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# Phineas Wolcott Cook FAMILY ORGANIZATION NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER, 1972



Mary Rozelia Cook McCann

## MARY ROZELIA COOK McCANN

The following sketch was written by Mary Rozelia Cook McCann for her daughter Jean McCann Obray. Mary Rozelia "Aunt Zee" was the daughter of Phineas W. Cook and Amanda P. Savage Cook.

This life sketch was reviewed by a professor at Utah State University. He stated at that time that it was one of the outstanding written histories to come out of the Utah-Idaho-Wyoming border areas.

## A SKETCH OF MY LIFE FOR JEAN by Mary Rozelia Cook McCann

I was one of twin sisters, born at Holden, Utah, on November 12th, 1863. My sister died when she was one month old, and my mother was very ill all winter. She has often told me that I owed my life to the devotion and care of Aunt Mary Wilcox, who was then only a girl of fifteen years. She cared for me, and for Mother as she lay ill on a straw tick on the floor in front of the fireplace.

Father was Phineas Wolcott Cook, a fine carpenter and millwright, and he worked on the public works (temple, tabernacle, etc.) in Salt Lake City for many years.

Mother was Amanda Pollie Savage, a little blonde woman who had a great love for beautiful dishes and flowers, and who, wherever she went, managed to have a nice collection of both. Her father was one of the first pony express riders, and freighters to California, and spoke the Indian language so fluently that he was a great friend of the red men, who always referred to my mother as "Savage's Papoose."

Brigham Young finally sent my father to Bear Lake Valley to start mills and a settlement there, and when I was eight months old my mother took me from my crib (made of birch, fastened with rawhide) packed our few belongings and joined my father in the new valley.

Father had located at a place called Swan Creek, now known as Lakota. If you have ever heard of paradise on earth, this place, to a child, at least, was it. There was wonderful water power to be obtained in the fast rushing creek, and it in turn emptied out into the beautiful Bear Lake. To the north a foothill rose, and further on dropped down into a sheer cliff. To the south lay the green open meadows where the Indians camped in huge bands in the spring, and the creek itself came out from beneath a miniature cliff.

My father made use of the power at once. He built the first mill that ground flour in the valley, and as time passed he added more mills; a saw mill, a carding mill where wool was carded, and made into rolls, which in turn was spun into yarn and wool bats and made into quilts, etc.

Here in this pastoral loveliness, rivaling the first home of Evangeline, I spent my childhood and early girlhood. How I loved the dear old place! The creek, the lake, the hills, and every tree was very dear to me.

(Continued on Page 2)

## *A Message from your President*

Dear Family Members:

We send our love and greetings to each of you. We wish to say thanks to all who responded to our call for payment of membership dues. This money has played a very important role in making possible our beginning in genealogical research.

This is a non-profit organization. We want only enough income to meet the needs of worthwhile projects of interest to each family. We need your support.

Our first objective is to strengthen family ties by holding functions that will make it possible to associate together. Our third annual reunion was held in Bountiful last August 12th. About 250 people were present. Many members of the family who had not met with us before were there. We enjoyed a fine program. We think everyone there had a great time. Getting acquainted with the fine members of this family has been both a rewarding and an enriching experience for the organization committee members, and family members have expressed the same feeling. Our goal is to make these reunions better and more interesting to you each year.

A major goal is genealogical research. Mr. Jimmy Parker of Bountiful, Utah is conducting our research, and any member of the family who is interested in helping with this research is invited to participate. Assignments can be obtained by calling Mrs. Reid W. Bullock whose phone number is 801-295-8740. As we pool our resources as a family and proceed systematically with the research, duplication will be eliminated, and our records can be much more accurate.

Our next objective is to reprint the Phineas Wolcott Cook diary. Your membership fees will assure the completion of this endeavor.

Another important objective is to make every family member aware of the outstanding achievements of other family members. We hope all of you will report these items to our publications committee. There are many outstanding men and women who have achieved much. Knowing of these people will make all proud to be members of this family.

Let us know of any proposals that you think will be of value. We will give them full consideration as we plan our activities.

Best wishes to you for a happy and successful year.

Sincerely yours,

Dean S. Cook, President

## Mary Rozelia Cook McCann, Continued

My mother had only one son, and I was her only daughter. To say that she idealized us is putting it mildly; but she did not overindulge us. When she said "no" we knew she meant it! She used to have me sew an hour each day to learn to make simple things. Oh, how that hour would drag. I would get the side-ache, or back-ache, or most any other kind of ache to get out of it, but the sewing or darning had to go on for the full hour.

Swan Creek was beautiful in the early spring. When the snow had melted on the east side of the hill it would be covered with jonnie-jump-ups, and buttercups, and oxheads, and what fun we had picking them. When it grew warmer we would build a huge bon-fire in the lane, and play run-sheep-run, and hide-and-go-seek, and as it became drier we would play ball; one-old cat, rounders and anti-i-over, and how we loved to jump the rope by moonlight! When I grew older I would often stay on the dear old place alone while the family went to town to church, and I would spend the whole day roaming up the creek and riding on the lake. I could handle a boat as good as any of the boys and row very swiftly. O how I loved it! My full brother was six years older than I, and I always felt a little in awe of him, but worshipped him from a distance. But my half-brother Henry and I were real pals. He would take me to dances and parties, for he loved to dance. He was an excellent skater, and I often begged him to teach me to skate, but in those days it wasn't considered proper, so I would hold on his coat or sit on a sled, and he would take me spinning over the sparkling ice-covered lake. We would go like the wind.

Then what fun we had coasting! And when the ice on the lake broke up and formed huge 'castles' as it shelved great pieces one upon the other on the shore. Always we were a happy, carefree family. On cold winter nights we children would gather in the big dining room, lit only by the dancing flames in the huge old fireplace, and play blind mans bluff, pussy wants a corner, pretty bird in my cup, and old bloody Tom, but when the clock chimed eight and father called: "Come children," we never waited for a second call, for we knew father's word was law. Mother would always tuck me in my little trundle-bed, hear me say my prayers and kiss me good night.

Oh yes, my three half-brothers, Henry, Will, and Hyrum taught me to fish, shoot, row a boat, play ball and ride horse back, and what a tom boy I was.

There were sad moments too. When I was very young, my half-sister Augusta Meserva died and left a little girl about two years old. She lived with her grandmother and we all lived in the same big house. She was never strong, and when we all had scarlet fever it settled in her eyes and she had to stay in a dark room. She loved me very much and I loved and pitied her. Finally, they sent her to Salt Lake City to be under the doctors care. I think she was gone nearly a year. She always had to wear thick glasses, but never had to go back to the darkened room.

I had one very dear friend, Suzannah Stock. We became fast friends when we were eight years old, and nothing could break our friendship. My brother Dave was in love with her sister Lydia so he would go often to their place. The winter I was twelve I lived with them and went to school at Fish Haven. Dave would come every Friday night and take me home for the week-end, and gladly bring us back. (Zanna, as we called her, would come with me.)

Will, my half-brother, fell in love with Zanna, and the three of us were always together for about two years, but then, through the interference of others, Will quit coming to see her, and Zanna's heart was nearly broken. That made me love her more than ever, but I did not have much use for Will, as it was entirely his fault, or weakness.

One day my brother Dave found an old Indian fish basket in the creek. It was made of long willows tied securely together at the tips with small willows interwoven. It had a large hoop at the top, two inches apart. This was placed in the center of the creek below the spawning

(Continued on Page 3)

## CARL COOK-FLUCKINGER BRANCH OF THE FAMILY REPORTS BIRTHS AND ITEMS OF NEWS

KENDALL WELDON GREENE, son of Gilbert W. and Marva Lue Fluckiger Greene of St. Louis, Missouri, born 18 April 1972.

MARK HULET, son of Grant and Wanda Gay Hulet, left 14 June 1972 for the New Zealand Mission.

The Lynn and Louise West Fluckiger family have two missionaries serving in the field at the present time. SHERYL FLUCKIGER is serving in the Italy South Mission, and STEPHEN FLUCKIGER is in the Brazilian Mission. These two missionaries are grandchildren of Carl Cook.

JERRY L. GLENN, husband of Julie Rose Fluckiger Glenn, received his Master's degree from Brigham Young University in August 1972. He is a librarian at Ricks College at Rexburg, Idaho.

GRANT HULET of Salt Lake City has designed Utah's winning medal for the coming United States Bicentennial celebration. This brought him a prize of \$5,000. The contest was sponsored by the Franklin Mint, and they awarded cash prizes to designers of medals commemorating the nation's 200th birthday. The medals will be sold by the mint in 1976.

Utah's winning design depicts three pioneers: a father, mother, and child kneeling in prayer with the motto "Faith in God and Country," and represented the contributions which this state has made to the union. Winners were chosen from each state.

Grant is the husband of Wanda Gay Fluckiger. Wanda is a granddaughter of the late Carl Cook.

GRANT and WANDA GAY FLUCKIGER HULET both graduated from Brigham Young University in August, 1972. Grant received his Master's degree in art, and Wanda received her B.S. degree in education. Grant has also recently been called to serve as second counselor in his ward bishopric.

CLELLA FLUCKIGER joined the Brigham Young University Alumni for a tour of the Book of Mormon lands in South America from 16 June to 8 July. Clella reports that it was a thrilling trip. They visited all of the large pyramids, and she reports she was astonished at the structure and greatness of these edifices. She commented on the size of the people. Mature people appeared to be about the size of a ten-year old in our country. They carried great loads of merchandise on their backs while walking to the markets. Women carried babies on their backs and huge baskets on their heads. These people were farming on very steep hillsides, but were producing beautiful vegetable gardens.

Clella reports that the Catholic cathedrals were unbelievably beautiful with gold trimmings throughout. But the contrast presented by the poor who were begging in front of these churches was saddening.

The tour was not only inspiring, but carried college credit.



## HYRUM HOWLAND COOK BRANCH OF THE FAMILY REPORTS NEWS OF THE FOLLOWING BIRTHS:

CHRISTOPHER WARREN BRAACK, son of Richard L. and Sandra Ray Dillard Braack of Enumclaw, Washington, born 15 January 1972. Christopher Warren is the grandson of Bert and Erma Braack of Orem, Utah.

LEVI ORIAN KHAN MEEK, son of Roger A. and Writa May Braack Meek of South Bend, Washington, born 19 April 1972. Writa May is the daughter of Bert and Erma Braack of Orem, Utah. These two young children are second great grandsons of Hyrum Howland Cook whose life sketch will appear in the next issue of this newsletter.

## Mary Rozelia Cook McCann, Continued

bed and fastened by putting rocks on each side just below the hoop. The fish would jump these rocks when they wanted to get up stream to spawn, but would go down stream with the current right into the baskets. In the spring, Dave would make me three of these baskets, and I would go every morning at sunrise to tend to them. Sometimes there would be only a few fish, and sometimes not any, then again the baskets would be full. I used to sell the fish to our local merchant, Mr. Stock, for twelve and a half cents per pound. They ranged in weight all the way from two to six pounds.

As I grew older my mother and I spun yarn and sold it. My father had a carding mill by now, and wanted mother to pay him fifty cents per pound for rolls, but she could get them from the carder for forty so we bought them from him. We would spin the yarn double and twist it into what we called ten knot skeins, each knot having forty threads and each thread waxed separately.

We sold the yarn for one dollar a pound, and as my father's sister, Eliza Hall, was a fine weaver, she would weave it into cloth which was very lovely.

At the age of sixteen I taught the summer school in Garden City, and that winter I was assistant teacher in the school in the same town. I also taught during the summer months.

When I was eighteen years old one of the saddest days of my life occurred. My father sold the whole place to his oldest son. My heart was almost broken. I felt like the world had come to an end. For many years I would not go back to it without crying bitterly.

Mother bought a little home and small farm in Garden City, which was just three and one half miles south of Swan Creek. I lived with her until July 12, 1883, when I was married to Hyrum Johnston McCann, a tall, dark, young man with innate refinement, and a wonderful talent as an artist and a musician. He never got to use these talents as much as he should, as he owned a small farm and was the sole support of his widowed mother and a widowed sister and her little girl.

We did not intend to marry for a long time, but he was badly injured in the canyon, and for a time we were afraid he would die. His mother was old and could not care for him, and his sister was handicapped in such a way that she could not, so I knew that if he was to get well it depended on me. The doctor said he would never be strong, but I loved him so much that I felt that if I could only care for him even for a few years it would be worth everything to me.

We had a very hard winter that year; fences all buried in snow, and a very late spring. Two of Hy's sisters had moved the year before to Ashley Valley, in Uintah country, and they wrote in glowing terms of the lovely climate and were so sure my husband would get well if we moved there.

I dreaded to go, but we sold our home and farm and on our first wedding anniversary started on our journey.

It was so hard for me to leave mother and all the dear ones. I feared the journey, as I was expecting a baby in two months, but felt no sacrifice was too great if it meant the restoration of my husband's health.

We were three weary weeks on the road. There were about six other families in our company, and we had three teams and two heavy wagons and one light spring wagon. I drove the team to the light wagon, and cooked three meals a day over the camp-fire for seven persons.

Our journey led through mountainous country, and over courderoy roads and steep dugways. How I ever stood it is a wonder. I would drive all day and be in pain most of the night. God must have taken care of me.

As we camped just outside of Ashley Valley, a messenger brought word that my husband's sister Mariah was very ill. She had lost her

(Continued on page 4)

## BOOTH WALLENTINE CHOOSEN AS INSURANCE EXECUTIVE

The following article was printed in the Bear Lake Newspaper the week of September 20, 1972:

"The Utah Farm Bureau Federation has named Booth Wallentine Executive Vice-President and Corporate Secretary of the organization's affiliated insurance companies, the Country Mutual Life and Utah Farm Bureau Insurance Companies.

Booth is the son of Van Ness and Hattie Booth Wallentine of Logan, Utah. Booth was born at Paris, Idaho and attended the Fielding High School there. He received a degree in Agriculture Economics from Utah State University. For the past seven years he has served as director of various staff departments for the Iowa Farm Bureau Federation in Des Moines.

Booth began his career in the Farm Bureau in 1962 following his service in the U.S. Army. While he has been in Iowa he has been active in community affairs. He is the founder of the Mormon Pioneer Trail Foundation. He is a bishop and is active in programs to aid the handicapped. He is a member of the Advisory Board of the Iowa Commission of the Blind.

He married Raeda McCammon from Georgetown, Idaho. They are the parents of two sons and a daughter. Booth will make his home in Salt Lake City.

## THE FOLLOWING BIRTHS AND ITEMS OF NEWS WERE REPORTED IN THE HARRIET BETSY TEEPLES BRANCH OF THE FAMILY:

TODD ROBERT WILLIAMS, son of Robert and Stephanie Ann Mason Williams of South Wellington, B.C., born 29 April 1972. Todd Robert has a three year old brother, Steven Kenneth, born 10 November 1969. VIOLET GOMERICH, daughter of George and Lois Elda Mason Gomerich of South Wellington, B.C., born 22 November 1969. Stephanie Williams and Lois Gomerich are daughters of Lawrence and Elda Maria Copley Mason of South Wellington, B.C. and are great great granddaughters of Betsy Teeples.

DIANA DAVIE, daughter of Harry and Jean Copley Davie of Burnaby, B.C. and granddaughter of Spori and Erma Cook Stucki of Rexburg, Idaho, married Gerry Knapp 5 August 1972 at Vancouver, B.C.

## JOSEPH WOLCOTT COOK BRANCH OF THE FAMILY REPORTS BIRTHS AND OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST

NATHAN COOK CHENEY, son of R. Wayne and Kathy Cook Cheney of Lakewood, Colorado, born 31 May 1972. Kathy is the daughter of Samuel Bryson and Marilla Crowther Cook of Logan, Utah

LINDA LAWRENCE, daughter of Weston and Lila Stucki Lawrence, and the granddaughter of Spori and Erma Cook Stucki of Rexburg, Idaho, married James Donald Martin 25 May 1972 in the Idaho Falls Temple.

BRYAN EVANS, son of Joseph E. and Zelda Cook Evans, married Terri Tolley 18 August 1972. She is the daughter of Bishop and Mrs. Tolley of Montpelier, Idaho.

ERIC C. EVANS, son of Joseph E. and Zelda Cook Evans, and grandson of Elden W. Cook of Montpelier, Idaho, left in mid-August for the Japanese Mission. Eric left Harvard University to fill this mission. He was a full-time scholarship undergraduate student there during the 1971-72 school year.

DON R. COOK, son of the late Merrill E. and Margaret Richards Cook is a newly appointed bishop in a Brigham City ward. He is married to Marva Daines, and they are the parents of five children.

## Mary Rozelia Cook McCann, Continued

baby and was not expected to live. This was such a shock to me that I was unable to get supper that night.

The next morning we drove to the home of John Odekirk, and there learned that Mariah was much better.

Immediately my husband began looking around for some kind of a home. In a day or two he had traded a team, harness and wagon, for 80 acres of school land with a one roomed cabin on it. It was not much of a home, but at least a shelter.

A few acres of land was planted into wheat, but the canal was broken and the wheat burned so badly we feared we could never save it.

However, Hy went to work on the canal with the other men, and we got the water and raised enough wheat for bread and for seed to plant in the spring.

I had eight head of cattle of my own, but not for long. We sold a pair of twin steers to get alfalfa seed and to see me through my confinement. The water was very bad, and I was ill for weeks.

My oldest child was born on September 12, 1864. Mariah Pope, Emma Odekirk were both with me, and Sarah Pope was the midwife. It was a long, painful time, and when in late afternoon the baby came and I heard his lusty cry, it was the happiest moment of my life. Yes, lying there on a quilt, on the little old cabin floor, with the man I loved so well, and his dear old mother and sisters around me, I knew great joy.

My thoughts flew to my own dear mother far away, and I knew how glad she would be.

That winter my husband and I joined the dramatic association in Vernal. We put on plays about every two weeks. We had to drive six miles to rehearsals, and on the nights we played I took my precious baby with me. I had a little wooden cradle in which he would sleep behind the scenes, and he never caused me any trouble.

My dramatic work and church duties kept me very busy, but I was always homesick for my dear mother and Bear Lake.

The sad part was that Hy did not become well and strong as we had so hoped. When spring came I helped him all I could. While he worked on the canal and did other jobs, I plowed sixteen acres of ground with a sulky plow and three horses, part of the time with a baby in my arms. I then harrowed it and got it ready for planting. Finally our crop and garden were finished, our alfalfa green and fine. We had about five cows, and my husband's widowed sister used to herd them. One day she let them go on lucern while they were hungry and all of them bloated. We were able to save only one old cow of Grandma's.

This was really a calamity, and put me out of the cow business. When we were at the "end of the rope" and did not know what to do next, I happened through the recommendation of one of my old teachers and our good friend Charles Rich, to get the position of teacher in the summer school.

That meant very much to us all, as my husband was not able to do any work besides taking care of the farm and getting logs from the canyon thirty miles away to build another house. He brought enough logs down to build a house, eighteen by twenty feet in size, and built it almost to the square, when he became ill and could not finish it, so it stood unfinished until the next year.

I rode a mile on horseback to my school in the morning, rode back at noon to nurse my baby, then back to school and home at 4:00 p.m.

Grandma and Hy's sister cared for my baby. After school I helped gather in the crops, drove team, helped stack grain, cut sugar cane and dried corn, and helped cut and haul it when it was ripe. We ga-

(Continued on page 5)

## BIRTHS AND ITEMS OF NEWS FROM THE ALONZO HOWLAND COOK BRANCH OF THE FAMILY

MICHAEL CLARENCE ELDREDGE, son of David and Karen Eldredge of Ontario, Oregon, born 27 October 1971. David is the son of Edith Cook Eldredge whose obituary was printed in our newsletter of April 1972.

ALISON COOK, daughter of Merrill and Camille Sanders Cook of Boston, Massachusetts, born 16 July 1972. Merrill is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Melvin A. Cook of Salt Lake City.

MARSHA WINTERTON, daughter of Richard C. and Kristin Schoenhals Winterton, born 20 July 1972 at Ithaca, New York. Richard is working on a Ph.D in Chemistry at Cornell University. He is a son of Maurine Cook Winterton of Salt Lake City.

VICKIE LYNNE JORGENSEN, daughter of David and Laurel Cook Jorgensen of Salt Lake City, born 21 July 1972. Laurel is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Grant O. Cook of Northridge, California.

CHRISTENSEN, son of Tim and Carolyn Cook Christensen of Gunnison, Utah born June 1972. Carolyn is the daughter of Noel L. Cook and Lila Allen Cook of Logan, Utah.

LYLE C. WINTERTON left on 20 June 1972 for the Germany North Mission after spending six weeks in the Language Training School at Brigham Young University. Lyle is a son of Maurine C. Winterton of Salt Lake City and a great grandson of Alonzo Howland Cook.

GILL and VIRGINIA COOK SANDERS and their two small daughters moved to Los Angeles California on 1 July 1972 where Gill entered the Children's Hospital to begin his internship. Gill is specializing in pediatrics. He expects to complete his residency at that hospital. Virginia is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Melvin A. Cook of Salt Lake City.

JOHN COOK, son of Owen and Ellen Rich Cook of Colton, California, married Cheryl Cain 5 June 1972. They are making their home in St. George where John is attending Dixie College.

JAMES NAHINU ENOS, son of Peter and Alice Ann Cook Enos of Hauula, Hawaii, born 5 April 1972. Alice is a daughter of Owen and Ellen Rich Cook of Colton, California.

## THE PHINEAS H. COOK BRANCH OF THE FAMILY REPORTS THE FOLLOWING BIRTHS AND NEWS

KEVIN WRAY OLSEN, son of Kenneth and Carolyn Hammond Olsen of Nevada, born 26 June 1972. Kenneth is the son of Earl R. and Dixie Lois Cook Olsen of Emery, Utah.

JARED GARTH COOK, son born to Jerrold W. and Judy Egbert Cook of Salt Lake City. Jerrold is the son of Phineas C. and Eliza Johnson Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Alonzo Cook of Rexburg, Idaho, now serving on an L.D.S. Mission in Lamesa, Texas have five new grandchildren all born since their mission began. They are:

TERRY COOK, son of Lyle and Beatrice Olsen Cook of Rigby, Idaho, born October 1971.

DARYL REEDY, son of Richard and Sybil Cook Reedy of Pocatello, Idaho, born December 1971.

VELOY KIMBALL COOK, son of Jean A. and Patricia Kimball Cook of Salt Lake City, born 11 April 1972.

JERRY COOK, son of Clyde A. and LaRae Lovell Cook of Ririe, Idaho, born May 1972.

MICHAEL COOK, son of David and Iris Freeman Cook of Ririe, Idaho, born June 1972.

KEITH C. COOK, son of Preston and Myrtle Call Cook of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania has just returned from an L.D.S. Mission to Norway. He has been assigned to teach at Ricks College at Rexburg, Idaho.

BOYD J. NIELSEN, son of John C. and Margery Ungerma Nielsen of Huntington, Utah will be released from his L.D.S. Mission this month. He has served for two years in the Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia area.

MERRILL D. COOK, son of Omer A. and Eva Otterstrom Cook of Orem, Utah will be released this month from his L.D.S. Mission. He served in Mexico and Southern California.

## Mary Rozelia Cook McCann, Continued

thered the pumpkin and cut it into big rings to dry. I was so anxious to get the crops in so Hy could go to Bear Lake and get mother, as we were expecting another baby, and he had to get through before snow

He made the trip successfully, and she came, bringing a lot of fruit, a sack of sugar, and even a cow which they led behind the wagon.

I was so happy when she came. Due to poor diet, my baby had been quite ill, but the things she brought made him well.

I was in poor condition for the ordeal, and did not see my baby, a ten pound son, for two days. But again God was good and I recovered speedily, and again that winter I played in the theatre.

That year the first MIA was organized, and I was chosen first counselor to Mrs. Davis, the bishops wife. I enjoyed my work with her very much.

My mother stayed until June, when the baby was six months old. That summer Hy again had chills and fever, and was unable to finish the house. He would go out early in the morning and turn the water, work awhile, come in about 10 a.m. when the sun was hot and lie exhausted on the bed until it was cooler, then we would try again.

Early one morning a young man named Wallamer Libbert came with an axe and sat down by the new house. I wondered what he wanted, but in a few minutes another and another came until there was a crowd. Then my brother and sister-in-law, John and Emma Odekirk, came. The men all went to work and by night the house was finished. Can you imagine my happiness when we moved to ourselves? We had been so crowded in the one little room. The two houses were close together so we could call to each other from the door way.

could not buy a stove so I took one we had discarded, and as it had lids or cross pieces, I cut two five gallon cans open and used them for the top of the stove. That, a few chairs, a bed, and an old time pine table was my furniture.

When we had been there a year, Hy went to Green River and cut a load of round leaf cotton-wood posts. He had enough to make a nice square yard around the houses, and a row on each side of a lane to the road. He trimmed the limbs off and put them in the ground like any other post, without a root, but they proceeded to grow, leaf out, and became lovely trees. Soon we were able to move our table out and eat under them.

Our home was always headquarters for young people. The girls all told me their love affairs, and I in turn gave them comfort and advise and a good bit of teasing; at harvest time we would take them all into the melon patch and let them take as many as they could eat. I never saw one of them who acted hoggish and we never had a melon stolen, although all around us people were complaining about theft of their melons.

Hy played for the dances, and I danced every dance, teaching all the young boys to dance, and he was never jealous, but as proud as punch.

On November 11, 1887, I gave birth to a lovely little daughter, and we named her Stella. I got along nicely. Sarah Pope was the midwife, but she lived six miles away and was so busy that we did not wish to impose on her, so Hy was the nurse. He took care of me.

The winter passed much as usual. I still was counselor in the MIA and played in the theatre.

wasn't well enough to run the farm, we leased it to Sam Bealer, and they moved in with us. My little boy Arthur became very ill, and grew worse. I know now it was for the want of proper food.

They re-organized the Relief Society that spring in our ward (then the  
(Continued on page 6)

## DAVID SAVAGE COOK BRANCH OF THE FAMILY REPORTS NEWS OF MISSION CALL

JEFFREY DEAN COOK left on 10 May 1972 for the Eastern States Mission. His parents report his love for his work, and he has been made a senior companion at this four months' mark. He is the son of Dean S. and Helen Poulsen Cook of Centerville, Utah.

### A TESTIMONY

This testimony was written by Leora C. Barrus and sent to her family after the death of her father, Carl Cook.

"Among the papers on my desk, I ran across some notes I took in Church one Sunday while I was there with Dad. I had a feeling that it might be the last time I might be able to hear his testimony. I believe I did hear it once more, but for the next year and a half he was not quite himself.

The date I have is 29 March 1964. 'For a long time I have intended to bear my testimony. For these testimonies today and for the fine music by Brother Jacobs, Brother Bullouth, and Sister Thompson, my soul has been thrilled. I know this Gospel is true, and I am thankful for citizenship in the Kingdom of God. The Lord has saved my life many times. I will tell you of one of these times today. When I was about 19 years of age, I worked on my brother's farm at Border, Idaho. I rode a good deal on a bicycle. I contrived a tripod to ride on the railroad tracks. One Sunday, I went to visit about twenty miles away. It was a beautiful sunny day. I came to a railroad bridge and suddenly my bicycle jumped off the track just feet away from the river's edge. I looked up to see a train just coming onto the other end of the bridge. I knelt in the bushes and thanked God for saving my life.

I pray for the blessings of the Lord to be with each of you in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.' "

### THE PASSING OF ASHAL J. CALDER

Ashal J. Calder of West Covina, California died 23 July 1971. He was a son of Ashal R. Calder and Fredora Anderson Calder. He was a grandson of Betsy Cook Teeples and William Randolph Teeples, and a great great grandson of Phineas W. Cook and Anne Eliza Howland Cook.

He served a mission in Denmark. He owned a collection agency for the last fourteen years of his life. He served in two bishoprics and for many years served in a stake presidency on unemployment problems. He has also been very active in the MIA.

He is survived by his widow, Betty Weaver Calder, four children, and one granddaughter. They are: Sandra (Calder) Woodward of San Diego, California; Ashal Calder III of Ontario, California; Michael Calder and Nancy Calder of West Covina, California; and a granddaughter.

### THANKS FOR YOUR LETTERS OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Thank you for the many nice letters commenting on the family newsletter. We are glad that you are enjoying it, and we hope that you will each take the personal responsibility of reporting vital statistics about your branch of this great family. Please include the Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Organization in your lists for wedding announcements, and send us baby announcements, newspaper clippings of your activities, job opportunities, new positions, missionary programs, service men's activities, and so on. Just these announcements will be enough to include the activities of your near and dear ones in the archives of the family as well as in our printed records. PLEASE SEND THEM.

We send our thanks to Bessie Kelsey for her life sketch of her father Hyrum Howland Cook. This will appear in our next newsletter.

## Mary Rozelia Cook McCann, Continued

Merrill Ward), and I was chosen second counselor, and was still counselor in the MIA. We were so busy, but after the crops were in we loaded flour and provisions for the winter and started for Bear Lake. Arthur grew steadily worse, but we felt that if we could only get him to the temple he would be all right. My mother went with us, and on October 12, 1888, we went through the temple and had our endowments, and were sealed. My mother said she was afraid Arthur would not live through the night, but after the sisters took him and washed him and blessed him he seemed much better. We stayed that night at my husband's brother in Smithfield, and Arthur wanted to sit up and asked for food. He grew steadily better. We called on father at Logan, then went on and camped in the canyon. Mother held Arthur all night, she was so afraid that he would become chilled, but he just kept getting better.

We stayed at Mother's that winter and I spun and did all I could to help out. Only one thing I should have mentioned, when we were still at Vernal we had very little to eat. I would say to Hy: "What would you like for dinner, bread and corn, or corn and bread?" He was very ill from malnutrition, and at last I went out alone and prayed to the Lord to send me something, or to open the way so that I would get food for him. In about an hour I heard a knock at the door and on opening it saw a neighbor's boy, Alberto Bird, with a large clothes basket on the step. It was full of everything good to eat, enough to make my dear husband well and strong again. That was only one of the many times my prayers were answered in dire distress.

That spring we went into the mercantile business with my mother and brother and Hy went back to Ashley, sold his farm, and brought his mother, sister and Ann back. Hy farmed, I worked in the store until after new year's day, when on February 9th, 1890, another girl was born and we named her Rozella. I was chosen first counselor in the MIA, with Polly Pope as President, also was appointed President of the Dramatic Association, and here began the famous old Garden City Troupe. They gained such a reputation they could play to a packed house any time.

A year later we went to Logan to do temple work, and when we got back home found our two boys down with scarlet fever. This was the beginning of a year of heartache and sickness for us. For nine long months we never had the light out. Dave said he kept the word of wisdom and would not get it, and he didn't. After the fever ran its course, we all got the flue. Grandma McCann fell and hurt herself and became quite ill. She wanted to live until her birthday on March 17th and did, she went to the celebration on that date by the Relief Society, but two days later she grew worse and died on April 1st. Hy was very weak from the flue and took her death hard (one thing I was always grateful for, she died blessing me for my kindness to her). He developed a bad brain fever and for a long time I had to watch over him day and night.

On June 14th another girl was born to us. We named her Vera.

My brother Dave thought it would be a good plan for the company to get a cattle ranch in Wyoming, as he had to take cattle for part payment in our store business, so we found one at Ham's Fork, and we agreed to move out and take care of it. One of my great joys (my baby was only ten days old) was that Zanna, my old childhood chum lived there, and were we happy at the thought of being neighbors. We stayed at Zannie's place until the men could fix up a tent. Hy's half-brother, Tom McCann, a youth of nineteen, and my cousin, George Linford came with us to work for the summer. They soon had a large tent made of three wagon covers ready. My bedstead was in one corner, a small cook stove and cupboard in another, and a table in the center with boxes to sit on. I put my baby in the buggy in the shade of the willows in the daytime. The men gleaned hay for seed. George got homesick and went home. Tom and Hy worked in the canyon. Sometimes they were gone very late. In the fall during hunting season great droves of Indians would come in. They camped just around the hill. They were friendly, but Zannie was very timid, and one day a huge buck came to her home, ordered her to cook everything in sight, ate, and rode away in high glee.

The next morning before the men left for the canyon, Tom slipped me his holster and gun, and said: "Here, take this, and if Mr. Injun bothers you, scare him to death."

They had hardly reached the foothills and were out of sight when down rode the big Indian. He had a broad grin on his face. I stepped to door with my hand conspicuously on Tom's gun and said: "How." "Wanna buy glubs?" he asked, extending some beaded gloves in his hand. I took them, examined them, shook my head, and said: "Kawyno," meaning "no good." He mumbled around a minute, then rode off, and whenever he called again he was very friendly.

The country was wild and all kinds of people came up the river, but I never knew fear, and was never harmed. We never turned a soul away, but gave all food and shelter without question.

One of the most thankful times in my life was on the 2nd of October, 1892, when I moved into my log cabin after living in a tent all summer. It was a two roomed log house, but only one room was finished, but it was warm and dry. The next morning there was a thick blanket of snow all over the ground.

Hy, being an artist, and taking great pains in selecting the logs, made sure they were all uniform size, and free from knots. The cabin was 13 logs high to the square, and seven logs for the rafters forming the roof. On each side of the roof he put little pine poles all the same size, being about the size of a man's wrist, matched them, and had them form eaves, then put a thick covering of hay on the poles, and loads of dirt on that to make it water-proof. He then put wooden chinks in the cracks between the logs and plastered over that with sand and clay mix.

We went to Garden City to spend the winter, and returned to the ranch in the spring. We loved Tom as we would have our own son. I was very proud of my two little boys. They were almost like twins, and were always in the same saddle and always together. My little girls were growing fast. We were never lonely, for my darling "Susie" we came to call Zanna, would get together with us and we would have picnics for the children. We also held a little meeting once a week. We learned the children to pray, sing, recite, etc., then at night I would help them with arithmetic, writing, spelling, etc., as we had no school.

That winter was very bitter and severe. Snow covered the houses, and we were 25 miles from Kemmer, the nearest store and post office. The roads were awful. Mother said she would come out as Susie was expecting a baby on January 1st, and I in March. We didn't get her letter, so she stayed in Kemmer a week, but how glad we were to see her. Later we found George Burke had brought her letter up, forgotten it, and carried it around in his pocket.

On January 13th, Susie gave birth to a fine baby boy. Zella immediately got down on her knees and said: "Oh Lord, send me a little brother like Bryant's. I don't want a girl." On March 3rd her prayers were answered, and a ten pound boy arrived. My mother, through her skill and quick thinking, saved my life, threatened by severe hemorrhage. When our baby, Laurence, was ten days old I sat up and tried to look out of the window. The drifts were so high nothing could be seen.

Our life on the ranch would have been very monotonous had we not made the best of it, especially in the winter time, but the ranchers on the creek were very friendly and a jolly crowd, so we often met at some house for a dance. Word would come from downstream saying: "There's a dance at Charley Miller's," or "Burke's are giving a shindig, be sure and don't fail us." Or "There's a masquerade at Walt Fenners, be sure and come and wear white masks and sheets." But more often the dance would be at our house as Hy had added rooms until we now had five.

Sheepmen came into the hills in the spring and often left their wagons at our place after lambing, and with all I was very busy and enjoyed my baby very much, but all summer I had a feeling of forboding that was hard to explain. My boys now helped milk, and also in the hay.

Mary Rozelia Cook McCann, Continued

Arthur, who would be nine in November, was always up and going. He and Dave were never apart. Arthur was very anxious to get through the hay so we could take him to Garden City to be baptized. He would be one of the first ones up, and would say: "Come, Daddy, let's get haying done so we can go to Grandma's. We took him over in August and he was baptized in the lake.

On Sunday, September 3, Susie and her family spent the day with us. She was very sad and depressed because of a dream she had had the night before. She had dreamed that her boy Bryant was crushed down in an awful hole, and she was very frightened. She awoke, only to go to sleep and dream the same thing over again. I was gay and care free, and tried to cheer her up, but she could not get over it.

That night a sheepherder whom we called Pete asked if Arthur could go with him for the night. He said he would take good care of him, but I said, "I can't Pete, I just can't! I'm afraid something will happen to him." Oh, if only I had let him go!

In the morning Hy told Davy to get on the mare Kate and ride up to get the team, about three-fourths of a mile away, in plain sight. Davy asked if Arthur could go too. Hy went to put Arthur on the horse behind Davy, but he noticed Arthur hesitated, so said: "What's the matter? Don't you want to go?" I said: "Of course you want to go with brother." So they rode off together. I was quite worried, I knew not why, and kept watching for them. Pete rode up, and just then I saw one of the little boys come round the hill and I asked Pete if he would go and see if they were all right. He was back in a few minutes and said Arthur was killed. He said he was in the creek under the horse, and the horse was mired down. Hy jumped on the horse and rode like the wind. I started on foot, but Pete overtook me and got me on behind him. Davy met us and said Father wanted a horse, so Pete rode back for the horse and I started on foot again. We tried in every way, but it was hopeless. My little boy was dead. We rode back to the ranch house desolate. My dear friend Susie and her husband came at once.

Our trip to Bear Lake was a nightmare, over mountain roads in the dark, lighted only by a lantern. I was inconsolable. I even doubted God. But one night I dreamed that it happened all over again, but I thought Arthur could not die, nor could he get well, he could only live and suffer, and that dream set me to thinking, and on another night I had another dream. I dreamed there were throngs of people on each side of a large street, and in the center a band of happy children all in white were marching. As they drew nearer, I saw Arthur, and ran to him and gathered him in my arms. He looked so sad, and there were tears in his big blue eyes. I asked him why he was not happy, and he said: "I would be, if my Mamma didn't cry so much." Gradually, with the help of Susie, I finally became reconciled enough to pray. She helped me put on a little celebration for my husband's birthday. At first I felt I could not, but she made me try. Hy painted the scenery, a bay with trees on the shore, a little sailboat, with people in it and the name "Vera" on her brow (for our three year old daughter). Tom played the banjo, Hy the violin, and we had a dance afterward. People came for miles around. The children were perfect. In the spring we put on another show, and everybody came.

Summer passed quickly and that fall we went to Garden City and put the children in school. I was again very active in Mutual, also dramatics.

When we went to the ranch in the spring we bought a cheese vat and started a dairy and cheese factory. On October 1, 1896, a fine black-eyed boy was born to us and we named him Loys. He sure kept me busy. He would hold his breath, and I dared not leave him a minute. As he grew old enough to walk, I dressed him in a little gray linsey dress, and he would quietly roam through the bushes and catch all kinds of birds in his little hands.

That winter Susie went to Logan to put her children in school. I missed her very much. A school house was built down the river, and we held most of our socials there. We would make a big bed on the

stage and put all the babies to sleep. A branch of the Church was organized in the spring. My husband was chosen Bishop, with Ephriam Stock and David Nelson as counselors. We saved up enough money to prove up our place and as there was no bank near I kept it well hidden. One Sunday two brethren, Bishop Kiddy and a Mr. Galloway came up to organize a Sunday School. They stayed at my house all night, and I was so busy next morning I couldn't go when the rest did, so sent my baby with Mrs. Kiddy, and went horseback later. Everyone was at the meeting but Lime Nelson. We were all to donate a dollar, so a young herder loaned Hy one dollar and Hy said: "We'll go to the house now and get the money to pay him back." The money was gone. We all went to look for it, including Lime. Our dog grabbed him by the pants and Hy finally had to call him off. The dog knew more than the people. Somehow we managed to borrow, save, and prove up on the ranch. George McCann took pneumonia that winter, and the doctor would not come, due to the roads. We cured him by putting raw beef on his chest and back. The fever was so high it cooked the meat, but he grew well.

Of course we had our troubles each year. That summer, Loys, age two, stepped in a hot pan of water. It took weeks to cure the awful burn. Then I went to town with a load of cheese. On coming back I saw smoke and found that Hy had been burning brush far across the river, and the sparks had flown clear to our hay stack and burned our hay. Hy said to John: "I'm a damned smart man, work all summer to make a bon fire." Of course we would have the worst winter imaginable to follow. We had to build fences on top of the stable, but finally a man got through from Kemmerer, loaned us enough to buy corn, and we got through somehow.

I became very ill. Hy wanted to take me to a Dr. Ogwire, but I said: "Ogwire can do me no good." He said, "Do you think God can?" "I think God has forgotten all about me," I replied. He said nothing, but walked to the cupboard, poured the olive oil, and administered to me. I became easy at once, and the next day was entirely well. This was only one of the many instances his wonderful power was manifest. On the 27th of August a boy was born. We named him Lorell. Magnus Erickson, a boy of fifteen, worked for us that spring.

Strange to say, he later became my son-in-law, marrying Zella. Dave loved music, did not care for dancing, but Zella and Stella were lovely little dancers. I felt very keenly the need of a good school, so went to Garden City for the winter. In the spring we returned to the ranch. Stella was very beautiful, and had many beaux. We rode,

(Continued on Page 8)

**FAMILY MEMBER:** Please complete the form below, cut out, enclose in an envelope with your remittance and mail at your very earliest convenience.

Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Organization  
Box 266  
North Salt Lake, Utah 84054

Gentlemen:

- I am enclosing \$5.00 for Organization dues
- I am enclosing \$2.50 for publications
- I will be able to do some research
- I can do some typing
- I will help on a committee

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## Mary Rozelia Cook McCann, Continued

picnicked, and danced a lot. We went again to Garden City for the winter, and that summer, on July 5th, a little 5 pound baby girl was born to me.

She was very tiny and I had to be very careful with her. It was a gay summer. The young people rode often to Charlie Burkes store for candy, etc., and to visit. We named our baby Jean, and how we did love her. In the fall she took pneumonia, and I never had my light out for weeks.

On November 9, 1906, Stella, who had had a tragic love affair, married John B. Spencer. Next year we sold the ranch, and bought the Crawford home and a farm at Garden City. Here I worked hard. I did a lot of nursing. The girls picked fruit and did all they could. We always had a crowd of young people at our home.

On the 2nd of January, Hy was taken ill with pneumonia. He grew worse, refused to have a doctor, but I sent for Dr. Hayward. He left medicine, but on January 9, 1910 he died, after being ill for eleven days.

The winter was very sad and lonely. The girls would go nowhere. I took up the burden and worked all the harder to keep my fine family together. The girls worked hard. The boys farmed and studied their music. They soon had a four pieced orchestra going. They were always at home nights, practicing or playing, and everybody in town was welcome to drag any kind of instrument in the best room and join them.

On September 25, 1911, Zella married Magnus Erickson. Vera became engaged to his brother Bert. In the spring Dave, Laurence, and Lorell went with a roadshow owned by Charles Hilton. Only Jean, Loys and myself were home. Vera and Bert were married on the 16th of June, 1913.

I nursed, helped the girls through their confinements, and was very busy. On the 15th of July, 1915, my mother died, and I felt like it was my last mainstay gone. My little girl Jean was a great comfort to me. Her sweet, loving ways, and brilliant mind was a wonder to me.



## REQUEST FOR CORRECT ADDRESS INFORMATION

**Note:** Many of the newsletters are being sent in care of parents. If we could mail them direct, it would save time and postage. Please send your correct address to the address given below.

**Phineas Wolcott Cook**

FAMILY ORGANIZATION

Box 266

North Salt Lake

Utah 84054

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Permit No. 14

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

In June Dave married Nettie Kiddy. They built on a lot on part of my block. In November 1909 he had the misfortune to break his leg, and Dr. Hayward set it. It was never properly set, had to be broken over again, and to this day he has suffered badly with it.

In April 1917 Laurence enlisted in the Army, but I felt so bad he let me get his name at the post office. I was sorry afterward, as he was one of the first called in the draft. Loys helped me so much, but in the summer became ill. He wouldn't admit it, but it was appendicitis, and it ruptured and broke, then grew together again. He was very ill, and finally we had to go to Paris and have him operated on. In August 1918, he was called into the Army and went, going to Camp Lewis as Laurence pulled out for San Diego. When the Armistice was signed we all went wild. I acted like a kid. In September 1919, we moved to Logan for Lorell to study violin and Jean to go to school.

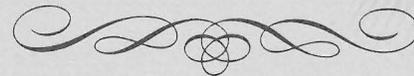
I spent many lonely years in Logan at first, but later on many happy hours. The boys were very good to me, and I made a lot of new friends, but somehow old friends and old places are the real things. You can't transplant too successfully when the shrub's too old.

But I had a lot of fun arguing with Johnnie Roberts in the Sixth Ward parents class, and putting in a bit of humor when the atmosphere became too saved and sanctified, and we romped in Logan Canyon, where I've been nearer to God than in any pew, and we went again and again to dear old Bear Lake, and one summer I had the thrill of taking my grandchildren, Ronald, Clair, and Patricia, (Jean's children, and Pat is so much like my own little Jean that I feel young all over again) to Lakota, "Shining Waters," as it means in Indian language, and showing them where the old house stood, where I moored my boat, where we put the fish traps, my little rock chair on the hill. (Clair almost sat on the thistle in the center of it). Jean could not come up from the picnic grounds as she was tending the baby Laurence Gay, named for my own dear Laurence, but I know they will come to this place of my childhood and remember all the happy times, and I will live again in them and in the wonderful children of my other boys and girls.

Postscript by Jean:

Mother died May 29, 1945, and was laid to rest in the family plot at Garden City. The canyon was fresh-washed by the new rain, hushed and still, and eternally beautiful. Old friends, many of them children she had brought into the world, awaited.

A great woman, a great educator, and a wonderful mother had come home to her people.



Due to the length of the Mary Rozelia Cook McCann story, the four pedigree charts planned for publication in this issue will be included in our next newsletter.

## A CORRECTION IN THE LAST NEWSLETTER

In reporting the marriage of Forrest H. Braack in our last newsletter we stated that his father was the "late Bert W. Braack." We are happy to correct this error as he is very much alive and lives with his wife, Erma Barney Braack, at Orem, Utah. This year they are the proud grandparents of two new grandchildren reported elsewhere in this paper.