

## EDITH PEARL CHAMBERLAIN COOK

**Born: November 12, 1893, in Cedar Valley, Utah**

**Died: April 15, 1982, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville County, Idaho**



In the small town of Cedar Fort, Utah, I made my first appearance, the last child in a family of twelve children. Cedar Fort, now Cedar Valley, was located at the foot of a mountain and seemed miles from nowhere at times. Our little home was very humble, but at all times the love a family needed was there. Money was a scarce item, but what little there was seemed to take care of our needs.

I was born the 12<sup>th</sup> day of November 1893, one of seven girls and five boys (born to James Chamberlain and Francis Adelia Clark Chamberlain). I was blessed May 3, 1894, by Joel White. Two girls, Mamie and Sarah Ann, and one boy, Johnny, died in infancy. Nine of us grew to maturity, married, and had families. My baptism took place in a little creek just at the edge of the fields on July 22, 1902, at Cedar Valley, Utah, by Alfred Anderson. I was confirmed by Eli Bennett on July 22, 1902, the same day I was baptized.

I loved my parents and at all times I felt confident of their tender care and advice. As I grew up, incidents that happened in my life were both happy and sad. I remember the happy holidays we had, especially Christmas time. It was always a joyous time, even if we didn't get expensive gifts. Stockings were filled with an apple, hard-tack candies, and sometimes an orange and nuts. We popped corn and would string it on thread to trim the tree. Paper strips were also made in circles and linked



James and Francis Chamberlain Family  
(Back) Nellie, Charles, Edward (Middle) Sophronia, James, Francis, Maud  
(Front) Edith (baby) and Alice

together to string on the Christmas tree. A few ornaments and candles would be added, also. We were always afraid of the candles as many fires were caused from them that would take the joy out of the holidays. So, we were exceptionally cautious when having them lit. My father always took charge of that and kept a watchful eye until he felt we should blow them out. He

was always on hand to help in any way to make our Christmas joyful. Mother was always busy preparing meals and getting our clothes ready for the occasion.

I can remember very distinctly one Christmas when I had a lead part in a school play. I was portraying a poor little girl at Christmas time when there wasn't much in the house and no money to buy presents. With children all dressed in white in the background, I was standing in front singing my little song and praying for Santa to hear my pleas when suddenly the curtains caught fire from the lighted candles. We were all so frightened, but left the stage in so much uniformity that the audience said it was if we were drilled to do just as we did. Fortunately, the fire was put out immediately and no panic occurred of any kind. We all went back on stage and I finished my part, but goodness only knows how well! Then the lights were taken from the big tree and everyone received a gift of some kind—just like the town was one great big family.



(James and Francis Chamberlain Family with their nine children who grew to maturity. Edith is the youngest child on the front row.)

When I was young, I played with Elsie and Veva Busby, two girl friends who lived through the lots from our house. Around the east edge of their lot were many willow trees. We girls would play there making a house with rooms in the trees. We would find a place for a bedroom, kitchen, and living room. We swept the places clean and would place our play furniture in them and hang pieces of cloth up to the trees for doors. Then, we would visit each other as neighbors and even have a luncheon. Our parents would make sandwiches and cookies or doughnuts for us. Those little doughnuts my mother made were the best anyone ever ate! We all had dolls almost as big as we were. They were the most beautiful dolls.

We had brothers, but they were good to us and never destroyed our playthings. In fact, they would build little pieces of furniture for our little houses. These were days I like to remember. I never saw those girls again until in my older years, and of course, years have made a lot of difference. I met Elsie at the age of 84 and she is confined to her bed. It is so sad to see her that way. After the Busby family left there, the Reed family who were relatives of the Busby family, moved in. They had one girl, Fanny, my age and we became real good friends. We grew up together and married boys from Cedar Fort and Fairfield, hometowns which were five miles apart. We both had families, but Fanny never lived to enjoy seeing her family growing up. She died in childbirth. It was sad to see all those children left without a mother.

I remember one Fourth of July, our little town was having a parade, program, races, baseball game, and a whole day of celebrating. It started at 8 o'clock in the morning. A few of

my friends, boys and girls, came to our house for me, and in my rush to get ready, I put my skirt on wrong-side out. When I noticed what I had done, I wanted to go back and put it on right, but all the kids said, "No. It will just add something different in the parade." But, to my chagrin, it didn't turn out that way. People had a different idea, and some said I should have gone and put my dress on right. Many times since, I knew it would have been much better for me to have done that. It embarrasses me now to think of it. I knew better. Anyway, we had a nice parade and then I went home, put on another dress, and felt much better the rest of the day.

We had many dances in both little towns, but I was never permitted to go unless my older brother was along as a chaperone. Sometimes I resented that, but now as I look back at some of those times, I am very grateful to my parents for being protective and having an interest in the well being of their children. They never had anything that brought them sorrow with their girls, and the boys all seemed to have more respect for the parents of the daughters with whom they went.

I had several boy friends, but my parents were very strict, never allowing me to go places alone with boys until I was engaged to be married. A chaperone was very essential in those days. Now and many times, I have been real thankful for the watchful care my parents gave us. It avoided much heartache.

Through all my life, I never remember talking back or sassing my mother in any way. Even though I didn't agree with all her ideas, I would never talk back to her. Some girls would tell me how they would refuse things they didn't want to do or go on dates with the boys they wanted. But I couldn't see disobeying my parents ever. After I was married and my family began to grow up, I could appreciate more and more the teachings I had at home with my parents.

Most of the boys were very good boys, and I can say everyone I ever went with always gave me the greatest respect. Never did one ever try to take advantage of me or disrespect me in any way.

One boyfriend from Payson, Utah, which was about 45 miles from our town, came to see me a few times. I met him at our graduation exercises there. I liked him very much, but the distance was just too far to come and we finally forgot each other. Traveling those days was by horse and buggy, which was slow and took two or three days to make the trip.

I met my husband-to-be when I was about sixteen years of age, but I never had a date with him until a year or so afterwards. We seemed to think of each other many times. Even though I went with many others, he seemed the right one for me.

I remember our little post office that my father had. It was a small building at the north end of our lot. Father was the postmaster for several years. At times, when he was ill or away, I would take care of the mail. Cedar Fort had only about thirty families, so the incoming and outgoing mail didn't amount to much. However, it was a little income and something for Father to do. We enjoyed it very much.



The Peterson girls carried the mail to the train twice a day. It was about two and a half miles to the depot. They had a one-horse cart they would take the mail in. Sometimes in the afternoon, after I would sack the mail, I would close the post office and ride to the depot with one of the girls to take the mail to the train. It was fun for me to go, but I'm sure the girls would get tired of it twice a day, every day but Sunday. Sometimes the station house was very weird when the wind blew hard. I never did like wind anyway, especially in a lonely place like that, and some of the memories of the station house will stay with me.

There was a station agent, his wife, and two children that lived there in the house. The station agent was a weird man with weird ideas. He felt when they got sick that they never needed a doctor or medical help. One cold night, the baby was sick and they put him in a room by himself. The next morning the baby had died—frozen to death. They put the baby in a little box and buried him in the backyard of the station house. Then they asked my mother to care for their little eighteen-month-old boy for a few days while they went on a trip. It was several weeks before they returned. We became so attached to the little boy that we hated to give him back to them. We feared for his future with those parents. All of these things always gave me an uneasy feeling when I went down to the station house with the Peterson girls. The wind blew constantly there and wind is very depressing to me to this day.

I loved to go to the homes of my two sisters, Alice and Nell, to help them when they needed me, especially when their babies were born. I loved little children. I taught classes in Religion and Sunday School. I loved the children and they loved me. Sometimes they would all run down the street to meet me when I was going to the church house. I have many fond memories of that little old church, which was built in the Rock Fort years before to protect the pioneers from the Indians. I think, to this day, some of that wall still stands.

Everyone liked to go up above town to the spring that provided the drinking water. It was so clear and cold to drink. It was piped all over town to every home. There was always lots of watercress around the spring in the springtime, and people of the town enjoyed that.

I attended all of my eight grades of school in the same schoolroom. There was only one teacher for all eight grades, but the enrollment was never higher than forty pupils at any time. I had several different schoolteachers during those years, all of whom were men. Even with forty pupils at a time, I will say the teachers each year did a splendid job and we learned many valuable things.

(Edith's eighth grade graduation. Second from left.)

My formal school was ended after eighth grade. I did not have the privilege of attending high school but devoted my life to church activities. I worked in Primary, Sunday School, Religion Class, and Mutual. I was also Sunday



School and ward organist at different times during those years. Father and Mother were able to send my oldest sister to high school, and what she learned in music and other things, she was expected to teach the rest of us as best she could.

I always had my work to do at home and knew each day what I should do. In the fall of the year, it was so much fun to help mother empty the straw ticks and fill them again with new straw from the fields. We slept on these until the next season when time for refilling them came again. Also, we would take the homemade carpet up off the floor and put new straw down after removing the old, and then clean the carpet and nail it down again for another year. We would get our fruit all canned and pickled. Jams and preserves were made for the coming year. Apples and vegetables were put in the cellar and enough flour and cured meats were stored for the winter. Then we would sew and have our church parties for enjoyment.

I can remember the times when my father would play his banjo and sing to us in the evenings. I also loved to listen to Mother tell of the experiences which were very colorful in her life. She told us how her father died when he was in the service during the Civil War. He died in Missouri, we think. My mother can remember blocks and blocks of soldiers following the funeral procession because her father had been a colonel in the army.

Mother could also remember going to school after a battle and seeing dead soldiers lying all over on school benches and on the floor. A group of people hid under a big mill for safety, and she can remember being there a long time and listening to the dripping of water from the mill all night long.

Mother told of crossing the plains after joining the church in Missouri with her mother, sister, and brother. My mother's mother became ill with mountain fever and passed away, which meant she had to be buried on the plains. She left those three children to go on to Salt Lake Valley alone as orphans. My mother, being the oldest (twelve years old at the time), felt the loss of her mother so much that she slipped behind the train of wagons and lay across her mother's newly made grave until the wagons were clear out of sight. Some of the men missed her and rode on horses back to find her. The men found her crying and refusing to leave her mother there alone. The men were cross with her. They jerked her up on a horse and scolded her. Indians could have taken her away. The three children were adopted into three different families when they arrived in Salt Lake Valley, never seeing each other much again.

Father told of how the missionaries came to his family's home in the lighthouse on Cape of Good Hope in South Africa where they were converted. When grandfather's release came to return to England, he moved his family here to the United States instead, arriving in 1859. In due time, April 13, 1874, my father and my mother were married. My mother and father lived all their married life in the same house, and both passed away in that home in Cedar Fort, Utah. Mother passed away July 11, 1942. Father passed away April 19, 1925.

When I was seventeen years old, I was dating a young man named Freeman Wilcox. We were at a dance in Cedar Fort one evening and his cousin, Dean Cook, was there. Before the evening was over, I had a date with Dean which made Freeman very angry.

As I mentioned before, I had met Dean a year or so before and had thought of him often. So when he asked me for a date, I felt it was meant to be and was anxious to accept.

Dean has told his children and grandchildren that he, too, knew I was probably the one he would marry someday. He tells how he was impressed that I was a lady. He even liked my mother and her old-fashioned ways. He had heard from others how strict she was with her children and whereas some fellows had resented this, he appreciated it.

On one occasion we came home from a church social. It wasn't late, but we thought we would see what Mother would do if we sat on the bench by the garden for a few minutes. We hadn't anymore than sat down and the door opened and she called out, "No, Edith, you come on in. It is getting late and time you go to bed. The young man should be going home."



I married my husband, Marvin Dean Cook, September 11, 1912, in the Salt Lake Temple. Only my mother was able to accompany us there. My husband's parents had never been in the temple and my father was unable to go because of ill health. It was a great day in my life because I had always wanted to be married in the temple, and having my wish come true made me very happy.

The next day we went back to my home in Cedar Fort, Utah, and that night, my folks gave a lovely reception and dinner for all our relatives on both sides. It lasted for hours it seemed, as many came. Some of my close school friends were also there. After dinner, we had music and games until the late hours.

The next night we went to Fairfield where my husband gave a wedding dance and invited friends and relatives there. He engaged a dance band from Lehi, Utah, to play. It was a glorious occasion. We received so many beautiful gifts at both the reception and dance.

Our first home was a four-room adobe house. It had belonged to my father-in-law. It was very nice, we thought, and we furnished it very comfortably. I was so proud to have people come and see the lovely things which we had. Most of the furniture was ordered from Sears Roebuck Co. before we were married. Most of it was delivered in time for us to start housekeeping. Not long after we were married, my husband sold one of his teams of horses and bought my first piano. A piano was a real prize to own in those days.

We were very happy, and the following August 20, 1913, our first baby was born—a boy. We named him Delwin Dean, after searching for some time for a name we both liked. Even more joy and happiness was in our little home now.

April 19, 1915, our second boy was born. We chose Blaine as a name for him. His birth made us happy because we now had two boys and they could be pals, which came to be true. All of their lives they were so close and never were apart until they were married. Being married

made some difference in their being together, although they always enjoyed the companionship of each other when the occasion allowed.

Our third child was a girl, Lucille. She was born July 18, 1917. We felt our family was really complete now. My husband loved Lucille so much that I believe he sometimes was a little partial to her. I felt that I loved them all equally. When Lucille was only a few days old, my husband was drafted for examination to go to war. It was surely a scare to us, but he was released for physical reasons. (They found he had a hernia which made him ineligible to be drafted.)

Up until this time, we lived in our little adobe house. Dean had been farming and working for others, plowing their ground on the dry farms or doing whatever he could to sustain his family and home. One day, he got a paper and read of land being sold at a reasonable price in Lost River Valley, Idaho. He decided to take a trip and see that country. He was gone several days and on his return home told us he had purchased 120 acres in Leslie, Idaho.

This meant leaving our little house and all our relatives. My daughter was only six weeks old at the time. It seemed like a big undertaking to me, but I said it was alright. We began to prepare to move. Dean's father decided he couldn't work alone without Dean, so he sold his farm and he and his wife and two children, who were still at home, moved to Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Leslie, Idaho, we moved into two rooms of a six room house where two other couples, Mr. and Mrs. Bird Tew and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Tew and families, from Utah, had two rooms each of that same house. We were all buying farms there and this house would do until we could build homes on our own properties. It was so encouraging to all, knowing it was a struggle to get started in a new land.



Edith and Dean in Lost River, Idaho. (Back) Edith, Uncle Shirley (Dean's youngest brother), Dean, Delwin holding cousin Hal Cook; (Front) Lola, Lucille holding cousin Dan Cook.

Our first house in Leslie was a two-room frame building. The lumber was newly sawed at a mill close by. It was lined with tarpaper inside and a crude siding on the outside, but it was a home and it was ours to live in. We were glad to get into it. However, in the winter when the fire burned down, it was terribly cold. Many times in the mornings, we would wake up with frost on the quilts where our breath had reached. Through all this, we were all quite well and survived the cold.

I heated water for washing and bathing in a boiler. I did my washing on a scrub board. In the winter as I hung my clothes on the line, they would freeze like boards until the sun would



come to dry them out. The most disagreeable thing was the cold wind and there was plenty of that.

When it came time for my fourth child to be born, we decided to go to Utah, and be with my parents when the baby came. We made the trip and all went well until my husband became ill with appendicitis. We went to Lehi, fifteen miles from Cedar Fort, to the doctor there. He said Dean should be operated on immediately. Being so close to my delivery time, I decided to stay at the hospital, also. In just a few hours my baby boy, Reed, was born and my husband had his operation. We were both in the hospital at the same time.

When Dean was able to leave, his brother came out from Salt Lake City and took him back to stay with his folks until he was able to return to Idaho. I was left there alone, but my dear niece Avilda who is my sister Nell's daughter, came to see me. She was just like an angel from heaven as I just didn't know where I was going until I could get out to my parent's home. But she got busy and found a place for me to go until I could get a way out home. I shall never forget her coming to me when I needed her most. It was certainly an answer to my prayers.

We stayed in Cedar Fort for three weeks and then returned to Idaho. The trip was hard because it was winter and the last of January. It was very cold. Everyone was sick with the flu when we got home. It took awhile to get well again.

My husband farmed the land in the summer and in the winter he would work at the sawmill. Times got pretty bad and farm produce wasn't worth much. We could see that we could never pay for our farm, so when my husband's father came to Idaho and he liked the place so well, we decided to sell it to him. We moved to the sawmill for my husband to have work. He made fairly good money and decided to buy the other fellow's interest in the mill.

We built a little three-room house of crude lumber. George Stewart, a builder from Salt Lake City that had moved there, did the work. It was really a mansion compared to the little old one on the farm. When we moved in, we were really happy and thought all would be well. It was our home for over four years.



(Edith's husband, Dean)

Our children had to ride horseback to school, five miles away at Leslie, Idaho. It was terribly cold and sometimes they would come home half frozen from the ride. One of our men that worked at the sawmill had two children that went to school also, so he built a little covered wagon. They used one horse to pull it, and they all rode in the wagon for a while. It was a little warmer than horseback, but we were always afraid it would tip over in some of the deep drifts that were blown up during the day.





While we were at the sawmill, our fifth child was born, another girl, who we named Lola Jean, October 19, 1925. We all welcomed this baby so much because it had been some time since we had a baby in our house. It seemed I was really out in the wilderness when she was born. The nurse had to travel twelve miles each day to care for us and the doctor was ten miles away. But all went well and we got along fine.

(Lucille, Lola, Dean, Grandma Francis—Fannie--Chamberlain, Reed, & Edith visiting in Cedar Fort.)

About 1928 or 1929, we went back and bought a farm adjoining the one we sold to my husband's father. It had a four-room frame house on it and we made it quite comfortable. We lived on the farm for several years. During this time, Delwin and Blaine were married. They married cousins, Eunice and Iola Bitton.

The oldest boy, Delwin, moved to Mackay and worked selling cars for the Ford dealers. Blaine farmed for a while on a place close to us. My husband decided to sell real estate, so he wanted to move to Logan, Utah. When we decided to make the move, we sold our farm to Blaine.



We stayed in Logan one year and then moved to Idaho Falls. Dean sold real estate for a Mr. Hartart, then a Mr. Stone. He then decided to have an office of his own. He worked with Mr. Wackerli for a while and then ran the business by himself. When the youngest son, Reed, came home from the service, he helped Dean in the business.

We moved four times while in Idaho Falls—from Fourteenth Street to Eleventh Street, then to L. Street, and finally bought a home at 499 J. Street. We lived



there until we moved to Burley, Idaho,

in 1955. We lived in Burley one and a half years and then moved to Twin Falls. While in Twin Falls, my husband was engaged in developing land and finding water for these lands.



(Dean & Edith's home on J Street.)

We sold our real estate business in Idaho Falls to our son Reed and he still owns and operates that business. Blaine sold



(Edith with other members of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers of which she took an active part for many years. Edith is on the far right.)

his farm and operated a store and real estate business in Salmon. He then sold the store and is still engaged in selling real estate.

The first home we had in Twin Falls was on Alder Drive. It was a comfortable, nice little house. I enjoyed it very much, at first. As winter came, however, the windows would weep and we had to have towels in them to catch the water.

We decided to sell and found a new house at 653 Cindy Drive, that we liked. I hated leaving our neighbors, the Galloways, Halls, and Wells, however. They were such nice people.

The money we got from the house on Alder took care of the cost of the new one, except for a few thousand dollars more. It was a split-level. The lot was in the rough. We had to put in lawn and shrubs and make it more livable outside and in. It was carpeted but needed drapes and other extras.

We planted a garden spot there. We had beautiful flowers and became so contented that we were sure it would do us for the rest of our days. We celebrated our 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary September 11, 1962, in that home. Our children were all there, except our second son, Blaine, who was unable to come. Many friends and neighbors helped us celebrate—even friends from Idaho Falls and Burley.

(Edith & Dean's 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary. L to R: Lola, Lucille, Edith, Dean, Delwin, & Reed)



We made lasting friends with some people we met and associated with in Twin Falls, such as Bert and Marvel Fillmore, David and Geneva Moyes, Ace and Willie Parish, Mr. and Mrs. George Webb,



Mr. and Mrs. Shirl Bailey, and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Egbert. I still correspond with the Parish's and Marvel Fillmore. In March of 1981, Marvel celebrated her 91<sup>st</sup> birthday.

We were content in Twin Falls because two of our children and their spouses lived there—Lucille and A.C., and Delwin and Cathy. When they moved, we became lonely for family and decided we should get back to where some of our family lived, as we grew older.

Our house sold immediately after we put it up for sale. We came back to Idaho Falls and rented an apartment on Grandview near Skyline Drive and close to the airport. We lived there six or eight months searching for a home to buy.

One evening I read in the paper that a home at 1086 Mojave, off 17<sup>th</sup> Street in the Jenny Lee addition, was for sale. Both my husband and I liked the home immediately and made arrangements to pay cash for it. This was in 1970. This is my home at the present time.

Lucille and A.C. had moved to Blackfoot from Twin Falls and then to Idaho Falls. Their home wasn't too far from the apartment where we lived in those few months. But our new home was clear across town, about five miles from their home.

Delwin and Kathy also lived not too far from the apartment. Delwin passed away after we moved across town. He had a violent heart attack while working at Smith Chevrolet Company and was hospitalized where he passed away December 31, 1975.



(Edith & Dean's 60<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary)

My husband's health was never very good after we moved back to Idaho Falls. He had several operations. While in Twin Falls, they discovered he had a hernia of the diaphragm and they operated for that. It was not a success, and in fact, caused a lot of problems for him after that.

It progressed and in July of 1979, the pain became so great that he demanded to have another operation. We knew he probably couldn't survive and yet he told us if we didn't do something he would probably lose his mind.

We had no choice but to grant his wish because of the agony he was suffering. He had told us, "There are things worse than death," and he felt this was the only solution to his problem.

It wasn't as if he was hoping to die, but as a release from the pain he suffered, this was what he wanted. The Cook family was having a reunion in August and he very much wanted to be well enough to attend that.

On the morning of July 18, 1978, Dr. Taylor Carr operated. My husband lived through the operation but never regained consciousness. He passed away at 2 a.m. the following morning (July 19, 1978). I had gone home to bed, at everyone's insistence and was awakened when Reed and Ruth, Lucille and A.C., came and I said, "Daddy has passed away, hasn't he?"

It was so hard to give him up and I knew I had to live without him and alone now. No one will ever know how hard it was for me to struggle through those lonesome hours, but I knew I had to do it. As time goes on, it doesn't seem to get any easier. I miss him greatly.

With the funeral being so close to the 24<sup>th</sup> of July, we didn't have as many of his friends come as might have come had there not been a holiday. It was a beautiful funeral, though. Reed gave a talk. Our good friend, and a business associate of my husband, Vernon Johnson, gave a talk. Our granddaughter Sheri Laws, Lucille's daughter, gave the life history or obituary. Another good friend and neighbor, Mel Anderson also talked, and Bishop Demardaunt gave a few remarks. Lola's daughters played and sang. Bishop A.C. Hansen, Lucille's husband, gave the opening prayer and Lon Cook, Blaine's son, gave the closing prayer. President Ray Rigby, Lola's husband, dedicated the grave.

The granddaughters were the floral bearers. DuRell Hansen, Randy and Redge Cook, Cary Cook, Merrill and Wayne Cook, and Jerry and Blair Rigby, all grandsons, were the pallbearers.

Someone stayed with me for a night or two but other than that I have lived alone since the day my husband passed away. I have tried to be as independent and take care of myself as much as possible, without being a burden on my children.

I have the most wonderful neighbors and friends who come to see me, phone me, and keep track of me. My children have been more than good to me, calling me each day, running errands and taking me places. They help me keep my house clean and my yard nice. They bring food to me and invite me to their homes for holidays, Sundays, etc.

At this time, July 15, 1981, I have 24 grandchildren, 83 great grandchildren, and 3 great-great grandchildren.

**Note:** Edith lived almost four more years after the death of her husband. It was hard for her to struggle through the lonely hours. She passed away on April 15, 1982, in Idaho Falls. The final words of her recorded testimony before her death are as follows:

*"I have been married in the Temple and was able to live with my husband 65 years and have 24 grandchildren and 80 great grandchildren. . . and I love them all. The reward of a testimony and living the truthfulness of the gospel and honoring the priesthood, is my testimony."*

**(Note:** Edith was always such a lady—never did anyone see her dressed in pants, but always in a beautiful dress with a necklace and earrings. Her home was always bright and spotless—everything in its place. She truly personified the scripture, "My house is a house of



order” in all that she did. Her wonderful qualities of organization, cleanliness, and love of others will be remembered by all.—Note written by Laura Rigby Copeland, Granddaughter)



**Cook Family, 1949: (All last names of Cook except where indicated)**

(Top) Edith, Dean, and Delwin

(3<sup>rd</sup> Row) Blaine holding Elaine, AC Hansen holding Sherry, Ray Rigby holding Beverly, Reed holding Randy

(2<sup>nd</sup> Row) Iola, Lucille Cook Hansen, Lola Cook Rigby holding Joyce, Eunice holding Wayne, Ruth expecting RaNae

(1<sup>st</sup> Row) Lonnie, DuRell, Cary, Myra Hansen, Laura Rigby, Carol Hansen, LaDell, Merrill, Jay