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Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

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When Brigham Young asked my father to help settle the towns of Morgan, Utah, Paris, Montpelier, Georgetown, and Bear Lake, Idaho, my father sent his sons Joseph, Hyrum, Charles, and Wilford. A flour mill was built in Morgan and a cheese factory in Georgetown. That is where our cheese and butter would be made and brought to Farmington to put in the storeroom over in Aunt Mary's house. Georgetown was a town near Montpelier.

Father had about five hundred head of cattle and livestock wintering in Farmington. In early spring my brothers, Eugene and Nathan would drive them up to Georgetown. Mother would prepare food and provisions for them to take in the covered wagon. It took them two or three days to cover the mileage in those days. Then in the fall my brothers would go and bring the cattle back down to Farmington to be fed during the winter.

I had many nice rides and pleasant visits to Morgan and the places in Idaho with my mother and brothers. One time I went to Star Valley, Wyoming with Wilford as a young lady to visit my brother Hyrum and family. That night we went to a dance. Hyrum's first wife, Ann Eliza Porter gave us a cloth to wrap our heads in because it was blowing and so cold. I recall it was a diaper.

I enjoyed visiting my cousins in Montpelier. I went to Montpelier with mother as a child to visit her sister, Sarah Leggett Phelps and my cousins, Josephine, Lottie, George and others of her family and Bird Phelps too. Sarah Leggett married Joseph Phelps, son of Laura Clark and Morris Phelps. Laura was my father's older sister. She died in Nauvoo. I am named after her. She had three daughters, two of them married apostles, Charles C, Rich and Amasa R. Lyman. When Josephine who married Randolph Groo came to Salt Lake, I associated with her often and her children with mine, Hermonine, Elaine and Vannas and sons. Norma still sees Vannas as they belong to a bridge club.

My brother Wilford would lift me up as a little girl and say he was glad that I was such a good girl. When I was older, he would say, "Are you as good as you used to be?" Then he would tell me what a lovely young lady I was.

My brother Edward, a high priest and a high counselor in the stake was always in charge of the stake dinners. He always wanted me to help him by serving on the tables. He would compliment me by saying he knew he could depend on me to do the right things. I always had a lovely dress for these occasions.