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Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

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Laura Clark Cook

Laura In the winter time the Mutual would go in a big "bobsled". There would be some hay and quilt put over us, and we'd sit some in the back, and some would sit with their feet in between the others on the other side of the wagon. We would sit there, two rows, and we would ride on that side of the wagon and on this side of the wagon. Then of course I remember going out riding with two horses on a sled with sleigh bells, with a young man driving; how fast we would go, just racing. I could feel the warmth of the other horse passing me by, we'd go so close.

In the summer time I went horse back riding. My father had some beautiful horses: King was one horse, and Bob was another horse, and Queen was another. One time when I was out riding on a horse with Birdie Walsh, that was the daughter of the one that in charge of our club, and we were riding out on the back road there past the cemetery, my horse shyed because of a loose paper that had blown over in the street. My horse shyed a little bit, but I got control of it. These horses were beautiful horses, so I had a lot of fun; I had a side saddle too. We used to ride on a side saddle in those days.

Keith Where did you meet your husband?

Laura At a dance in Bountiful, I used to go to dances at Kaysville and Centerville and Bountiful, and I met Mark in Bountiful. I think I was around 18 or 19 or 20; I guess I was 20. He went on a mission to England, and I wrote to him. I sent him money so

he would bring me home some beautiful satin for my wedding dress. At this time my mother passed away. In the meantime, while he was gone, I got a dressmaker to make the dress for me. I was 25 when I got married, because he went on a mission before my mother died. My father died when I was 21, in 1901, and my mother died in 1902.

Keith Where were you married?

Laura I was married in the L.D.S. Temple in Salt Lake.

Keith This was on the morning of March 30th, 1905

Laura Yes and there was a deep snow on the ground. I had come alone from Farmington on the Bamberger, and I met my companion in Bountiful on the same train. It was the