kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/198652

Title: **Book-074**
Provenance: **Courtesy of the Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

of our home. Iw as sitting on a little bridge. I was crying and endured much pain for awhile. My mother came and helped me pull the thistle needles and thorns from my feet. She never let me go barefoot again after that. She didn't like me to go barefooted. My mother always took such good care of her feet and would bathe her feet every night. She would at times wash her eyes with a mild salt solution.

I remember being baptized in Big Creek when I was eight years old. Lagoon now is part of where Big Creek would run, and my Father owned much of the property there. Brother Jonathan Wood baptized me, and my father confirmed me.

When I was in my teens, a group of us boys and girls would walk down the street arm in arm to William and Delbert Wilcox's home south of the cemetery and eat watermelon and grapes after meeting sometimes. We all belonged to the Farmington Evening Recreation Club. Sometimes we would walk along the railway ties, and when we saw turnips or carrots, we would pull them up and wipe the dirt off. They tasted so good. When we saw the sugar cane in Father's fields, we would break off a cane and chew on it.

Mother told me how one time a bull was chasing me down the road on Clark Street, or State Street now, and I ran like a deer to get away from it. Some of the family could see how I was going like the wind and what was happening and they were very worried, but I was able to get off the street in time unharmed. I was about eight or nine years old when it happened.

Sometimes when my brother Horace and I would come home from dance, we would go into the pantry where Mother's pans of milk were. We took a slice of bread and carefully put it on the cream on top of the milk and then put it on a saucer and sprinkled sugar on it. In the morning Mother would say, "There doesn't seem to much cream on this milk." Of course we confessed what we had done. Mother was happy that we had had a snack when we got home. She did not like us to be hungry.

After coming home on very cold nights and our feet were cold, we often took one of the lids off the stove and wrapped it in paper and cloth to put in our bed by our feet. We never had any heat in our bedrooms. We had hard east winds and lots of snow.

One time when Eugene took a load of hay to Salt Lake, he brought home a beautiful bookcase and it was put in our large dining room. Eugene said to me, "Laura, when Father