Narrator: Julia “Judy” Quinton
Interviewer: Mildred Andrews
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Transcribed by: Teresa Bergen

Andrews: This interview is being conducted with Judy Quinton on behalf of the Washington Women’s History Consortium for the 1977 Ellensburg/Houston International Women’s Year Conference’s Oral History Project. The interview is taking place on February sixth at Judy’s home in Seattle’s Magnolia District, and the interviewer is Mildred Andrews. As a beginning, would you tell me briefly about your growing up years, Judy? About your family, community, school, how you developed your ideas about your role as a woman at home and in society?

Quinton: I grew up in some very, very small communities in southern Idaho. My first eight years were spent in a little valley called Camas Prairie. This valley is just on the opposite side of the mountain from Sun Valley. There are large meadows filled with wild flowers. My parents purchased land here following their marriage. I was the second child. The first child was my brother Winston who was 18 months older than I.

The home that I remember had only four rooms. We had no electricity, nor running water, although we did have a wonderful well with spring water. The water was always clear and cold. We counted ourselves as fortunate. The primary crops in the valley were wheat. My early schooling began in a small country school. One room, one teacher and only four or five students. It was summer time and Win needed some extra help with his reading. I was not yet five but I insisted that I be allowed to go. The teacher was willing and I suspect that Mother was glad for a little break. We rode a horse. Mother put me on and the teacher took me off three miles later. At four and a half I found it easy to read the first grade books.

In the fall, we changed schools and went to town. Fairfield is the only business center in the valley. There was a single all purpose grocery store, a barber shop, fourth class post office, two or three other business buildings, but I don’t remember what they did, the grain elevator and the school. The school covered all eight grades. There was no high school in the valley. Once again, Win and I rode the horse. Bouncing along on a horse with the lunch bag banging on my leg pretty much changes the character of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich after a three mile ride.

During the long hard winter, the snow became deep enough for us to ride our horse over the fence tops. The folks found a house in town to rent. This must have been a blessing for Mother. On the farm our nearest neighbor was a mile away. We had no telephone, daily news, or radio. It must have been lonely. In town there were people nearby. Mother and Dad participated fully in all the activities at both church or community. We kids were there with them – no such thing as baby sitters.

These were the years when the country was in the depth of the Great Depression. Franklin D. Roosevelt was president. It was he who developed a number of programs to be administered by the federal government—WPA, CCC, etcetera. One of those programs was a move by the government to control the production of farm produce. By controlling the amount produced, it would force the price up. It was mandated that every
farmer was to plow under a certain percent of his coming crop. The government made
the decision as to what your percent was to be. This program simply insisted that we
plow under our coming crop leaving us nothing until the following
year. This we could
not do. Nine years of hard labor was dismissed and we lost the farm.

Our neighbor to the north of us quickly filed on our land. He then claimed our
land as his percentage allowing him to receive full price for his crop, as well as a subsidy
for the plowed land. Mr. Carmen became a well-to-do farmer. Seventy years later, the
government is still paying farmers a subsidy. This program took people who thought of
themselves as strong, independent citizens, and changed them into “me too” folks who
insist on the need to be subsidized. It is not surprising to me that we now have large
groups of people, who feel that the government is supposed to find them jobs, housing,
health care, retirement funds, etcetera.

In some ways leaving our valley was a difficult thing. There were many fond
memories and friends. We had suffered the tragic death of my younger brother. He was
a little more than three years younger than I. His death brought my parents to the depth
of despair. As a little girl, I could only stand and watch. There is no mortician in
Fairfield, so they brought his body back home from the doctor’s office. Mother cared for
his body until we could make our way across the state to a family grave plot at my
father’s former home in Lewisville, Idaho.

We left Fairfield and moved about twenty-five or thirty miles to Gooding. This is
also farm country, except that here they have irrigation water. Dad looked everywhere
for work, but there was nothing. Eventually, he took a job through the WPS. It is hard to
describe how humiliating this was for him. It wasn’t the job itself, but the fact that he
had taken a government job, rather than standing on his own.

I attended a play with Mother at the college. Fell in love with the idea that you
take a story from the page of a book and bring it to life on stage. Mother had become a
friend of Mrs. Meredith who taught drama at the college. She took me as a private
student and I was soon participating in plays and other entertainment programs.
Including reading poetry on radio on the Twin Falls station. The Children’s Hour.

It seemed to me that my mother could do just about everything. And she did.
Cooking, sewing, crafts of all kinds, flowers, organize groups, nursing, baking. It was
the nursing skill that brought her to leave school early, and beginning the nursing of
people suffering during a flu epidemic, 1917 to 1918. That nursing skill followed her
when she and Dad were married. There was a constant need for her caring. Someone
with a mashed hand, severe cuts, broken bones, burns, they came. I have great respect
for my mother. She was interested in the community, as was my father.

In 1936, we moved across the state to my father’s early home. Grandmother
Havns was there. My father was recovering from the loss of the farm, and was acquiring
sheep. Dad bought a ranch north of Lewisville. When we moved, I drove a truckload of
furniture at the age of twelve from one side of the state to the other—not the little part up
on top, the bottom part. Getting a license in Idaho at that time was really easy. You just
mailed your fifty cents in to Boise and that sent the license back. I finished the eighth
grade in Lewisville and completed my high school at Midway in 1940.

I graduated from high school in that little community, and was involved in all
community activities. I attended Ricks College [a community college in Rexburg,
Idaho], which has now been extended to a four-year, full university. At that time, it only
had some programs that were four years. So I graduated from there and got my diploma in 1942.

In 1942 after Pearl Harbor had been bombed, our thinking became short sighted. Some of my friends had quickly joined the military. We were all concerned as to what our plans should be. Wayne Quinton, a fellow student, went from school [in Rexburg] to Seattle. He hired on at Boeing as a mechanical engineer. In June, I came to Seattle and we were married.

Wayne was given a six-month deferment, but the constant thought was that he would be called up at the end of the six months. It didn’t happen. He was working on the bomb sight, and was doing well.

I found jobs here and there, but nothing that I thought was very exciting. My last job was with the Office of Censorship. I was surprised to find that my family at home, as well as my friends in Seattle, were investigated by the FBI. We passed.

I also found the Repertory Theatre, located on University Way. Wayne objected to my being gone in the evenings, so I spent a good deal of time working in the sales office, costume shop, or on some of the children’s’ plays. At the same time, I was directing plays and working in the young peoples’ organization in my church. It was a great opportunity for me to further develop my skills, directing plays. It was just a matter of calling “Pop” James, Mrs. James, or other members of the staff to come critic my work.

Andrews: So you worked with two of Seattle’s theatre icons, Burton James and his wife, Florence Bean James?

Quinton: Yes, I did, during my early years in Seattle. When the war was over, we felt we should return to Idaho to help Wayne’s mother in her business. It was a miserable year, and we quickly returned to Seattle. Wayne was hired by the University of Washington. The School of Physiology was doing a study in acclimatology—How do we get cold? Wayne was hired to design a full trailer of electrical equipment, and they took it to Alaska to do the study.

Our first child was born in April of 1950—Randy. We also purchased our first home, when Randy was about seven months old. The home was in Montlake, and our backyard edged the Montlake Cut.

The University began building University Hospital. Wayne was then hired to develop any and all of the equipment that doctors felt they might like. This was equipment not available on the open market. One of the notable pieces was small enough that it would fit beside an examination table, so that cardiac testing could be done without the patient moving out of range.

Visiting doctors saw the machine and inquired as their ability of getting such a machine. The University recognized that the design was not theirs, nor were they in the manufacturing business. Therefore, we could build additional treadmills, if we bought our own raw materials, built it elsewhere, and did it on our own time.

I guess this is where I came in. I had already gone out of the home as a sales agent for home products. Wayne paid for carpeting. I furnished the house. We debated about building the treadmills and wondered if we would be able to sell more than one or two. The big decision was made, and we decided that since we had room in our garage,
to build four. It became my job to order out the supplies as needed, answer incoming mail, expedite as necessary, invoice, pay bills, etcetera. The treadmills went as fast as we could make them.

A second child was added, our daughter, Sherrie.

Andrews: So, did you found your own business?

Quinton: Oh yes, Quinton Instrument Company. We were in business, but I’m not sure we even had time to think about it.

Next came a gastroenterology biopsy instrument for Dr. Rubin. This was a repeat of the treadmill. Only now, we had treadmills in the garage, and biopsy instruments in the basement.

By now, we had rented a place on Roosevelt Way. Wayne had left the University. We had a full-time crew and they made the decision that they wanted to be paid on a regular basis. “Judy, set up a payroll system.” I pled ignorance, but was told to get a book and figure it out. So now I had payroll duty added to my other responsibilities. Banking as well.

Dr. Belding Scribner came calling. He had a patient with a crushed kidney. He wanted to keep him alive, but had to have a way to sustain him until he transplanted a kidney. Thus, the work on an artificial kidney system began. But that is a longer story.

By 1964, we had built a new plant for our business in the Fisherman’s Terminal area. We were fairly established, as Quinton Instrument Company. We outgrew our new plant, added on to it to double the space, and outgrew that. Finally, I found a seven-story building at Terry and Ninth. It was one of the best moves we ever made. The kidney business came into its own. Now patients were being saved all over the world.

Andrews: My. Before we go on, you mentioned your church.

Quinton: Yes.

Andrews: I wonder if you could say just a little bit more about that.

Quinton: Well, I’m a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, more commonly called Mormons. They have a very active program for their young people from age twelve through twenty, and this was the program I was most often involved with. I served as president of the young women. The area we covered at that time, 1942, was from Bellingham on the north to Chehalis on the south. I don’t know if you know anything about the organization of that church.

Andrews: For the record, why don’t you−

Quinton: Some of the terms may seem sort of strange, so I’ll explain them. The larger group, let’s say, from Bellingham down, is called a “stake.” S-t-a-k-e, as in a tent. Within that stake are smaller groups, and those are called “wards.” The typical stake has about seven or eight wards in it. It is a remarkable organization; we can cover and do major catastrophes or needs within hours.
The tsunami, for example that happened in Asia last year, some of the first people there were members of the church. Were acquainted with some of those folks, asked what they needed. They said they need body bags. And within hours, there were 5,000 body bags delivered to them, plus the food, the clothing, the medications. We’ve done that repeatedly all over the world.

But the program I was involved with had to do with young people and the family, which is probably an outgrowth of my own family. When you grow up on the farm, everybody in the family is important. Everybody contributes. I see the importance of all of those things. I think the family is the foundation block of the nation. If you have a good family, then I think you’re quite secure. No matter what happens, you have some security. Without that, you have nothing.

It’s my thought, that’s probably one of the major contributing factors in some of the problems we face today in America, simply that we’re tearing the family apart. And the stability is not there. Our young people are growing up, following the dictates of what you see on television, or wherever, which is disastrous.

My basic training was my own family, and learning the importance of family. And the backing that my family has always given me, and that we have given each other. It’s still there today. My parents are both gone, of course, now. Two of my brothers are gone, but there are three of us, and we are still very closely aligned with each other with the support we need. Family’s important to me, which probably brings me to about where you are on this White House conference business.

Andrews: Well, why don’t we talk about that. I was going to ask if you had other major affiliations or networks in the 1960s and ‘70s. That’s 1970s.

Quinton: No. My major thing then in the ‘60s and ’70s was still church, because I was always in a leadership position. I have to explain the growth of the church here. When I came in 1942, Seattle had four congregations. A tiny beginning of one that met in a home in Renton. There was nothing on the Bellevue side. There were two congregations in Tacoma. A very small group in Bremerton. A tiny group in Shelton and Olympia. Everett had a little congregation.

Andrews: And what about Seattle?

Quinton: Seattle had four. There was one in Queen Anne, one in West Seattle, one in the University District, and one out close to Renton. Those were the four congregations. I visited all of those congregations, and met with the leadership of their young people. I devised the programs and helped them understand the programs and put them into practice for the betterment of their group. So I became well acquainted up and down this area in the church.

Then, of course, my affiliation with the repertory theater, which took place in ’43, ’45, ’47, ’48, those years, gave me a different view of the world. Their thinking was not at all like mine. And I often found myself at cross purposes.

Andrews: Can you give some examples?
Quinton: Well, they used to, during the war, and I was there, they used to do programs and take them down and perform for military groups, which was wonderful. They also performed for unions. That’s when the unions were being organized. I was never fond of unions. I felt they were controlling. I did not think that they had really, basically, the best interest of the people at heart. And I always objected to them. I recall one time walking out of the dressing room. We were doing a children’s show, and Mr. Ottenheimer, who was a great writer and a delightful human being, a university professor, made a statement. He said, “I wouldn’t be caught dead in the same room with a Republican.”

And here I am, nineteen, twenty, whatever. [laughs] And I said, “Then I guess you’ll have to change dressing rooms.”

“You’re what?!?” he said.

“Exactly. You don’t like that? Then you can leave the dressing room. Because that’s what I am.”

“Oh.”

I never went with them on any of their little trips out there. But I had tremendous respect for them, and they, apparently, for me. But they longed for the time when they thought the government should step in and support the theaters full time, as it did in Russia, for example. I didn’t grow up with that idea. I don’t think the government owes me anything. It’s up to me to get out and earn and do what I need or what I think should be done. Not the government. So we clashed often in a kind way. They didn’t ever throw me out. We just didn’t agree. They didn’t see the need for family, although they were very kind and very respectful of me and my thoughts. And we got along fine.

Andrews: So this takes us up to about 1977.

Quinton: Somewhere in there.

Andrews: That’s when the Ellensburg conference took place.

Quinton: Right.

Andrews: I think we’ve pretty well covered how you view women’s role in the home and in society, or how you viewed it at the time of the conference. Were there any specific events that spurred your thinking about the changing roles of women in the home and in society?

Quinton: Well, feminism was taking a real push about that time. And I objected strenuously because I felt they not only were not enlarging the role of women, they were actually desecrating it, in my eyes. If you tell me that mothers aren’t as important as fathers, then you’ve got a problem with me. Because I’m absolutely certain that a mother is not only important, she’s certainly an equal. So their feminism kind of things always bothered me.

This conference came along, and I was aware of the conference. But I had not felt the need or the desire, particularly, to go to the conference. My stake president, that’s the ecumenical leadership of this area, called me on the phone. And President Nash said, “Judy, I think you ought to get a carload of people together and go over and attend that conference.”
And I said, “Really?”
And he said, “Yes, I think you should be there.”
And I said, “Okay, I’ll go.” So I did. I collected three other people, and we got in the car and we went over to Ellensburg on the morning it opened, to attend that conference.

Andrews: And how soon before did you decide to go?

Quinton: A day before. And I probably wouldn’t have gone, had he not suggested that I be there. The reason, of course, that he suggested, was because of my leadership role with the people in the church in this area, particularly the young women. So of course if he asked me to go, I will go, which we did. I, as I say, collected about four people, one of whom was Beverly Hubbert. I asked Beverly to go.

She had been intimately involved with political things. She was voted Mr. Republican one year in the state. And I thought, okay, I need Bev to go with me. She had been on my board in the church. So I knew her skills. I called her and she said sure, and we went. She was one of the people I took with me. That was the impetus for going, actually, with no plan, thought, of doing, pushing anything. Simply going and observing and learning. And if there was a role we could play, we certainly would. But I didn’t go with any weapon in hand to do anything. We went to see and observe, which we did.

Andrews: So what was it like when you got to Ellensburg? I’m curious about your impressions.

Quinton: [laughs] Well, we found the campus, and parked the car, and went in to register. And as we signed in as to who we were, you would have thought we had carried guns with us. The whisper went around immediately, “The Mormons are here.” And the word was out that we had come to disrupt the conference. And within half an hour, there were people with cardboard placards walking around, warning people that we were here.

Andrews: Do you recall what was on the placards?

Quinton: Something about Mormons. “Mormons don’t do this. Mormons don’t do that. Mormons are here to disrupt.” Anything derogatory they could think, they had there. And we were absolutely amazed. It never occurred to us that we were going to do that.

There was another lady there, and she’s probably on your list somewhere, from over in the Tri-Cities area who stuck with this thing for several years.

Andrews: Susan Roylance?

Quinton: Yes. Yes. She was a bit more of a tiger than I, verbally. She was willing to spar with them a great deal more than I was. I did not know her. I’d never met Susan before. Anyway, they were out with placards. We finally got enough information to know when the first meeting was going to be held. We went. I was surprised, we ended up in the balcony, as I recall. Not on the main floor. Anytime we got anywhere close to anybody who was directing anything to ask a question, we were pushed aside. Ignored. I was
verbally, attacked by a young black girl who chastised me with everything she knew about how horrible Mormons were, and that they would not allow blacks to join the LDS church, which is not true.

It was late at night, and we were standing out on the sidewalk when she accosted me. We stood out there probably forty-five minutes. My question was, “Have you ever been inside an LDS church? Have you been inside a building?” No. “Do you know anyone who has?” No. “Do you know anyone who’s tried and been turned away?” No. “Where do you get your information?”

“Well, everybody knows.”

“No, everybody doesn’t know. You don’t know. How can you make those kinds of statements when you have no idea?”

There were some votes taken, and that’s where Beverly came in handy. Because Beverly said, “I will go and be where those ballots are. I will not leave there. No one will tamper with these ballots.” And she did. She sat up all night long with the ballots. Stayed awake all night long, locked in the room with another person, I believe. So those ballots were not touched. She said, “They will win, and you will lose, if we don’t.” And she was right.

Judith Lonnquist was the ramrod who was running the program. I’m not sure how she managed to get into that position, but she was there. And she was a very strident, vocal advocate. And the primary point seemed to be a change in definition of what is a family. It’s still going on today. The biggie, was that they were to change the definition of family. Anybody who lived together was a family. No, they are not. They may be friends.

Anyway, out of that conference, sitting around me, I found that when I stood up to vote “yes,” that I had a whole half a balcony that stood up with me. When I didn’t stand up, they didn’t vote. Then I realized, good heavens, I have to be very careful what I’m doing here; my thinking is all right; they’re following me. Andrews: So all the people in the balcony were following you?

Quinton: There was a group. I don’t know how big they were. I would say thirty or forty who were standing when I stood, and sat when I sat. And who were watching. And they were not people, other than the three or four that I brought, that I knew. But apparently somewhere, they had decided I was a pinpoint here. So it was fine. I can do that. I’m not afraid to do that. I’m not afraid of standing up in public. I can express myself without a problem. So I did.

Out of that, I believe, other than Susan Roylance, I think the only two people who were elected to go to Houston were Kay Regan and I. Kay is Catholic. And as a Mormon, we made a good team. And Kay is a delightful person. She writes well. She’s a charmer. I haven’t seen Kay since then. I think maybe once. [Those elected included twenty-four delegates and five alternates. Kay Regan was the only conservative delegate, and all five alternates were conservatives. (ed.)]

Andrews: I’m supposed to interview her, too.

Quinton: She’s wonderful. Kay is wonderful. She’s great. [laughs] One of those people. We went to Houston together. That conference, and all the money they spent, I thought, from Washington, DC, where in the world they came up with this money, and how they
got it to the people they got it to, I don’t know. But it went. The money that was supposed

to pay, as I understood it, for our transportation to Houston, was used to pay the way for a

lesbian chorus.

Andrews: So you paid your own way?

Quinton: We paid our own way. We paid our own way.

Andrews: Now as I understand it, Kay Regan was one of the elected delegates, and you

were one of the alternates. Is that correct?

Quinton: Yes. When we got to Houston, and this is jumping ahead, the alternates were

not allowed on the floor. As a matter of fact, the delegates from the state of Washington

hid where they were having their caucuses so we wouldn’t know where they were. We

couldn’t get into what their plans were. They moved their caucus meetings several places,

and locked the doors. And we pounded on the doors and demanded to be allowed in,

because we were alternates and had a right to know what was going on. And they’d let us

in eventually, but they’d keep us cornered. We never had a place to sit down, ever. We

were shunned pretty badly. [laughs]

I thought Houston was a total waste of taxpayer money. There, again, the basic

fight, was the definition of a family. That was the basic thing. I don’t think they

accomplished anything at all, but they did stir up tons of feelings. And that was a

conference where, it’s funny, because they had a display room in Houston where they had

posters, you know, “A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle” kind of thing. And

all kinds of sexual stuff in a room. And I said, “Kay, let’s go see what’s in here.”

And she said, “No, you can’t go.”

And I said, “Well, why? I mean, everybody else, gets to go in there.”

“No,” she said, “you can’t go.”

“Why can’t I go?”

She said, “It isn’t for you. You’re better than what they’ve got in there. You can’t

go in there.” She wouldn’t let me go in there. She just thought it was too overdone, too

blatantly anti, feminist thing. It was offensive!

Andrews: Did you go in?

Quinton: No. I never did. I said, “Okay, Kay, if you don’t think I should go, then I won’t

go.” We tried to get on the floor, which we were entitled to do. So if somebody left that

floor, we would have a right to sit in there and vote on some things going on. They

physically, physically, kept us from doing that. Get down there, you get tripped. You’d

get kicked. They physically kept us from ever getting on that floor. If one of them got up

to go to the bathroom, believe me, there was somebody there, standing there at the end of

the aisle so you couldn’t get in. We were never allowed to participate. So I thought the

whole conference was a sham, really. It was a sham. But it certainly made me conscious

of some of those people and who they were back here in the city. And when I see some of

those names pop up, I think, okay, I know where you’re from. So I stayed pretty much as
I am. My opinions were based on what I grew up with in my family, my community and my church, and they haven’t changed.

Andrews: So I think you’ve pretty well covered this, but in your opinion, what were some of the positive and negative outcomes of the conferences? Or was there anything that seemed positive?

Quinton: There wasn’t much that I considered positive. The coverage, reflected the group who were holding sway, that’s the coverage that came out in the newspapers., While it would be positive for their side, it was totally negative for mine. So I didn’t see anything except a waste of money, and I didn’t see anything good that came here to this community from it.

It’s interesting. In later years, during the years we were in Quinton Instrument, and I was the treasurer of Quinton Instrument then for almost thirty years. I had two young women who came one day applying for work. I’m assuming they were single. I don’t know. I would have guessed them to be somewhere in their mid-twenties, perhaps. They came to my office, and I invited them in. They came. Demanded that I hire them immediately, that they wanted mid-level and supervisory jobs. And the question was, “Fine, what kind of supervising would you like, do you want to do?” Well, they didn’t know, but whatever it was they were assigned to do, they knew they could do it. They could do as well as anybody that’s there. “Well, what’s your background? Have you supervised anything?” No, but they knew they could. They were just tired, however, of being treated as nothing, and they wanted the better jobs, and they didn’t see why they shouldn’t have better jobs.

I’m sorry. But until you can show me what you can do, then I wouldn’t even know where to put you. Now if you were looking for a job in the manufacturing section where we could train you to do something, we can talk about that. But to be a supervisor of people who were already here doing a job doesn’t make sense. That’s not the way you do it. And they were certain, however, that these better jobs were going to people, and they were qualified, and they could do anything.

I had a young woman who came, and the union had gone on strike. And she applied for a job. And her first questions were, “What are the perks? Do you pay health insurance? What are your holidays off?”


“Well, I can do anything. I’m out of work and—”

I thought, honey, go back to the union. They’re the ones that sent you out on strike. Don’t come to me and demand, and want to know what the perks are first. No! I think we’ve got an awfully twisted view, in a lot of cases perverted ideas of what you should contribute to earn your place. And I think that’s what we all need to do. And I don’t do well when people think that just off the top of their heads, they’re entitled to something. You earn it. I earned it. When I went to college, as small as it was, I picked up potatoes in a field. I scrubbed floors in a doctor’s office. I did all kinds of things to earn my tuition. But I earned my way through. I earned what I got. So I don’t have to worry about it. It’s always been that way. I’m not unhappy about it at all. I think it’s a good idea. I’m happy to help people, but I think they ought to understand what they’re
doing before they start demanding. I’m concerned about the things that are going on in families. I’m concerned with what’s happening with our kids in high school, with things that they’re not being taught. Not just what they’re taught, but what they’re not being taught. Here we are today, we’re going to go down and vote for some more money. Almost a billion dollars, when you get it all added up, for schools. I’m probably going to vote no. I don’t believe in building thirteen million dollar theaters in high schools. I don’t believe we need to build college campuses for high school kids. I think we need to teach them how to read, how to do some basic math. We need to know the history of our country. How we got there. To understand the Constitution, and where it came from. I think that’s important. They don’t need a thirteen million dollar theater to do that. That’s me. [laughs]

Andrews: You’re very articulate about your stance, and how it developed. And I really appreciate it.

Quinton: Well, you’re welcome.

Andrews: And I think I’ll follow up a little bit more on Ellensburg and Houston. Were you involved in the referendum campaign to abolish the women’s council?

Quinton: No, I didn’t participate. I was aware of the people who were running it, and thought, I don’t want to be involved with them.

Andrews: And following the conference, in March, 1980, there was a White House conference on families. Were you involved in that?

Quinton: I paid my own way and went to Switzerland to the White House conference on families.

Andrews: Did you go locally, too?

Quinton: Didn’t go locally, but I went to Switzerland. Rather than this group here, I knew there was a group going from Salt Lake. I flew down to Salt Lake, attended their planning meeting, and met some of the people who were there. Checked to see if there was anything that I could do that would be helpful. If there was something I could do that was helpful, then I would be glad to pay my way to Switzerland. They agreed that yes, they’d be glad to have me, yes, there were things that I could do. I would be welcome to go. So I paid my way, and I flew to Bern, Switzerland, and attended that conference. My contribution was minimal. The conference itself, however, was wonderful. It was a great conference. We heard speakers, one woman who was a doctor from, I believe, Nigeria, African, who pled with the conference, “Please do not send us any more condoms. Please do not send those to us.” Why? Because it gives them license to continue to do what they’re doing. It’s an interesting game. They use them or they don’t, but now they think it’s open season; they can have sex with anybody. “Please do not send them to us. We’re doing better if you don’t send them to us and let us teach them what’s wrong with what they’re doing.” Hallelujah. Instead of continually shipping thousands
and thousands of these things, let’s teach them what’s going on. She was eloquent. And she was right to the point. She was wonderful.

That was a good conference. Didn’t have near the sharp edge to it. I didn’t feel it was as politically divisive and twisted as Ellensburg and Houston were. The people who came there came with serious intent to do something about families. These conferences were not interested in families, per se, they were interested in their definitions and how they would twist it to suit their objectives. That’s not where we were. So I thought that was a much better conference.

It would have been nice if this conference could have been, if the Ellensburg conference could have been conducted in an equitable manner, so that all points of view were entertained, at least. That would have been helpful. But there was no room at all for anything other than that agenda, the feminist agenda. That was destroying families, as far as I could tell. So it was not money well spent.

Andrews: How have women’s lives changed, or perhaps not changed, since the ‘70s, since these conferences?

Quinton: I think they’re changed. I think they’ve changed in that women are taking far more prominent roles. We have a woman running for president. We have women governors. We have women on the Supreme Court. We have, the women are, I think, in virtually anything that you can think of that they want to do. I think there have been some changes that I’m not sure came out of these conferences at all, specifically. I think the pay scale has changed. I don’t think they will ever be paid exactly the same as men, primarily because I don’t think they stay in the working, for the most part, the working field as long as the men do. We stop and raise children and have families, and that’s what we need to do. So we don’t hang in that long. Now, there’s some who do. There’s some who do, of course. And that’s their choice, and that’s fine. I have nothing, I think women are as capable as anybody. I don’t see any reason to not think they’re intellectually just as bright and just as clever and just as smart as anybody. But I think it’s a little easier now than it was in the ‘70s, perhaps. Though at the time, I never did feel, never in my life have I felt that I was less than anybody. I just never have. With my brothers, I was always treated with respect. And if I didn’t get it, I demanded it, and they (did?). [laughs] I mean, it’s as simple as that. “This is mine, and this is what I need, and this is where I’m going.” And okay. We did.

But I was also inquisitive enough. Way back in those early years out on the dry farm, my father and my mother made a real attempt to see to it that we were not unschooled. They bought, you may remember them, a set of Encyclopedia Britannica. And they were these big, three inch wide books, onion skin paper. Huge! I think there were twenty-four of them. I can remember that one of my joys, and this is back when I’m four and five years old, if I had completed whatever little task my mother had given me, then I was allowed to go and choose one of those books, and pull this huge book out, and lay it on the floor, and shut it, and put my finger in it, and whatever was there, that’s what I read. I read all kinds of stuff in the Encyclopedia Britannica. We didn’t have a daily newspaper. We didn’t have a major bunch of magazines coming in. That was my library, that Encyclopedia Britannica. So my brothers now tease me and say, “Well, if
you want to know anything, ask Judy. She’s got it all memorized, and it’s blah, blah, blah.” [laughs] And we do.

I think our roles have changed sometimes for the better, and sometimes not. I think our children need more attention than they’re getting, both from their fathers and their mothers. I think we need to reserve more time for the family. It’s amazing to me sometimes, the things we bring into our homes to make life easier. We’ve got the washers, and the dryers, and the toasters, and the mixers. I’ve got enough mixers out there that I can’t remember which tool goes to which sometimes, you know? And we do here, and we run here, and we run there. I think, what are we doing? What are we doing? We don’t need all of that, really. I’ve watched people who take stuff and drop it off at Goodwill, etcetera.

I had a niece who used to go through her drawer, her mother used to spend an incredible amount of time buying T-shirts and slacks, all of which matched. Got to match, got to be an ensemble. Kathy would put them on and decide she didn’t like it, and throw them in the garbage. And I think what kind of a society have we become? It’s nice that she felt free to do that, I guess. But that’s not particularly respectful. It’s wasteful. Why would you do that? I can go in my closet and bring out shoes twenty years old. I should probably throw them away. But there’s nothing wrong with them, so they just are there in the box. When I die, they’ll have a great time burying me in a paper box or something. [laughs] With the extra shoes.

Andrews: I think you’ve covered this, too, but I’ll ask it anyway. If there were any specific issues that concerned you during the Ellensburg conference, have they been resolved? Or are they still being debated?

Quinton: No, they’re still fighting. They didn’t resolve it there, they didn’t resolve it in Houston, they didn’t attempt to resolve it, particularly, specifically, in Switzerland. They talked about families, but we didn’t, there was no question about what a family was in Switzerland. These have been questions of what a family is, and they haven’t solved that problem. They didn’t do that.

Andrews: Was this an issue that you think actually became an issue during the 1970s?

Quinton: I think so. In the ‘40s and ‘50s, families were families. I think even in the ‘60s, they were families. I don’t think we were fighting about it then. I know my kids were growing up, Randy was born in 1950, Sherrie in ‘54. And I was home with my kids. The business moved into the house on me; I didn’t move out to go get it. It came. The first dialysate tank, by the way, for the artificial kidney, was my portable dishwasher. [laughs]

Andrews: Really?

Quinton: Yes. My portable dishwasher. You have to, if you can get the blood out of someone, the trick is to get it back in. Cleaned up and back in. You can get it out very easily. All we have to do is bop you on the nose and you’ve got a nose bleed, and hey, it bleeds just fine. Or we can cut it. We can do all kinds of, but we can’t get it back in. And that’s what you have to do with an artificial kidney is get the blood out, get the impurities
cleaned up, and get the blood back in. And your own heart is the pump. So it pumps the blood out, and will pump it back in, but you’ve got to keep the blood so it doesn’t coagulate. Heavenly Father made it so that when the blood strikes the air, it coagulates. Otherwise, we’d all bleed to death. So you’ve got to get it out, keep it the right temperature, the right viscosity, clean it up, and get it back in. And that’s why you have to have a tank with these tubes in it, that’s what we did then, that’s at the right temperature that keeps it moving. So we can get it out, run it through the cleaning process, and get it back in. But that was the first tank was my dishwasher.

Andrews: This was your invention, then.

Quinton: Oh, yes. I give credit for, the engineering skill was my then husband. We are divorced. But the engineering skill was his, not mine. The management skill was mine. I didn’t dream them up. I was there, I learned how to make cannulas that you can get blood out with. I can make those by the dozens. I mean, spent a summer doing that. I can do that. But I’m not a good welder. I’m not a good machinist. And it’s not my brain that sees mechanical things. My brain sees people. His saw mechanical things. That’s the difference. So that’s where we are. [laughs]

Andrews: So in summary is there anything else that we haven’t touched on that you think you’d like to add?

Quinton: It was an interesting period. And the interesting thing is that we couldn’t do it again now. We couldn’t do what we did then now. The FDA has so many rules and so many regulations, and takes so long, that you never could do it.

Andrews: You’re talking about your business now?

Quinton: Yes. I’m talking about the artificial kidney, specifically. We were still working on the design, and we hadn’t built the first dialysate kidney, yet, when Scribner was back in Washington, DC, pounding on their doors for money, to establish a kidney center. I don’t know why the government decided to hand Scribner money to come back to go to Swedish hospital and open a wing for dialysis. It’s like me going back there and saying, “If you give me money, I’ll build a highway from here to Washington, DC, then I’ll build a car. I’ll design a car to go on it as soon as you give me the money for a highway.” But he did, and they did. We couldn’t do that now. There are too many impediments in the way. It would take years and years and years. The cost of building medical equipment, by the time you jump through all the hoops, it’s years. Millions of dollars.

Andrews: Just sequentially, was Scribner, did he get the money for the wing at the hospital before or after you−

Quinton: We were in the process. We hadn’t quite finished the design. We hadn’t built the first one yet. He got the money for the wing before we’d finished the design on the equipment. I remember going back to the first national medical show that we went to,
and the young man that was the first kidney patient was there and gave the paper on it. And they laughed at us. They scoffed at us. They said, “You can’t do that.”

We said, “We did.”

“No, you didn’t. You haven’t proved that. We haven’t seen it. You can’t keep a kidney patient alive that long.”

So we went back the next year, and he gave the paper again. And when they said that, he said, “Well, I am the patient. And I am here. Here I am.” The cannula was in his arm. Then they believed. It took two years to convince them. But he lived. He grew, his wish was to live long enough that he could see his three little boys grow up and graduate from school, and hopefully get married and start their families. And he did.

Andrews: What was his name?

Quinton: I can’t remember anymore. He came from Bremerton.

Andrews: That’s okay.

Quinton: Anyway.

Andrews: Well, thank you so very much.

Quinton: You’re welcome.

Andrews: It’s been a pleasure to talk with you.

[End Interview.]