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Title: **Book-057**
Provenance: **Courtesy of the Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Booklet of Laura Blanche Clark Cook

filled the lamps, trimmed the wicks and cleaned the chimneys.

Some little neighbor children who had made balls out of string or rags brought them to me. I crocheted around the balls to make them smoother and to hold them together.

One time with a few of my friends, we would try on and dress up in some of my sister Alice's pretty dresses, having a fashion show. It was a lot of fun.

When the Primary was having a party, I helped with others to teach the children how to dance. This I enjoyed and it was a privilege. I also taught Primary.

When in my teens in Mutual, a group of us boys and girls scrubbed and helped clean the chapel.

My father had a chart of the alphabet. When his children were old enough, he would give it to us to learn also spending sometime with us to learn it. He said that he would give us a dollar when we had learned all the letters forward and backward and were able to write them. I learned them so well and could say them fast forward and backward.

The old Bamberger train came up from Salt Lake as far as Farmington at Clark Street. We would hurry to get through with the dishes or making bread and go down with the boys and girls to see the train pull in. It was quite a sight.

One time when I was about twelve years old, I stood up in a spelling bee with children from all over Davis County. I stood up the second longest and missed on the word "great" because I didn't know whether "great" or "grate" was meant. I won a little gift.

I wore short dresses and long braids with ribbons hanging in the back sometimes. Then the time came when I had long dresses down to my ankles and my hair was pinned up, sometimes with a bow of ribbon and a flower. I was about fifteen years old, and Mother hated to put me in long dresses and see me grow up. She would say, "You have such beautiful legs and I wish I didn't have to cover them." But the dresses were beautiful with ruffles and bows.

I loved my grandparents. Grandfather William Leggett was Brigham Young's gardener, and I remember going down to the farm on Ninth East south of Twenty-first South with my Mother. He raised many fruits and vegetables and strawberries. I remember eating them. They were so delicious. He took such excellent care of the garden.