

MARION SHERMAN COOK

BORN: 24 Apr 1912 Cedar Fort, Utah, Utah
DIED: 17 Feb 1998 Kaysville, Morgan, Utah

FATHER: Barnes Alma Cook 11 Oct 1887 - 21 May 1973
MOTHER: Alice Adeline Southam 20 Jul 1889 - 15 Jan 1980

MARRIED: Peggy Madge Marshall
19 Feb 1944 Norwich, Norfolk, England

CHILDREN: John Marion 21 Feb 1945
David Marshall 27 May 1946
William Barnes 23 Aug 1949
Michael Robert 6 Mar 1953
Paula Ellen 2 Mar 1956
Paul Sherman 2 Mar 1956

(This history was typed from notes taken by Ronald S. Cook (Nephew) made in several interviews with Marion Sherman Cook. Marion passed away before corrections could be made to the content and the spelling of many of the places mentioned. - Ronald S. Cook)

I USE TWO CANES

I use two canes to help me get around now. Yesterday (17 Sep 1997) I dug a hole in my back yard almost five feet deep to fix a water pipe. I felt I got a lot of exercise doing this. However, Peggy says that isn't exercise, it is just work. She says that if I would have "exercised" a little more over the years I wouldn't be needing my canes today.

THREE MAJOR SURGERIES IN THREE YEARS

During the past three years I have had three major surgeries and four other procedures. First I had my cancerous right kidney removed. A while later I got an infection and had to have a tube put into my stomach cavity to drain the infection out of it. The tube was there for six months then I was operated on again to have it removed. Along with that I had cataracts removed from both eyes, laser treatment on both eyes to removed the membrane that had clouded my vision after cataract surgery, and then spent two session with the doctor while he cleaned out my impacted ear.

Even with all this I am doing fine. Peggy and I are taking care of each other and enjoying life together.

I am the third child and third son of Barnes Alma and Alice Adeline Southam Cook. I was born at our home in Cedar Fort, Utah County Utah.

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

As a boy growing up I can only remember that I was spanked twice by my father. Once

Sheldon and I were together. We spotted a robin's nest way up high in a tree. Sheldon told me he was too big to climb the tree, the limbs would break. He encouraged me to climb up and see what was in the nest. As I did the limbs broke and I fell about twenty feet out of the tree. The sucker limbs on the tree broke my fall or I would have really been hurt. As it was I only got scratched up a bit. When Dad found out about it he paddled me.

I can't remember why I was spanked the other time. I just remember that I was spanked twice by dad.

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

I remember that my mother was always active in the church. She was always working in the primary or the Relief Society.

Dad used to tease mother. He would kid and joke with her and pester her until she would get mad at him. One time in the kitchen she got so mad she threw an egg at him. He was only about six feet away and it hit him.

MEMORIES OF MY GRANDFATHER WILLIAM COOK

After Grandma Rebecca Rodeback Cook died 12 August 1910, Grandpa William Cook ask my parents to come and live in his home with him, which they did. I was born and grew up in that home. I was twenty-two years old when Grandpa Cook died 27 November 1934.

When I was about seven years old my friend Elden Smith and I got into the pig pen to catch the little pigs. Grandpa Cook caught us and paddled us. "I am going to tell my dad," Fritz, as we used to call Elden, said to Grandpa. "He'll take care of you." Grandpa didn't wait. He told Fritz's dad. Fritz's dad took Fritz out and gave him another paddling. Needless to say we didn't get in the pig pen to chase the little pigs again.

As I grew up I remember Grandpa Cook to be a good old gentleman. He was the one that kept us kids on the "straight and narrow." He worked in the fields mostly cutting hay, until he was seventy-two. After that I took over cutting the hay. I think I was about fifteen or sixteen then.

EARLY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

I remember that one day Dad and several others were unloading potatoes into the cellar on the east side of our home. I was only four or five. I got under the wagon. Something spooked the horses and I fell so my head was right in front of where the wheel would have ran right over my neck. However, before it did Sheldon grabbed me and pulled me out.

When I was younger I used to like to visit all over town. I would just go for a walk and visit. There were two older ladies living in the Henry Freeman Cook home that I especially like to visit. They would take me right in and feed me whatever they had available.

I also remember that I was tended by the Anderson twins, Fay and Fern.

My older brothers taught me how to get into the sparrow nests and get the eggs and baby sparrows. I would do this all the time. Two older ladies who were polygamist wives of men living in Salt Lake would watch me. They didn't like what I was doing and they told me. One was a Calton, the wife of a Salt Lake police officer.

One time we were shingling the barn that stood about where Sheldon later built his home there in Cedar Fort. Sheldon and Thayrel were suppose to be tending me. While they were busy I climbed up the ladder on the north side onto the roof. I climbed to the top of the roof and slipped and rolled off. Sheldon and Thayrel got mad and told me they would paddle me if I ever told mother.

I didn't tell her for several years.

When I was younger I would beat Mabel up all the time. When I was about ten mother talked to me about it. I made up my mind that I wasn't going to do that again and I never did.

I was a good runner when I was in high school. I ran the mile. There was only one boy, a Brown from Lehi, that could beat me. When running the mile I could lead all the way but this other boy had the kick at the end. I know if I would have trained I could have beat him. If I would have just gotten off the bus a few times a couple of miles from school or from home and ran that two mile I would have had the kick to beat him.

There were many who thought Thyral and I looked alike. Some said we could be twins. However I was a little bigger. One time my running coach told Thyral that he could tell him how he could beat that Brown boy. He was surprised to find out he was talking to my brother in-stead-of me. On another occasion Thyral and I were to a dance together. One of the girls I knew talked to Thyral about the dance and was surprised when he turned around and it wasn't me.

EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCES

Miss Baker was my teacher my first two years of school. She was the poorest teacher I ever had. She told me I couldn't carry a tune across the road even if it was sacked up. Parents caused so much flack the school board promised they would send a good teach the next year.

My third and fourth grade teacher was Miss Burick. She was strict but she was a very good teacher.

My fifth grade teacher was Mr Baxter from Lindon, Utah. He was just an average teacher. Mr Dubois from Fairfield was my sixth grade teacher. He was a good teacher but not a good moral example.

Wallace Anderson, my mother's first cousin was my seventh and eighth grade teacher. He was a good teacher.

From the ninth through the twelfth grade I rode the bus to Lehi to go to school. My ninth grade years was the first year they ran the bus.

I considered myself a good student. My friend Eldon Smith (Fritz), who was a cut-up was always getting me into trouble. I did graduate in 1930 with my class, however I had a few challenges in doing so. I couldn't register when I was suppose to each year. I had to help thrash the grain in the Cedar Fort fields. Because of that we would go over at nights to register. Also, I always started school late in the fall and left early in the spring to work on the farm. During the third year at Lehi Winnie Welcker's baby got polio. Because of this we kids from Cedar Fort weren't allowed to go to Lehi to school for two months. I got so far behind in English that when I didn't go back to school I went to class with the grade under me.

I was suppose to write an essay to catch up but didn't. This upset Miss Thurman, my teacher and she ask me what I was doing there. I told her I wanted to learn. This took her back and from then on I was treated like a relative. I got extra special help.

For several years I was the 4-H Club leader in Cedar Fort. Two years after high school, the same years Charles Linburg's (?) baby was kidnaped and killed, I was sent to Logan to receive special 4-H training.

WORK EXPERIENCES BEFORE MY MISSION

I was twenty eight years old when I went on my mission. Between high school graduation and then I had several work experiences. Right out of high school I trapped badgers with Sheldon.

We earned enough money to go to Salt Lake and buy an overcoat.

One years I sheered sheep. We started in the sheering corrals south of Cedar Fort. Then we went to Hennifer, Utah and then on to Montana.

I spent two years working in the mines in Mercur. I probably would have worked there longer but the owners brought their relatives in and made them the shift bosses in the mines. These relatives didn't know what they were doing. Finally I got upset and quit.

When I quit the mines Ralph Smith had a small dozer. I started running it cleaning our bins and building roads. From then on basically I work in construction.

APPENDIX OPERATION

About this time I had to have my appendix out. The doctor agreed to do it for \$50.00. I was to be down for eight days. At the end of eight days after I had a good breakfast, they brought me my cloths to go home. Before I left I had a blood clot go down my leg. That kept me in the hospital for another twenty-two and twenty three days. I ended up being in the hospital from November 10th to December 10th..

When I had the blood clot I told the nurses not to let my mother come to see. I didn't want her to see me in the condition I was in. However, the only person they let in to see my was my mother.

During my hospital stay I lost fifty pounds. I went from 190 pounds down to 140 pounds. After leaving the hospital I just laid around until February.

YOUNG & SMITH CONSTRUCTION

After my appendix operation and blood clot experience I went to work for Ralph Smith and the Young brothers. Mostly I ran a crane, drag line and pill driver for them. I started on a bridge near Joseph, Utah, south and west of Richfield, near Monroe. I worked on a bridge in Escalante, several bridges between Emery and Salina, helped build a dam in Salina Canyon and in Weber canyon and other projects.

The Lost Creek Dam in Weber Canyon was an interesting experience. The holes that had been dug in the fall had filled up with a muddy muck by spring. Cleaning those holes out required careful maneuvering of the drag line. The owners wanted to hurry the project up by hiring another drag-line operator. But the superintendent wouldn't. He told the owner that I knew what I was doing and another operator would just mess things up.

TWO YEARS AND TWO MONTHS FOR THE LORD

When I came home for Christmas in 1940 my Bishop, Harvy Dahl, asked me how soon I could be ready to go on a mission. That is the way I was asked. I told him, "the sooner the better." It was too late for me to leave with the first group of missionaries in January. However by the end of January or the fist week in February in 1941 I was in a group a ten missionaries headed for the Northern California mission with headquarters in Santa Rosa. I served on this mission for twenty-six months.

I had always wanted to go on a mission. As I grew up I almost worshiped return missionaries. I wanted to be one.

My first area of service was the Redwood District. I served in this district for six months. My first companion was Elder Mitchell. He had worked had to get a Sunday School started. However, just as we were getting it started he was transferred.

My second area was in Fort Bragg. I served in this area for six months. I was sent here to work with an Elder that didn't like to get up until 10:00 AM. One of my companions in this area was Leonard C Broster. He was a very good kind who, during the war earned the Congressional Metal of Honor and was killed on Latie in the South Philippians.

My last area was in the Shasta District in Chico California. My first companion in this area was the great grandson of Charles C Rich. Together we took turns knocking on doors. One day he knocked on a door and introduced us to a lady by the name of O'Brian. I interrupted the conversation my telling the lady that I thought I was related to her husband. She assured me that I wasn't. However, after I named her husband's brothers she finally accepted the fact that we were related.

Mother had written me a letter telling me of relatives living in that area. Grandpa Hacking had a sister that married an O'Brian and moved to the Chico area of California. John Taylor also had descendants living in the area too. One of his wives had left him and moved to Nevada and then to California. Her grandchildren were living in the Chico area.

After three months in the Shasta District I was called to be the District President. My call was to work with the Elders and the members in the district. At the time there were six branches: three dependent and three independent. One of my first assignments was to preform a marriage. The couple were getting married before they traveled together to Salt Lake to get married in the Temple. I performed three other marriages in the district before I left to go home.

As a district leader I was responsible to collect the donations from the dependent branches and send them to Salt Lake. I was also responsible to oversee the activities of these branches. This required me to travel to the branches. I had to have a car to fulfill these responsibilities as well as to get around to work with the missionaries in the district. I went to the biggest car dealer in Redding, California. I told him what I needed and why. He sold me a 1932 Chevy for \$85.00. Nine months, two tires, several oil changes and 10,000 miles later I sold the car back to that same car dealer for \$35.00 before I left to go home.

It was while in this district serving as district president that I became involved in genealogy as a missionary. I was assigned to take the mission genealogist from Los Angeles, around the district to encourage members to become involved in genealogy research. When she went back to Los Angeles she found and sent me some information about our family. That is how I become involved in genealogy while serving on my mission, and what I did.

I returned home from my mission April 15, 1842. I had participated in eight baptisms during my mission. I felt this was pretty good because most missionaries never had any baptisms during their whole missions. My last two baptisms were a father and son. The mother and daughter were already members. The other six baptisms were individual members of families.

I would have had more baptisms if I would have been a right good missionary. I would have had at least two more families. One family I worked with joined the Church after I left my mission. Later they wrote and told me they joined the Church because of me.

My mission was a great experience for me. It was a turning point in my life. Before my mission I had worked in the mines, sheered sheep and worked construction. The hard life and language of that life had rubbed off on me. My mission turned that around and gave me the direction and strength I needed to resist the smoking, drinking, girls and partying associated with the life of a soldier which I was soon to become.

THREE YEARS, FOUR MONTHS AND TWELVE DAYS FOR MY COUNTRY

My military experience really started while I was a missionary. December 7, 1941 was a Sunday. As the Shasta District President I attended a primary conference in Yreka, about eighty miles north of Redding, California. I rode to the conference in a member's car and listened to the Pearl Harbor news all the way. I knew at the time that my mission was about over and that I would be involved in the coming war.

Nine days after I returned home from my mission I went to Salt Lake to try to join the Marines. They wouldn't let me join. I was too old. The fact that they wouldn't let me join the Marines because I was too old made me mad. As I was leaving I told them that if they wanted me in the army they would have to draft me. And they did.

From May 24th to June 2nd I planted four acres of alfalfa. I planted barley with it as a "mother" crop to help get the alfalfa started. That was the last farming I ever did.

On June 2nd I was at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake with a group from Utah County. We were there three days. From there I was sent to Fort George Wright just out of Spokane, Washington. The army was putting together an engineers battalion there. I was one of the first to get into that battalion.

The army was making an "air drome" or airfield there at Fort George Wright for light planes. It was to be an airfield where they could bring high army officials into the base. Building the airfield was being used as a training experience for army engineers. Because of my one and one-half years experience of operating heavy equipment before my mission I immediately became an operator on this project. After I was there a week or two they brought a whole group to be trained as engineers from Fort _____, for training. I did the heavy equipment operating they did the training. My assignment from then on in the army was to build and work on "air domes" or airfields.

I almost got court marshaled while at Camp Wright. I was used to working with a dignified and well-mannered mission president and other church leaders, men who deserved my respect. It was a shock to me to have to treat drunken officers like I treated my mission president and those other church leaders. I had a hard time doing it and when I didn't salute a drunken officer one night he really got upset with me and threatened to have me court marshaled.

It was the practice to let soldiers go home for six weeks before being shipped overseas. Before I left home I told my parents that because of the need for engineers in the war I probably would get the opportunity to come home for that six weeks before I was sent overseas. I was right. On September 1, 1942 I was put on a train for Newark, New Jersey.

We spent two weeks on the train zig-zagging back and forth across the country. The army thought there were spies all over America so they didn't want anyone knowing in advance where we were going.

At Newark we boarded a transport headed for England. Before we got out of sight of New York City we could see Navy Destroyers launching depth charges at German Submarines that had been sighted in the area.

From Newark we went north to Nova Scotia where we spent one night in the harbor there. We were joined there by several other boats. When we headed for the British Isles we were in a big convey with several destroyers and other gun boats for protection.

Two days out of Nova Scotia at about 10:00 at night German Submarines sank a Canadian oil tanker that was traveling in the middle of our convey. Lots of the guys on the boat didn't have religion. They got religious in a hurry when they saw that tanker go down.

The trip from Newark to Greenock Scotland took two weeks. During the trip I never was afraid. I was assigned as a look-out on our boat. As a look-out I was assigned to stand watch for

_____ For doing this I received special treatment.

There wasn't enough room for everyone on our boat. There wasn't enough bunks and eating had to be done in shifts. However, I had my own bunk and I could eat anytime I wanted when I wasn't on look-out.

There were lots of girls with cookies and drinks for us as we got off the boat at Greenwich Scotland. We were loaded on a train there and traveled all night to _____. From there we marched three miles to our base. There were about nine hundred in our group.

The 824th (?) Engineers Group was there building an airfield. They were doing all the work, we just sat around doing nothing. After awhile I got so tired of doing nothing that I went to the base commander and ask for something to do. He put me to work helping hall concert from Rugby, about twenty-five mile away, to the base for the runway. After about three weeks the 824th (?) shipped out for North Africa and the 826th (?) Engineers Battalion, my outfit, took over building the runway.

We worked two shifts on the runway. I worked the night shift on a crane, at first with no light except the moon and stars. After awhile I suggested that we needed some light and it would probably be best to put it on the boom of the crane. They did everything I ask.

FINDING ANCESTORS IN ENGLAND

In February of 1943 I got a pass. That is when I did genealogy work for the family. I went to Kempston (sp?). The Vicar at the church there asked me if I was a Christian. I told him I belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I don't think that he knew that was the Mormons. After that I was able to research the parish records for a far back as records were kept in that parish. I was able to take the family line I was searching () back about another three generations.

When I went to leave the minister ask if I had a place to stay. I told him I could make arrangements for something. He invited me to stay with him which I did. I later sent him some money for his scout troop which I know he appreciated because he wrote to me a couple of times and told me.

I wanted to find out more about the Southams. Specifically, I wanted to find Justinian Southam and his family. On my next trip I went to Little barton. When I got there I went right to the cemetery to see what I could find. I also spent time looking at county records. The church records had all been burned. I was able to find many southams. I also found Justianian Southam. However I did not find his wife Lucy. From the information I found we were able to take the family live back three or four generations.

LOST THE MIDDLE FINGER OF MY LEFT HAND

April 15, 1943 was the day I lost the end of the middle finger of my left hand. I was running a "Quickway" truck crane. We were halling hanger steel from the railway to where we were using the steel to build an airfield. We would unhook the trailer, load it with steel and then hook it back up to the truck. We had loaded the trailer and I was directing my driver as he was backing up to hook it up to the truck. Everything went find until I went to push the trailer tongue over to hook it onto the truck. The front left wheel of the truck hit a rock causing it to flip up and smash my finger against the trailer. Boy did it hurt. However, I finished pushing the tailer over and hooked it onto

the truck. A couple of minutes later I took my gloves off and the end of my finger was just hanging there.

I went to the hospital where they tried to sew to end of the finger back on. However it got infection in it and a couple of weeks later they just cut it off.

For the next month I was in the hospital. While I was there Clarke Gable came by on a Red Cross tour. I had my picture taken with him. (What happened to the picture.???)

There was only two of us working together when I lost my finger. That wasn't enough. There should have been at least three. Had there of been three of us there that day I don't think that accident would have happened and I wouldn't have lost my finger.

PEGGY MADGE MARSHALL

The first time I ever went to Norwich, England was July 1, 1943. I had been in England about a year by then. Our group was moving to Norwich and I had gone there to look things over. However I didn't meet Peggy until my second trip.

I was back in Norwich on September 1st. On September 3rd I went to church. I was the only active member of the church in our Battalion. It was at church that day that I meet Peggy the first time. She asked me my name three times before she wrote it down. She said she had never heard of a man named Marion before. All the Marions she knew were women.

We were in Norwich to build a bomber airfield out of a light plane field. We did the job in record time. And from there I was sent all over England to do little jobs in preparation for the allies move into France. Sometime I would be gone for only a day or two. Sometimew I would be gone much longer.

During this time I went with Peggy every chance I got. One day, after I had been gone a while, Peggy had her mother call our base commander to find our where I was and when I would be back. That is how I learned to Peggy was seriously interested in me. On December 10, 1943 I ask Peggy to marry me.

I had decided I wanted to Marry Peggy before December 10th, however, the army had this rule that soldiers couldn't get married without getting permission from the army and then only after a three month wait. I had to get the okey before I could give her the ring. Then I had to wait three months before we could get married.

After we had waited three months as we were suppose to the army still didn't want me to get married. Finally I got mad and refused to go to work. Instead I went to the comander's waiting room and stayed there all day. I wanted to talk to the comander about getting married and I wasn't going to leave until I did. He didn't want to talk to me. And he refused to see me until he realized that I was committed and I wasn't going to do anything else until I had the chance to talk to him.

The commander agreed to let me get married. He gave me three days to get ready. Finally on February 19, 1944, Peggy and I were married. We went to Scotland for a two day honeymoon.

From when I got married in February until June when we moved into Europe I went all over England working on airfields, Peggy followed me. She stayed in homes next to where I was assigned to work. Peggy and I were staying together in a home across from the Abby in Oxfordshire on June 6th, at 3:00 AM when I was notified that we were moving into Europe. At that time she returned home to stay with her family.

"D" DAY - MOVING INTO EUROPE

It was 3:30 AM June 6, 1944 when I was awoken and told to get ready to go, we were moving into Europe. It was June 11th when we finally got to Utah Beach. We moved two or three miles inland and started rebuilding and airfield for fighter planes. The German soldiers were holding one end of the airfield while we worked on the other.

From this time on until the war ended it was my unit's job to keep fighter planes as close to the front lines as we could. When the line moved we moved. The only time this changed was when we got to Paris, France. There we built an airfield for bigger planes. This time it was to get food into Paris for the soldiers and civilians.

A short time after we landed in Europe one evening I took a walk. I wanted to think. I walked about a mile from where we were camped and during the walk I'll bet I saw at least five hundred German soldiers dead in fox holes and just laying around. It was horrible. It was also a dumb thing for me to do. About this same time another soldier in my unit did the same things as I did. They sent him home in a box.

As we were crossing France at one time I didn't hear from Peggy for six weeks. When I did I got twenty letters from her the same day. This was during a time that the army was having a hard time keeping mail and food supplies to the front lines.

Sixty miles east of Paris we were to fix up the Orley airfield. It has a lot of pot holes in it. As we were working on this airfield a cash of French wine was found. I didn't see my company commander after that for eight weeks. I think that he and several others partied until the wine was gone.

WINTER IN FRANCE - JUST OUT OF PARIS

When winter arrived in Easter France we had no tents and not beds. I had a parachute that I had pick-up crossing France. I spread it out and two other guys and myself tried to stay dry under it. We also built us a little shelter out of supply boxes and other materials we pick up. It was some time before we finally did get a tent and an army bed.

When the German army mounted what is known today as "The Battle of the Bulge" our unit was moved into Hollard. From there I got a seven day pass to go back to England to see Peggy. The pass didn't start until I was back in England. What I didn't know when I left for this pass was that I was a father. When I got to England John was a week old.

After returning from my leave our unit headed across Germany. As we went we saw a lot of big German Castles and burned out cities. The destruction was terribly. Worse than that a lot of our soldiers took many things that didn't belong to them. They called it "the spoils of war."

BUCKANWALL CONCENTRATION CAMP

During this time we camped near Wagmier(SP?) Germany. From there we were invited out to see the Buckanwall (sp?) concentration camp. It was about two miles our fo Wagnier and it was two days after this camp had been captured. When we got there all the love prisoners had been moved into the army hospital. However the camp had not been cleaned up. We were taken through the crematory and the building where the Jews were kept before being killed. We saw the overns and the shutes where the ashes and dead bodies were pushed through into the dumps. We saw two wagons about eight feet high and forty feel long full of dead bodies. The bodies piled up in these wagons reminded me of how we used to load wagons at home with cedar posts.

The sight and the smell was repulsive to me. I felt dirty just walking through the place. It made me feel bad for the German people. I even felt bad for my own German blood.

My unit's responsibility was building airfields. So after seeing this camp we move on. Others had the responsibility to clean it up.

HUNTING DEER AND PIGS IN THE "FOREST"

WHEN THE WAR ENDED IN EUROPE

When the war ended in Europe I was flown from Germany to Preston England. I flew from Preston to Norwich to see Peggy and John. It took me a whole day to get back to my unit. Before leaving England for home I gave a First Sergeant a prize pistol for a three day pass to see Peggy and John again. From England we traveled by ship to New York, which took about a week, and then by train to Fort Douglas Utah. From Fort Douglas I was sent to Brigham City to the army hospital for a month to have my finger fixed. The bone had been showing and they ask me if would like to have it covered up. I did.

I finally was released from the army about October 15, 1945, just in time for the Utah deer hunt. Peggy and John didn't arrive in Utah until February 10, 1946.