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March, 1960

THE KINSMAN

The March Kinsman has been a special dedication to the Mauretta Johnson Branch of the Jesse N. Smith Family.

Dedicated to our dear Mother
(by her daughters)

Enough cannot be said in praise and appreciation for those courageous pioneer mothers, who, shoulder-to-shoulder with their husbands faced privations and hardships, to build up the waste places of our great country, for future generations. Our Mother, Janet Mauretta Johnson Smith was one of those pioneer mothers. Her armour was her honest thought and simple truth her utmost skill.

Her father, Joel Hills Johnson, was born at Grafton Mass., March 23, 1802. He came of sturdy English descent. His grandfather, Ezekial Johnson Sr., gave his life for his country in the battle of Bunkerhill. His father, Ezekial Johnson Jr., was a true western pioneer. He owned some of the land and was the first to turn the soil where the city of Chicago now stands.

Her mother, Janet Fife Johnson, was born in Leith, near Edinburgh, Scotland, Feb. 17, 1828. The Fife family joined the L.D.S. Church before immigrating to America, and made their home in Nauvoo. A few years later Janet met and married Joel Hills Johnson.

Janet Mauretta Johnson Smith was born Dec. 17, 1848 in the little, fast growing, city of Salt Lake six weeks after her parents reached the valley. In 1850 her father, a true pioneer, was called by Pres. Brigham Young to help build up the settlements in southern Utah.

They first went to Parawan, but later moved a few miles south where he and other settlers built a large fort on the brow of the hill overlooking the valley, for protection from attack of Indians. This was called Fort Johnson.

Because her father was on the frontier most of the time, his children had little chance for schooling, but the training in pioneer life Janet received proved very helpful in later years. Her mother, being an excellent housekeeper, and an artist with the needle helped Janet to become efficient in sewing, weaving, carding, spinning, etc. While very young she learned to make butter and cheese and to perform many other household tasks.

Janet developed into beautiful womanhood; her complexion was fair as a lily, her cheeks pink as a rose, her dark hair hung to her waist and her eyes were deep brown and very expressive. She was of a joyous, lively disposition, mixed with religious fervor, culture and refinement, imbued by careful parental training. She also acquired thrift and honesty, which combined, gave her the strength of character she possessed.

This charming young lady had many suitors, but none she considered seriously until Jesse N. Smith came to see her. He had previously been advised by his cousin, George A. Smith, to go to Cedar City and meet Miss Johnson. He said, "Jesse, you can go a long way and not do as well."

Their courtship was brief, and when Jesse asked her to marry him she replied, "On one condition, if it is agreeable with your wife". Mother spun and wove the cloth for her wedding dress and trousseau.

They were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City Oct. 9, 1866 by Heber C. Kimball, who whispered to her and said, "you are getting the right man Sister. Your posterity will be as numerous as the sands on the sea shore."

They lived in Parawan, and had been married only two years when Jesse was called on a second mission to Denmark. Five weeks later he left their first baby Susan Janet was born Sept 15, 1868. Janet was reared for by her mother and grandma Smith. While Jesse N. was absent, she lived with the rest of the family, which consisted of grandma, aunt Ermie and the children, two of whom had been left motherless by the death of Aunt Margaret.

During these years of privation and hardship these noble mothers worked together for the mutual support of the family.

Jesse N. returned from his mission Aug 24, 1870, after being away two years. It was a joyous reunion. His wife Auguste accompanied him, and was given a warm welcome by the family.

In her early married life, Janet experienced sorrow occasioned by the death of their second baby, Ellen Mauretta. A few years later, little four year old, Annes Maud died of whooping cough.

At this time, father had been called to accompany Erastus Snow and others on their trip to Arizona, where they located townsites for future settlements. Father returned home Nov. 5, 1878 and soon reported to Prs. Taylor that he was ready to start

for Arizona. It was decided that Mother was to accompany him and help build their Arizona home. These were sad days for Janet; having so recently buried their two little girls, leaving her parents, and everything made dear through life long association. This was a real challenge to her faith and courage, but when Father told her of his plans, she said, "Yes I will go with you".

On Dec. 3, 1878, Father, Mother, and their five little girls (Editha being only three months old) left their loved ones and all they held dear to seek a home in a new country. It took six weeks of privation and hardship to make the journey through the barren waste, facing extreme cold, mid-winter weather with five little children to care for. On the 16th of January 1879 they reached Snowflake, the place destined to be their future home.

Mother's first home in Arizona was a wagon box, until logs could be hauled from the mountains, twenty miles away. These were used to construct their house which consisted of two rooms and a shanty. It was the first house in Northern Arizona to have a shingle roof and a wood floor. They had no furniture, but Mother's resourcefulness and pioneer training served her well. With the help of young Jody and Johnny Fish, who came to Arizona with them, she constructed chairs, table and benches from sections of split logs and slabs. They also prepared mortar and plastered over the chinks between the logs to keep out the cold wind. Mother was a natural home-maker, creative, clean and orderly, and with her deft hands and artistic taste it soon became a real home.

On account of his public duties and his efforts to gain a livelihood, Father was away from home much of the time. Mother was obliged to solve her own problems and care for the children.

During the winter of 1880, Apostle Elford Woodruff spent much of his time in Arizona, living at Mother's home. Mother could not give him a private room, but she made a large bench and placed it under the window in the front room. Having no cloth, she covered it with paper and offered it to him for a writing cabinet and book shelf. He was very pleased with her thoughtfulness and said, "Sister Smith, you could make a palace out of a log cabin". In the fall of 1879 Father returned to Parowan, Utah and moved the remainder of his family to Snowflake. It was a happy reunion for all of the family. Mother shared her home with them and with the use of wagon boxes and tents they managed until another log house could be built.

Mother took part in both civic and religious activities in Snowflake. For many years there was no Doctor or trained nurses in the country. Mother received a call and was set apart by Apostle John Henry Smith to be a midwife and nurse. For over

thirty years she was a ministering angel to the sick and afflicted, not only in her home town but the surrounding settlements as well. No matter when or where she was called, nor the inclemency of the weather she responded to the call. Mother's gentle hands had the touch of healing in them. She was a woman of great faith and a firm believer in prayer. Whenever she was called to attend the sick, she went in humility with a prayer in her heart, trusting in the Lord for strength and wisdom to care for the suffering patient, and her prayers were answered.

For many years mother was afflicted with rheumatism and suffered a great deal. Her greatest cross was that she could not work as she once had; however, she did her own housework, and kept her yards in order. When she became too lame to walk, she spent the time reading and piecing quilts for her grandchildren. She was always busy.

Mother was very versatile and possessed many fine qualities. She was generous almost to a fault, always sharing her substance with others. Being an expert gardener, she not only provided her own table with vegetables, but her neighbors as well. Her beautiful flowers were admired by every one and many a bouquet found its way into a sick room. They brought joy to children and adults who she had to admire them.

Mother made hats and repaired shoes for her family and others of the community. She also wove and sold hundreds of yards of carpet to help provide for her family.

She was a cook of rare skill. Just ask any grandchild about her cookie jar.

In every respect, Mother was a helpful and dutiful wife, a loving and devoted mother, and a true Latter Day Saint. She taught her children to be honest and truthful and the value of living a clean life; to honor the priesthood, respect authority, in fact, every grace and gift that goes into the making of a true Latter Day Saint. She also taught them to love and honor their father; to respect his wives and love all of his children.

Mother was a widow for over twenty-five years, Father having passed away June 5, 1906. He was her loving husband, her faithful companion and her Ideal. His memory was revered in her household.

"Aunt Janet", as she was lovingly called by those who knew her best, passed away at her home in Snowflake, Arizona, May 21, 1933. She was mourned by her family and many friends, and all of those whom she had served for so many years.

In the words of the Poet --

How her sacrificial fingers,
On her task forever lingers,
In her life the sun of service never sets,
She's the angel interceding,
When the heart is torn and bleeding,
She remembers when the world forgets.

O, that tender heart of Mother's
How it breaks and bleeds for others
As a fountain head of sorrows riverlets,
How she wraps her soul around us,
How her arms of love have bound us,
She remembers when the world forgets.

Some Memories of my Grandmother, Janet Mauretta Johnson Smith

By Fern Shumway Mason

I know there are cousins with more memories of Grandmother, but I am sure that none have sweeter recollections than my own. The earliest memory I have is that of the night when the Academy burned. I wakened in the night and saw the reflection of the flames in the window. Mother also wakened and called grandmother and Fred Bushman, who was also staying there at the time. Next morning I tagged Grandmother to the lower end of the lot where there were big cinders of what I recall may have been shingles.

On another occasion I remember climbing upon a chair and having Grandmother stand back to back with me to see who was the taller,---she was. This was in the kitchen of the old log house. I liked to leave matches on the floor; so they would pop like a fire-cracker when she stepped on them. I still wonder if the loud "pop" was caused by the type of linoleum, the kind of match, or if Grandmother shuffled her feet a bit. Perhaps it was some of all three, but for sure it was a happy game for me.

As memory serves me, I did not much like to pick up chips, but I loved to break up dry bones and crockery with a hammer. At the age when I was doing the pounding, I could see no reason for feeding the broken bits to the chickens, but the pounding was fun.

Grandmother had a "Colored Mammy" door stop that all the grand kids longed to play with, I can understand why now that I am a grandma, myself. One day I went out with Glen to get chips, but he decided he would chop some wood instead. I put my foot on the log to help hold it in place when the axe slipped and cut my leg. I thought I was killed, (that is all but my mouth) which was going full blast. I guess Grandmother and all the aunts in the house thought so too. My suffering was rewarded by getting to hold the "Black Mammy" doll, and it was the best medicine of all.

So many wonderful memories! I felt very grown up when I was old enough to take my night staying with Grandmother, and having to hurry home in the morning before the start of "Risin" got too cold. If it was baking day, Grandma arose a little early and come into the bedroom singing, "Up in the morning early, just the break of day". Then she would check to see how the "salt risin" was. I can still hear, "Oh! Its's up and a-booming!" (Yum! Yum! Grandma's good salt risin bread!)

I remember a beautiful tribute my father paid to Grandmother. He spoke of her unselfishness and of the untiring efforts and devotion she gave to my mother when she was desperately ill. He said the reason your mother is with us and that she is not a helpless cripple is because of the hours the dear old lady spent with your mother, heating, rubbing, and massaging her leg until the full use of it was restored".

And Grandmother's beautiful prayers! I am sure they were answered many times, because when she prayed she gave the impression she was talking directly to her Father in Heaven. When she prayed for the grand-children, I always felt warmed, blessed and reassured.

Tribute to Grandma Smith

by Joseph Smith Jarvis

A visit to grandma Smith's house was always a choice experience for me. One winter my folks lived in Snowflake and I would frequently chop wood for her. A Piece of pie or cake was my reward and at times lucky enough to sit at her table and feast on a bowl of white navy beans, prepared only as grandmother Smith could do it. Such a taste -- it lingers with me after all these years.

Her warm welcome, her full cookie jar, her fragrant pantry -- well, they were just like a bit of heaven to me.

Years passed and I was eager to have my children see and meet their great-grandmother Smith. I drove up to her gate one night about thirty years ago. The light in the house went out just as I stopped the car. Hurriedly Mildred and the four boys and I dashed to the kitchen door that we might catch grandma before she got into bed. In nightcap and night-gown she responded out our insistent knock and peaked cautiously out the door. To see so many of us was a shock. She threw her hands into the air and with a bit of consternation in her voice exclaimed, "all these boys, and not a cookie in the house, nor a bed to put them in".

Such a grandmother, could I ever forget her.

My recollections of Grandma Smith

By Elizabeth Parks

I am honored to pay tribute to Grandma Smith. I lived with her for several years and I was a great help to her, running errands, carrying in wood and chips, threading her needles, etc. whenever I took sick and grandma would rub my chest with camphorated oil and pray for me I always knew that I would get well. Grandmas prayers morning and night for these she loved were the most humble and sincere of any I have ever heard. She seemed to have a great influence with the Lord. She welcomed her grandchildren with open arms and always had a nice treat for them.

Grandma's love for grandpa's large family had a great impression on me. She taught her family to honor him and remember him as an ideal man, and perfect father.

Grandma was always busy knitting stockings, booties and sweaters for the grandchildren. She also pieced many quilt tops. During the winter evenings she would recite some of her fathers poetry. "The Mormon Creed" was her favorite, and her favorite song was "Hi on the Mountain Top". Some of her fine characteristics were faith in God, humility, love of family, neighbors and desire and courage to do right

PROVO NEWS

The Moreni Smiths are grandparents to a new baby girl born to their daughter, Diane, in Burbank, California. Grandmother Smith is with them for a week or so.

Fern E. Smith is seriously ill at her home in Pleasant Grove. William C. who is an ordained temple worker at the Salt Lake temple has had to be temporarily released so that he can be with Fern.

The Paul Updike family are living in Provo at the present time. Paul is working and going to school. His wife Ireta had the misfortune to be hit by a drunk driver. She is now in the hospital with a broken pelvis, but is recovering nicely.

Dean and Carolyn Bushman spent two weeks at Christmas time with Carolyn's folks in Seattle, Washington.

The Jesse F. Shumway family are also living in Provo, while Jesse attends B.Y.U. He is working and supporting his family.

We had a visit on the phone with Brady Smithson, another of our young Kinsmen, who is struggling to support a family and attend college. Like Jesse F. he holds a full time job and goes to school at B.Y.U. Brady's wife is Betty Spurlock.

Earl Udall has accepted a position as City Manager of Merced, California. He will leave Provo, Utah March 15th, where he has been City Manager the past four years.

SALT LAKE CITY NEWS

Acting on the advice of his family doctor, Fred Bushman went to the Veterans Hospital ten days ago for a complete examination and check up. He expects to return home Feb. 2nd.

During January, Bert Parker made his annual buying trip to Chicago for his employer, the Salt Lake Hardware Co.

In the assembly program at Highland High School last Friday, the students put on a talent show. Linda Smith, daughter of Marvin and Irene and granddaughter of Uncle Hyrum, with two companions staged an original dance number that was well received. Linda's brother, Robert is doing well on the piano and organ. He is the organist for both the S.S. and the M.I.A. in the Grandview Ward.

Edgar and Ellen Lyon visited us a few evenings ago. Ellen gave us a glowing report of her trip to Mesa for her Mother's 92nd birthday celebration.

While Mary Benson was waiting for her broken arm to mend she took a two weeks trip to Calif. to visit her son, Harry and daughter, Mary and their families. She also visited her brother, Henry in temple City.

Mabel Decker is one of the ablest representatives of the Curtis Pub. Co. in this area. A few weeks ago she attended a convention in San Francisco of agents of the company in these western states. Following the convention, Mabel went to Van Nuys, Calif. for a weeks visit with her son, Blaine and family. She reports having had a very fine trip. She especially enjoyed becoming better acquainted with her two year old great grandson. Mabel is a live wire and has always been active in the Church. Currently, she is teaching the Gospel Doctrine Class in the South Harvard Ward of Liberty Stake.

OTHER NEWS

Funeral services were held Saturday morning, Jan 30, 1960, in the Lynwood Ward Chapel, South Los Angeles Stake, for Fern Elna Shumway, wife of Quince Johnson Shumway who passed away on Jan. 6, 1960 after a long illness. Fern was born Dec. 16, 1914 and lived an active life raising her family of three children, Mauretta, Que Jay, and Dick E., teaching school, and working actively in the church sustaining her husband as Bishop of Lynwood Ward and as a member of the stake High Council. The kindness and sympathy of their many friends bore touching evidence of the love and esteem in which she and her family were held by the members of their ward and many other friends who were in attendance at the beautiful services. The large families of both Fern and her husband were well represented and included her mother, several brothers, and a sister. Quince's family were all present except for his youngest brother, Fred.

Born to Blaine and Jacquelyn Shumway of Phoenix Ariz, a baby boy, Feb 9, 1960. Name - Blaine Grant II.

News from the Wm Howard and Lucy Shumway Family -

William and Lucy Goodman have a baby boy, born Nov 22, 1959 - name Marvin Roy.

A daughter was born to Leonard and Margaret Sovey, Dec 14, 1959 - name Mellissa Lucy Elder Samuel Parkes, son of Howard and Elizabeth, is in the British mission.

Donettas son, Robert F. Sabin has returned from a mission and is in school at the Y
Jessie and Leona's son, David recently returned from a mission and is in school at A.S.C. Their son, Keith is with the armed forces stationed in Germany. Keith's wife and baby are with him.

Richard and Gladys's son, Charles is attending the Dever College in Calif.

A FAITH PROMPTING STORY OF A PIONEER MOTHER, JANET K. SMITH

It was around Christmas time three years after the arrival of the Jesse W. Smith family in Arizona. They had moved into their newly built cabin. Their clothing they brought with them was beginning to wear out, and it was difficult to buy cloth as there were no stores carrying merchandise nearer than Albuquerque, New Mexico.

One day some Indians came into town. It was customary for them to make periodic visits trading what they had for food supplies. The children in the Smith home seeing them coming down the hill became very excited and worried because their father was not at home. The mother admonished them saying, "If the Indians should come to their house to show no sign of fear for if they saw they were afraid, they would try to intimidate them and take advantage of their fear." She told them all to have a prayer in their hearts. They watched them pass going further down the street. Susie was tending the baby, Sariah was churning, Julia hurried out to bring in some wood, saying as she put the wood in the woodbox, "I wonder if they would carry little girls off in their blankets?". Priscilla clung closely to her mother who was knitting. Presently Susie exclaimed, "Oh, Ma, they are coming back!" Sure enough three of them walked into the room.

The mother asked, "What do you want?" One of them said, "Chi Chinc-avo", (meaning food.) "Pawn, pawn" (meaning bread), each one rubbing his stomach to show they were hungry. The mother told them she had little children to feed, and for them to go to work and earn some bread. Then one of them pulled three pieces of cloth from a sack, some red flannel, calico and factory. The cloth would be very desirable for she could make things for her little girls' Christmas, but could she trade? She decided flour would be what she could spare best. They agreed on changing cloth for a certain amount of flour. After the pans of flour were measured into the sack, and they shook their heads. She explained by motions she had already given them more than they had asked for. After talking among themselves one of them became very demonstrative and made a movement to get the cloth which was on the table. Quick as a flash the mother grabbed the cloth and turning lifted the lid of a chest behind her and dropped the cloth into it and sat down on the box. The young Indian stood his fist at her. The other two hurriedly left the room returning with the chief. He demanded an explanation and after the mother showed him with motions that she had come through with her part of the bargain, he talked to them in their language and with some persuasion they took the flour and left. The Chief turned to mother, who thought he was going to take the cloth, and a twinkle in his eye said, "White Squaw, wayno, heeb bravo! Ya ta hay." (wayno, meaning good, brave squaw.) After their exit the mother was on the verge of collapse. She had put on a bold front but was really frightened.

Tribute to Grandma Smith -by Glen Shumway

As a small boy, I remember that Grandmother Smith would sometimes come up to Shumway to visit and to with our family for a few wonderful days. I do not remember too much in the way of anything outstanding that happened on these visits, just the overall loveliness of having her there.

In the early morning we would be wakened by hearing her sing to herself. When she started on the "Mormon Creed", we boys knew it was time to get up. There we would enjoy another wonderful day.

On these occasions she helped mother make quilts, assisted with the canning, made butter and cooked. Her cookies were something special. I'm sure all the grand kids, fortunate enough to know her, will remember them. When it was time for her to leave, we often got to go to Snowflake with the team and buggy, and could spend the day or if we were fortunate enough, the night in her home. These were choice times.

As I remember Grandmother's later life, she spent many hours sitting on her front porch. It was a privilege to help with her chores. She could no longer, by herself, raise the fine products we had so often enjoyed from her good garden. I remember one who cared for it well for several years. It was my good cousin, Curtis Bushman. He did it with apparent joy and good humor. "What are you going to plant today?", she once called to Curtis from her porch chair. "Macaroni", Grandma", was his ready answer.

Then there were the occasions when a number of the families would get together. Those too, were wonderful times. One such occasion I remember quite well. Aunt Augusta, Aunt Sam and Grandmother were sitting together with a number of their children and grandchildren. It seemed to me the whole yard was full of folks. There those splendid ladies sat, close together, with all the love and kindness that their beings possessed - one towards the other. I'm sure they were pleased and contented on those occasions. That particular moment was surely an inspiration to me! I have always loved those great ladies, and am truly thankful for our wonderful heritage. My great concern is whether I and mine can measure up to the tremendous challenge.

The family of Elias and Emestine Smith gathered at Mesa over the New Year holidays for a reunion. Out of 44 members of the family, 37 were present, which included all nine children, who haven't been together for 21 years. A pallicking, sparkling and breath-taking time was had seeing each other again.

Those coming from distant places were: Melvin and Phyllis Smith and five children, of Idaho Falls, Idaho; Marra and Edie Tribe and two sons of Ogden, Utah; Esther and LeRoy Heaton and five children of Provo, Utah; Ted and Inez Smith and three of their seven children, of Linden, Arizona; Mrs. Jan Shurway and four children of Taylor, Ariz; Those living in Mesa were: Bernice and Junius Bowers and six children; Joel and Camilla Smith and five children; Those living in Phoenix were: Herman Smith; and LaVerne Chambers and her six children.

It was voted that the next reunion would be held at the family Linden ranch in August, 1961.

Feb. 18th, a birthday party surprised La Verne Chambers by her mother, some aunts, cousins and a few friends at the home of Bernice Bowers.

SPECIAL

Ellen Larsen Smith celebrated her 92nd birthday Jan. 16, 1960. Relatives and friends called at her home in Mesa to pay her homage. Aunt Ellen: A true pioneer all of the 92 years. She was born that way and to become a mother, a grand mother, a great grandmother and a great great grandmother, and maybe more greats will be added to that during her eventful life time. What a host there will be to rise up and call her blessed. I am proud to be doubly related to so wonderful a person as Aunt Ellen. She is my mothers younzer sister and the wife of my elder brother, Silas D. Smith. And their first born, Ruel and I were almost twins as far as age goes. It took me quite some time before I learned which one was my mother. Double mothers may not be so good when it comes to discipline, but they are wonderful when it comes to love and affection for little boys.

Praise for Aunt Ellen does not become flattery in any sense of the words because she is so deserving of our admiration for all that she is and has accomplished. Aunt Ellen: A most gracious lady, may you live as long as life is desirable to you. Our lives will continue to be enriched by our association with you.

Don C. Smith -

Many letters and cards of love and appreciation for Aunt Ellen were received, from which some quotes will appear in the next issue.

The Kinsman has received letters of appreciation from: Louis W. Bushman of Las Vegas, Nevada, Wick and Blanche Smith of Globe, Ariz., Alice S. Hanson of Joseph City, Ariz.

The materials of this edition were compiled by Esther Shurway, Leah Udall, Margaret Jensen and Elias Smith. It was edited by Joel H. Smith and La Verne Chambers.

The next edition of the Kinsman will be edited and compiled by the members of the Aunt Margaret Branch of the Smith Clan.

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