

Lois Clayton History

Lois Clayton Colton

February 29, 2012

I am working on digitizing my journals and life. I began on 21 Feb 2012.

For the latest version please go to:

<http://loiscolton.com/histories/loisclayton/>

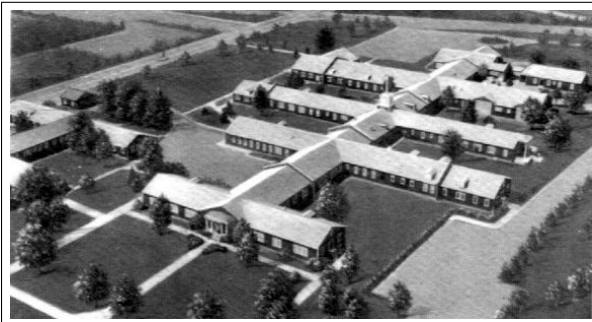
Lois

Lois Ann Clayton's History

I was born on December 11, 1953 at Kadlec Methodist Hospital in Richland, Benton, Washington.

"In the 1950s, the hospital underwent a major change, going from being owned by the United States government to being operated by the Methodist Church and it was renamed Kadlec Methodist Hospital.

Kadlec remains the only hospital in the state of Washington and only one of few in the country which began as a government medical facility and was turned back to the citizens to be operated as a not-for-profit institution." - http://www.kadlecmed.org/about/kadlec_history.html



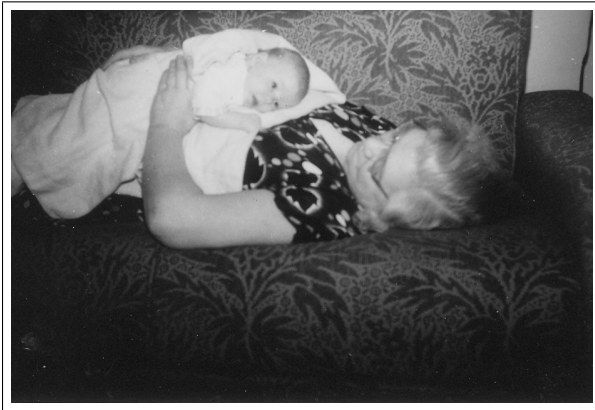
My father, Aubrey Wright Clayton, was a school teacher at the time.



My mother's maiden name was Doris Marie Sundstrom.



When I was born I had only one living grandparent, Esther Elvira Sundstrom, formerly Östlund.



She lived in Tacoma, WA, and would take the bus to visit us. She came after I was born. Later I discovered that I had one living great-grandparent, but I never knew that.

My family had been blessed with two boys before me, Dennis Paul Clayton, five, and David Lloyd Clayton, three.



Being the youngest and the only girl had its advantages. My brothers gave me the "big brother" image and rarely excluded me from anything. Because of this our family tended to be a very close family.

When I was born I lived at 1305 Sanford, Richland, Washington $46^{\circ}17'10.32''N$ $119^{\circ}17'41.37''W$ and at three months my family moved to 904 Davenport, Richland, Washington. $46^{\circ}16'9.19''N$ $119^{\circ}16'43.25''W$

I lived in Richland until I was nineteen. I love that city very much. Richland is a medium-sized city, started by a government during World War II. Several nuclear reactors are located north of town. To the east of the city flows the magnificent Columbia River, with the Yakima River emptying into it to the south of town. <http://allgallery.tripod.com/>

Our family was always taking long summer camping vacations. It was great for adventure and drawing our family close together. Among my earliest memories are those of my family being together with relatives.

I remember going to see my uncle, Lloyd Conrad Sundstrom and his wife Vesta Poulsen Sundstrom when I was 1.5 years old. I always thought I was 2.5 but the picture has a date on it.



They lived on Vashon Island just off the coast of Tacoma, Washington in Puget Sound. They lived in a long house that ran north and south. My brothers pushed me around the house in a red wheelbarrow while a German Shepard dog watched from across the street. The dog was diagonally across the intersection from the Sundstrom home. It was on a little hill in their front yard. I was afraid of the dog, and don't like that breed of dog even now. That may be in part because at 17 I was attacked by one. The yard across the street to the north of Sundstrom's had a large garden. I could imagine Peter Rabbit and Mr. McGregor over there running around the garden.

$47^{\circ}25'17.85''N$ $122^{\circ}26'12.69''W$

When I was four years old, I went to a nursery school run by a Mrs. Paulsen. Her house had a large tall red fence surrounding it, and I imagined that the ten little Indians sat on it.

That year had its accidents: Getting hit on the head with a toy gun, having casts on both my legs, and getting my tonsils out. I had to have the casts on because I was pigeon-toed that that was one way of correction. One day, as I was going down the steps into the basement nursery school, I slipped and fell,

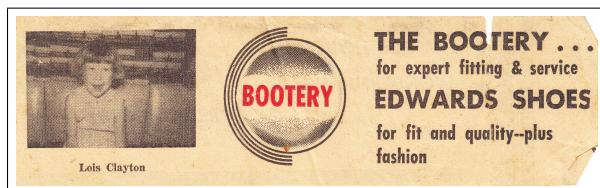
hitting my head on a desk at the bottom. My mother said that I blacked out.

Nursery was fun. We finger painted, watched movies, ate Hi-Hos and drank Kool-aid out of Dixie cups. I'm sure we must have done a lot more than that, but I don't remember.

When I was playing a game with my neighbor's I got hit over the head with the butt of the toy gun. It cut me and I dashed home with blood pouring out of the top of my head. I remember sitting in the bathtub, and somehow we got the bleeding to stop.

My brother, David, and I got our tonsils out on the same day. I had a lot of ear problems until I was five or so. I guess I was sick often enough that they thought taking the tonsils out would help. It was done at Kadlec Hospital, and they put me to sleep with Ether. I remember fighting the person putting the mask over my face so I would fall asleep. I felt like I couldn't breathe. After I woke up my throat hurt. They fed me ice cream and milk. They tasted terrible at the same time.

After I had casts on my legs to correct my being 'pigeon-toed', I had corrective shoes. They always came in ugly brown. If they came in any other color, I didn't know, and I didn't get them. I always got my shoes at The Bootery, which wasn't cheap shoes, but my feet were so narrow. I think my feet were AA in the front and 3A or 4A in the heel. Shoes have always been a problem to me, and so mostly I have enjoyed going barefoot my whole life. I was pictured in a newspaper ad for The Bootery, and the picture is horrendous, but here it is.



Mrs. Badgett taught my Kindergarten class at Lewis and Clark School.

pic to be added: *class photo*

It was her second year of teaching school and she wasn't much taller than her students. I remember having a gray rug to lie on at nap time. One day during nap time Sharon Tisdale was taking books off the shelf and looking through them. I got out the door to see if I could see my teacher, and sure

enough she'd just rounded the corner and saw me. She got really mad.

We had a doll house in the corner, but I liked it better when we studied at the blackboard. We learned letters and numbers. My mother gave me a green alphabet book. I had a friend named James Fowler; we would color the words by the letters to show our parents what we had learned. Our mothers were worried but impressed. I remember how I kept coloring those words so that my mother would think I was smart. I did not know them at the time, but I did learn them faster than the other words because I felt guilty and really did want to be smart.

During my Kindergarten year on Valentine's Day, I was walking home with my valentines and did not notice some cement blocks that were lying on the sidewalk. I tripped and hit my chin on some blocks piled to the side. *4616'8.78"N 11916'34.23"W* I remember getting up, the blood gushing from my face, and thinking that I had to get home to my mother. I did not run; I just walked. My biggest concern was not wanting my valentine's to get ruined. I don't remember meeting my mother, nor receiving the stitches.

In the first grade I had a deep interest in secular subjects. I would have my mother help me every night with my school work. I loved learning. It was a challenge to be the best in the class, and I probably never made it. I especially loved to read. I found that when I started reading, I got lost in the world.



My first grade teacher was Mrs. Phillips. She must have been an amazing teacher. I had her for first and third grade. One of those grades she brought a popcorn popper to the classroom and spread out

a huge blanket on the floor. She put the popcorn popper on it and let it pop without the lid on. As you can imagine we loved that a lot. She probably told us that if it snowed she would let us eat popcorn. It didn't snow as often in Richland as kids would like. I remember sitting in the front row of desks and I could not see the writing on the blackboard. I told my mom that I needed glasses, but she thought I wanted them because another girl in the class had gotten them recently. None of the girls in my first or second grade class pictures are wearing glasses. To this day, I have no idea who that girl was. I am kind of surprised that the teacher didn't convince my parents, but that was many years ago.

In second grade I did get glasses. I sure needed them. As the years passed my eyes got worse, and the prescriptions got stronger. Marlene Donahue was in my second grade class. She had been adopted by a family and we became friends. I was to spend many years at her home, and her at mine until we graduated from High School. Even after High School we got together a couple of times, but she married young. I've kind of felt sad that I don't even know where she's living now. She wasn't a very bright girl, and her family protects her from herself and others. That's good, but I would like to see her again. In second grade I was done with my math, and she was struggling. She asked me a question so I was helping explain it to her. My teacher heard me and I go into trouble. I think it's sad that the classroom has to be so quiet, and they want parents to help, but not classmates. I wasn't very fond of my second grade teacher. I don't think she really knew what to do with me. I was usually done quickly with my schoolwork. I didn't cause any trouble except trying to help others, but I don't remember being stimulated that year either. I did love going to music class, though. I remember learning to sing "Onward Christian Soldiers" and some other songs. I suppose they were part of the American "cultural" experience, or maybe it was European History? Anyway, back then we could sing songs like that at school.



In third grade life was wonderful again. I had Mrs. Phillips. I loved that teacher. Her solution to "what to do with Lois" was to send me to the Kindergarten class to read Black Beauty to them. There were two of us that were picked to do that. I don't know if we were both in Mrs. Phillips class, or if the other person was from another third grade class. After Thanksgiving that year, Mrs Phillips had us make a mural on butcher paper attached to the wall. It seems like it was about forty feet long, but I don't really know how long it was. It was long. It had all kinds of things on it relating to winter. I know someone got to draw a fireplace and mantle on it. Maybe it had stockings. I don't recall. It was a very fun project. to be found

pic to be added: *3grade.jpg*

Our classroom was in the long main hallway that ran north and south. Just south of our room was a long hallway that ran west, past my second grade classroom on the left and my kindergarten classroom on the right. The music room was at the end of the hallway. When you got to the end, if you turned right, heading north you got to the cafeteria. It was very large.



The whole school, except the special education children would sit in there at once. They had a cafe-

teria there that actually made all our food. The food was wonderful. We had yummy food like hamburger gravy over mashed potatoes, spaghetti, and chili <http://alumnisandstorm.com/Recipes/RecChili.htm>, and cinnamon rolls. <http://loiscolton.com/1999/cinnam.htm> The cinnamon rolls were huge, and almost everyone ate hot lunch on chili and cinnamon roll days. I do remember in third grade we had spaghetti and bread. I made some comment about worms, and my teacher did not appreciate that at all. I think I was a little to out spoken in my creative thoughts.

Some time in Elementary School (it seemed like forever) I finally got to be able to wear oxfords instead of corrective shoes. I got a beautiful black pair of oxfords that were like velvet. I loved to look at them, but I was mad that didn't get to wear shoes like other girls, so I was a brat and walked home from school in the gutter and got them all wet. I don't recall if I ruined them or not, but it was not nice. They were much nicer than any pair of shoes I had owned before.



It seems that every other year I liked my teacher, and on the even number years I didn't care for them. So fourth grade, as you can imagine, I didn't particularly care for my teacher, Mrs. Roppe. We had a section of study on the American Indians. My mother made a black yarn wig, and sewed a dress for me. pic tba. I was rather pleased that I looked so well in my costume. That day my teacher thought I was talking to someone next to me. This time I was actually innocent, and she made me sit in the corner. I was so mad and humilliated.

Throught the grade school years we often had a movie at school where the whole school got to go into

the large gym and watch. We watched Toby Tyler, So Dear to My Heart?, Bambi, and Pollyanna. They always seemed to be such tramatic movies for me. I loved Pollyanna, though, until she started climbing the tree. My great Great Aunt Mary gave me a set of lamps that had plastic prisms hanging from a round part. They always reminded me of the scene in Polyanna where she hangs lamp prisms across the window.

pic to be added: *lamp.jpg*

My brothers always said that Great Aunt Mary showed a preference to me since I was a girl. Since I don't recall them getting anything besides silver dollars, it must be true. Great Aunt Mary was my mom's father's sister. She was a very great lady that always read her bible her whole life. She married later in life and had no children. I loved my Great Aunt Mary. She was facinating.

I was rather a quiet child, and I enjoyed just watching people. I believe that was a psychological course in itself. My parents tried to develop self-esteem and independence in each of us. We were given responsibilities and were making decisions for ourselves very early. We had our say in the choice of where we went on vacation; almost everything we did together.

Every Sunday we would get dressed up and go to church together. We went to Central United Protestant Church, which was Methodist in affiliation. I went to both Sunday School and church. We learned the basics about Jesus, his apostles, adn some of his doctrine. We learned and heard all about the parables and other stories. We discussed the trinity and our salvation. I believe that I also had divine teaching concerning the divinity and teachings of God. I always believed that God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost were different persons, Jesus Christ and God having physical characteristics.



In Fourth grade I started developing my talents (or lack of them). I took violin lessons at school in grades 4-6. When we performed for all our parents, I think we must have sounded horrible. But the parents loved us and thought we were wonderful. I took synchronized swimming, and our team would perform. We actually competed a couple of times. I did terrible in competition. My lack of self esteem showed up obviously there. I loved swimming and so it was a great sport for me. Unfortunately, all those years under the water looking around didn't help me, and I developed an allergy to pool chemicals. Since I couldn't see without glasses and my eyes burned horribly after being under water, I eventually quit swimming under the water with my eyes open. Since I loved swimming so much, I would just swim with my head above water and my eyes open. As I got to be an adult, I'd leave my glasses on and swim looking like an "old lady."

My mom taught me to sew, starting in the fourth grade. She started me out on a Necci, sewing on a spiral drawn on a piece of paper. It seemed like I had to practice that way forever before I actually got to sew anything. I must not have been a particular seamstress, and my mother was. Often our sessions would end up with me crying and both of us picking out seams. As the years passed I got better and picked out less. Mom enrolled in 4-H, and Mrs. Crane was our teacher and leader. We would have both cooking and sewing at her home. It was so fun! We would sew outfits and compete in 4-H shows. My first pair of regular "church" shoes was in the sixth grade when I sewed a suit for a 4-H competition and

modeled the suit. I won a campership to camp that year. I think I did that for a couple of years. I hope I can find some pictures of those clothes I made.



Fifth grade was wonderful. I had a teacher that was so creative and inspired children. My brother, Dave, had also had Mrs. Brinkman. She said there were no pudding stones around Richland. We found some, and thus, every where we went we looked for pudding stones. Then we'd take them to her house. Her pathway around her home was totally lined with pudding stones. She must have loved us a lot to put them there, and leave them there. She had us memorize poetry. That was so fun. I memorized "September" by Helen Hunt Jackson, <http://www.poetry-archive.com/j/september.html> and then "October" by Helen Hunt Jackson <http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/october-s-bright-blue-weather/>. For another poem I chose "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." (which is not based on total truth, but it's still a great poem) <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U4hUMQG3MI8> In fourth through sixth grade we had a different playground than in first through third grade. We would play Chinese jump rope, jacks, and hang by the bars that you cross over. There was also the old Richland High School next to the school property and I liked to go find the coal clinkers there on my way to and from school. I remember watching the big wrecker ball knock the school down.



I did not like my sixth grade teacher, Mr. Lane. I don't think he liked girls. I don't think he liked being a teacher. He did like to take us outside and have us play baseball. I was lousy at baseball. I couldn't hit the bat when it was my turn at bat. Mr. Lane made fun of three of us that chewed out fingernails. He made fun of other people. I was rather proud of one talk I had to give in class. It was a demonstration talk, and I did mine on how to waterproof fabric. I used Amway's waterproof spray. I thought my talk turned out very well. One thing he did that was rather smart was that he was always trying to get us to read the information on the bulletin board in the classroom. Of course, we didn't. He put all the answers to a test on the board. He left it up there for several days, I think. Then he gave us the test. We did not do very well. Then he yelled at us a lot. I survived the year.

From the time I learned to read, I studied the Old and the New Testament a lot. In these books, I discovered truths never spoken about in most churches. In Revelations, it talks about the three kingdoms of heaven. I believed this but no one could explain it to me. It was another one of the "mysteries" that I believed but could not understand.

In the seventh grade, I went to Carmichael Junior High School in Richland, at which my father taught math and science. At this time in my life I decided I was too shy and introverted. In the eighth grade, I got to be an office assistant. This meant that I had to walk into every classroom in the school and deliver notes to the teachers. I remember standing outside most doors trying to get brave enough to open the door and walk in, knowing that everyone would be looking at me.

I also started saying "hello" to people and trying to get to know them better. I got involved in church groups more. I studied the Methodist Doctrine and became a member of Central United Protestant Church. I read more and found more errors in the Methodist thinking.

The summer before I went to Columbia High School (also known as Richland High School) for my sophomore year, I went out with a few boys and became disgusted with the opposite sex.

I realized some more truths about the divinity of Christ. I was out hiking with my family and friends. We were hiking up the side of a mountain, and knowing the general area, I decided to take the old eight per cent trail instead of the new four per cent trail. Suddenly, I noticed that I was in the middle of a rock slide. I looked up the mountain and down. One slip and I'd probably have a broken leg at the bottom. I looked ahead of me and behind. I was exactly half way. The trail was about eight inches wide and very rocky. I prayed for guidance, sure footing, and the strength to make it. Every few feet I would stop and pray again. After crossing some slippery snow, I made it to the top. I fell down on my knees and thanked God. I was so grateful that tears poured from my eyes and fell all over me.

As a result of the experience, I realized how much God really cares for each one of us. he was a much more personal God than I had realized. I think that my thirst for truth started that day. That was July 13, 1969.

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