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Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

they were travelling or tracking in that part of the city, would come to our home and have dinner with us. We would go out with them on the streets for their street meetings. We would sing, the girls, the boys and I. It was a great experience for us to see how the gospel was preached there in New York.

Daddy Silver on the morning he died, was in the kitchen helping us get breakfast. The girls were going to work, they went to a wholesale house to model clothes, and the boys were going to school. Daddy was helping with the breakfast so that they could get off. He was going this morning down to 181 Street in Manhattan, the same place he always went to get his hair cut and his beard trimmed. From there he was going two little short blocks to the trolley car, and then he was going to go to his pattern office, where he was making patterns for a railroad tie he had invented; he had the patient taken out on this railroad tie, He was now going to get on this trolley car, to go over to this pattern office, when he slumped over in the street. I got word over in Queens, where I was living, that an accident had happened. I was wanted over to a certain hospital in Manhattan. My two younger boys had gone to a school quite near there; the older boy was farther away at another school, but when I got this word I went over to the school to get my two younger boys out. The teacher said it wasn't time for them to go, but I said, "Yes but I must have them now to go with me", and I took them with me on the subway trying to find this hospital. We took the subway downtown, then we needed to get off that subway and take a shuttle and go over to the Broadway subway where the hospital was. When we got there I inquired first of all at the dest about Mr. Silver. They escorted me to the Garden room to sit down, a doctor came in to tell me that Mr. Silver had passed away; he was dead before he reached the hospital. It was a cerebral hemorrhage that caused his death. It was just something, my two little boys were sitting by me, and we just wondered how we were going to get home again. They asked me who I would like to call for help. At that time, being in New York and away from all my family, I just answered, not realizing what I said, "I have no friends here". They said, "Surely you can think of somebody that could give you some help". I happened to think of one of Daddy's sons who was one the instructors at the