

## CHAPTER 14

### EVA FARLEY CLAYTON



#### The Story of My Life

My name is Eva Farley Clayton, the 11<sup>th</sup> child of Theodore Farley and Matilda Mann. I was born on October 6, 1903, on Provo, Bench, now known as Orem, Utah County, Utah. I was told my father was quite disappointed when I made my appearance. He was hoping that at last he might have a blue-eyed child with red hair, but I was just as dark as all the others before me, with brown eyes and black hair. Of course hospital were almost unheard of those days, so I shared my mother's big feather bed.

On December 3, 1903 my father and mother proudly carried me to the little church called Timpanogos Ward where I was christened by my father. On February 9, 1912, he baptized me in the fount in the old tabernacle in Provo City, and on the 11<sup>th</sup> of February I was confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Robert Cook, in Timpanogos Ward. . . I received a Patriarchal blessing by Brother Willard C. Burton September 14, 1931, shortly before my first son was born, in Highland Park Ward, Granite Stake, Salt Lake City, Utah. . .

The home where I was born was a typical farm home, built of rocks collected by my brother and father from our farm, then plastered and painted white. The walls were all two

feet thick so that one could scarcely hear the wind flow in the wildest storm. It was warm in winter and cool in the summer. The house set back some distance from the road and had a huge lawn in front. There was a driveway from the front gate to the house, with fruit trees on one side and a large shade trees and various shrubs on the other. On the lawn and around one side of the house were large Box Elder trees which furnished plenty of shade and two big swings for the children. Just in front of the kitchen door was a beautiful rose arbor of pink and white climbing roses, and a path that led some distance to the well where we all accepted our share of carrying water to the house. There were choice rose bushes and other flowers planted on each side of the path.

When father became more prosperous he had a well dug near the house, and built a room over it which served as a milk house and wash room. There we separated the milk every night and morning, and how I hated to wash the separator which had to be scalded after with water heated on the coal range in the kitchen. The separator seemed a wonderful invention to us. The milk was placed in a large bowl-like container on the top, and as we turned a handle, milk would come through one spout and cream through another. The separate milk would then be fed to the pigs, the cats and dog. The cream would be placed in large earthen crocks for use in making butter, and for cooking and table use. I often think of all the good home-made ice cream we had, whipped cream cakes, and real cream on our cereal. We would have turned our noses up at 2% milk. The well also served as a refrigerator for mother's butter which she churned. The butter was placed in a big bucket and hung down the well on a rope which kept the butter very hard. I might mention that mother's butter was just about the finest. She always had more customers than she could supply. I still remember the big wooden church and the times I used to stand and turn the handle until I thought my arm would drop off. Saturday was always a big day for me for mother would always take me with her to town in our surrey with the fringe on top, drawn by our faithful old mare. I would help her deliver the butter to her customers – usually 20 to 25 pounds. Each pound was carefully wrapped in special butter paper, then placed in a large container covered with wet clothes and fresh wet lucerne which kept the butter very cool until we could get to town.

We didn't have any of the modern conveniences to today, but I still remember the cozy warmth of the old coal heater in the front room, and the delicious aroma of home-made bread from the big coal range in the kitchen. There was nothing luxurious about the old home, but it was comfortable and clean and had such a wonderful feeling of security. The basement and granary were out supermarket filled with all kinds of home-canned fruit, vegetables, and home-cured meat. As I look back now, we fared like kings compared with the way most people live today. We always had more than a year's supply of food long before the church ever thought of such a thing. We were a very close and happy family, always concerned about each other. We learned the lessons of hard work and responsibility at an early age. I can't remember ever

going to bed at night without first kneeling down with the whole family in prayer, and again in the morning before breakfast. No matter if we had guest in the house, father always gathered us around him for family prayer, and this continued until the day I left my parents' home. He and mother were deeply religious and were very strict in seeing that the family kept the world of wisdom and refrained from any work on the Sabbath Day. Father was 1<sup>st</sup> Counselor in the Bishopric for over 20 years, and the whole family, of course, was expected to be in church every Sunday.



Eva on right

Those were happy days on the old farm. People were not too busy with their own affairs to be good neighbors. It was not uncommon to have a neighbor drop in to spend an evening on a winter night, and we would all gather around to listen to exciting adventures of the "olden days." Sometimes we would pop a big pan of popcorn or make a batch of honey candy, and, of course, there was always a big pan of assorted apples. I especially liked to spend an evening at the Ray Wentz home just across the street from us, for they had a talking machine with a big horn that reminded me of a big Morning Glory blossom. How we used to laugh at Uncle Josh's records. We never knew anything about war except as we read about it in

our history books at school. There were no atom bombs to worry about, no talk of civil defense, or big depressions.

I remember when the first automobile came out. One time when one of my sisters was very sick, Doctor Henry Aird came out from Provo in his big new shiny automobile. It was red with black wheels. It didn't have a top on it, and it had two seats of shiny black leather. The wheels were like big buggy wheels, and right next to the steering wheel was a big rubber bulb that blew the horn when it was squeezed. When the doctor came out of the house he saw a half dozen curious barefoot, tousled-head children inspecting his wonderful horseless buggy. He didn't say a word but picked us all up and set us in the seats, and away we flew about 20 miles per hour down the dusty road.



Standing Sisters Louie, Pearl and Adleen with Eva and Minn seated

And then came the wondrous electric lights out on the farms, and that was the end of the kerosene lamps. We thought then that the world was perfected about as much as it ever could be. I have often wondered how we ever escaped a terrible fire when we were children would light a kerosene lamp ourselves and carry it from one room to another. The talking machines were improved and the old ones with the big horn passed out of existence. The night my father brought our new Victorola home with a lot of records, we thought that was just about the most wonderful thing that had been invented yet. It was a box about 19 or 20 inches

square with a lid on top. A disk record was placed on a turn-table in the center, then the machine was wound up with a handle on the side, and by pressing a little lever it would begin to play. I remember my invalid brother asking, "Do you think they have that sweet music in heaven?" Father had been quite a musician in his young days, and how he loved good music.

Shortly before this time, Father had been made manager of the Garden City Cannery, owned by Jessie Night, in Provo, and our financial situation began to improve. The old organ in the parlor was turned in on a beautiful new piano. Lou had been taking organ lessons, so now she and Min began taking piano lessons from a Mr. Jepperson in Provo. They all three did very well and were soon entertaining at various ward functions. How I wished I could take lessons too and be recognized as they were, but I was always considered just the baby of the family and I didn't seem very important. The folks really though couldn't afford any more lessons at that time.

When I was 12 years old my father sold the old home and moved the family who had not yet married (Louise, Miriam, Milton and myself) to Roosevelt, Duchene Co., Utah. The work on the old fruit farm was getting too much for him, so he purchased 60 acres of farm land near Roosevelt. Real estate people told him he could raise alfalfa and make just as much money with a lot less work than by raising fruit. He built a home on a city lot in town for us and tried to run the farm himself. We made some nice friends there—the Smarts, Hardy, Lybberts, Hoods, and Smiths, to name a few. Anna Smart and I were inseparable friends. I attended Roosevelt High for two years and was just beginning to attend school dances and date a little when Father decided to move back to Provo. He was unable to keep up the big farm any longer, and Mother's health was failing. Min and Lou had married and Milton joined the army band just as World War 1 was ending, so my parents and I were alone.

After we moved back to Provo, I attended Provo High School. The little 4-acre farm Father bought was about 10 blocks south of the school and one block east. There was only a private road leading to the home, making it necessary to go through another man's property to get to University Avenue on the east of us. In the summer time it was easy going to and from town, but in the winter it was very rough, walking in the rain or wading in deep snow. Many morning my legs were wet to the knees when I arrived at school. In the summertime I was always terrified going through the fields as I usually encountered several water snakes which would slither away into the ditch. I'm sure they were as frightened as I was. It was also frightening as well as dangerous when coming home alone at night as hobos often slept in the fields and in the barn near the gate at the private road.

The folks were getting along in years and their only source of income was from the sugar beets Father raised on the little farm, and from the strawberries, raspberries and vegetables he sold to John T Taylor's store. I felt I could not accept money from them to finish my education

(I had planned on going to the BYU), so I went to work for Startup Candy Company which was close to home. The Startups lived in our ward, and their daughter LaRue and I became good friends. I worked there for \$7.00 a week until I saved enough money to pay for a business course at Henager's Business College in Salt Lake City. I lived with my sister Min and her husband while going to school and helped with the housework to help pay for my board. The folks also helped out with fruit and vegetables, and mother kept me in streetcar fare and school supplies with her "butter money."

I had some happy times along with the hard work. Lybberts and Hardys had moved to Salt Lake from Roosevelt and we resumed our friendships. Mr. Hardy was a stock broker and spent most of his time in New York. He bought Lowell a Cadillac and he, his sister Gladys and her boyfriend and I had a lot of good times together. Lowell was always very generous and treated me wonderful. Then Hardy's moved to Boulder, Colorado, and Lowell and I corresponded for quite some time.

After graduating from Henegars College they placed me in my first position at the Structural Steel & Foundry Co. here in Salt Lake. They taught me bookkeeping on the job, and I also took dictation from four men and kept all the stock. Within a year I learned to do all the bookkeeping except taking the trial balance at the end of each month. I did all this for \$75 a month.



About this time I met Quinn Clayton who had just returned from a mission to Holland, and who lived in our ward (Highland Park). After going with him for some time, he insisted I stop writing to Lowell, and because he was a returned missionary and had a fine family background I decided to stay with him, and stopped corresponding with Lowell. Quinn and I double-dated with another couple from Highland Park, Donald Sloan and Clarice Glade, and we

had many happy times together Don's father was called to be Mission President for the Northwestern States, so Don and Clarice were married and moved to Portland. Clarice has remained by friend throughout all the years.

On January 17, 1928, Quinn and I were married by Apostle David O. McKay, Quinn's former Mission President. We didn't have a wedding reception. Quinn's mother and Min gave me a miscellaneous show just before the marriage, and my Niece, Merl Wentz, gave a family shower for me in Provo at my Sister Pearl's home My mother, Min, and Quinn's parents were the only members of the family at the wedding ceremony. We drove in Mr. Clayton's car to Los Angeles, California, for a short honeymoon Mrs. Clayton went along with us which was a big mistake, but it was the only way we could get the car. I don't wish to cast any reflections on her, but I don't recommend taking a relative or anyone else along on a honeymoon.

When we came home we made another mistake by moving in with Quinn's parents. It was our plan that I would get a job and help Quinn complete his education at the University of Utah. I obtained a position as Stock Clerk and Secretary to Mr. Sam Axelrad of Axelrad Furniture company. With Quinn working part time and by living with parents and paying for our board, Quinn could have easily made it through school, but when the time came, Mr. Clayton persuaded him to get his education by correspondence. I was quite upset and disappointed, but there was nothing I could do about it. We went on living there for over a year and Quinn was getting nowhere. I became disillusioned and tired of living with in-laws, so we moved to a three-room apartment on 3<sup>rd</sup> East and 1<sup>st</sup> South, the Maudeen Apartments and Quinn continued working for the Maytag Company. We furnished our little apartment quite simply with furniture from Axelrads, but it was comfortable and rather attractive for beginners. Quinn had bought a Maytag washer some time before we were married, which his mother had been using, and she then turned it over to us, so we were now set up for housekeeping. I kept up the furniture payments and we both started putting money in a fund for a down payment on a car. Not long after this we had the opportunity of moving to a larger and much nicer apartment next door, the Clarendon, so we moved again.

My mother passed away on March 9, 1949, and Father had to give up his home as he couldn't keep it up alone. He lived with different members of the family for a while and then decided to come to Salt Lake and work in the temple. I kept his temple clothes washed and ironed and he was so appreciative of everything. He was always so sweet and tried not to be any bother. If I could have had a home I would have liked to keep him the rest of his life.

As soon as the furniture was paid for, I quit my job and decided to stay home and be a full-time wife. Soon after I quit, the great depression hit and Quinn lost his job. Everything seemed to fall apart. People were losing jobs everywhere. We thought there would be more opportunities in Los Angeles, so we decided to try and start a new life there. This meant we

had to turn my poor old dad out to live in a little apartment near the temple by himself. It think I'll always regret that the rest of my life. We didn't gain anything by turning our backs on a father who needed us so much. His health went down fast after that and developed a bad case of arthritis which eventually crippled him the rest of his life. I'll always believe it was due to not having the proper food and care. I often wonder if this is my punishment today.

When we got to Los Angeles we found conditions there were just about as bad as Salt Lake. King and Pearl Driggs were living in Glendale with their large family at this time. They too were going through a very bad period of financial difficulties, but they invited us to live with them until we could find work. I soon obtained a position in the Credit Department of Baker Brothers Hollywood, one of the largest and most prominent furniture companies on the coast. The job paid \$90.00 a month, the most I had earned since leaving school. I would never have gotten the job had it not been for the head salesman of the company, who was a brother of a woman I work with at Axelrads. We immediately found a small hotel room in Los Angeles near the bus line so it would be convenient for me to get to work. Most places near Hollywood were too expensive for our small budget. It was very interesting working at Barkers for we often had the opportunity of seeing some of the famous movie stars. I'll always remember the day I opened a charge account for Buddy Rodgers and his mother, also Mervin Leroy's mother. I was so nervous I could hardly write. All the movie stars seemed to trade at Barkers.

Quinn was not so lucky in finding work. It seemed most places would not even consider an application without having lived in Los Angeles for at least six months. Finally someone in Glendale Ward found him a job at a bakery, keeping books, in Glendale. Later he found a bookkeeping job at an automobile finance company in Los Angeles, but the depression seemed to grow worse and finally that job was terminated. Just then Quinn received a letter from his old Maytag boss in Phoenix, Arizona, saying there was an opening in their office, so we immediately prepared to move to Phoenix it seemed almost too good to be true. The day I quit my job at Barkers, a telegram came from Phoenix advising plans had been changed and there could be no job at that time. It was a terrible blow to us. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton happened to be visiting the King family at the time, so they persuaded us to go back to Salt Lake with them as they were sure Quinn could get temporary work with the Sugar Company at West Jordan I had just learned I was pregnant so they only thing we could do was to go back home with them. Quinn's salary was low so we were encouraged to share Clayton's home again.

On the evening of January 23, 1932 Quinn took me to the LDS Hospital. I was having a pretty rough time until about noon the next day, then Quinn's parents came to the hospital and brought Brother Willard C. Burton, the one who gave me my Patriarchal blessing, and Mr. Clayton, Brother Burton and Quinn gave me a blessing. In the afternoon of January 24, I had the thrill of having a tiny son placed in my arms. Dr. Lyman Horne was the attending physician.



I can still see that little head covered with black hair—he even had sideburns. Two big black eyes were looking all around to see what it was all about. He only weighed a little over five pounds, but his little body was perfect for which I was so thankful. He was the glamor boy of the nursery, and the doctor called him little Esau because he was so dark and had so much hair. We christened him Robert Farley, and until he was quite a big fellow, everyone call him Bobby.

The depression was still on so we went on living with Quinn's folks for nearly three more years, then just before my second son was born we moved into a little duplex on 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue. Quinn had just started to work for General Motors and the financial situation began to look brighter. The night I went to the hospital Quinn complained of not feeling well and thought he was coming down with a cold, so I went alone with a friend, Josephine Burkey, who stayed with me until the baby was born the morning of October 27, 1935. That morning Quinn took Bobby out to Claytons, then they all came to the hospital after having breakfast. The new little baby was just as sweet as the first, but he was quite fair with hazel eyes. He also weighed a little over five pounds and his little body was perfect.

He was christened Michael Farley in Highland Park Ward by Brother Bruno Karpowitz, a member of our ward who donated blood for me when I needed transfusions in the hospital. He always kidded me about being his blood relative after that. Something went wrong soon after Michael's birth and I developed chills and very high fever. They moved me to a private room, and later one of the nurses told me Dr. Horne had been in and out of my room one whole night. I didn't know until I was released from the hospital how near I had been to death. I suppose my life was spared for some reason.

After a while we realized it would be necessary to move to a larger place. The duplex was small and the bedroom was so tiny there was hardly room for a bed, dresser and youth bed. What would we do when the baby outgrew the bassinet? We decided to move back to Claytons for a while to save on rent for a down payment on some kind of home. A short time after moving back, Quinn accepted a job with Ford Motor as Ford Representative for the State of Idaho and Northern Utah, which took him from home two weeks at a time. The salary seemed great after going through the depression, \$200 a month with an unlimited expense account and a new car furnished every few months. The depression was over for us and we were on the way up at last. It was a wonderful opportunity for Quinn to really go places. His parents decided to turn their home into a duplex so the children and I would not be so alone while he was away. A nice little home was in sight and I was happier than I had been in my married life.

The duplex was completed and we bought a rather nice used living room set from some people who were moving out of state. With the addition of a few new things, the little home was very attractive. We made some wonderful friends in Highland Park and were having such

good times. There were Dr. Harry and Elsie Nordberg, Frank and Charlotte McLatehy, Stellman and Florence Cowan, Fawn and Roy Smith, Jim and Helen Robinson, Carlotte and Douglas Budd, Jed and Leone Ashton Glen and Erma Steffenson, Cliff and Hazel Snow, Dr. Silas and Cenella Smith, Jessie and LaVelle Curtis, and Otto and Ruth Buehner. We had a dinner dance once a month at some of the nicest places in the city, canyon parties, swimming parties, also bridge parties and dinner at various homes. Those were really happy days.

Then something happened in Idaho that shattered our lives, and no matter how hard I tried to hold our home together, things went from bad to worse until Quinn lost his job. I had to leave the children with a babysitter and go to work again. I found a job with the WPA, an agency set up by President Roosevelt to provide work for people during the great depression. After a few months I went to work for the Utah Oil Company as it was a better job and paid more money. After working there for a while I decided to go to Price with Quinn to try and start over. He had taken a job as bookkeeper for a Ford Dealer, but that was the worst place we could have gone because of the environment. I went to work for Carl Nyman, County Surveyor and owner of a small coal mine, to help pay off bills. I kept the books, made up the payroll, and filled out all the government reports. By the time I got home evenings, straightened up the apartment, prepared dinner and got the children in bed, I was exhausted. Those days we had to work a half day on Saturdays which left Saturday afternoon and Sunday to do shopping cleaning house and washing and ironing which seemed a necessity then, but it was wrong and I would never do those things on Sunday again if they never got done. I have repented of it ever since. My father used to tell us, "Just open the door a tiny bit and let the devil get his toe in and it won't be long until he has his foot in." How true that is. Well things just didn't work out for us in Price. Nothing was ever the same again, and everything in me seemed to die.

I spent the winter of 1940 alone with Bob in Price, and Claytons kept Michael in Salt Lake. My health began to fail and the doctor recommended surgery. Early the next spring I stored most of the furniture in Price and Min's husband borrowed a truck and took the things I could store and myself to their home in Provo. Bob was taken to Salt Lake to stay with Claytons. I was to go into the Utah Valley Hospital within a few days for major surgery. I think I was among the very first patients in the new hospital. Dr. Henry Aird, our old family doctor, performed the operation. I weighed less than 100 lbs. and was in such a bad emotional state before going to the hospital that Min and Reg called the elders to administer to me. They gave me a wonderful blessing and promised that I would have a speedy recovery. The doctor told me it would be at least five or six weeks before I could work after the operation. Three weeks after I left the hospital, I had an offer of a job position at the Provo Utilities and went to work immediately. I was still quite weak so Min took me to and from work in their car, but I grew stronger each day until I soon felt better than I had for a long time.

I felt that Quinn should get out of Price, so I wrote him a letter suggesting that he go to Michigan where his brother Paul was attending medical school. I realized he needed medical attention and thought Paul could help him. Quinn then came to Provo and asked me to sign mortgage papers on the furniture to help him get to Ann Arbor. He promised to pay it off as soon as he found work, and that he would send for me and the boys just as soon as he got on his feet. He made many other promises, so I signed the papers and soon after he left for Michigan. That was the last time I ever saw him.

I worked for the Provo Utilities until the fall of 1941. I needed more money as I had my hospital bill to pay plus the mortgage payments on the furniture, so I took a position in Salt Lake with Smith-Hinchman & Grills, contractors for the Remington Arms Plant which was being constructed. Claytons kept Bob, and Michael and I went to live with a very lovely family, the Clyde Bradshaws. I shall never forget how good they were to me and my little boys. They often had Bob come and have dinner with us. It was while we were living there that Pearl Harbor was bombed and war was declared on Japan—World War II. Bradshaw's were so worried as they had two sons in the navy, but their lives were spared.

That spring the arms plant was completed and Remington Arms took over the management. I was offered a position with the same contractors as secretary to the Assistant Resident Administrator at the Milwaukee Ordnance Plant being constructed in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Quinn had asked for a divorce so he could marry a nurse he had met at the hospital where Paul was working. No one except the Lord will ever know what I went through in the years that followed. Divorce is devastating – much more painful than death, and innocent children pay the greatest price. I was in such a bad state of depression, I decided the change might be good for me so I accepted the position. Lorna was visiting in Salt Lake at that time, and took Michael back to Ann Arbor with her until I could get located in Milwaukee. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton drove back there with Bob. I finally found a nice home where the boys and I could board with a young German family, Mary and Hilbert Schneider with two boys about the same age as mine.

As soon as I could make arrangements, I crossed Lake Michigan on the Milwaukee Clipper to Muskegon, Michigan, then drove to Dearborn with a man from our office who had ferried his car across the lake. I never realized how large Lake Michigan was. It seemed almost like crossing the ocean as we could not see land in any direction for several hours. I was a little frightened as I had heard how treacherous the lake can be when a bad wind comes up. Paul and Loran brought the boys and met me at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss, my niece's in-laws. We drove back to Muskegon the next day and boarded the Clipper that evening. We had a nice dinner and the boys had fun playing around the boat. We didn't get back to Milwaukee

until midnight. My boss and two good friends, June and Joe Wagner who worked at the plant, met us and took us to our new home. I don't know what we would have done without them.

We lived at Schneider's until the end of January, 1943. I have always regretted going to Wisconsin as it disrupted the boy's life and made them feel even more insecure. Mary and Hilbert were extremely strict and they, especially Bob, lived in constant fear. Schneider's were good in their way. Every day on Hilbert's day off work in the summer, they would pack a lunch and take the boys somewhere on a picnic while I was at work. Sometimes they would take their little trips on a weekend so that I could go along too. One time they took us to Chicago and showed us many places of interest, including a famous museum.

The summer was quite pleasant in spite of the awful ache in my heart, but the winter was rough. I don't believe I have ever seen so much snow in my life, and the temperatures were freezing cold—usually around 120 degrees below zero. The boys had to walk quite a long distance to school, and the snow would be so deep some mornings they could hardly make it to the highway. I usually rode to and from work with a man from the office, but sometimes I would have to take the bus home and walk several blocks from the bus line. I would run most of the way to keep warm, and yet be so cold by the time I reached the house I actually cried. Once I froze both knees which was terribly painful. None of us had suitable clothing for that kind of weather.

In January my job was about to fold up as the plant was nearing completion, and I couldn't find another position that paid enough to pay my expenses. I had been getting no support money at all. It was difficult trying to raise two families under one roof, and I knew we would have to find another place to live soon. As the boys and I knelt to say our prayers one night, I shall never forget the little prayer Bob gave, "Please help us to find a place to live." The next day I received a telegram from June Wagner who had moved back to Salt Lake, advising there was a job at the Union Pacific where she was working and that they would hold it for me until the following Monday if I wanted it.

We immediately packed our things and the man I worked for, John Christman, took us to Chicago and helped us on the train to Salt Lake. The station was so jammed with servicemen and their families I couldn't tell where to go. I don't know how we could have ever made it to the train alone. It was impossible to get a Pullman on such short notice, so we had to ride in the old fashioned coach car and the three of us sat in one seat with no foot rest all the way to Salt Lake—one night, and two days. I tried to make the children as comfortable as possible with a couple of pillows, but it was difficult to sleep under those conditions. It was Bob's birthday the day after we left, January 24, so he unwrapped his little gift I had bought just before leaving—a few boy scout items. There were two diners on the train and, of course, the servicemen were always served first. By the time we would get through the line, food had run

out and the diners closed. We had only one meal on the train. All the boys had to eat were a few oranges and some nuts Mary had slipped in a bag as we left. We were nearly starved by the time we reached Salt Lake, and the first thing we did was rush to the cafe in the station. . .



*Aunt Eva's typescript ends here. She may have written more but this is all I have. As she never joined "Daughters of Utah Pioneers," her own history and the beautiful descriptive life sketches of family members are not to be found in those archives. I was fortunate to be among those she shared them with. I was even more fortunate to have known Aunt Eva Clayton. "Guardians of Legacy" my D.U.P Camp, honor her as a Woman of Faith and Fortitude in 1987. She was all that and much, much more. She received flowers and the recognition that she so richly deserved. Eva with her two great grandchildren*

