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Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

he did take me downtown. When we got there he bought me new shoes, a new dress, and a new coat. He said. "Daughter, I want you to always wear fine clothes. Fine clothes will never hurt you." Father trusted me, This was a great compliment from my father to me. We went to the ZCMI. Father had stock in the ZCMI and always took an interest in it. We never traded anywhere else but the ZCMI. I always tried to do what my mother and father wanted me to do. I was proud of them and revered them greatly.

When Father took sick with stomach cancer, he was in his bedroom over at Aunt Mary's. His bedroom had a door that opened out on to the front porch. My mother went over there and stayed all night with him in his later sicknesses to watch over him. I used to go over and see him. He would tell me different things about the Church.

In his room he had a safe about as big as a bench or table. It was about as high as a table. At one time he was the priesthood treasurer at Farmington and took charge of the money. He was also the county treasurer and kept the county records. Then when my brothers would bring money home from taking the hay to town or some other sale they would always bring the money over to Father's house. They gave it to Father and he put it in the safe.

I remember when Father was so sick that he couldn't get out of bed he said to me, "Now daughter, you go over there, and I'll tell you how to turn that safe. Turn it this way and turn it that way, and it will open. I want you to bring that money over here and let me count it over. We'll count it over together. Then I want to give this to you so you can buy a new coat and a new dress." So we did this, and that pleased him so much for me to do that.

My father knew that his last days were coming soon, and he wrote his last testament and testimony which he gave in person at the last gathering of the whole family while he was alive. A written copy was presented to each of his children. All the family prized this copy. He gave us instructions on how to continue in family reunions. My father then divided up his property for each one of us to have so much. This is the way he did it. He had sort of a map of all the property down in the meadows and the building property. He had it numbered. Then he put numbers on little slips of paper and put them in a box. We all met together around Father in his room and drew a number out of this box. Then the number that corresponded with what was on the map was to be our property. There were also building lots for those who hadn't already received one. I received a building lot. I was single then. We all received bank stock and stock in the