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Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

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LC: The Clark Street went from east to west. My mother was in a big, red brick house on the south side of the street, and Aunt Mary lived across the street in a big rock house with a big porch. Our home was a large house with four large bedrooms, two upstairs, a large hall and a place from the hall to go up a ladder to a place on the roof, where if desired, we could sleep in the summertime. We used to cut apricots and peaches and take them up on top of the roof to dry. We put mesquito bar over them so that if there were any flies up there, they wouldn't get on the fruit. There was a white fence around the flat roof at the top and then it slanted down to dormer windows on each of the bedroom windows. There were four large rooms downstairs, the parlor, dining room, bedroom, kitchen, and pantry. The walls were thick. There was a pretty front porch with gingerbread trimmings around it and a porch at the back. It was furnished very beautifully, and the rooms were nice and large. I had a bedroom to myself which was upstairs in the front, northeast corner. In it I had a nice wardrobe to put my clothes in. This used to be my mother's. It was a beautiful home; Aunt Mary's was too. I was always proud to take my company in either home.

When I was a little girl, my sister Sarah would put her arm up and say, "Get ahold of my arm, and I will take you over to Aunt Mary's house. We are going over there to have dinner today." Aunt Mary always had hired help. A hired girl. We loved Aunt Mary, and we would always take things to her.

She came over to Mother's house to visit Mother. They were very companionable sisters If Aunt Mary wasn't busy or if she was standing over on her porch. Mother would call to her, "Mary, come over and have lunch with us." One time she saw a very beautiful geranium on the kitchen window all in blossom, and she said, "Oh, Susan, your flowers do so much better than mine do." My mother spoke up and said, "Mary, when you go home, you take that plant home with you and put it in your window." So Aunt Mary did that. Never in my life have I heard my mother say any ill thing against Aunt Mary or anyone else. Aunt Mary would come over and call my mother quite often and Mother would be over to Aunt Mary's.

Father nearly always came over to have lunch with my mother. When he would come over there, I would always get on his knee. I was a little girl. I would have a comb, and I would comb his hair. He was bald on top, but he had long hair with hair on the side going over. I used to get a basin of water for him to put his feet in. I would sit there and make my father happy and cheerful. He was always happy and cheerful, but I made a fuss over him and he