in and put them on the stove to melt while we ate dinner. Then we

would do dishes and save the rinse water to wash the next ones in. We would pour the other dish water in the slop bucket for the pigs, that was just the way it was.

We had to pack the snow, bring it in and melt it. He had a sister at home. His sister and mother and I would all add water to take a bath in. The men wouldn't take a bath because it was a lot trouble to melt that much snow and heat. We bathed in a #3 tub for years.

MH: What an interesting first couple years in your marriage.

KC: It was. I remember watching the mushroom clouds after the A Bomb test. You could see them up in the sky. There was another lady and man who lived here and we talked about watching it. Two of their sons died from cancer. And our son died of liver failure, and after word they said it was probably from that.

MH: Downwinders.

KC: Yes. My husband lost his lung with cancer. He worked when Lance was little; he worked down at Circle Cliffs with the uranium company, staking claims. It blew right over them. Our older daughter, I'm sure that is the reason she could never conceive. Deon's daughter never had any children either.

MH: Clem Griffin, his sister's daughter also couldn't have kids, some kind of cancer. It is passed on through the generation.

KC: Our younger daughter had never married. But in Frank's family, his dad and a sister and his brother and now there sister, there have been about six of them with colon cancer. Frank had lung cancer. His youngest sister had bladder cancer.

MH: People don't talk about it much, but in the families of the many people I have interviewed, there are always two or three who had cancer. It seems a lot higher in Escalante than in Tropic.

KC: I think so, too. It blew right up here. He was working down there, he and my dad was working down there. They got up one morning and the Geiger counter was going off the chart when they went out prospecting. Anything they touched was radioactive. They watched the big cloud drift over.

MH: The fallout hits everything. But you remember seeing the cloud.

KC: Yes, it was just like a big dust cloud, orange, way up in the sky. We didn't really know what it was, we didn't have TV. We listened to the radio, "It is not going to hurt you people, it is safe." And all of this and that. Afterwards we knew it was a test, but we didn't know it was going to affect so many lives. It was in '51 or '52, in there.

MH: I have talked to people who have described the impact on them and their stock.

KC: And the deer. They still have horns that are misshaped. I'm not sure that isn't why I had trouble conceiving. It was around that time when all that was transpiring.

MH: The feed the stock ate was tainted.

KC: And I am sure it tainted everything we ate. Everything we ate we grew. We raised vegetables, fruit, cattle, meats and everything.

MH: You have lived in some pretty isolated parts of this country. How did it affect you?

KC: It never bothered me. As long as I had books and something to crochet, I was fine. I have always loved books, so reading was no problem. I was always either

embroidering or crocheting, or my mother taught me to knit. I hear the kids say now, "I am so bored." I can't figure why. I don't ever remember being bored. We went to Franks' folks' home after they left the ranch, we had Lance and Sherree. His grandmother was still alive, lived to be one hundred, Sarah Burr Coleman. Lance was down by a little hill behind the house in Teasdale playing. Grandma went down and came back, "I can't get over that, he is down there and he had sticks and made corrals and had rocks for horses and herding his cows and Sherree was sitting out on the front porch playing with dolls" She said, "I didn't know kids still did that."

MH: They were just brought up differently. You took the time to help them learn to explore and feel comfortable in their world.

KC: Yes, we went out picnicking and hiking. Frank always called it, "Go out and eat our dinner in the dirt." (Laughter) He and our son went hunting. We would all go out for the day. They would leave me, "You stay here and we will make a drive." Then they would come back and say, "Did you see any?" (Laughter) I had been reading and couldn't care if I saw a deer or not.

MH: Now, what do you think about Escalante. It has been through some ups and downs. Oil in the sixties, uranium.

KC: Frank's one brother, Don and Lillian Coleman, were here today. We were talking about the people we don't know. There are so many people in the town, now that I don't know than I do. When we go to the post office, I might know one or two, when I used to know everyone.

When the two older ones were little, I walked wherever I went. We had one outfit, and if he took it to work...we didn't have strollers either like they have now days. I would pack them or hold their hands. I lived two blocks from my sister's and three and a half from my folks. One day, Lance was outside playing, three years between he and Sharee, and I looked out and couldn't find him. I tracked him to my sister's. He was only two years old. I met her on the way back packing him, and I was frantic. Another time, he was out playing in the snow with his dog, and I went to check on him and couldn't find him, but followed the dog's track and his. He was down to the elementary school the dog was laying by the kindergarten room. My aunt, Ruth Griffin was the teacher and my niece Christine was in there. He went down to see Christine before; he was about two and a half. Aunt Ruth took his coat off and set him down. She said, "I knew you would be coming." But he had just joined the kids. He would watch his cousins go by to school and we were only a block from the school. He didn't want to stay home when they were gone.

MH: How about now, I know you don't feel you know that many people anymore, but it feels like a new energy here.

KC: There is a different energy here. People come here, they like the area, they come, then they want to change all of the things they liked and came here for. Now they want to change it. And each group that comes has their friends and ideas. They want to change it to the way it was, not the way it is now.

We still do things the same, make our own bread, bake our own cookies from scratch. We made bread on Saturday.

MH: Usually on Saturday then?

KC: Naw, just when the deep freeze has one loaf left. (laughter) I have a K-Tek mixer that kneads it and I usually make six loafs of bread and three pans of biscuits at a time, then put them in the deep freeze. Regular bread. Frank is good about helping me measure and make the bread. I have had both shoulders replaced, artificial shoulders within the last year, so he mixes it all up. We usually make six, eight dozen cookies at a time, different kinds and put them in the deep freeze so we have a variety.

MH: Shoulder replacement surgery? How far a part?

KC: One was a year ago in May and this one was last of November. I have to get the bands back out and work on strength. But I don't have the pain I used to have. I had so much pain; I couldn't stay in bed with it. My shoulders were so worn out, and the doctor was new, from the shoulder institute in San Antoine, Texas. They do what they call a reverse; put the ball on the shoulder and the socket on the arm. I can't lift over ten pounds, but I don't anyway. But, I don't have the pain.

MH: Pain can take a lot out of your life.

KC: After I had this first one done Frank said, "This is the first time you have been able to lay on your side and stay in bed."

MH: Good, that is positive. No more pulling weeds?

KC: No more weeds, but mostly when Frank had his lung out, he took over the garden and that is just fine with me. He likes to garden and does and I don't have to. All I do is bottle it. We bottle tomatoes, peaches from Sherree's, dehydrate apples,

make jams. We froze a lot of corn last year. We have had potatoes, corn, cabbage, tomatoes, cucumbers, onion.

MH: We live a bit higher, so our garden hasn't been producing much yet, but the rabbits are out of control.

KC: We haven't noticed them in the garden as much, but we have cottontails here in town. Frank told Deon and Arnold, "He wished they would take care of their rabbits. They are over under his barn." Ben Porter across the street, when Deon chased one out, he got the BB gun out and killed it. Another fellow that moved in here asked, "Why did you kill that rabbit." Deon said, "Because it is eating our garden!" The fellow said, "Do they eat gardens? Maybe that is what is taking my garden; I have been feeding them all winter."

There was an older fellow out toward Colorado City that gave his sister's husband a handful of Anasazi beans, big as your thumb. They gave us some and Frank planted them. They have a beautiful flower on them. When you soak and cook them; one bean fills a teaspoon and don't produce the gas that others do. Each year he plants a row of those.

MH: Very nice. Well, I have taken up plenty of your time. Thank you. It has been very interesting although we have missed some things. Perhaps we can get Mr. Frank Coleman, the next time I come over.

End of Interview