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Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

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In the summer we would sit on the lawn. We played croquet and ball. When I was a girl about ten years of age, up to the district school on the back street of Farmington, I lost the ball; it was my friend's ball, It was after school and most of the children were going home. I just felt so concerned about losing it, so I knelt down by a bush or tree, and the Lord helped me find it by the fence.

One Sunday morning when I was about six years old, the family was getting ready for Sunday School. Nathan looked up and said to me, "Why aren't you getting ready?" I said, "I ain't going!" "Why aren't you going?" Nathan said. "Because I have no new shoes to wear. My old ones are shabby." "Oh sucks," said Nathan, "Everyone in town knows you can have new shoes." He picked them up and went into the other rooms and came back with them all polished and shined up. "Here now, get ready for Sunday School." I did. So I was perfectly happy to go with my old shoes. It had been planned previously for my sister Alice to take me to the store to buy new shoes, but something important came up that hindered her. So this was a big disappointment to me at the time. Our clothes were always laid out the night before and out shoes shined as Mother did for us each Sunday.

I msut tell about my mother. We didn;t have any bath tubs in those days and we used a round tub. My mother was always very careful about it. She would have some chairs around the tub with sheets spread high up on these chairs in the kitchen, the only warm room int he winter. Of course, we did have a parlor that had a beautiful stove in it. When people would come to see us, we would always rush in and make a fire, but we would have to carry in coal and wood. The kitchen would be warm, and Saturday night would be the time for baths. We didn't have any taps to turn to get water, and we heated the water on the stove. Our water was obtained outside.

We had very cold winters with hard east winds. As we had no water in the house, I would go out to the creek in front of our house, break the ice with a hammer, and dip the water up into my pail. Or else I would go to the well in our back yard. With the icy rope, I would pull a bucket of water up from the well.

Farmington was a railroad town. Many Indians with their little papooses strapped on their backs would come and also tramps. Mother would give them soap, sugar, and flour. Mother would never turn anyone away from her door.

Every Saturday, it was my job to go to the store and have our kerosene can filled with keresone oil. Then I