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Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

commercial store that my father helped build. All of this, of course, was a blessing to us, especially myself when I was left a widow with three little children. I didn't have to rely on any of my family; I could be independent. Of course, he died a short time after that.

LG: Did your father have a regular schedule of visiting the two homes? You mentioned that for lunch he would often come over to your house. Was that his daily schedule?

LC: Yes, that was daily.

LG: But he always slept at the other home.

LC: Yes.

LB: I think he slept over there some.

LC: OF course, I was the last of the family. but he did when they were younger. When my father didn't sleep at our house, he would come over early in the morning and check on us and to see whether the boys had gotten up and had gone to do their chores. There were times when he came so early that he would be there to awaken us

I have a memory of this though. Before that big house was built for my mother, there was another house at the side of it. The houses were about three feet apart. I was a little girl, and my brother Nathan was with me. He was taking care of me one night when the lamp exploded. he tossed it out on the lawn to put it out. This big new house was up so high, I walked around on the foundations a little bit

Then this big red brick house was finished. There was a well kind of close to it, about three feet away. We would pull up that water in the morning or else go out to the creek, break the ice and get the water in from there. Either way one of us would have to go out and get water in the morning. There was no water or anything in the home and no lights either, only our lamps

LG: Tell me your memories of visiting your Aunt Mary's home as a little girl.

LC: When I would go over to Aunt Mary's when I was a little girl, I was so happy to go there. It seemed like her house was all carpeted except the kitchen. My mother's was too. It seemed like I had two homes. I remember being taken across the street by my sister Sarah. As I got older, I used to sit over at Aunt Mary's curled up in a chair and read books. She had a nice library. My mother had a nice library too. She would always make me feel welcome.