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Phineas Wolcott Cook FAMILY ORGANIZATION NEWSLETTER

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Have you stopped lately to assess your capabilities or to set new goals. I have been reading about a man who in his lifetime:

- ...Finished college in less than three years.
- ...Studied law and was admitted to the bar at age 24.
- ...Designed one of the nation's leading universities and the capital building of his state.
- ...Originated the decimal system for U. S. money.
- ...Introduced crop rotation and terracing to the United States.
- ...Seriously studied natural history, Latin, Greek, Italian, French, German, Anglo-Saxon, mathematics, History, Geography, Civics, Economics and Philosophy.
- ...Was state legislator, governor, minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice President, and President of the United States.
- ...Created public school system in his state.
- ...Established U. S. Military Academy and designed their uniforms.
- ...Wrote rules of parliamentary procedure for the Senate.
- ...Fought for the government that made the United States a democratic republic, not one ruled by aristocracy.
- ...Designed, built his own house, and was the father of six children.

Yet this man, Thomas Jefferson, had the same 24 hours 1440 minutes -we have in a day. Jefferson saw each of those 1440 minutes as an opportunity: a chance to learn, to grow, to contribute. He took advantage of those opportunities.

In similar manner, Phineas W. Cook might ask "what have you done with my name." Can we answer that we have done only that which would bring honor to his name and that he has every reason to be proud of us.

I am thrilled each time I read of the accomplishments of so many of the Cook posterity, their spouses, and their families. They are not afraid of work and know what it takes to achieve.

We would welcome stories, anecdotes and biographies about older members of our family to put in the newsletter.

We would like to put the information for the Descending Pedigree Chart on the computer in the near future. If you have any information that we need to update our records, please send it to us.

We appreciate your support and concern for the family organization and welcome your comments and recommendations.

Sincerely, LaMar Day, President

BEES BUILDING CHURCHES

In the fall of the year we do not often think much about bees. The bees are most moted and praised in the spring when they are busy gathering nectar and pollen to make honey. During this season, a good worker bee will work herself to death in six weeks. The bees always work in groups with many helpers. By working as a group, they are able to do work that no bee can do alone. This combined effort has earned them an enviable reputation as hard and successful workers.

Recently, I had the opportunity of spending a beautiful fall day collecting honey from these fascinating little workers. There were very few bees flying around. They were all staying in the hive and doing as little flying as possible. I noted the lack of enthusiasm. To my remark, the beekeeper responded that on a similar spring day, the bees would all be very busy collecting nectar for the hive. It seems as though bees of spring know that work has to be done and do it. The bees of fall have done their work. The hives are

filled with honey. There is little, if any, nectar to find. The bees have finished their harvest and know that their work is done.

A historian talking about Leeds, Canada, where Amanda Savage grew up, talked of bees of a different sort. In describing the early settlers, Thad Leavitt wrote: "Generosity and a desire to assist new-comers, was a characteristic of the pioneers. Not only were articles of every conceivable nature lent and borrowed, but the heavy work was mostly accomplished by means of 'bees' at which all the neighbors were invited for miles around."

The story of one of the more interesting 'bees' is retold in the same history. The citizens of the county decided to build a church. The story is related as follows:

"At a very early date, the members of the Church of England attempted to erect a church on one of the sand-hills of Augusta, near the present residence of Mr. Guy C. Reed. Part of the foundation was laid, when it was decided to make a 'grand bee,' to which all the settlers were invited. A barrel of whiskey was secured for the occasion, and, for a time, 'all went merry as a marriage-bell,' but sad to relate! The supply of stimulant approved more than a match for the hardy settlers. Things became inextricably mixed--confusion reigned supreme; and, in place of the wall going up, it was knocked down, and there it remains to day. After the 'bee,' the project of building a church at that place was abandoned."

The pioneers had a worthy goal and a good plan to reach their goal. Unfortunately, the settlers were distracted from their goal by a barrel of whiskey. Instead of completing a church, the 'bee' destroyed the foundation. Their intent was very much like the bees of spring who work for common goals. The results were a different story. The bees only appear to be distracted in the fall but are well prepared for the expected winter. The pioneers lost sight of their goal before they reached it.

Like nature's bees and like the pioneers of Canada, we have banded together for a common goal. The goal is finding and maintaining the records of the P. W. Cook Family. The organization needs to be more actively used by the members of the family to fulfill its goal of helping accomplish a 'heavy work'. We should each examine our own genealogical records. Are the records as complete as they should be? Is the family history ready for our children and grandchildren? If they are, then like bees in the fall, we should be involved in other worthwhile activities. If not, now is the time to put our records in order.

After you have examined your own records, if you would like to help expand the family records, we would like to hear from you by writing, we can get you in touch with other family members doing genealogical work. We also need volunteers to help verify some recently completed research before it is published.

Brent W. Hale, Vice Pres., Genealogy

FAMILIES ARE FOREVER! REUNIONS ARE FUN!

Dear Family Member,

On November 20, 1968, I received a surprise letter in the mail. The letter was from "The Church College of Hawaii", "OWEN J. COOK, President". Could this be a Relative? -- My middle name is Cook -- my mother was Phoebe Irene Cook, seventh child on Henry Howland Cook and Genett Calder Cook. (Henry Howland was 12th child of Phineas Wolcott Cook and Ann Eliza Howland Cook.) Gee -- is the President of the College of Hawaii my Relative?

President Cook talked of a family organization to speed genealogical research and to save duplication of work and time. He talked of Vera Hunsaker, a tireless genealogist; He talked of Rex D. Cook, Mabel, Lila, Alton -- all doing research work. He talked of "Uncle Lash" and his family and Aunt Edna's children "are going ahead on their own". Most of these relatives I did not know. How was I going to get acquainted? Owen talked of Bryan Booth who said, "We are glad that you are 'pushing' the family organization, Surely that's the only way to get things done".

President Cook asked me if I would be interested in joining the Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Organization, I immediately sent him my dues and joined a great family organization.

OUR FIRST ATTENDANCE AT THE COOK FAMILY REUNION AT BEAR LAKE WAS A GREAT EXPERIENCE. OF COURSE I KNEW ALL MY COUSINS FROM THE HENRY HOWLAND COOK LINE, BUT HERE I MET MANY, MANY RELATIVES FROM THE WHOLE PHINEAS COOK FAMILY THAT I HAD NOT MET BEFORE."

I didn't know I could be related to so many great people -- all of them fun. Many wonderful memories came forth. My mother died when I was seven years old. I often spent summer months with Grandpa and Grandma Cook, in the Rich County, Bear Lake area. What fun to get in Aunt Polly Pope's raspberries and eat all we could hold. What fun to watch for the "Bear Lake Monster" (you bet your boots we wouldn't sleep outside -- he may eat us! Memories, Memories!

In reunions of this great family we have met relatives -- what a joy it has been--ways too numerous to list here. Perhaps the greatest thrill of all was the delightful reunion at Bear Lake when Eva Covey Madsen brought her mother, Idalia Cook Covey -- the only living child of Phineas -- to the reunion. How we enjoyed that visit!

FAMILY REUNIONS ARE FUN!

About 1976, the LDS church asked that we sponsor smaller Grandfather type family organizations and reunions where the more direct relatives can meet, plan genealogy, and organize. The Great Grandfather type organization was asked to stay organized to assist and council with the smaller organizations. At our Phineas Wolcott Cook reunion at Wasatch Park near Heber, Utah in 1979 we determined to push the Grandfather type organizations and reunions. We determined to hold the Phineas reunion only every five years. After four years experience we feel that this is a bit too long. We would suggest cutting the time back to every three years at least. This will be taken up at our 1984 reunions.

FAMILY REUNIONS ARE FUN!

OUR NEXT PHINEAS WOLCOTT COOK FAMILY REUNION WILL BE ON THE SECOND SATURDAY IN AUGUST, 1984, AT THE GREAT NOSTALGIC BEAR LAKE AREA. (August 11, 1984.) MARK THE DATE ON YOUR CALENDARS NOW!!!!

FAMILY REUNIONS ARE FUN!

Oh, Let's meet together -- exchange greetings -- to feel each others spirit -- to feel our love of families -- of one another. You are important to all of us.

OUR REUNION PLANNING COMMITTEE HAS ALREADY STARTED TO WORK ON THIS REUNION.

WE ARE LETTING YOU KNOW EARLY ENOUGH SO THAT YOU WILL NOT PLAN YOUR GRANDFATHER REUNIONS ON THAT DAY.

WE WOULD APPRECIATE IDEAS, SUGGESTIONS, PLANS, INFORMATION, ETC. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO WHILE AT BEAUTIFUL BEAR LAKE VALLEY.

Oh Yes, I must tell you. The Phineas Wolcott Family Organization has the lifetime use of a building lot in the Swan Creek Village development. Phineas owned part of the area that is Swan Creek Village today. This will be pointed out to you at the reunion.

Since we will probably be meeting only every two or three years, plan now -- let's make it a big one.

Owen, what a good time we have had since your invitation in 1968! PLEASE, PLEASE, EVERYONE PLAN TO BE THERE. Family Love, Newel Cook McMillan 6066 South 2400 East Ogden, Utah 84403 Phone: 801/479-0805

LILLIAN ELIZA COOK BARNEY

Lillian Eliza Cook was born 20 Nov. 1893 at Garden City, Rich Co., Utah to Hyrum Howland Cook and Annie Catherine Vaterlaus. Her parents named her Lillie Ann Eliza, but recording it became Lillian Eliza. All her life she was called Lillie. Ann Eliza was for her Grandmother Ann Eliza Howland Cook, who was the first wife of Phineas Wolcott Cook. Lillie's father was their sixteenth and last child.

When Lillie was born her parents lived in Garden City, Utah where all but their last child was born. Lillie was the fourth child. A boy, Jessie Vaterlaus Cook, and a girl, Phebe Cook, had died in 1892 -- just eleven days apart. Phebe lived only twelve days. Jesse died the day after Phebe's birth. He was two years old. The first child, Hyrum Vaterlaus Cook, was five years old when Lillie was born.

Lillie never said much about her early life. She said she remembered a trip the family made to Salt Lake City so her mother could see a doctor. Lillie's father left on a mission to New Zealand when she was about three years old. He was gone three years. During this time his wife and mother lived at the old Cook home at Lakota or Swan Creek. They kept boarders to earn money to live on and to keep him on a mission. His mother, Ann Eliza, died while he was on this mission -- May 17, 1896 -- almost 73 years old.

It was probably after his return home that the family went to Salt Lake City for the medical treatment for Lillie's Mother. Lillie said it was as a result of that trip that her mother was able to have another baby -- Nellie Genevieve, born 3 March 1899. Not long after this they left to colonize the Big Horn country in Wyoming. The journey was very hard -- by covered wagon. On the way they befriended a family with small pox. As a result they had to leave the wagon train and got to Big Horn after the best locations were given out. Some of the family contracted the disease -- the father and Nellie, I think. On this trip most likely at this time of illness, an old man came apparently from nowhere and disappeared the same way. He gave them a blessing and they got better. He always thought he was one of the three Nephites.

Arriving late they received a farm on the benches, which meant dry land farming. Pioneering was a hard thing and they nearly starved--living on graham flour much for long periods. The summer of 1902 found them living in a tent at Burlington. While the men worked on building the incoming railroad, the women and girls cooked for the railway hands. It was here in a tent in the July heat that Bessie Catherine was born.

Lillie's mother had poor health and the pioneer hardships made it worse. She died in an early-day hospital at Lovell, Wyoming May 30, 1905--cause seems to be a prolapse of her internal organs. At this time Lillie (oldest living girl) was eleven years old. The little family had some very hard and tragic times.

Her father decided they needed a mother in the home, so he married Nancy Johnson Smith, a young widow three boys. Soon there was his children, her children, and our children and much discord among them. Hyrum, five years older than Lillie, seems to have left home to shift for himself. Lillie had to help with the farm work, ploughing, planting, haying, etc. She resented her step-brothers and her step-mother and was very unhappy the next few years.

When the BHA -- Big Horn Academy -- opened in Cowley in 1910, Lillie arranged to go to it. She lived with her Uncle Emil Vaterlaus who ran the town newspaper. She helped him for her board and room. She learned to set hand type and to proof read. She had only one dress and had to wash it out each Saturday and wear only an underskirt till it dried.

Herbert Loren Barney and two of his sisters were also living in Cowley this same winter to attend the BHA. He and Lillie had met once before and now a romance rapidly developed. Her father ordered her to leave school and come home to help plough and plant the next spring. Instead Herbert took her to his home near Bridger, Montana and accompanied by his mother they went to Red Lodge, Montana. There they bought her a wedding dress and other clothes and were married March 15, 1911.

Herbert helped his parents and her parents get their crops in and then the young couple got a job on a ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. They had to ride in by horseback and the scenery was beautiful. The summer there was a nice honeymoon for them.

Lillie didn't want Herbert to continue his work as a cowboy, breaking horses, riding in races, etc. He was very good at it, but it was dangerous and he had been hurt several times. He decided to be a barber, so went by train to Seattle and took a course at the Mohler Barber College. For about six months Lillie lived with his folks, then took the train to Seattle to join him. He opened a Barber shop but found he could not stand the tobacco smoke in the shop. After passing out several times, he had to give it up and find other work.

Herbert's grandparents Strong were having their Golden Wedding Anniversary on July 23, 1913 and relatives were coming from everywhere to Oakley, Idaho to celebrate. Lillie and Herbert went and they stayed near Oakley for about a year. It was while here that Herbert and Lillie went to the Salt Lake Temple and were endowed and sealed for eternity on Oct. 7, 1914.

It was a year of poverty and hardship, and when Herbert's parents decided to go to Ruby Valley, Nevada where a big land development was in full swing they decided to go also. By this time Lillie was pregnant. In the late fall of 1914 she drove a buggy from Oakley, Idaho to Ruby Valley, Nevada. Her mother-in-law rode with her. This was strictly pioneer country with few accommodations and a severe climate.

January 1915 found Lillie giving birth to her first child in a draughty little log cabin during a very severe blizzard. Attended only by a midwife and her mother-in-law, Lillie struggled three days in delivery and finally bore a nine pound baby girl on the 14th. They named her Erma Ruby Barney and she was their only child. Probably due to the difficult delivery and lack of medical care Lillie was never able to have more children.

The development company had built a hotel and for about six months Herbert and Lillie ran the hotel. The baby was cared for by any one who was around. The land development proved to be somewhat of a swindle, as the company could not provide water for irrigation and without it the land was almost worthless. People began to leave, among them the Barney families. Herbert's parents went to the Uintah Basin in Utah. Herbert and Lillie went to Brigham City, Utah where they stayed several months obtaining such work as was available.

The next summer 1917 found the young family traveling by covered wagon to the Big Horn country of Wyoming. There they settled in a one room shack at Cowley. Herbert worked as a sheepherder for several months. Lillie took in washing to help with expenses. They were very poor and the winter extremely bad. It got down to 60 degrees below zero.

Soon Herbert got a job at the new carbon plant. It was dirty and hard but paid more. In December of 1918 they were called to go to Bridger, Montana to help care for Lillie's father who was dying of stomach cancer. He died Dec. 26, 1918. Herbert brought his body to Cowley by team and wagon, nearly freezing en route. No funeral was allowed because of the flu epidemic going on. Lillie and Erma returned by train. The entire family got the flu--most of the town also. Herbert was so sick the Doctor gave him up, but he lived -- though only a skeleton by spring.

When he was able to work he got a job at the new refinery being built at Cowley. He worked there for several years. Things got better and they built a nice 4 or 5 room house in Cowley--with gas heat and light. Behind it they built a shop where Herbert cut hair, mended shoes and did odd jobs of repair work for people. They raised a garden and had chickens. Erma started school there, attending the first grade. They decided to leave. I don't know the reason. But in 1922 Herbert and his boyhood chum, Joe Johnson, bought a piece of land on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound, Washington. Herbert had like Washington since he attended barber school there.

Loading what they could take in their little Model T roadster, they drove to Seattle over horrifying roads, then took the ferry to Bainbridge Island. Their land was forest. Joe and his family were to come next year. Herbert and Lillie cleared land, built buildings and started a small garden, which did not grow. When Joe and family arrived the next year they decided to give up the venture.

So the little Model T was reloaded for another trip. Herbert's Aunt Susie Barney and her children were living near Seattle for some reason. They wanted to leave, so Herbert bought a one ton Model T truck and had one of her older boys drive it. Together they headed for the Uintah country in Utah. It was a long hard trip. On arrival Susie and her children joined her husband. For some time Herbert and family camped in a tent near the Grandparents Barney on the Green River near Ouray, Utah. When school started they moved across the river to Leota and lived with Herbert's sister Malinda who was teaching school there.

Next summer found them camped on the river again, but by fall they were living on Hill Creek in a desolate, isolated part of Utah. Here Herbert and Lillie lived in a log house under primitive conditions and ran the home ranch and commissary for a sheepman who had 6 or 6 ranches. It was desolate country.

Next spring they returned to Green River, then decided to move to Provo Bench (Orem). Uncle Dave Barney took them in a wagon. The place Herbert got was a very rocky piece of land, with the wash on one side and the Orem electric interurban train on the other. He built a small frame house and they lived there about two years. Because it was so rocky the land would not grow much. Herbert worked as a cement finisher. Lillie and Erma picked berries and fruit.

The year Erma was in the 7th grade, Lillie got a live-in position caring for an old couple in American Fork. By spring Herbert had sold the place in Orem and they were headed for California. He was always looking for a good farm to buy.

In the summer of 1928 they took their belongings on the Model T truck and accompanied by Dad's sister Malinda and her husband and his son about 16 yrs. old in an old Model T. touring car they started across the desert to California. It was a hazardous, hot, exhausting trip across miles of endless desert. When they reached California -- grape harvest was on. They got work on a ranch at Arvin and camped there picking grapes for about a month. Then they moved north getting a job at Lodi in the fruit. After camping a month or so under a huge fig tree, they got a house to live in by boarding the owner. Erma attended 8th grade at the Bruella School nearby. Herbert and sometimes Lillie worked in the fruit -- peaches, prunes, olives, water melons and so on. It was an enjoyable year.

In June they were on their way north working the fruit and looking for a farm. They went almost to the Canadian Border and enroute saw one big forest fire. Winter found them at Wiley, near Yakima, Washington working the apples. Conditions for schooling were very poor so Erma stayed out of school. Herbert promised to settle somewhere for 4 years so she could go to High School in one place. February found them bound for the coast to work in the clams. They worked at North Cove during clam season. They heard of a home available near South Bend, Washington. They took a ferry boat across Willapa Bay, took a street car from South Bend to the place on the Boulevard half way between South Bend and Raymond. They decided to buy it and soon were moved there. The house had burned and there was only an old garage on the place. Lillie and Erma scraped the grease off the uneven floor and Herbert boarded up the open ends and they moved in. Lillie stayed there with their things and Erma and Herbert worked the fruit. They built a house and moved in by Nov. 20, Lillie's birthday. It was a shell but they were in and gradually finished it into four rooms. It had no electricity, water, or indoor plumbing. An out-house served as a privy and a well for water, coal out lamps and gasoline lanterns for light.

Erma graduated from South Bend High School in 1934 as valedictorian. The next year she married Bert Warren Braack. That Sept. 1935 Herbert, Lillie, Erma and Bert made a trip to Salt Lake City so Erma and Bert could be sealed in the Temple. Herbert and Lillie had decided to answer the plea of his parent to come to Uintah and take care of them. So they all went to Uintah and left Lillie and Herbert there. Bert and Erma went back to the old home on the Boulevard. During that winter Lillie had a severe sick spell. An infection in her Mastoid left her deaf and almost killed her. She had always had bad allergies and had been subject to outbreaks of very painful boils. Now she lost weight and never gained it back. From about 160 to 180, her usual weight, she dropped below 100 pounds. Herbert and Lillie came home on the bus the next May. In August Bert and Erma bought a home on Gerber St. in Raymond and moved there.

It was still depression times and hard to make a living. Herbert sold things from door to door, did odd jobs, gardening and landscaping for others and raised a garden, etc. They were barely able to make ends meet. Lillie's health got worse and Herbert developed hernias, so they went to the LDS Hospital in SLC. Herbert's hernias were repaired and Lillie had all kinds of tests but they couldn't find what was wrong.

In 1945 Bert and Erma moved to National at the base of Mt. Rainier to do contract logging. Next February they were called to return to Raymond and help care for Lillie who was rapidly getting worse. They moved in with Herbert and Lillie. After a hospital stay and many tests it was discovered that Lillie had inoperable growths at both ends of her stomach -- probably cancer. Lillie demanded that she be taken home to die. She lived till April 1, 1946 suffering horribly the last few days. She had a lovely funeral and was buried at the Fernhill Cemetery at Menlo, Washington a few miles from Raymond. She was about 52 years old at death.

Lillie was dark haired with blue eyes. She was a little over 5 feet 2 inches she had a beautiful soprano voice and her favorite songs were "I'll take you home again, Kathleen" and "Oh, My Father". She was a kind, gentle person with compassion for all. Her favorite hobby was crocheting. She was active in church and held many positions in the Raymond Branch. She was Relief Society President for a number of years. She had great faith in God, a strong testimony of the truth fullness of the gospel and a god-like love for all mankind. Her life had been hard and full of suffering, she had truly been through the refiners fire. As a result her soul was pure gold. (written-1982 by Erma Ruby Barney Braack, daughter)

MORMON PIONEER TRAIL

A fifteen-year effort to properly research, mark and preserve key segments of the Brigham Young route of the Mormon Pioneer Trail is beginning to move from the planning stages to actual designation of the trail.

Heading up the effort is C. Booth Wallentine, Salt Lake City, a great-great-grandson of Phineas Walcott Cook. Booth is the founder and president of the Mormon Pioneer Trail Foundation, and was recently appointed by the U. S. Secretary of Interior as chairman of the Mormon Pioneer National Historic Trail Advisory Council. The council, created by an act of Congress, is charged with the responsibility of coordinating a multi-level government trail development program, in cooperation with private historic and conservation groups.

Legislation establishing the Mormon Pioneer Trail as the nation's first Historic Trail was prepared by Booth and he coordinated the five-year effort to lobby the legislation through Congress.

"Proper recognition of our pioneer forefathers, and the economic and social contributions they made to the entire nation is long overdue. Very few people are aware that the Mormon exodus to the west from 1846 through the late 1800's resulted in settlement of several hundred cities, building of hundreds of roadways, bridges, introduction of modern-day irrigation, and countless other progressive developments," says Booth.

The Mormon Pioneer Trail was researched in detail by Dr. Stanley B. Kimball, a colleague of Wallentine, who is historian for the Foundation and a professor of history at Illinois State University. Dr. Kimball is author of several books on the Mormon Exodus and has earned recognition as the foremost authority on the Mormon Pioneer Trail.

According to Booth Wallentine, the trail development plan contemplates working agreements between state governments and the National Park Service, the federal Administering agency for the Mormon Pioneer National Historic Trail.

These agreements will allow local private groups such as the Sons of Utah Pioneers, historical societies, scout groups and others to place a standard marker along the trail. Major emphasis will be on preserving historical accuracy and protection of the trail features which still remain.

"However, we have taken great pains in drawing the legislation and all we have done to date to assure private property rights are preserved. Much of the Trail crosses private property and we have no hope of preserving the Trail unless we can show these property owners that their property will be protected against unwanted trespass," according to Wallentine.

Wallentine said there is a growing awareness in communities all along the Trail of the historic significance of the Mormon Exodus. "We try to speak of the Exodus as a historic event, rather than to make religious belief the initial focus of the Trail development. For those who share the deep emotions of the Mormon experience, the facts speak for themselves. For history buffs, a factual presentation prompts further inquiry, often resulting in an appreciation of the religious motives involved in the Exodus," Wallentine added.

He said the State of Iowa has already placed markers along roadways wherever the Brigham Young route crossed the roads. "Through Iowa and parts of Nebraska, there were several routes taken by the pioneers. That's why we use the Brigham Young route for our marking and research effort," he added.

Wallentine said the Mormon Pioneer Trail Foundation has prepared extensive maps of the Trail, including every comsite of the Brigham Young party. He said the professional research of Dr. Kimball has helped correct

many commonly-held myths regarding the Exodus, including the notion that the hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Sants" was written on the Nebraska Plains.

"The song was actually written by William Clayton near the present community of Seymour, Iowa after Clayton had received word from Nauvoo that his wife Samantha had given birth to "a fine, fat boy, and all is well," Wallentine said.

He added that many pioneer descendants had supplied the Foundation with copies of pioneer journals which had helped with the research effort.

Although there is much work ahead before the Trail is properly marked, Wallentine says it is encouraging to see more and more local government and other officials gain insight into the importance of the pioneer exodus. He says he hopes marking of the Trail on federally-owned land can begin in 1984.

by: Booth Wallentine

ANECDOTES RELATED BY IDALIA COOK COVEY ROLEY

I had a red calico dress. It was bright red with some figures in it. I was sliding down the cellar (door). Lightening came! My eyebrows were burned off and my dress was turned brown all the way to the bottom but I was not hurt. I thought that was quite something!

When I was 12 my brother Del had a shotgun which he gave to me. One night I was sitting in the room we called the storeroom, and I heard some dogs fighting out in the yard. So I took my shotgun and went out there. I had it down by my apron and it was loaded. Instead of shooting the dogs, I pulled the trigger and shot my big toe! But it didn't break any bones but just took the flesh a little bit.

Another time when Del and I were out in the yard, I had a ball and was throwing it up against the building and catching it and he kept bothering me. I threatened him. I said, "Don't do that! I'll get you!" But he kept doing it. I picked up a tomato can that had been used. You know how they used to open them with all those prongs sticking up! I threw that and hit him right on the top of the head! It started bleeding and he ran to mother! Of course, I got punished for it, but that was all right. We kids used to quarrel back and forth all the time.

When I was a little girl about 5 or 6 years old and going to school (I must have been 6 years old) I had a grey linsey dress. They called it "linsey". It was a heavy grey material and I had worn the sleeves out. Christmas was coming and I wanted to go to the children's dance, so I asked mother if she would please put some half sleeves in my dress so I could go to the children's dance. She said, yes, she would get it done for me. Every night I would watch and see, and every night my dress wasn't fixed! Christmas was coming and I was getting pretty blue because I wanted to go to the dance. The night before Christmas I looked and my dress wasn't fixed, so I went to bed almost crying. I was pretty blue. I thought I wasn't going to the dance. I prayed about it and finally went to sleep. In the morning Parley came in picked me up out of bed and carried me out into the other room. There was a Christmas tree! Carl had made me a cradle and a little cupboard for my playhouse and mother had made me a new dress! When I saw that dress I began to cry! I was so happy! I don't believe I was ever happier in my life! It was a light green with gold squares on it, and that was the dearest dress I ever had in my life! TO THE FAMILY OF PHINEAS WOLCOTT COOK

FREE MAILING LIST

We will send a copy of the P. W. Cook Family mailing list to all who pay their dues in 1983. This consists of about 900 current names and addresses. You may find the name and address of some family members with whom you have lost contact. Dues are \$10.00 per year.

IDALIA COOK COVEY



age 55



age 94



Cook Family - about 1892 - Afton, Wyo. Left to right:
Back row Rarley, Emer, Moses, Helma, Carl and Kile.
Front row Idalia, Phineas W. Delbert (Hilma's son) and Johanna.

HISTORY OF IDALIA COOK COVEY BY HER DAUGHTER, EVA COVEY MADSEN 1983

In the Cook Family Organization Newsletter published in July of 1970 there is a brief history of my mother, Idalia Cook Covey's life which the officers at that time asked me to write.

In early April this year (1983) our President, LaMar Day, 'phoned me and asked if I would write another sketch of her life including incidents not used before. I consented and will try to repeat only basic information, so that those who have not read the previous history will have a coherent picture of her life. Mother is the only living child of Phineas Wolcott Cook and will be 94 years old on the 4th of September 1983. In order to make my history warmer and more personal I shall use the terms mother, grandmother, grandfather, uncle, aunt, etc. and will identify each one by name at least the first time I use the term, so my readers will know exactly to whom I am referring.

My mother, Idalia Johanna Cook Covey, was born in Logan, Utah on the 4th day of September 1889. She was the youngest child of Phineas Wolcott Cook and Johanna Christina Poulson (or Palsson) Cook. They had five boys; Carl 10 yrs old, Moses 9, Kib 7, Emer 5 and Parley 3. Their household also included grandmother's (Johanna Poulson Cook's) two daughters, Hilma and Alma (always called Allie). They were by a former marriage in Sweden. When mother (Idalia) was born grandfather (Phineas Wolcott Cook) was in Garden City, Utah and when he was notified of her birth he was so excited that he wanted folks to know about it and he went from house to house telling everyone that now he had a little girl to take care of him in his old age.

Grandfather moved his family to Afton in Star Valley, Wyoming when mother was eight weeks old. They arrived there in early November and it was a very cold winter with lots of snow and they lost nearly all their cattle during that first hard winter. Consequently, thought they thought, when they left Logan, that they were well provided for, the loss of their cattle made it very hard indeed for them to get along. There was very little work to be had in the valley so grandmother's older daughters went to Payette, Idaho where they found work and both were later married there. When Mother was about three years old grandmother's oldest daughter, Hilma, died and grandmother went immediately, as soon as she got word, to Weiser, Idaho where Hilma lived then and when she came back from the funeral she brought Hilma's little son, Delbert, with her. He was just six weeks older than mother and he was raised as a brother to mother and the boys. He was known as Del Cook throughout his life. Mother remembers what good care her father took of her while her mother was away. She remembers how he trotted

her on his knee and sang "High diddle dinctum, High diddle doe, High diddle dinctum, doe dee oh." She remembers how he placed the chairs with their backs to the table and how they all knelt down for family prayers. She also remembers when she was a little older how he used to love to have her brush his beard. He was seventy years old when she was born and was excited to have a little girl after five boys.

When mother was very young it was her job to knead the bread in the evening after dinner. She was probably about five or six, at least she was young enough that she had to stand on a little stool to reach to work on the table. This chore was done in the "north room" which was some distance from the room where the family gathered in the evening and she was afraid of the dark. Her brother, Parley, who was just older than she, was a tease and when she was kneading the bread, her candle on the table just in front of the window, he would often go outside and stand under the window and make strange noises or knock on the window, anything to frighten her and it really did.

One day when she was about eight years old she was playing in the back yard sliding down the slanting roof of the cellar. A sudden summer storm came up with lightning and thunder. The lightning flashed with a clap of thunder that seemed to shake the ground. The lightning scorched her apron and eye brows but did not hurt her. It was a miracle she wasn't killed.

Delbert also loved to tease her and one day he teased her to the point of distraction. She was so upset that she picked up the first thing she saw which was a tomato can that had been opened, as they did in those days, cut across the top at right angles and the tin quarters pulled back so there were sharp points sticking up. She threw the can at Del and it hit him on the top of the head. Blood spurted out and scared her to death. She thought sure she had killed him! Grandmother came running and took care of Del and gave mother a sound scolding. He was not seriously hurt. It was just a surface wound and grandmother soon got it stopped, but mother learned a real lesson that day. She never forgot it.

Mother was a tomboy and she loved to play Boss on Bunker Hill with the boys. She also loved to jump ditches. Grandmother took a dim view of that, especially when she did it on Sunday when she was all dressed up in her Sunday best and splashed mud up on her nice clean petticoats.

The Afton Ward Chapel had long, wide, white curtains of a heavy material which could be pulled across the room on wires to divide it into smaller sections for Sunday School classes. One Sunday when mother was about nine or ten the teacher asked for a volunteer to sing a song.

Mother wasn't bashful and so she volunteered. The song she thought of was one she had heard a couple of the boys singing out in the yard. It was not risqué, but it was not exactly appropriate for Sunday School. She sang it loud and clear and of course everyone in the chapel could hear it in spite of the fact that the curtains were pulled. Well, her oldest brother, Carl, was Superintendent of the Sunday School and when he heard it and realized that it was his little sister singing, he was mortified! He came and found her, gave her a spanking and sent her home. Sometimes growing up isn't easy.

Mother has told me many times about the night grandfather passed away. Uncle Carl had been working on the Border Ranch for his older half brother, Joseph Wolcott Cook, and had just come home because he had run a large sliver up under his finger nail and needed to see a doctor. He was in such pain that he was walking the streets because he could not sleep because the pain was so intense. Grandfather had been sick for sometime and grandmother had made a bed on the floor near his bed, for mother and herself, so they could be close to him in case he needed them during the night. Grandmother had been working hard all day and had dozed off and mother heard her father making moaning sounds. She woke grandmother and said, "Pa's crying." Grandma realized he was getting very weak and sent mother to find Uncle Carl. As was mentioned earlier, mother was afraid of the dark and was, under the circumstances, more frightened than usual, but she went and fortunately found Uncle Carl not very far away. It was a comfort and relief for this little ten year old girl to find her big brother. Grandfather passed away quietly a short time after they came back, but the sound of "Pa crying" stayed with her for a long time. He died July 24, 1900 and was buried in the Afton City Cemetery.

When mother was about ten years old her brothers taught her to use a small twenty-two rifle. One day she saw a weasel in the back yard and decided she had better shoot it. She got the twenty-two and held it down by her side under her apron. She tiptoed very carefully so the weasel wouldn't hear her and in her excitement she squeezed the trigger and shot her own toe. As it turned out the injury was not serious, but she was not anxious to use the gun again.

Grandmother worked very hard to support the family and as each child got old enough they found any kind of work they could, to help. The boys chopped wood, milked cows, worked on ranches for other people to earn their board and a small salary, did carpentry, anything to make a living. The younger ones helped in the garden and helped carry the water from the creek across the road, for grandmother to heat in the reservoir of the wood burning stove, to use in doing the huge washing she did each week for the Roberts Family who were well enough off to hire help. She also ironed all of it and among other things there were always seven white shirts that had to be heavily starched and lots of white petticoats and household linen. Can you imagine how hot her kitchen must have been having to use old fashioned irons that had to be heated on the stove? For all this hard work she received \$1.25 in store trade! They didn't even pay her cash so she had to buy what little she could afford at their store. When they were quite young it was mother's and Uncle Del's job to take the little wagon and walk several blocks to pick up and deliver back to the Roberts home this large washing and it often took more than one trip.

Mother has told me many times how much they all enjoyed the Fourth of July when they always had a parade in Afton and horse races and Roman Races at the Fair Grounds. They dressed up in their Sunday best and even though they were too poor to be given much to spend at the celebration for candy or other goodies, when they were little they were happy if they could have a few pennies or sometimes an egg which they could trade at the store for a few cents worth of candy.

When mother was twelve she tried to help grandmother and went to work for the Roberts Family in their home. She cleaned the house and did all the cooking and dish washing and took care of the youngest little girl who was a difficult child. On Saturday she would bake three pies to be ready for Sunday dinner and often one of the married daughters would help herself to one and then mother would have to bake another. She was continually on her feet and continually tired. After a few weeks her feet and legs began to swell and grandmother realized she would have to bring her home. The work taught her to use a small twenty-two rifle. One day she saw a weasel in the back yard and decided she had better shoot it. She got the twenty-two and held it down by her side under her apron. She tiptoed very carefully so the weasel wouldn't hear her and in her excitement she squeezed the trigger and shot her own toe. As it turned out the injury was not serious, but she was not anxious to use the gun again.

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Shortly after she came back home mother contracted pneumonia. She was very ill. It became so serious that the doctor gave them little hope that she would survive. She remembers waking up in grandmother's feather bed and seeing all the family gathered around her crying. They thought she was dying. She remembers being given a blessing and beginning to feel better steadily after that. All her life she believed sincerely in prayer.

When mother was a young teenager she went to Garden City to help Aunt Lydia and Uncle Dave Cook (oldest son of Amanda Savage and Phineas Wolcott Cook) to put up fruit. For her help she received part of the fruit to take home to her mother for the family. They had such good fruit. I (Eva Madsen) remember when I was a child, how good Aunt Lydia's raspberries were. The folks who brought mother from Afton to Garden City let her off the wagon a few blocks away from Uncle Dave's and she took her suit case and started walking. She had gone a block or so when she saw a big bull coming toward her and she was really afraid of bulls. Before you could count to ten she had thrown her suit case over the fence and she was over after it. She later got to Uncle Dave's safely by cutting across lots.

Mother's education started in a little one room cabin that belonged to the Relief Society where all eight grades met together. She had good and bad teachers during her grade school years. She especially remembers two teachers. In the third grade she had a teacher named Alice Burton who taught her a lot. One specific thing she has told me about is the way she taught the children about their muscles and sinews. She did it by showing them the muscles and fibers in the meat she brought in her lunch. Mother also remembers a Mr. Bell who taught her in the eighth grade. She says she learned more from him in one year than she learned from any other two teachers she ever had. There was no high school in Star Valley for many years after mother was in school and she always regretted not being able to go to high school and college.

When Mother was sixteen years old she went to work for Moses Lewis in his clothing and dry goods store in Afton. She worked six days a week and was paid \$12.00 a month and was lucky to have work. Jobs were not easy to come by in that small community. She worked there for four years.

It was while she was working at Lewis's store that she met Leslie Covey who later became her husband. He and

his brothers were in the sheep business and they were trailing their herds through Star Valley on their way to their summer range on Gray's River. After they became acquainted he came courting. He drove a rubber-tired buggy drawn by a beautiful gray horse which was the envy of all the girls in town. They went to dances, had picnics, went fishing and hiking and had a grand time. They fell in love and were married on Nov. 15, 1909 in Afton, Wyoming. He took her on a honeymoon to Salt Lake City, Utah where his family lived and when they returned they made their home in Afton where I (Eva Covey Madsen) their only child was born on September 10, 1910. For two years they lived in the "Company house" owned by daddy and his brothers and then they built a home of their own next door to grandmother (Johanna Poulson Cook) on a lot she gave them for a wedding present.

The winter mother was expecting me, daddy had to be out on the winter range near Granger, Wyoming a great deal of the time. Mother was very lonely and decided to go to Granger to see him. She could go on the train to Granger from Montpelier, Idaho, but from Afton to Montpelier the only transportation was a bobsleigh pulled by horses. The snow was deep and the winter cold, but she decided to go anyway. The mail was carried to the railroad by the bobsleigh (they called it "the stage") and there was room for a few passengers. Because the weather was so cold a small stove was carried in the sleigh so a fire could be lit to keep them warm. It was bitter cold the morning they left and they seated mother next to the stove so she could keep warm. Part way through the mountains the bobsleigh tipped over and one of the alert passengers gave her a healthy push and saved her from being burned. Some of the hot coals fell out of the stove and burned a hole in her skirt, but she was not burned. She was shaken up but not injured.

During the time our family lived in Afton mother and daddy, more than once, took friends up to their summer range on Gray's River. There were no roads up Gray's River Canyon in those days and they rode horseback several miles up the canyon, fording the river and riding high into the mountains through the beautiful green pines and quaking aspen. They camped and fished and had a wonderful time in that beautiful canyon. Several years later when they lived in Salt Lake and after roads had been built up Gray's River Canyon, they invited friends from Salt Lake to come and camp and fish and enjoy that beautiful country.

After mother and daddy had been married six years daddy sold his sheep and went into the apartment business with his brothers in Salt Lake City. They made their home in Salt Lake but daddy soon found out that he was not happy working inside in an office and at the end of one year he sold his interest in the apartments and went back into the sheep business. He bought sheep in Montana and our family moved to Sheridan, Montana. After running the sheep there for a year he found that their Wyoming summer and winter ranges were than Montana's and he shipped his sheep back to Wyoming. Because schools were better in Salt Lake and because there were more opportunities for me as I grew up, our family made their permanent home in Salt Lake City and daddy traveled back and forth on the train.

Grandmother lived with us each winter because it was so cold and snowy in Afton. She was such a darling and so much fun and I loved her very much. When spring came and the weather moderated she went back to Afton. Then when school was out mother and I would drive out to Wyoming or Idaho, where-ever daddy's outfit was shearing, and move with him from place to place until the herds were ready to go to the summer range on Gray's River. Then we would drive to grandma's and

stay with her in Afton until August when daddy could leave to go home to Salt Lake. While we were with her in Afton we also were able to visit with Uncle Carl's family. His daughter, Josinette (Josinette Cook Whiting) and I were good pals all our growing up years, and I treasure those memories.

Our family lived in Salt Lake from 1917 when World War One was in progress until 1930 soon after the Great Depression had struck. Grandmother Cook had passed away in our home on Feb. 13, 1929 and by then I had grown to maturity and was working at the LDS Business College.

Just before the depression started father and his business partners bought the Joe Kinney sheep, ranch and range permit and added them to the land holdings and sheep which they already were running. In the early summer they bought the Kinney sheep for \$14. a head and in October when they took them over they were not worth \$4. In addition to that they had an early severe winter and all their sheep were snowed in near Granger, Wyoming. It cost them \$80,000. just to feed all those sheep that winter. Needless to say daddy was terribly worried about all the debt piling up and mother realized that he really needed her to be there on the ranch with him. So mother and dad broke up housekeeping and moved to the Cokeville ranch where they worried and worked very hard for twelve years while they worked themselves out of debt and into a position where they could sell out and retire. Because mother felt so keenly her lack of education she took advantage of every opportunity to learn and during the time she was on the ranch she read and studied a great deal. She studied with her good friend, Avon Smart, who lived on a ranch near by. Avon had graduated from Ann Arbor College in Michigan and had a fine education and she loved teaching. Together they studied Ancient and Modern History one year. The following year they studied the Bible and another year they worked on spelling. Mother went to Cokeville High School and learned to typewrite. She took any opportunity she could to learn more.

During the time mother was on the ranch she also worked actively in the Women's Republican Club. She became President of the Wyoming State Republican Women and traveled the state organizing local clubs in many towns and in 1935 she attended the National Republican Convention.

When mother and daddy left the ranch in 1942 they joyously moved to California where, by then, my husband (Peter W. Madsen) and I (Eva Covey Madsen) and our two children (JoAnne and Peter) lived. They loved California. They found several old friends from Utah and Wyoming who, by then, had moved to California. They also made new friends and both of them thoroughly enjoyed their retirement. They had a busy social life and entertained frequently. Mother was an excellent cook and a gracious hostess. She especially enjoyed her affiliation with P.E.O., a women's national philanthropic organization which she joined in 1956. She served as their Chaplin, then their Vice President and for two years as there President. They built a lovely home in Hastings Ranch in north-east Pasadena, California which they both enjoyed so much and they said these were the happiest years of their lives. They lived just two blocks from my family and did love being near their grandchildren.

During mother's adult life she was not a church going person. Neither she nor my father were active in the church. When I developed an interest in Genealogy and through this interest became active in the church in 1954, I tried to interest them in the church but had no success. When father passed away in 1961 I hoped to be

ORDER FORM

FAMILY MEMBER: Please complete the form below, enclose it in an envelope with your remittance and mail to:

Phineas Wolcott Cook Family Org.
467 West 2400 South
Bountiful, Utah 84010

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing \$10.00 for organizational dues.

I am enclosing \$_____ for books of the P. W. Cook Diary @ \$5.00 each plus \$1.00 per order for postage and handling.

SPECIAL: 2 books free.

I am enclosing \$51.00 for 12 copies of the P. W. Cook diary.

I will be able to help on a committee.

I am doing Genealogical research.

I would like to serve on the Genealogical Committee.

Full Name: _____

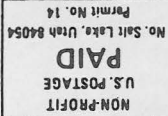
Spouse: _____

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Telephone #: _____

Please send us any address changes that may have occurred during the past year.

Return Address Requested



467 West 2400 South
Bountiful, Utah 84010

Phineas Holcomb Cook
FAMILY ORGANIZATION

able to reach mother but even though she went to church with us many times we could not get her seriously interested.

Three years after daddy died mother married Cecil A. Roley. They traveled a great deal. They went to Hawaii, Alaska, Canada, Nova Scotia, the New England States, the Southern States, the Northwest, and sailed aboard ship to Australia and New Zealand. They were married for ten years but in 1974, by mutual consent, they were divorced and mother legally took back her Covey name.

In 1972 I was able to persuade mother to attend a reading group with me, for several months, where we were studying Vol II of Doctrines of Salvation by President Joseph Fielding Smith. She began to realize the value of the Plan of Salvation, Eternal Life, and Celestial Marriage and the Gospel became important to her and she began the year of preparation toward going to the Temple. On the 26th day of September 1974, when she was 85 years old, we took her to the Temple for the first time. For many years I'm sure Uncle Carl nearly despaired of her ever becoming active in the church, but she finally did and is still as active as it is possible for her to be.

Mother has always been an attractive woman. She has brown eyes and when she was young she had dark brown hair and it was thick and long enough to sit on, until she had it cut short in 1918. As she grew older it changed to an even gray and really enhanced her appearance. She was slender, weighed between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and twenty-five all her adult life and was well groomed. She is five feet four inches tall and has always stood straight as an arrow. Her skin is medium dark and she has always taken very good care of it. She has wrinkled very little and even now, at nearly ninety-four looks young for her age. Mother has always been outgoing and sociable and has had a wide circle of friends. Between the ages of 75 and 90 she had excellent health. She drove her own car until she was 85 and until the last few years was very energetic.

Because mother was very energetic when she was younger and was a very busy lady, it has been especially hard for her the last four years since she is not able any more to be independent. She suffered a series of small strokes, over a year's time, four yrs. ago and while they did not paralyze her, they have effected her memory and speech pattern. She tires quickly but is still able to go to church with us for an hour or two. She enjoys rides and dinners with us and our children, grandchildren and great-grand-children.

FINANCIAL STATUS

The annual dues of \$10.00 per family pay for the printing and mailing of newsletters and other general expenses. We are also giving a mailing list to all who pay their dues in 1983.

The area in which we are in serious financial trouble is in the sale of the P. W. Cook diaries. About three years ago we borrowed approx. \$3,300.00 which several family members were gracious enough to loan to us interest free.

With this \$3,300 and the advance sales we were able to get the diary printed.

The sales have been slow and we still owe \$2,478.50 to three family members. They have been very patient with us, but it is unjust to keep them waiting longer for their money. We need to sell 500 diaries immediately in order to pay them back.

If 50 people would buy 12 books at \$50.00 (\$2,500) or 100 people would buy 5 books at \$5.00 each (\$2,500) we could pay off our debts and this would not create a hardship on anyone. Please help up by getting as many as you can afford. They make nice gifts.

We suggest that each family member see to it that each of their children and perhaps their grandchildren have a diary. It is a part of their personal history.

There is no price on heritage.

THE PERFECT GIFT

READING THIS NEWSLETTER HAS GIVEN ME AN IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS. I'LL SEND MY GRANDSON A COPY OF PHINEAS COOK'S DIARY!! THAT OUGHT TO BE REALLY INTERESTING! I'LL BET HE WILL JUST LOVE THAT FOR A PRESENT!!



CHRISTMAS MORNING

OH NO! GRANNY GAVE ME... WHAT IS SOMEBODY LIKE ME GOING TO DO WITH SOMEBODY ELSE'S OLD DIARY? I WONDER IF I'M RELATED TO HIM?



HEY, THAT LOOKS GOOD, MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK AT IT?



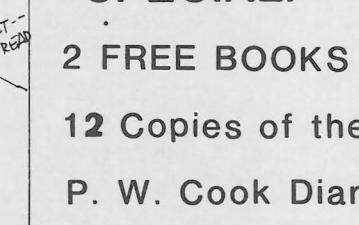
HEY THESE FIRST FEW PAGES ARE REALLY GOOD -- I'M GLAD YOU DON'T CARE FOR IT... I'D LIKE TO READ IT MYSELF!!



WOW -- IS THIS EXCITING? I AM RELATED TO THE OLD BOY!! AM I GLAD I TOOK A SECOND LOOK! AND BY THE WAY, THANKS GRANNY!!



DON'T FORGET -- I WANT TO READ IT TOO!!



SPECIAL:

2 FREE BOOKS
12 Copies of the
P. W. Cook Diary

\$51.00