



August 28, 1819
July 24, 1900

Phineas Wolcott Cook

FAMILY ORGANIZATION

August 28, 1991

Dear Family Member;

It is time to have our Fall meeting as we planned in May when we met. We will meet at the home of LaMar Day, 467 West 2400 South, Bountiful, Utah, Saturday, September 14, at 10:00 A.M. Please come and bring anyone with you who might be interested in having input in this meeting.

Because of the resignation of Gordon Whiting as President this will be a reorganization meeting. The tentative agenda will include the importance the church puts on family organizations, a financial report, updating our records, and the election of officers. If there is something else you would like to contribute please come prepared to do so.

The easiest way to get to LaMar's home is to get off the I-15 freeway at the Wood Cross-North Salt Lake Exit. Go East to 2600 South and 500 East (one light after the Highway 89 light). Turn north and then take the first right (2400 South). The Day home is just a few houses up. His phone number is 298-1654 if you need it.

We look forward to seeing you there.

Sincerely,

LaMar Day, Vice Pres.

Margaret Taylor, Sec., Treas.

April 11, 1991

From: Gordon Whiting

To: Officers and Board Members of the Cook Family Organization

Re: News, a meeting, and something for a newsletter.

LaMar Day contacted me to say that the slide-tape video is almost completed. He wants us to get out a newsletter announcing it and soliciting prepaid orders. I've spoken by phone with several officers in the Provo area and propose that we meet Saturday, **May 11 at 10 AM** as the meeting time. The place will be **Margaret Taylor's home, 1809 N, 2050 West, Provo Utah.** (Her phone is **375-8560, if you get lost**) Those coming from the north can reach her place most efficiently by exiting the freeway at the BYU exit (12th South, Orem), and turning right (south) at Orem's Main Street (that's the third stop light after the freeway, counting the light at the top of the exit ramp) Drive south on Main Street until the street turns into 2050 West, Provo. A couple of blocks later, take a left, and Margaret's home is in the first cul de sac to the left.

I asked LaMar if there had been any progress on genealogy. He said another line had been traced through the Mayflower. That would make two Cook ancestors through that ship (assuming it's the right Mayflower.) Anyway, that suggested to me that we might do something in the newsletter about the Mayflower. Below is a piece I put together for Thanksgiving, a few years ago. Perhaps it could be edited (it is much too long) and rewritten for an article in the newsletter. If we could locate the ancestors in the original Bradford journals or the ship's log and say something about them, that would be doubly interesting.

The other item of business will be electing new officers. I expect to be out of the country for a year beginning soon. My term in office has not been marked by much achievement anyway, and it's time for new blood. Margaret also wishes to step down. So come prepared with nominations and recommendations.

Here's the thanksgiving article.

Those Who Came On the Mayflower

There were a number of ships named "Mayflower" which transported settlers to North America; in part for this reason, a great many more people claim descent from ancestors who came "on the Mayflower" than the number who came on the original ship.

The first "Mayflower" to make the voyage to the New World set sail from England on September 6, 1620. It had a crew of about 20 and 3 officers. The passengers consisted of 34 men, 21 women, and 37 children, a total of 102 souls. They had overcome many frustrations, delays, and false starts in England, or they would have departed before the fall storms. As it was, it took them 66 days to cross the North Atlantic. One of their number died and was buried at sea, but a baby was also born at sea (and named Oceanus), so their number remained at 102.

The Mayflower was not a large ship. Accommodations on board allowed each individual a space of about 18 square feet -- approximately the size of a small bed. After they reached the New World, 130 days would pass before the last settler went ashore. Thus, 125 people spent about two-thirds of a year in the tightest of quarters.

They made landfall on November 9, 1620, about 300 miles north of their intended destination. They found it impossible to go south and decided to settle where they were, near Cape Cod. They were relieved and grateful to have reached solid land. Bradford, who later became their leader, wrote:

Being thus arived in a good harbor and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees & blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element.

Before going ashore they had covenanted that they would work together to survive and would be ruled by leaders of their own choosing. They realized that in cooperation lay their only hope of survival, for the place they had reached was not a pleasant and fertile land. Rugged individualism and pursuit of narrow self interest, would have been disastrous. Of their circumstances that first winter Bradford wrote:

What could they see but a hidious and desolate wildernes, full of wild beasts and wild men? For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face; and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hew.

Their original landfall was too shallow to bring the ship within a mile of the shore; they could not unload the stores. From the longboat men had to wade to reach land and explore. In the winter weather, many soon developed coughs and colds, which, given their crowded conditions, soon spread throughout the ship.

They explored the coast for many weeks before finally settling on Plymouth as the most easily defended, most fertile, and best harbored spot available.

Of the 102 who arrived, 6 died in December, 8 in January, 17 in February, and 13 in March. The Log of the Mayflower repeatedly contains entries such as this one from December 24, 1620, Christmas Eve:

At anchor, Plymouth harbor. Second Sunday here. This day died Solomon Prower, one of the family of Master Martin, the treasurer of the colonists, being the sixth death this month and the second in this harbor. A burying-party went ashore with Prower's body, after services aboard."

Whole families were wiped out. During much of that first winter there were only half a dozen adults well enough to bury the dead and serve the needs of the rest of the group. Bradford wrote of two of these, William Brewster and Myles Standish:

...myselfe and many others where much beholden in our low and sicke condition ...
And what I have said of these, I may say of many others who dyed in this general

visitation and others yet living, that whilst they had health, yea, or any strength continuing, they were not wanting to any that had need of them. And I doute not but their recompence is with the Lord.

Deaths continued into the spring but slackened as the weather warmed. When the worst was over, only three married couples had survived. Thirteen of 18 wives had died and more than half of the heads of households. None of the female children died, however, and only three of the males. Parents in general and mothers in particular sacrificed themselves for the children. Bradford wrote:

The spring now approaching, it pleased God the mortality began to cease amongst them, and the sick and lame recovered apace, which put as it were new life into them, though they had borne their sad affliction with much patience and contentedness, as I think any people could do. But it was the Lord which upheld them, and had beforehand prepared them; many having long borne the yoke, yea from their youth.

Bradford's own young wife drowned while he was away on one of his early exploring trips. In the spring, he recorded the first marriage in the new world. It was between a newly widowed man and a newly widowed woman. Doubtless, it was a marriage of survival for them both.

That same spring, an Indian named Squanto approached them, greeting them in broken English. He had seen more of the world than they, having been kidnapped by some earlier European explorers, sold into slavery, rescued, taken to England for a time, and finally returned to his ancestral home. All of his people had died of smallpox a few years before. From Squanto they learned how to plant maize, a food that was to be their salvation. Squanto was also their interpreter with the other Indians in the region. At his death, some years later, he asked to be taken home to the white man's God.

The pilgrims bore their many misfortunes with patience and returned thanks to God for everything that worked for their salvation. Many times they gratefully acknowledged Squanto as "a special instrumente sent of God for their good beyond their expectation."

When harvest time came, food was almost ample. Bradford wrote:

They began now to gather in the small harvest they had, and to fit up their houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength, and had all things in good plenty; for as some were thus employed in affairs abroad, others were excersized in fishing, about cod, bass and other fish, of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion. All the summer there was no want. And now began to come in store of fowl, as winter approached, of this place did abound when they came first. And besides water fowl, there was great store of wild turkeys, of which they took many, besides venison, etc. Besides they had about a peck of meal a week to a person, or now since harvest, Indian corn to the proportion. Which made many afterwards write so largely of their plenty here to their friends in England, which were not fained, but true reports.

The yield from their English seed was poor, but the Indian corn grown under Squanto's direction had done well. The wild grapes yielded a sweet, strong wine. Eleven good houses had been finished, and health had been restored with the summer weather. Massasoit, the local Indian chief, came in with

ninety men, and for three days Pilgrims and Indians feasted together, the first Thanksgiving in the new world.

Samuel Elliot Morrison wrote:

The place of the Pilgrims in American history can best be stated by a paradox. Of slight importance in their own time, they are of great and increasing significance in our time, through the influence of their story on American folklore and tradition. And the key to that story, the vital factor in this little group, is the faith in God that exalted them and their small enterprise to something of lasting value and enduring influence.

The Pilgrims were peaceful rebels who refused the standards of their day and were willing to risk everything -- home, family, comfort, and life -- because they would not conform religiously. Stripped of the myths woven about them, the Pilgrims were people with a cause. They were not satisfied to merely denounce the evils of society but undertook to build another that would give reality to their beliefs. They regarded themselves as called of God to plant Israel in the wilderness!

All I have been able to learn about them indicates that they were unusually honest and compassionate toward the Indians. In one instance, when they mistakenly thought Squanto had been captured and was about to be killed by hostile Indians, they sent a military party to the rescue and wounded three Indians before discovering that Squanto was in no danger. They took the three wounded Indians home with them and nursed them back to health. In their trading with the Indians they were fair, so much so, that the Indians eventually returned to them stolen articles taken earlier on the assumption that these settlers were like other white men.

And the Pilgrims, in contrast to other religionists who came only a few years later, were tolerant of most religious differences and disinclined to persecute others. Although quick to see the hand of God in all things and scrupulous about observing the Sabbath and caring for each other's needs, they were willing to let others live according to the dictates of their own conscience.

Their example of returning thanks to God for their harvest and preservation became the basis of a New England holiday. In 1789, President Washington named November 26 a day of national thanksgiving. In 1863, President Lincoln proclaimed that Thanksgiving Day would be celebrated on the last Thursday of each November. Presently, we celebrate it on the 4th Thursday of November.

Morrison wrote:

The story of their patience and fortitude, and the workings of the unseen force which bears up heroic souls in the doing of mighty errands, as often as it is read or told, quickens the spiritual forces in American life, strengthens faith in God, and confidence in human nature.