



August 28, 1819 • July 24, 1900

Phineas Wolcott Cook FAMILY ORGANIZATION NEWSLETTER

1997 - SESQUICENTENNIAL YEAR

Let us celebrate this special occasion by paying tribute to our own pioneers. The courage and fortitude possessed by the pioneer members of our great family are a splendid heritage for the members of the Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Organization today. Let us keep in our hearts the memory of their successful struggles as they faced the bitter persecution and hardships of those early days. We can best show our thankfulness by continuing the great work they started and by remaining loyal to the Lord and his Gospel. We must continue searching for and locating the records of those we have not yet found, that they, too, may have the saving ordinances performed for them. We know they are patiently waiting for their work to be done on earth so they can accept the Gospel and progress on the other side of the veil.

OUR FAMILY TREE

Through family history we discover the most beautiful tree in the forest of creation--our family tree. Its numerous roots reach back through history, and its branches extend throughout eternity. Family history is the expansive expression of eternal love. It is born of selflessness. It provides opportunity to secure the family unit forever. (Ensign, May 1989)

-J. Richard Clarke

WIVES OF PHINEAS WOLCOTT COOK



ANN ELIZA HOWLAND COOK
Born: 18 Jun 1823
Married: 1 Jan 1840
Children: 16
Died: 17 May 1896



AMANDA POLLY SAVAGE COOK
Born: 23 Aug 1836
Married: 18 Dec 1853
Children: 4
Died: 15 Jul 1915



CATHERINE MCCLEVE COOK
Born: 17 Sep 1836
Married: 18 Dec 1853
Children: 1
Died: 19 Dec 1869



JOHANNA CRISTINA POULSON COOK
Born: 8 Aug 1845
Married: 13 Sep 1878
Children: 7
Died: 13 Feb 1929

NOTICE:

BOARD MEETING - BOARD MEETING

Saturday, March 15, 1997 -
11:00 AM - at the home of:
Sharon Marcyes
1379 East Seville Way
Bountiful, Utah 84010
Phone: (801)295-1383
(near Bountiful Temple)

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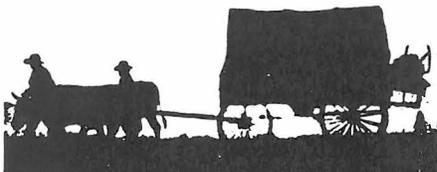
Dear Family Members,

In our last newsletter, the message for family members listed a few changes in the Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Organization. It told how Bryson Caldwell Cook was elected President, Shirley Phippen Vice-President, Gary Cook remaining a Vice-President, and Ruth Malmberg as Secretary. Janet Porter retained the position of Genealogist. This was in May, 1995.

It is now the beginning of 1997 and again much has changed. Bryson was transferred back east and has been unable to continue as President. It has been very hard to let him go. He is so dynamic and was at the helm with wonderful ideas and plans. He introduced a mission statement and shared his vision of the Organization. 1998 will be the 150th year since Phineas Wolcott Cook entered the Salt Lake Valley and Bryson suggested a Family Reunion be held. We will greatly miss his leadership as we head toward that date. On behalf of the family, we would like to let him know how much we appreciate his leadership, vision, sacrifice on our behalf, and great ideas.

Lamar Day (who has been a stalwart for years in the Organization) and his good wife are now on a mission in the Philippines and we are missing his capable and dependable leadership as well. We would very much like to find those of you who are interested in helping and have you become active participants. I had never attended a Board Meeting nor had I done anything except enjoy reading the newsletter until I moved back to Utah from California in 1988. I decided to go to one of the Board Meetings and since then have enjoyed helping Lamar Day on the Howland line. I did not know Lamar nor any of the others at the time. It has been very rewarding and fulfilling to discover my Cook relatives and the strength of Phineas Wolcott Cook's posterity. If you would like to get involved, please let someone on the Board know, or come to one of our meetings.

Sharon Eastman Marcyes



Goshen Dedicatory Prayer

(In 1850 Phineas was called to build a gristmill in Manti. In May of 1853 he moved back to Salt Lake City, where he served as Salt Lake's first Water Master. After this, he moved his family to Payson and built a mill there as he had done so many other places. He also had some land to work there and some cattle. One day as he and two other men rode horseback over the hills looking for stock that had strayed during the night, they came upon a beautiful valley and being impressed with it, sought permission from President Brigham Young to settle it. This permission was granted and they established the town of Goshen, Utah, named after grandfather's home town of Goshen, Connecticut, and he became first Presiding Elder of the branch of the Church at Goshen. On 22 April 1857 he offered a Dedicatory Prayer, which follows:

Goshen Dedicatory Prayer

Lord God, the eternal father, we, thy servants, bow down upon our knees around this flag, both which we have raised as an ensign of liberty and truth and we united call upon thee and ask thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth, to draw near unto us while we call upon thee and we ask thee that thou wilt bless this land and bless those that come here to dwell upon it. We dedicate and consecrate this land as the land of Goshen unto thee together with the water, timber and rock and everything that thou has created upon it. and we bless it in his name and ask thee that thou wilt not suffer a wicked person to dwell upon it, but may the just who exist to serve thee and keep thy commandments rally to this place and in honor to thy name build up a city in which thy name be glorified and we ask thee in his name that thou wilt soften the hearts of the Lamanites who now dwell and those who may hereafter dwell within the reach of this valley and dispose them to be friendly towards the saints that dwell in this valley. suffer not, O Lord, that they shall have power to drive away our flocks and herds or destroy our lives or the lives of our brethren or our wives or children or anything that pertains unto us. we realize that blood has been spilt on this soil by their hands but we pray thee to strengthen us by thy power and let not the blood of the righteous be spilt on this soil. we dedicate ourselves unto thee and all we have, praying thee to let thy spirit rest upon us that we may have wisdom to live in such a manner as shall be well pleasing in thy sight and that we may merit all those blessings. and unto the father, son, and ever blessed spirit we will ascribe all the praise, honor and glory now and fore

Amen

Phineas W. Cook
April 22, 1857

NEWELL C. MCMILLAN

Newel C. McMillan, 78, passed away on Thursday, Sept. 26, 1996 at Sunshine Terrace in Logan. He was born in Murray Utah, March 10, 1918 to Daniel Newel and Phoebe Cook McMillan.

Newel Cook McMillan was the compiler of "The Life and History of Phineas Wolcott Cook" - the history which has been offered to members of the Phineas Wolcott Cook family organization. In 1975, the Cook Family Organization decided to print Phineas' diary again for the benefit of many descendants who had not purchased the first edition.

Newel asked for the privilege of gathering the material and preparing the diary for publication. He states, "This has been a most gratifying experience. I have come to know and love this great and wonderful ancestor. May you who read this diary find the same sweet experience in knowing your ancestors better; and may you determine to maintain your personal histories for the benefit of generations yet to come."

Newel expresses appreciation to Eva Covey Madsen for writing Phineas' history, and most of the additional history presented in the second edition. "Her brief overview history of Phineas' life is presented as an introduction, to give you the desire to read more of his life." He also expresses thanks to the family of Carl Cook for using excerpts from his diary.

ELDER and SISTER LAMAR DAY

As most of you are aware, LaMar Day and companion are serving in the Philippines Cabanatuan Mission. For the first time in 22 years, he will not be an officer or director of the P.W. Cook Family Organization. We owe him a great debt of gratitude for his tireless and devoted service. And wish him the best, with our love. His address is:

Elder LaMar Day
Philippines Cabanatuan Mission
50 East North Temple
Salt Lake City, UT 84103
"Pouch Mail"

New General Authority

ELDER QUENTIN L. COOK

Elder Quentin L. Cook

Family: Born Sept. 8, 1940, in Logan, Utah, to J. Vernon and Bernice Kimball Cook. Married Mary Gaddie Nov. 30 1962, in the Logan Temple. Parents of three children: Kathryn Cook Knight, 29; Larry Cook, 25; Joe Cook, 22; two grandchildren.

Education: Bachelor's degree in political science from Utah State University, law degree from Stanford University Law School.

Employment: Vice chairman of Sutter/California Healthcare System; former president and chief executive officer of California Healthcare System (1993-1996); former business attorney with Carr, McClellan, Ingersoll, Thompson and Horn Attorneys at Law in San Francisco and Burlingame (1966-1993).

Church Service: Area authority in the North America West Area; former regional representative, stake president and counselor, bishop and full-time missionary in the British mission.

"Despite his rigid schedule with his work and Church callings--as an area authority in the North America West Area, regional representative, stake president and counselor in the San Francisco California Stake, and bishop--he always made time for family...."

The Cook children have all had a special time with their father, as he took them, individually, on a family history trip to the eastern United States. There Elder Cook showed each child important family, Church and American historical sites. They took pictures and made scrap books.

"We have several lines that came through New England between 1630 and 1640. We visited some of their towns, went to the library, learned

about them and visited some of their graves," Elder Cook remembered. "It was wonderful to be with my children, one on one, just before their teenage years and convey to them the things that are dearest to me--Church, family and country--in a long trip."

After graduating from Utah State University in Logan, he and his wife moved to California so he could attend Stanford Law school. After graduation, and after working as a business lawyer, specializing in mergers and acquisitions for more than 25 years, Elder Cook became president and chief executive officer of California Healthcare System in 1993. In January of this year Sutter Health merged with California Healthcare system.

Elder Cook said he accepts his new calling with a feeling of "inadequacy." He adds, however, that he knows the Lord will bless him as he does the things he knows are right.

A NOTABLE RELATIVE

We can all be proud of the success of our famous family member, Brett Raymond. Son of Wendell L. and Roka Tingey Raymond, grandson of Thomas Josiah and Rowena Cook Tingey. Brett is rapidly becoming nationally known as a composer, arranger, song writer, and performer.

He has completed work for such clients as FOX, ABC's Good Morning America, NBC's Today show (which is playing a theme he wrote), Buick, and FTD Florists. One of his most recent compositions is a song he wrote and performed for the recently released Paramount Pictures feature film Dear God, starring Greg Kinear and Tim Conway. Brett has made public appearances in California, Oregon, and up and down the Wasatch Front, at Ricks College, Kent Concert Hall in Logan, and Abravanel Hall in Salt Lake City. Additional credits are helping produce, arrange, and sing on Michael McClean's album A New Kind of Love Song, Jeff Goodrich's albums A Grove of My Own and I Heard Him Come.

He was encouraged in music by his musical Mom. He was reared and educated in Ogden, Utah. He studied piano from Mrs. Carma Bunnell and Mrs. Mary Hayes, who provided him with a solid foundation of classical training, although Brett, himself,

pursued his own interests in pop, rock, and jazz. By the age of 12 years he had appeared in many recitals. At the age of 17 Mrs. Hayes presented him in a solo piano recital. As a teenager he performed with several local pop bands.

While serving in the Japan Tokyo North Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Brett joined with other missionaries and formed a group called "Family". Using instruments they found in the area, rearranging the hymn "Love at Home" and composing many songs, these young men produced a program which was widely used as a proselyting tool. This presentation was so effective they were asked to perform it many times to ever-widening audiences. Before their missions were over, they had recorded the program and sold many tapes.

Beginning his professional career in earnest, he moved to Japan where he recorded his first solo album. It was mildly, not wildly successful. After returning from Japan, he became active in the production of musical commercials in Salt Lake City. A few years later he took a big step and moved to Los Angeles where he produced and arranged songs for Japanese records and others. While in California he produced his second solo album "Primarily for Grownups" in 1994 for Deseret Book. Having had enough fun in the sun, he returned to Utah where he continues to write music for television, radio, and commercials. In 1996 he released his third solo album "Primarily for Christmas". His next project, also for Deseret Book, is about Latter-day Saint history and is titled "FIRST LIGHT, Scenes from the Restoration, Volume One: 1820-1830." It is complete with full orchestral arrangements, and although he is writing the material, he is singing only three or four of the songs, with other vocalists helping out.

He married Rebecca Jackson and they are the parents of Brittany, Aymee, Carlee, Kelsey and Benjamin. They are residing in Bountiful, Utah at the present time.

Watch for more musical output from this talented relative. We will be hearing more of him.

**TESTIMONY OF HARRIET BETSY COOK
TEEPLES**

(My Great, Great Grandmother)
(Submitted by Doris Owens Kennedy
Astin)

"Through the blessings of our Heavenly Father I have lived thru many trials and tribulations, and have been able to bear many things I could not have lived under if my Heavenly Father hadn't been near to bless and guide me.

I have worked in the Logan Temple for quite a while, and I hope I may continue with this wonderful work. I hope and pray that I may be able to go again to the Temple and do more of the work, which I will do if I am permitted to remain in this life and have my health and strength, with which I have always been greatly blessed.

I am the mother of eight children, four living and four who have gone before me. I have a posterity of 31 living grandchildren and more than 50 great grandchildren. My children are scattered from British Columbia to California and I have not seen one half of my great grandchildren but they are all members of the Church.

I exhort my dear children and friends to hold fast to this Gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of LDS and follow its teachings and never do or say anything against the leaders of this church or of their teachings.

I was 80 years old October 28, 1924 and I bear my testimony that this is the only true Gospel, and if we live up to its teachings, and keep God's commandments, we will be rewarded for all the good we do.

This is the testimony and prayer I have to offer in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Harriet Betsy Cook Teeples

(NOTE) Harriet B.C. Teeples died November 3, 1933 at the home of her daughter in Sun River, Montana. She was buried in her home town, which is Garden City, Rich Co, Utah. She has been a faithful church member all her life and certainly deserves God's richest blessings in Heaven.

WILLIAM ALONZO COOK

(Submitted by Doris Van den Akker)
William Alonzo Cook was born January 11, 1877 in Fish Haven, Idaho, near Bear Lake. His parents

were Phineas Howland Cook and Elizabeth Hill. His father was killed in an accident three months before he was born.

When he was four years old his mother asked him to call the men in for dinner. He got on a horse and went out to all the men. On the way back, the horse began to run. He says "I was all right until the road and horse turned and I went straight through the air into a big pool of water."

In 1884 they moved to Huntington. They herded their cattle and horses. They sold 73 head in Evanston, Wyoming. They traveled for nearly a month to get to Huntington and made it July 23, 1884. The next day they all went to the big celebration.

As a boy he was in charge of watching the cattle. In those days they had no fences. They had sugar cane on one side of the pasture and a patch of corn on the other. It was a big responsibility for a nine-year old. His legs would ache from running all day.

When he was 15 years old he was going to a wedding dance when the horse stumbled and the saddle horn broke and struck the calf of his leg, and cracked the bone in his leg, which caused him pain from then on.

In 1886 the people built a new school house. The boys carried the brick and adobe. William went through a doorway with a wheelbarrow of bricks when someone above accidentally dropped a brick which hit him on the head and hurt him badly.

(This is a story told at Neil Rowley's funeral in Huntington, Utah)

Grandpa William Alonzo Cook and Neil Rowley were 14 years old and had been up Huntington Canyon driving a herd of horses back down to Tie Fork Canyon and up on Gentry Mountain. The weather changed suddenly, the clouds came in and it got dark and they lost their trail. After a while, Grandpa told Neil they had lost the trail and they needed to get down and pray. So Grandpa prayed and after the prayer, the clouds parted so the moon could shine through and they were able to find the trail back down off the mountain.

At age 22 his friends dared him to build a home before he married. Everyone was surprised when he finished his two-room home before

the summer was over. In the fall his sister moved in. The following spring she moved out. He painted the home and put the lawn in. On 17 October 1900 he married Mary Ann McElprang in the Manti Temple.

One time, Grandpa Cook bought a new Model A car. It was conference time in Emery, Utah and Grandpa Cook said the family would go in style this time, no horse and buggy for them! However, they had ten flat tires between Huntington and Emery and made it just as conference was over.

He had many accomplishments and honors through his life in Huntington. He served from 1908-1932 on the Canal Board. He was a member of the Public Domain Advisory Board from its beginning, one of the founders of Emery Hereford Day. He arranged for the installation of the big scale at the public corral for weighing cattle. He was an agent for 8 years for the Improvement Era, which began in 1933. He served in many callings in the Church and performed many endowments in the temple, which was at least a day's travel from his home.

He was a wonderful father of seven children.

After a 13-day illness with pneumonia, he passed away on December 14, 1942.

From the Journal of CARL COOK
Son of Phineas Wolcott Cook and Johanna Christian Poulson (Submitted by his Granddaughter, Eva Capron)

SAVED FROM DEATH

I was about 20 years old and working on the ranch of my brother at Border, Idaho, building his big barn. The main line of the O.S.L. Railroad passed through his ranch about 80 rods north from his house. I had a good bicycle and thought just if I could ride on one of those steel rails, it would be a wonderful roadway for me. The wagon roads of that day were little more than trails, and cut or worn by the iron tires of the wagon wheels, and often mud-holes, or even streams of water to cross without a bridge. I also noticed that brother had a lot of old small size iron pipe, and I conceived the idea to make a tripod with a flanged wheel to run on one rail, and the base of the tripod being bolted

securely to the bicycle to hold it firmly upright on the opposite rail. I made it at odd hours bolted it to the bicycle, and it worked fine.

The following Sunday I rode it down the railroad track, headed for the little town of Wardborough, about 20 miles away, to visit a nice girl who had invited me to see her. It was a beautiful day. The railroad followed down the river through meadows rich with wild hay crops nearly ready for the mowers, then into the narrows between low hills and out into meadows again. The birds and insects were in happy concert; the cat-tails and bull-rushes waved and nodded in the breeze along the barrow-pits. The black-birds in the willows sang to the frogs in the swamps. Thickets of wild roses were in full bloom filling the air with most fragrant perfume as I rode merrily along on the smooth steel rails, enjoying it all so much.

I was going toward the northwest and had entered on the upper end of a wide S-bend of the rail road and approaching the bridge over the river when suddenly my bicycle jumped off the rails and I came to a pretty abrupt stop on the bridge abutment less than 10 feet from the river's edge. Then I heard the rumble of a train that had been hidden from my view by trees and brush below the opposite end of the S-bend, but now just entering upon the opposite end of the bridge, and there, right in front of me less than a hundred feet away I saw the vicious front end of the locomotive coming at me with great speed, and with the seeming desire to crush me. The engineer in the cab saw me and his eyes and face showed alarm and anxiety, for he had no power to prevent my annihilation. I had barely time to swing my bicycle and tripod off the track and myself step aside as the steel monster rushed by. It was all done in a moment--much less time than it takes to tell about it, and all ended well, which might have been otherwise except for the fact that my machine miraculously jumped off the track at the exact moment that it did. Had it not done so I surely would have met that special passenger train on that bridge in a head-on collision and almost certainly instant death.

The train rolled on. My fright that had not time to take effect until the danger was all gone by, soon subsided. I knelt in prayer there by the side of the track and thanked God for my life, so barely saved. Then I completed my ride, more carefully watching and listening for trains, visited the girl friend and her folks, and in the evening I rode back to the ranch. However, although riding on the steel rails was a fine roadway, I concluded it was a dangerous one, so I soon discarded the tripod and pedaled my way on the rough wagon roads which then were indeed not very good. Automobiles were not at that time known nor used at all.

JOSEPH WOLCOTT COOK

(Submitted by Don R. Cook)

My Grandfather Joseph Wolcott Cook was the only child born to Phineas Wolcott Cook and Catharine McCleve Cook.

Grandfather describes in his autobiography an incident in his life that I have reflected on much.

On September 4, 1883 when he was 28 years old, he married Elizabeth (Libbie) Neibaur. At this same time he was struggling to establish the ranch at Border and get it ready for a family. In the Spring of '84 they built a house at the ranch and with the help of his father-in-law and two brothers-in-law put up and sold hay. Grandfather records the following:

"In December (1884) we moved Libbie to Paris and rented a room of Brother Mardrets. On the twenty-first of January 1885, Libbie had a nice nine pound boy born to her. I was a mighty proud young father for the first week. But on the ninth day after the boy was born she passed away. A short time before she drew her last breath, about a half hour, I think, she asked for Old Brother Collings, who lived next door, to come and administer to her. As soon as this was done, she said, 'I am going. My Baby! Oh my Baby! I see Mother. How glad we will be when you come.' Then she passed away.

This was a terrible blow to me. My home was broken up. My companion gone, a woman that I dearly loved.

Mrs. John Sutton cared for the baby for a few days, then I got my sister Phoebe to care for him; but in

the early part of May he died. We buried him by the side of his mother in the Paris cemetery. We had named him Joseph Wolcott, my full name.

Up to this time the care of my boy and work to provide for him had somewhat numbed my grief, but now it seemed I had nothing left to work or live for. It took all my energy and faith to keep up. Finally the Lord showed me in my meditations two roads. One led to good and happiness, the other to darkness. In my extreme grief I was on the road to darkness. This seemed to awaken me to the realization of my condition. So I tried to forget my trouble and worked. Work, was a great help to me so I got into it."

In September 1891, Grandfather married Grandmother Eliza Snow Bryson and records the following: "Happiness was my lot once more after nearly seven years of loneliness."

There were many more graves now in the Paris cemetery. Each time I visit the family lot I pause at these two and remember Grandfather's description of the pain he went through and the inspiration he received. Through the years I have explained to my children who were with me as best I could who they were and what they meant to Grandpa and how he struggled with his grief. On occasion my wife and I have taken time to visit other graves in that cemetery and read the headstones. There appear to be many similar stories there.

I never knew Grandfather. He died before I was born. In a very real sense through his autobiography I have become acquainted with him. I am grateful for his history that tells me what worked for him in his hours of trial and grief. Surely it will be valuable to all his posterity when the same kind of situations arise in their lives.

LIFE SKETCH OF ALVIRA LAKER COOK BOOTH

(Submitted by Mark Wallentine, her great grandson)

I was born October 4, 1885 of Amy Ellen Laker and Alonzo Howland Cook. Most of my life has been one of great activity. From the age of 12 years, I did most of the cooking and all of the breadmaking for a large family. There were four of the girls, so we divided the work. My

sister Annie, the eldest of our family, did the bed making, sweeping and dusting. Edith (half sister) did the scrubbing and was especially efficient at polishing stoves--we had several that had to be blackened each week. I came next so I took to cooking, liked it very well, in fact all my life I have enjoyed cooking.

My mother was in the Bear Lake Stake Y.W.M.I.A. for many years, so was away from home great part of her time, leaving the house work and also milking of cows to us girls. My sister, Hattie, was six years younger than I and was never very strong. Mother was a very hard worker, but she also taught us in the principles of our Gospel. She was a staunch believer in the support of all Church authorities, no matter what their calling was. She taught me never to criticize or find fault with any Church officer, who might be a leader or in authority over me. A lesson I have always tried to remember and instill into the lives of my own children.

I lived at Swan Creek near Garden City, Utah all my life. I was in school at Logan, Utah from the age of 12 to the time I graduated from the 8th grade and had one year of college work at the B.Y. at Logan, Utah.

On the 10th of January, 1906, I was married to Clarence Eugene Booth in the Logan Temple. We had a very happy married life, even though we had struggles to obtain the necessities of life and a lot of sickness. We moved to St. Charles, Idaho for three years where Clarence built our home and filled it with many hand made little conveniences for my comfort.

We were just getting to where we might be able to take life a little easier and have some of the comforts of life, when my husband was taken in death 25 February 1923. While he was in the process of building a dancehall out on Bear Lake at the LaKota resort, which he was building up from a beautiful lakeshore property purchased from his mother-in-law, Amy Ellen Laker Cook. He died of heart trouble (Angina Pectoris), though he had always been in perfect health, except for a serious operation (cancer) he had four or five years before his death. He seemed to get over it successfully.

We had 17 years of very happy married life. Four beautiful children were born to us, two girls and two boys. (The four children were: first, Virginia Alvira, born April 30, 1907, and married to James Taylor; second, Clarence Morrell, born June 21, 1909, and married to Verna Nickolls; third, Hattie Leola, born June 2, 1911, and married to VanNess Davis Wallentine; and fourth, Bryan Lloyd, born June 12, 1914, and married to Darleen Shurtleff).

I nearly always had a Sunday School class from the age of 13 or 14. I usually had the small children I enjoyed my teaching a great deal and learned many valuable lessons as I prepared and gave my lessons. Before I married, I worked in the stake Primary organization under the leadership of my Grandmother Laker, who was the Stake Primary President. When my first child was one year old, we moved to and rented my mother's ranch so I was released as Stake Primary aid. I still taught in the ward Sunday School.

In the year of about 1930, I was called to be President of the Garden City Utah Ward Y.W.M.I.A. with Sister Geneva Wright and Bernice Hodges as my counselors. I worked at it only about 18 months, as my health was not very good.

Two years and three months after my husband died, I married my brother-in-law, Edwin Coulsen Rich, on 28 May 1925. About 1928, my health broke, had a nervous breakdown about 1934 and was quite ill most of the time for 12 or 15 years, but slowly gained partial strength. There were times during those years when the doctors despaired of my life. I know it was through the blessings of my Heavenly Father that my life was spared.

Mr. Rich, my husband, was taken sick three years before his death and was not able to take care of himself, and I could now see why my life had been spared, for I was blessed with health and strength so as to be able to take care of him, spending all of my time with him while in the hospital at three different times and at home with him too. He passed away very peacefully while in his sleep, 18 April 1947. Again, I was left alone, but so very thankful for my dear children, who were all very kind and good to me. Just two years before Ed died, my oldest son,

Morrell, was killed in an airplane crash at Randolph, Utah, 22 June 1945, which was a terrible shock to me. He left a wife and two daughters.

I have done very little in Church activities since my health broke, but am so thankful I have been able to care for some of my grandchildren part of the time to make it possible for their parents to work at Church activities. It's always a pleasure for me to do that kind of work, for I love little children.

About 1940, I was called into the Ward Genealogical Committee. Ed and I worked with my brother, Lash, and his wife for about three years. In August 1954, I was again called to work as a committee member in the Ward Genealogical Society. In 1951, I went to Logan and kept house for Robert, my grandson and two other boarders. Then again the next winter.

In January of 1955, I spent two months in Logan with Aunt Lyle Cook. I did a lot of temple work as well as trying hard to get some research work done on our Booth line. I spent some time in the Logan Genealogical Library working on the Booth line.

Now, at the beginning of 1956, I am going to Logan again to keep house for my grandson, Robert, who just returned from a mission and is going to college to finish his course.

Alvira died on August 17, 1964. She was the third child born to Alonzo Howland Cook and Amy Ellen Laker. Alonzo Howland Cook's parents are Phineas Wolcott Cook and Ann Eliza Howland.

A History of WILLIAM COOK (By Bertha Dickson McKinnon, Granddaughter)

I write this history that my posterity will better know this noble man of whom I have such fond memories. He was my grandfather on my mother's side of the family. I am sure her deep love for him rubbed off on me. He was always so kind to me. He never reprimanded me for my rowdy ways.

He was the 14th of 16 children born to Ann Eliza Howland and Phineas Wolcott Cook. He was born at Goshen, Utah County, Utah on May 19, 1862.

When William was still a babe in arms, the Church leaders asked Phineas to go to the Bear Lake Country and settle there. He was a brilliant builder of grist mills, saw mills, and all sorts of buildings. He'd been sent many places to help with the harnessing of the power of water.

So, with his large family he moved to Paris, Idaho. They arrived on December 7, 1863, grazing their cattle on the hills above beautiful Bear Lake. This was possible because it was a mild winter. Early the next spring they moved to Swan Creek where they developed the available water power. They lived there for some time, enjoying independence from the rest of the world.

Here William learned to work and play. His boyhood was spent at Swan Creek. He learned to fish, skate, swim, and play ball. I have read histories that state that he was good at all sports. He was a great swimmer and skater. In my life I have heard that he could swim across Bear Lake and write his name in the ice as he skated backward.

He met and married Sarah Tryphena Bryson, called "Sadie". They were married on September 18, 1885 in the Logan Temple and moved to Border, Wyoming, where the Cook brothers owned land. Aunt Lila (Eliza Tryphena Cook who later married Marshall V. Eastman of Woodruff, Utah) and Uncle Lew, or Lewis Cook (who owned the store in Woodruff) were born in Border, Wyoming. Lew was born July 17, 1886 and Lila was born January 10, 1888. Later they moved to Garden City and lived in a dirt-roofed house. It was there that two babies were born: Bertha B. on December 18, 1889; Newell B. on April 8, 1892. It was there that I learned to love and respect Grandfather.

He built a new and very nice house. There were many rooms. The house sat at the southeast corner of the lot. Here is where my mother, Charlotte Bryson Cook Dickson, was born on July 28, 1894. She was the last of Grandfather's family. One can well imagine how happy Grandpa was with this new baby girl. She must have loved this house too because she took us there many times after she was married. I loved to go upstairs, and I loved to peek in all the corners and halls. In one place

there was a loveseat. It was there that Grandma kept her extra bedding.

I would marvel that Grandfather could build such a lovely house. Upstairs you could look to the west and see the mountains, to the south was the town of Garden City, and to the east was beautiful Bear Lake.

Grandfather had a nice barn which also brings back many beautiful memories. Here I could watch him curry his horse and trim its mane. I watched him milk his cow. All around the barn was the smell of peppermint.

Years later I learned that Grandfather's special house in Garden City had been torn down. I felt very bad not to have a picture, so I went and got a picture of the barn because it, too, held many precious memories. I remember that at just four years of age I would be sent to get Grandfather Cook for dinner. I loved to go get him and would say, "Come quick, dinner's ready: and if you don't come you will have a cold dinner and a hot cook!" He would get a real bang out of this.

My folks lived in Round Valley working for Dave Cook. I remember one Christmas we had been to Grandpa and Grandma Cook's and were going home in the sleigh. The air was so crisp that the horses' breaths were clouds of steam as we moved through the main street of Garden City. The tall trees that lined the street were sparkly white in the sunshine. We were tucked deep inside warm quilts. I remember the squeak of the horses' hooves on the cold snow, the jingle of harnesses and the feeling of security and peace. Everyone was happy.

At Grandma and Grandpa's house I had slipped upstairs to peer down through the transom. I saw Grandpa and Grandma Cook with mother and dad sitting around the table talking. All were laughing and visiting and we children were having a great time. I can remember vividly how I loved this gentle man.

My Grandfather had an apple orchard north of Garden City where he would ride his horse. I was allowed to ride behind his saddle, a great delight to me. I was so small and agile. He would put his foot out to help me up behind him. I am not sure if he was irrigating or why or where we went, but I will always remember the rides.

One day he forgot me. I ran after him crying and calling. When he came back, he kindly and patiently assured me that no way would he ever leave me on purpose. He sang to me and made me feel wanted. He enjoyed my company and told me so many times.

My Grandfather would take me boating on Bear Lake. He loved to be on the water. He had a boathouse on the shore of the lake where he kept his boat and ice skates. He would draw my attention to the beautiful mountains east of Bear Lake. He would tell me to watch how the color of the water changed with the color of the clouds. We talked about the Sea of Galilee and how Bear Lake was very similar in size and how these were the only lakes with the blue-green algae that made them so turquoise. He would talk about Jesus. He loved the Savior. These are precious memories to me.

He had an accident later in his life. He fell from a ladder while building and was hurt badly. As a result, he had to go to Provo, Utah for treatments. We all grieved for him. I felt so bad that I wrote him letters and sent him a present. He wrote back to admonish me to be a good girl, to help my dear parents, and to be an example to my brother and sisters. He had such beautiful penmanship. He referred to me as "darling Bertha."

We can know how lonely and sad he would be. My heart ached to think of him alone and sick. He died October 3, 1933 and was buried in the Garden City cemetery. I can remember his funeral and how small he was in the casket. I was 15 years old at the time.

The funeral was most beautiful. One of the speakers was C. W. Pope. His remarks make one know what a great man my grandfather was:

"In the death of Brother William Cook, we the people of Garden City are separated from a most sympathetic friend and wise counselor. It is our privilege and duty to bear witness of his splendid character and to the influence and power of his teachings and example among us. The people in general know of his faithful public service. His arm was always around them, drawing them closely to him as he whispered in their ear words of admonition, counsel, and encouragement, warning and reproof if necessary.

In it all and always, he was ever the zealous servant of God, seeking to help and to save the children of men. He often said, "The Lord calls upon all to do right, but he expects us (the Latter-day Saints) to be an example to the world. Seek the Lord early in life and ye shall find him. And having found him, abide in the knowledge of him continually."

The law of the Lord was in his heart, and he taught and practiced it with understanding unto his fellowmen. He said, "Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understood."

These memories are my greatest possible treasure. I truly pay tribute to this man, my Grandfather, William Cook.

Bertha Dickson McKinnon

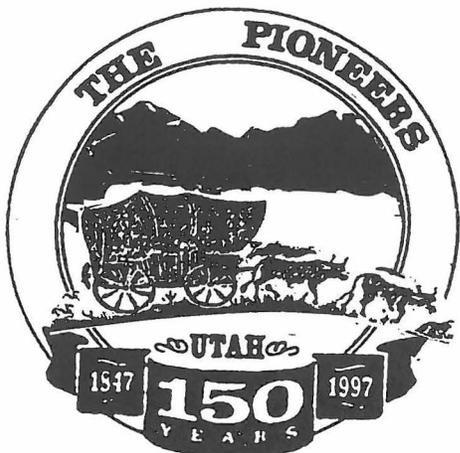


ARTICLES NEEDED

If you have a Cook Family ancestor on whom we have not published an article (story), please prepare one and send it to us. We would like to use as many as space will allow in each Newsletter.

Write the article so that it can be enjoyed by all who read it whether they are personally acquainted with that individual or not. We want to become acquainted with them through your article.

Please send your article to:
Roka Raymond
819 Healy St.
Ogden, UT 84403



FINANCES URGENTLY REQUIRED!

Thanks to those faithful family members who have paid their dues every year since our family organization came into existence. It is impossible to proceed with the publication of our Newsltr. or with any other scheduled projects without these funds. Please mail your dues for 1997 (\$10.00) if you haven't already done so, to the family organization as soon as possible. Remember that your dues and any contributions are tax-deductible. Funds are urgently needed, and your thoughtfulness in this regard will bring blessings to our organization and to each individual family. Please complete the form below, enclose it in an envelope with your remittance and mail to:

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Ruth Malmberg
Secretary/Treasurer
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Salt Lake City, UT 84107

- () I am enclosing \$10.00 for organizational dues.
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