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EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION HELD FOR 1920

MEMBERS OF COOK FAMILY ENJOY BIG PICNIC DINNER AND PROGRAM

MANY RELATIVES PRESENT

At Home of Mr. and Mrs. Will A. Cook Near Elmwood on Sunday, June 13th.

Sunday, June 13th, at the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Will A. Cook near Elmwood occurred the eighth annual reunion of the Cook family, when about a hundred members of the family were present. Those coming from quite a distance were J. D. Cook, Ord, Nebr.; Mr. and Mrs. John Cook and daughter, Lorraine, of Beaver City, Nebr.; Mrs. I. D. Stone, Denver, Colo., and Mr. John Zorn, of Chicago, Ill., a nephew of the late Joseph Cook.

About noon, after all the guests had arrived, the baskets containing picnic relishes were emptied and placed on one large table from which everyone filled his own plate and passed on to the long table under the shady trees to enjoy his repast. After dinner the crowd was treated to a program arranged by Mrs. S. W. Cashner in which several of the little tots took part. The three sisters and six of the brothers of the Cook family favored the audience with three beautiful hymns which were favorites of their father and mother. The brothers and sisters were all present except Mrs. Bina Kitzel and Philip Cook who were unable to come.

The following was composed and given as a reading by May Hartman Dreamer:

Famous Cooks of the World
I have such a good, generous husband
Who appreciates me all the time;
And for all the hard work I've done
For him—
Yesterday he gave me—"just think"
—a dime.
Not wanting to spend it foolishly, I
held very tight;
But temptation was too great, I went
to the movie that night.
The crowds came from everywhere,
each fellow with his girl—
For it was advertised "THE FAMOUS
COOKS OF THE WORLD."
I didn't get there any too soon; ere
long the curtain raised,
and all that appeared on the screen
deserves everlasting praise.
Before my eyes, a scene so picture-
esque and still—
A team of oxen and covered wagon
was moving down the hill.

Father Joe and Mother Mary and their children four—
Bina, Jacob, Phil and George, were glad their journey was o'er.
They stopped close by the banks of old Four Mile creek,
and a log cabin was then built in less than a week;
It had just one room with a loft over head,
where the boys would throw pillows at Bina when going to bed.
Little Mother Mary was scarcely settled in her western home,
when her thoughts would very often to old Ohio roam;
But she had no time for pining, she had much to do—
For settlers began coming as the country was then quite new.
The doors were opened wide to every one chancing to pass that way;
There was room in the loft and on the floor for all who cared to stay.
On awakening next morning, they were greeted with her smile—
And the corn bread she baked strengthened them for many a mile.

The home was made cherry and very happy, I dare say;
For a smiling blue eyed Susan came and made up her mind to stay.
Six years passed by between the scenes,



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And then upon the screen the little family appeared; And Lizzie and Lina are now to be seen. They were indeed a happy family, what fun they did enjoy; Father John was often caught playing with his girls and boys. Bina, the oldest, helped her mother with every single thing— She had to wash, iron, cook, rock the cradle, and to the babies sing. Jacob, the dignified, and eldest son of the lot, Had to be very precise, whether he wanted to or not; He went to Nebraska City to learn a thing or two— But he didn't like their cats, so came back to mother's stew.

Phillip was quite a worry to dear Bina's pious soul, And often came up missing when his name was called in school; But with these short comings he was always very kind, For he dearly loved his mother and father all the time. George was always the champion who looked out for his sisters four; They all went to spelling school and had fun galore. Blue eyed Susie with her winsome ways and smile, Was ever very happy and singing all the while; Her father had often said, "If I can just sell— That she was the very fairest flower of them all." There were Mollie, Lizzie and Lina, who never had a hat; So their father went to town one day saying, "I'll not stand for that." Little sister Lina went along, the youngest of the bunch— Became the boss of the hat, but shared it most cheerfully. In the early days of learning the children went each day, To the little red school house just a mile away.

While changing of the scene, the orchestra struck up a popular air; Home Sweet, Sweet Home! How happy they are there. When the curtain rose again there were ten years space between; A new lady had been built, and Mother Mary was the queen. Four more boys are added to the group as the pictures show— And now you gaze upon them, John, Charley, Will and Joe. And what those boys couldn't think of, I'll tell you that They did all kinds of stunts and were regular acrobats. They went with all the pretty girls for miles and miles around, Still time to play pranks on brother Phil was always found; The cow was in the cellar, the boiler on the roof— Gun powder in his pipe that made it go ka-ploof. Most times he took it good natured, and seldom ever frowned; He said, "You'll never fool me again, you crazy little hounds."

Time rolls on and on, as time will always do, The boys went a courting and the girls had beaux too. Marriage is a lottery; sometimes we get it in the neck— They took the one they loved, without even a hint of a check. Money mattered little in this time of life, Because they had each other and were willing to face the strife. Bina was a winsome lass, as every one had found; A handsome black-eyed man, George Kitzel, came round— From Nebraska City and claimed her as his own; They went west some thirty miles to build them a little home. To this happy union six children were born— she's no fake; There was Minnie, Lula, Will, George Oscar and little Bert. When baby George just four years old, left this old world of ours, He left his little mother bowed down in grief and sorrow. She never forgot her little boy; he is her baby still; Her husband she buried beside him, there upon the hill. How happy she will be when this life's troubles are o'er, And she will meet her dear ones on the other shore.

Jacob found his mate, Mary Johnson, he claimed Always gave him love and kindness while with him she remained; But one sad day the angels came and bore her away— Her sister came and helped care for her boys, so they say. She was so devoted to every little tot, That Jacob soon found out he loved her too, a lot. So after much persuasion on Jacob's active part, He won this lovely lady, the queen of his heart. Eight fine boys she reared to manhood— Which only a fond, kind, loving mother could. Joe, Andy, Ed, Jim, Harry, Fred, George and Dan— They love her most devotedly, as only just, true men can. There was another boy, Sammy, I've been told; Who, when just a little boy, passed into the heavenly fold. Phillip went a-courting, as all boys are apt to do;

And for his prize package, you can't guess what he drew. Sarah, good old Sarah, Sarah Win-scott, who by her fame Helped her dear old Phil his wealth to attain. Now this happy family consists of children seven. John, Bell, Adam, Minnie, George, Eva and Forest—not quite eleven. George chose for his bride a lady, Abbie Cook by name; To this union three happy children came— Percy, Frank and Dottie, a little blue eyed tot, Who always, as a little girl, loved her dad a lot.

Jerry Hartman they say, came court-ing Susie bright and fair; She finally then decided with him her life to share. Five children came to bless this happy home—Lillie, Etta, May, Winfield and Robert, but the angels came and bore Winnie away. Susie, when twenty-seven, gave up this earthly life— She went to her home in Heaven, where everything is bright. She is not dead—her memory still lives in our hearts today; Our darling, happy Susie, who always had kind words to say. Now Mollie said to mother Mary, "To make me happy be, I'll follow the path of matrimony;" And so you'll soon see— She selected the nicest little fellow as ever could be found; To my mind he is as fine a man as ever walked around. Mollie as well tell you, his name is Billy Wheeler. Pearl, Albert, Percy, Betty and Joe were their children's names; Billy walked ten thousand miles when they were babes, he claimed. But it made a man of him; he became a politician great; And Mollie loved her Billy, she feels it is her fate.

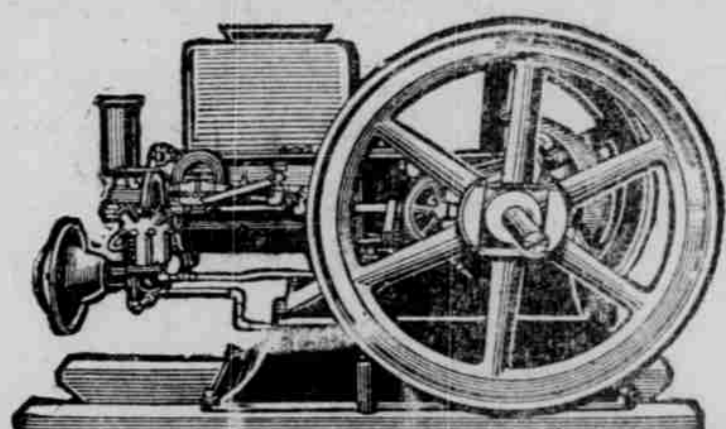
Lizzie, dashing Lizzie, says, "I won't be left out; I'll have a man by my side; just watch what I'm about." Walter Valley was so charmed by this handsome little miss, That before any one knew it, he had planted a kiss. Upon her lips, and she became his happy little bride; And to this day she is still by his side. Six children came, Frank, Dula, Glen, Lela, the little pet, Charley and Marjory, the youngest of the set. Lina was the last girl left and to herself she said, "I'll not be an old maid!" And she married young instead. Olin Cole was her choice, and a happy home she had. The children came, two fine girls and four sturdy lads; Earl, Olive, Carl, Roy, Sherman and Opal the youngest of the six, Formed a merry group when the parents and children mix.

John, the oldest of the four younger set, Keep an eye on him and see what he'll do next; He ventured abroad in this great, big wide world— First thing you knew he too had a girl. He chose the girl of his heart, her name is Mollie Beines; The whole family was so pleased, for she was just fine. Five children came to this happy world, Only one boy, and four little girls; Marie, James, Luella, Gladys and little Lorine— A finer group of children are scarcely ever seen.

Charley was a jolly lad; Of years he was quite young, When he went a-courting, just for a little fun. But the first thing we knew, he was head and heels in love With the very best of girls; we all loved Lillie Doud. He led her to the altar, and she became his bride. We congratulated Charles for he had won the country pride. Two little tots, Frank and Nell, came with them to roam— When little Nell was but a babe, her father went to her heavenly home. Charley has a big heart and was surely blessed, For he won another queen, who labored and cared for the rest. Her name is Minnie Dreamer, and I think you'll see she's no fake; Although her name was Dreamer, she is surely wide awake. A little dark eyed baby came to them one day; Raymond said, "If you'll not object, I think I'll stay."

Will, he had his jailing; Of school teachers he was most fond; So he went to school many years; In the meantime he said, "I'll look around!" There was one who came to teach at the little red brick— He fell so deeply in love, it nearly made him sick. Lenora Perry, a very pretty name, I'll claim; But Will said, "She's worth more than all her pretty name;" And to his great surprise, she promised to be his wife— He has never regretted it all the rest of his life. Orest, Wilma, Clarice and LeRoy complete his happy home; Where they are so contented, and scarcely care to roam.

Joe, the joker, of this glorious, happy crowd, Said boys, "I'll tell you a joke if you don't laugh too loud; I'm going to get married; she teaches piano for fun; I'll tell you her name. It is little Mabel Young." Nita and Francis, a little girl and boy, Came to bless this home, much to their parents' joy. This completes the scene of the Cook family and grandchildren too; I'll not start in with the great-grand great, or I'll never get



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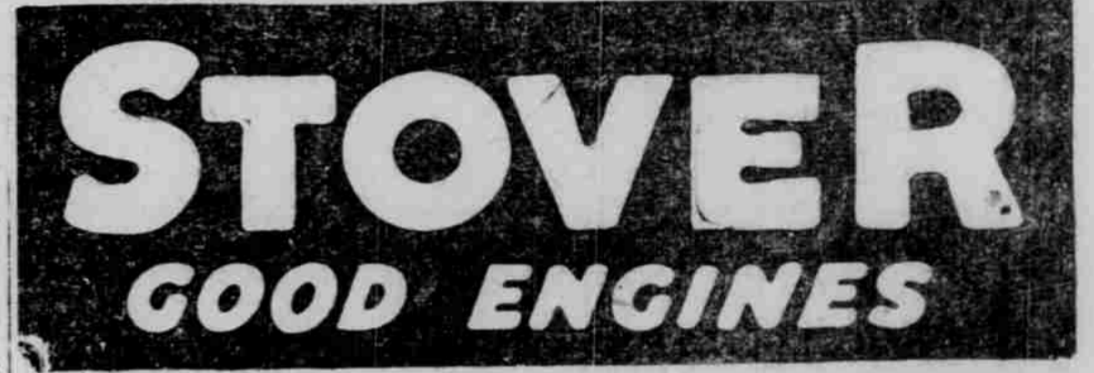
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through. Mother Mary and father Joe have gone for many a year. But to all our hearts today, their memory is most dear. So let's love one another with a spirit kind and true; I can hear dear mother Mary say that's what we should do. We have much to love and cherish, you will all with me agree; Come now, and with me join, in this grand jubilee. —MAY HARTMAN DREAMER.

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EDWARD KUNSMANN WILL VISIT HIS OLD HOME HERE

From Friday's Daily.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kunsman, of this city have received word from their son, Edward Kunsman, of Yuma, Arizona, that he expects soon to be home for a visit with the parents and many old friends of his boyhood days. Mr. Kunsman states that he expected to leave before this but the melon rush is on at Yuma and it was impossible for him to get away.

Yuma is one of the greatest melon shipping points in the United States and the enormous crops of the irri-

gated lands of that section have yielded fine this past season and 200 cars are shipped out of there every twenty-four hours during the rush season to get them to market in the north and east.

The Kunsman family have resided at Yuma for the past five years where they went for the benefit of the health of Mrs. Kunsman and she has recovered nicely and is now strong and robust and will join her husband on his visit home. The parents have not seen their son for the past five years and the visit is being looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure.

Blank books and office accessories at the Journal office.



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