

HISTORY OF ADRIAN DAVID COOK

Given By: *Adrian Hulet Cook*

13 July, 1985 at the David Franklin Cook Family Reunion



I think I will begin my father's history by going back to my great grandfather, Henry Freeman Cook, in order to get some of the events leading up to the time of my father. Henry Freeman Cook was born in a little town of Homer, Cortland, New York in 1815. His father was William Cook and his mother was Lucy Chapman. He spent his growing-up years in Homer, N Y.



When he was twenty-two years old, he married Sophronia Strobridge. Soon after his marriage, he and his new bride along with the rest of the Cook family, moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, where a couple of Henry Freeman's uncles were living. The Cooks were apparently all farmers and they seemed to prosper in this new location. Part of the family settled nearby in Comstock, Michigan, and four children were born there to Henry and Sophronia. Also, it was in Comstock that the missionaries found them in 1843 and they were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. They then moved to Nauvoo to be with the body of the church. One child was born to them in Nauvoo but almost before they were settled they were driven out by enemies of the church. They then settled in Council Bluffs, Iowa, where their sixth and seventh children were born.

In 1852, they joined the Warren Snow Party and arrived in Salt Lake in October 1852. They made their home at Big Cottonwood canyon just south of Salt Lake for a year or two. This is where their eighth child was born. From there they moved to Cedar Fort, Utah, where their ninth and tenth children (twins) were born.

Great grandfather, Henry Freeman Cook, seemed to be a successful farmer and businessman; people looked up to and respected him. He was bishop of Cedar Fort ward for eight years.



I will leave great grandpa for a few minutes now and go to a little town in Ontario, Canada, where a little girl by the name of Julia Ann Bercier (Rocker) was born on May 19, 1828. Her father was Francis Rocker and her mother, Mary White. We understand she was of French descent and the name of Bercier was changed to Rocker when they came to the United States. They soon moved to Cleveland, Ohio. At age 14, Julia Ann went to work for a very influential lady of the town who soon thought the world of her and helped her every way she could. She wanted her to marry well and as she knew a very prominent man by the name of Martin Knapp, she arranged for their marriage when Julia Ann was sixteen years of age. The marriage seemed to go well and they had one child named, Louisa, whom they called "Lida." However, Julia Ann soon learned that her husband was not faithful to her so she secured a divorce and was on her own with little Lida.

Julia Ann was very skillful with the needle and became an excellent seamstress. She made men's suits and women's dresses and sold them for \$15.00 each, so she did very well financially.

She met a fine young man by the name of David Saunders Laughlin, who was born in 1816 in the state of New York. His family moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where David was converted to the Gospel. Soon after his conversion, he moved to Far West, Missouri for awhile and then to Nauvoo, Illinois. During this time he married Mary Clark who became ill and died. David joined the Mormon Battalion, but at Santa Fe he became sick and was sent back to Salt Lake City on July 19, 1847, soon after Brigham Young and the Saints settled there. Later on, he and a group of other members of the Mormon Battalion returned to Winter Quarters.

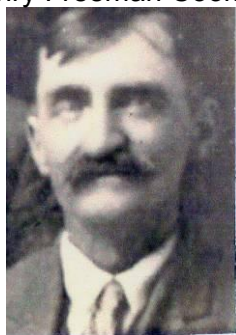
Before long, David was sent back to Ohio on a mission. He ran across Julia Ann Rocker and converted her to the Gospel. Later on they were married. Soon after their marriage, they joined a group going to Utah, settling in Cedar Fort in the year 1852. They had five children, the last child being born in 1855. David S Laughlin became a close friend to Henry Freeman Cook.

When David became very ill and knew he would not live long, he asked Henry Freeman Cook to look after his family. This, Henry Freeman agreed to do. After David passed on, Henry Freeman Cook took care of his family. Later on, Bishop Cook married Julia Ann through the encouragement of their friends. He knew he could take better care of the family this way. He married her for time only in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City. Also, at this time, she was sealed to her husband, David Saunders Laughlin, with Henry Freeman Cook standing as proxy for him.

Julia Ann was a remarkable person. As there were no doctors in the area, she went to Salt Lake and trained to be a mid-wife. It was said that she delivered over five hundred babies and never lost a mother or a baby. She would quite often move in with the family, taking care of mother and baby, staying with them sometimes as long as three weeks. Her fee was \$5.00 for the entire time spent there. Day and night, she was called for this and other ailments and problems which she always tried to take care of. She was sympathetic and always took everyone's problems on her own shoulders. Also, for every person that died, she made burial clothes and helped prepare them in other ways for burial. She was called an angel of mercy.

Henry Freeman Cook's family accepted Julia Ann into the family in a good manner. Some of his daughters were almost as old as Julia Ann. They said of her that she was the best friend they ever had.

Julia Ann and Henry Freeman Cook's children were:



David Franklin, George Henry, Florence Melinda (Minnie) and Ada.

Henry Freeman Cook died in 1882. Julia Ann died in 1891. Sophronia died in 1909.



Maria Louisa Smith was the wife of David Franklin Cook. Her father was Charles Thomas Smith and her mother was Rowena Elizabeth McFate. She was born July 24, 1862, at Camp Floyd, Utah, near Cedar Fort. When she was about fifteen years old, a handsome young David Franklin Cook came to work for her father clearing land and feeding cattle. It was not long until they became well acquainted and became engaged. After a few weeks preparation they were married.

They lived in Cedar Fort for about two years, where my father, Adrian David Cook, was born on 12 June, 1880.

They moved to Bear Lake, Idaho, where their second son, Charles Freeman Cook was born 11 January, 1881. After a few months, they decided to go back to Cedar Fort for a while, where Samuel Melvin Cook was born on 25 December, 1884. At that time, people were moving here and there trying to find better land.

Maria's brother had previously moved to Thornton, Idaho, so Frank and Maria decided to follow them. After three weeks traveling, they finally arrived there and homesteaded 160 acres where the town of Thornton is now located. They built a new little home on their new land and it was here that their fourth son, John Franklin Cook was born on 4 November, 1885. When he was about a year and a half old, Maria decided to go see her folks at Weiser, Idaho. While she was away, her husband, David Franklin, died of a heart attack at the age of 29. This was a real tragedy for Maria Cook, but she was very energetic and took in sewing and was able to make ends meet.



I do not have too much information on my father's early life. I wish I did. I have a clipping from a Teton Valley newspaper that tells about my father attending the first school that was held in Teton Valley in 1892. That would make him 12 years old. From other sources, I learned that he was living with grandma Smith's brother, Charles Smith. From grandma's history, I noted that when my father was 17, he was not able to attend school due to rheumatic fever. I assume that he and his brothers ran the farm and also worked for wages when they could. When he was twenty-six years of age, he was called on a mission to the Western States Mission with headquarters at Denver, Colorado. He labored there for two or three weeks and was sent to New Mexico for the remainder of the time where he served without purse or script. He served an honorable mission there.

I was born of goodly parents. I have thought many times during my life how blessed I was to have good parents that taught me correct principles as I was growing up. Also, how fortunate to be living in this great land, choice above all others and to be living at the time when the Gospel is here in its fullness. Even though I was born and raised in Idaho, my parents on both sides claimed Utah as their birthplace. My great grandfather, Henry Freeman Cook was an early settler of Cedar Fort, Utah.

I never did know my father because he died of a heart ailment when I was quite young. In fact, I was only five months old when he died. He did keep a diary while on his mission that is really very valuable to me because from it I am able to learn of his character, his feelings and his thoughts. This brings me a little closer to him. In reading his diary, I can see that missionary work was much different in those days when they served without purse or script. I learned from

his diary that the missionaries could not even accept money if it was offered to them. This would be very humbling to the missionaries to ask for food and a place to sleep day after day. It would bring them close to the Lord. So often in his diary, he mentioned when it was getting late and they had not found food, he would say—"the Lord has promised us that we will not hunger no thirst"—the Lord did always come through with his promise. On one occasion, he and his companion stopped and had beans with a Mexican shepherd. My father wrote, "I don't ever remember of eating a better meal. We ate our fill and went on our way rejoicing."

In those days, they were not assigned to one particular area as Martha and I were when we served a Couples Mission, but were continually on the move walking from one town to another. They would hold street meetings or secure a schoolhouse for a meeting. At the close of the meeting, if someone came up and asked to be baptized, they would baptize them and then go on to the next town. They could not round them up and ask to come to their homes and teach them like they do now. It was many miles between towns. In his diary, he would say he walked twenty-two or twenty-eight or fifteen miles today, whatever the case might be. The missionaries never stayed in one place more than one or two days. They walked clear across the state of New Mexico and then back where they started from. My father completed an honorable mission. I have a Book of Mormon presented to my father on the second Christmas he was on his mission by the mission president.

My mother was also raised in Utah in the southern part near Cedar City, where her father was sent by Brigham Young to settle that area. She tells about each family having one section of one big farm and how all the men worked together preparing the land and digging ditches to irrigate. She was from a polygamous family and told how happy she was with so many brothers and sisters to play with, most of them being half-brothers and sisters.

In the springtime, the girls herded the bees. I used to wonder how they did this until mother explained to me that in the spring the queen bees develop and swarm or take off with a lot of the bees. When the girls see this happen, they would follow the bees pounding on pans with sticks until the bees, as a result of the noise, would settle on a limb. Then one of the men would cut off the limb and shake the bees into a hive.

In the summertime, the women and children would go to the mountains with the cattle. They would milk the cows and make butter and cheese for the next winter. So many times, she said she would have liked to relive those days again. As I mentioned, my father died at a young age, age 31. Having attended a business college, my mother received employment with the Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co. called the C.W. & M. and was sent to the new store in Driggs, Idaho, in the beautiful Teton Valley. We moved there in the springtime and went by white-top buggy. This was new virgin country just opening up with no telephones, no electricity, no railroads, no fences or bridges over the river and streams. There was green grass up to your waist. This is where I was raised and went to school. However, it was not long until the railroad did come, then the telegraph and the telephone and electricity. I remember how important the little church houses were in each small community, and my mother taking me to church on Sunday.

My mother soon married again and had eight more children. Then she again became a widow when I was age 19, and before her last child was born. Being the oldest in the family, it became my responsibility to help raise this large family. Through necessity rather than choice, I became a farmer, however we were blessed to have a farm during those depression days because we did have plenty to eat.

It was here in this little valley where Martha was assigned to come and work for the Department of Public Assistance and then later for the Agricultural Office and we met. We both feel certain this was not by chance that we were brought together but through the workings of someone higher up. Martha has been a great strength to me throughout our married life. We have both held numerous positions in the church in both ward and stake. I was put in the position of Ward Clerk when our second son was born and held that position for thirty-three years. During this time, I saw many changes in my work and automation was a good change. I kept Martha busy helping me type up the Historical Record and make quarterly reports to the Stake Clerk. She changed the old membership records to the new computer type records. She was always willing to help me. By the way, I helped break in three or four bishops during those thirty-three years. It was a choice experience for me to work closely with these bishoprics and my testimony was strengthened much. Martha and I served a mission together in the South Dakota—Rapid City Mission. I am grateful for her energy and enthusiasm and her aggressiveness. I knew I had to work to keep up with her.

Source: Kris Robertson (from the files of her Mother), October 2005
Photographs added by Alonzo Cook, October, 2009