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IN MEMORY OF RUTH SMITH SHURWAY

Ruth Smith Shurway began life in a little two room house in Snowflake, Ariz. March 17, 1884. Being the tenth child of Jesse L. and Janet L. Johnson Smith. She was always proud to be called "The Tittles". She had a full and happy childhood; care-free, fun-loving, nature-blending gracefully. She grew up with deep religious convictions, and an earnest faith.

Her role as a public servant began at the age of ten, when her services were enlisted by Lariah Bushman Smith to help teach a Kindergarten. Because of her aptness in capturing and keeping the attention of children, Ruth proved to be a real help here. Later she took over the teaching of the Kindergarten class in Sunday School. She held this position for six years preceding her marriage.

At the age of eleven, she was teaching in the primary and when thirteen, she was leading the singing. At eighteen or nineteen, she further showed her versatility by successfully teaching an adult class in I.I.O.O.F., which was studying Shakespeare's plays, particularly "Hamlet". During her adolescent years she also served as Religion Class teacher. The experience she thus gained early in life helped her in later years to be the good teacher and wonderful mother that she became.

After her marriage to W. A. Shurway, April 5, 1905, in Salt Lake Temple, her church positions were many and varied. In either primary or Sunday School, or both she taught almost continuously throughout her full and useful life. Several times she served as Primary President. She was Y.W.I.A. President for a number of years, served many times as councillor, then as President of Relief Society in her ward and was Theology Class leader and visiting teacher for long periods of time. She was an example of great faith, devotion and integrity.

For several years, Ruth and Bill lived in Taylor, where he taught school. They moved to Shurway afterward, where they spent the remaining years of their lives. Here they reared a family of ten, seven boys and three girls; having lost another boy in infancy while living in Taylor.

This capable and ambitious woman, though never in good health, augmented and stretched the family income during those lean years of rearing a large and growing family on the meagre teachers salary of the time. This she did by raising chickens, selling eggs, sewing, canning, gardening, as well as housework without outside help. She seemed indeed, to be especially adept in making things green. Besides the delicious vegetables produced at her hand, she raised abundant, lovely flowers. Until the the very last months of her life she found time and energy to beautify her home and yard, making thereby a lovely place for her children, grandchildren, neighbors and friends.

Though her formal education ended with high school graduation, her general good taste and culture bespoke of much more. With her literary minded husband, she was "at home" with the masters, enjoying the best of literature herself. She was able also to interpret it to others and became proficient in what was then called "Elocution".

The lovely painstaking serving she did, the meticulous manner of her grooming and dress, her refined speech and beautiful penmanship and the aptitude with which she expressed herself all attest to a refined and cultured personality, unusual among women of such pioneer circumstances.

To her family and innumerable friends, however, not the least of her skills was her ability to cook well. Untiringly, she never spared herself to please the tastes of those she loved; husband, children, grandchildren, nieces, nephews, brothers and sisters alike. Consequently, nostalgic memories abound of family parties of ice cream, delicious pies, cakes, homemade candy, luscious chicken, well seasoned vegetables, puddings, canned fruit of quality and quantity, light bread, corn bread, biscuits that "melt in your mouth" -- the list is endless. But being modest and unassuming, she preferred the praise and plaudits for her talents be unheralded.

Her earthly life ended on the morning of December 31, 1956 at the home of her daughter, Laurotta Walker, in Phoenix, Arizona, some nine months after the passing of her husband. She was laid tenderly beside him in the Taylor cemetery. Surrounded by a host of relatives and friends, her memory and influence will live on in the hearts of a numerous posterity - these words are very fitting here. "Blessed women rise to see, Thy divine destiny, Deceit queen adorn thy place, Gracious Mother of thy race." Perhaps God's life may be summed up and expressed in Proverbs Chap 31, ver 10. "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

MEMOIR TO MY MOTHER BY Ruth Brooks

"Even he that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in unutterable agony of death, was mindful of his mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought,--the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven."-- Longfellow

My mother was a gay person and she had a keen sense of humor. She used to laugh and joke with her a lot. In those days there wasn't as many things to go to as there is now. So we had to create our own fun and amusement at home. Mother would always join with us in our fun and when the younger children were tucked in bed and school work was done we popped corn or parched sweetcorn to eat while she would play took or 500.

My mother was a wonderful cook. There were times when she didn't have much to cook with, but she always did a fine job with what she had. She always looked forward to her cookies, they were so good. She always baked enough to feed an army too. Her taffy candy was always so good. She had a special knack of pulling it just enough so that it was the softest to be ever, and it was so brittle and crunchy it would practically break at the touch. She was second to none in making taffy.

She used to sing to us a lot and read stories to us when we were small. I enjoyed hearing stories and reminiscences of her childhood. I could just see Sister Silvers store, I heard about it so often and she made it sound so real and exciting. She'd tell us about the things she'd do with her (Aunt Margaret) or her sister Annie or Aunt Caroline. Sometimes she'd show us her collection of family pictures. She didn't have a family album, but I always got a thrill when she'd take the large box from the shelf. She had a story to tell about each picture. Mother was very fond of her wonderful large family of brothers and sisters. She kept the Lord's commandment in honoring her mother and father. I know my grandmother quite well but I was not privileged to know my grandfather. I know that he certainly was everything she said he was and more too.

I first learned about the gospel from my mother, and father. They believed in teaching by example. They attended their meetings regularly and took us with them.

MEMOIR TO MY MOTHER BY Laurotta B. Walker

Looking back on my home life in Shurway, I remember bestly the long hours of work men and Pop put in. Many a morning at breakfast, I remember Pop saying he'd already put in a half days work. I knew that Pop had been working that long too. The hours of rest and play were few and far between but the atmosphere in our home was one of happiness, and I well remember Mom singing as she went about her task of mixing large batches of bread, or preparing fruit for canning. Pop was not as melodious in the singing arts, but I remember his monotone, never the less.

Mom was generous to a fault. She was usually too busy to sit down to eat with us, and after I finished my breakfast with the rest of the family, I would rush back and beg a taste of hers when she sat down to eat. It looked better on her plate, and she always gave me some.

I remember one experience with Pop, which was my down fall. It was because of the insatiable hunger I had for sweets. Mom offered to give me a candy bar, if I'd learn to milk the cow. I finally conquered the task and won the prize, only to find that I would be numbered among those who could do the evening milking.

I think about our old home without any of today's conveniences, and hope that I can create the warmth and love in my home that I felt in my childhood home. I remember the long winter evenings by the wood fire, eating her good homemade candy or cookies as we did our home work. It was a cozy feeling of love and security. All of it gave a pattern which has given me strength and helped to build a strong testimony of the gospel, which I pray will never leave me.

MEMOIR TO MY MOTHER BY Ruth Brooks
When she was about nine or ten years of age someone gave a lamb, and she named him Lema. She taught him to drink milk, she also taught him many tricks, among them being the art of lunting people. One day her mother was reprimanding her for something -- which Ruth wasn't too happy over -- so calling her lamb she said, "Bunt her Lema", which he did, almost knocking her down. Her mother had to laugh regardless of the situation. The lamb grew up and was sold to Bro Lindquist. This broke her heart but some of the money was used to buy her winter coat. The last time she went to visit the lamb, she came home crestfallen and said, "Lema must have forgotten me for he tried to bunt me."

MEMOIR BY Helen Shurway

I truly have great love, admiration and respect for both my parents. As I look back upon their lives, I see more all the time how great and outstanding they really were -- making the most of their difficult circumstances. It seems like Mother, especially, did everything she could to make life pleasant for us, and she was a very good cook.

Her outstanding characteristic, as I see it, however, was her determined desire to live her religion. She knew it was true and loved it very dearly, and she always tried to teach us the Gospel.

One little incident in the life of my father stands out in my memory and shows his understanding and respect for the Gospel. I was a deacon, attending conference with him, when the visiting brother, Elder Arthur Lawson, called for a response from one or two in the audience, naming the subjects he wished discussed. Dad was one that was selected and he got up and made a fine talk. When he finished Bro. Lawson made a pleasant comment about it, which pleased me very much.

MEMOIR from a daughter-in-law, Iva A. Shurway

I will add a word of appreciation for one of the best "in-laws" a person ever had. "Mother Shurway" took me into her heart and treated me like her own. She made me love her dearly and admire her greatly, until her passing was a personal loss. To this day I cannot see a young woman in the company of her mother-in-law without a great lump coming into my throat, and a deep longing for mine.

Father too, was ever kind and understanding. If he disapproved of my actions or ways, which he undoubtedly did at times, he never let me know it, but always treated me kindly. I have nothing but love and respect for him and admiration for the great heart he possessed and his cultured studious mind.

- from a granddaughter, Coral Shurway - One of my first memories of my grandfather Shurway, was of the wonderful Christmas Eve celebrations. All of the immediate family (who could) and their children, would gather for the glad times. There would be ice cream and other numerous goodies, and lots of fun. I don't know how she did it, but when it was time to go home, the grand-kids, always toted some little token of Grandma's love with them. I remember receiving a small china dollance, and an another gala Christmas Eve, a jic-sac puzzle.

The surer that I was four or five, Mother was sick, so she would let me go to the Post-Office then walk on up to Grandma's to spend a couple of hours. I looked forward to this, as there was always something interesting for me to do, such as "helping" her to mix the bread. But when my time was up Grandma would send me on my way home. I'm glad I got to know my dear Grandma.

MEMOIR to my parents by Gertrude Shurway Solomon

One of my biggest heartaches and keenest regrets is that I didn't pay tribute to my truly wonderful parents while they were still here to enjoy commendation. I realize how much the words of praise I could easily have spoken would have meant to them.

I could have praised you for her steadfastness and faith in the gospel, for her lifelong devotion in teaching it to her children and her very real talent in teaching it in the various classrooms of the church, for her complete devotion to her family, her love of the beautiful, which was shown by the flowers which she always had growing, for the nice way she always looked and we were all proud of her cooking.

I remember papa for many things such as his great intelligence, for his kind gentle manner which endeared him to his family and friends, for his wit and subtle sense of humor, his sense of justice and fair play and all the fine qualities that made him the man he was.

One of my most clearly remembered childhood nightmares was of having one of my beloved parents die and leave us.

I pay tribute to my parents for creating a home which I wouldn't have considered charitable with anyone.

MEMOIRS, Wilson A. Shurway and Ruth E. Shurway, by Clarence C. Shurway

My parents, believed that we should strive continuously to increase our knowledge and better ourselves by reading good books. Pa spent much of his spare time "pouring over" all kinds of material. In the latter years of his life he studied and enjoyed poetry. When he found an article, a story, or a paragraph which thought especially good, he would refer it to the family to read. Sometimes he would arise from his chair and hand it to some individual whom he thought needed the particular instruction.

Mother was often the teacher for the Gospel Doctrine Class in Sunday School and she enjoyed doing the research required to organize the lesson material. She would spend hours on Saturday, then hurriedly touch it up on Sunday morning. This work was a challenge which she accepted with great zest. At the age of eleven I

had Mama for my Sunday School teacher. The course of study was church history. Joseph Smith, Abram Smith, Brigham Young and others became as real to me, perhaps, as the members of our Bishopric. I wondered at that early age if we had a testimony of the gospel, but we knew for certain that our teacher did.

A TRIBUTE to Wilson A. Shurway by Ruth Brooks

My father, Mill Shurway, as he was fondly known, was a very intellectual person. He always had a keen desire to learn so he was able to acquire a vast intellect through his own efforts.

He read a great deal. He would come in from the field to eat lunch and after getting a cold drink from the well he would pick up a paper or book and find his favorite chair, then he would read until my mother announced dinner. Many times he would doze while reading. I have a picture in mind of him sitting with his arms over his chest one hand holding a book and his glasses low on his nose.

My father was a kindly man and was very unassuming. He was friendly to everyone and he never spoke ill of anyone. I always thought of my father as being the most honest person I ever knew.

My father taught school for about twenty years. I guess he was a fine teacher because the many people he taught were never ending in their praise for him. My father was unbiased too, when he taught the Mexican children at Silver Creek, he thought it quite proper to take his family on a picnic with them for the last day of school party.

He was rather shy at times; this trait he inherited from his mother. She was very shy and retiring. My grandfather was quite different though. He was rather bold in a crowd and loved nothing better than to crack a joke and get everyone to laughing. He enjoyed to be the center of attention.

My father had very strong views on religion and Politics and he could quite ably defend himself on both subjects.

He was loved and well respected by all who knew him. He could have aspired to much greater heights than he did, but he loved the life he lived and never aspired to be anything but a farmer and family man.

I could go on and on to tell many more wonderful things about both my parents but I haven't the words to do full justice to them. They were two wonderfully kind good humble people.

I feel grateful to the bottom of my heart for my parents and I hope I can in a small way live worthy of the ideals and teachings they gave me.

SKETCH OF MY FATHERS LIFE by Gertrude S. Solomon

It was a beautiful spring day, April 22, 1877, that Wilson Averett came to make his home with Wilson Glenn and Maria Averetts Shurway in the community of Johnson, Kern County, Utah. Wilson was their first child.

He came with his parents to Ariz. in 1879 when was two years of age. Reaching here they settled in Concho. His parents found it very hard to eke out an existence and my father told many times later of the cornbread and sorghum diet which they existed on, so it was decided that a move to the little green valley of Shurway would be advantageous. Here he grew to manhood and learned to love the small village set like an emerald between the rock ribs of the ever-lasting hills. He was well acquainted with the best swimming holes and the most beautiful spots to seek out on his numerous hikes. School days for W. A. were few and far between and most of his knowledge was self-acquired. He learned of the bards and poets, of the ages, the prophets of the scriptures, the naturalists, the astronomers, the playwrights, the philosophers and the wise men and women of all times, both ancient and modern. He learned to evaluate what he read and the opinions he formed were his own. He especially loved the study of the stars and enjoyed telling what he knew about the heavens to others. He was familiar with the best known astronomers.

When Wilson was 18 he passed the Nevada county exam for teachers and for many years he taught school in Taylor, Shurway, Silver Creek, Burton, Airpine.

He was 28 years old before he found a girl who captivated his heart and on April 5, 1905, he and Ruth Smith were married in the Salt Lake Temple in the way God has ordained. They made their home at first in Taylor and here their son Glenn was born and W. A. taught school. Quite a few young pupils formed an image of their most "beloved teacher" under his guidance.

W. A. filled a mission for the church in the West Central mission and served well in two bishoprics as well as in many of the auxiliaries of the church.

They moved to Shurway early in married life and lived there while they raised their family which consisted of eight sons and three daughters. One son, Jesse, died in infancy. Together these two made a good home, reared a large family, were good neighbors, law abiding citizens and helpful church workers and made an honest living.

In later life he loved visiting with friends about the "good old days" and old-time associates, hiking over his beloved countryside and listening to old-fashioned music. He passed away very peacefully in his sleep at the home of his son, Lyle, in Globe Ariz, enroute from Phoenix on April 12, 1956. His funeral was held April 15, 1956 in the Taylor Ward Chapel.

News from Provo

Lorenzo and Anabel Rogers entered the Mission Home in Salt Lake City prior to going on a full time mission. A Testimonial was held in their Ward last Sunday at which 41 of their 52 living descendants presented a most impressive program.

Fern Eyring Smith passed away at her home in Pleasant Grove after a long illness caused by hardening of the arteries. Those of us who knew her in Snowflake will remember her faithful service as President of the Primary, as well as the many other duties which go with being a Bishop's wife. We extend sympathy to our beloved cousin William C.

L. Flake Rogers was recently sustained president of East Provo Stake. Flake had previously served for five years as Bishop of Provo 13th Ward.

The Robert J. Smiths announce the arrival of a baby boy on June 11. The young man has one brother and five sisters and will be named Larry Kay.

Uncle Don C and Aunt Nellie of Mesa spent a few days in Provo during Leadership week. Aunt Nellie was on the Leadership Week faculty and conducted a class in quilt making.

Aunt Lorana Broadbent spent a few weeks in Utah visiting with her children Smith and Karna and their families.

Among our cousins receiving College degrees this year are Jesse Fredrick Shumway, Miles S. Shumway, LeRoy C. Heaton, Harry Hulet Avery and Carolyn Bushman. If there are others we would appreciate having their families notify the Kinsman.

I hope this report will not take more than the allotted space in the Kinsman. Everyone I have talked with seemed anxious for news about the folks, or as they put it, to hear what is going on. We love the sketches and tributes, and every issue is most precious. Each one that comes it seems to me is better than the last. I wouldn't want them different than they have been this year, but if you could spare just a little space for news I believe it would be appreciated.

--Sadie Avery--

News from Salt Lake

Here are some items of news about my family that may be of interest to you. May 24, 1960 marked the 50th anniversary of my ordination as a Patriarch. I am still serving in that capacity, at present in the Parley's Stake. On April 7, 1960 I was set apart by Pres. El Ray L. Christianson as a regular temple worker in the Salt Lake Temple.

June Renoc' Clark, eldest daughter of Ellsworth M and Dorothy S. Clark graduated from the U of U with a B.S. degree in Elementary Education. On June 23 she was married in the Salt Lake Temple to John Stansel also a student at the U of U and a former missionary of the Northern Calif. Mission.

Dorothy Jean Clark (2nd dau of Ellsworth and Dorothy Smith Clark) and Leon A Chamberlain were married in the Salt Lake Temple June 9, 1960.

Five of my grandchildren will graduate from High School this June. (1) Charles B. Clark (son of Ellsworth & Dorothy); (2) Amy June Smith (dau of Don & Naomi); (3) Linda Smith (dau of Marvin & Irene); (4) Georgia Whitaker (dau of George & Lois); (5) Barbara Kay Smith (dau of Oliver & Barbara).

--Hyrum Smith--

Rebecca S. Rogers had the misfortune to fall and break her hip, she was brought to a hospital in Phoenix and is at present convalescing at home in Snowflake

Prescott, Arizona

Dear Kinsman,

The family of Ervin and Janet Shumway Davis returned from visiting Janet's sisters, Lucy and Rosalind and brother Richard in California. The Davises witnessed "Sand in his Shoes" at the Y as they picked up their daughter Katherine at the end of her second college year (and also met her betrothed). When they went to Yellowstone Park, Janet liked Idaho Falls well enough to live there.

Jesse S, Ervin D and Wesley Scott have helped with the new Prescott Church to be dedicated August 1st.

Wesley is a foxy grandpa since July 11. Son Ben, wife LaVerne and baby Robert Steven, may come from San Angelo for our dedication.

If you turn over your mimeograph and tighten the screws it may make a clearer print. After all the time and expense to produce the Kinsman it makes me heart sick that it can't be read when I want so much to know all the news from all of you. I appreciate your great efforts to keep the Kinsman coming.

Love to all,
Priscilla Scott

Farmington, New Mexico

Dear Don,

In reminiscing about Mother I feel quite incapable of saying anything that will do full honor to her. I have never been one who was gifted with words for expressing myself as I desire.

Mother was always so busy providing for the family's needs and caring for other's needs that she didn't find time for relaxation or for slowing her pace in meeting those needs.

I never felt insecure nor that something was lacking in my life, even though Father was dead. Since I never knew him, I couldn't miss him. Mother made a home for us which filled all our needs. She did a successful job in this. Few men can equal her in supporting missionaries and assisting in the Church auxiliaries. Her example shall ever be an inspiration.

A couple of incidents which illustrate Mother's interest in us all. When Norman was born Mother had come to Provo, where I was in school, to be with and help us at the time. When she saw the trousers that I was wearing she immediately gave me the needed money and had me buy a new pair.

Linnea was born in the first part of September in Snowflake. I had left Cleona until after the birthday party and had gone on to Colorado to take up my duties as a teacher there. Mother felt that Cleona and the baby shouldn't make the trip without the baby being blessed so she took the baby to Joseph City where Aikens blessed and named her.

After being with us in Colorado for a couple of months word came that Alden was ill so Mother immediately got ready to go help what she could. I had to drive her to Albuquerque to get the train. The night before we left, about four inches of snow fell. The ground was warm enough so that the snow melted at once and the roads were mud and water but by perseverance and a lot of pushing we were able to make the trip thru mud and water.

When I think of "Aunt Em" many incidents of her unselfish service to her family and to others come to my mind. We all received her help when our children were born, and when illness came to our homes. I remember other little things which were such a help to a young and probably not too efficient mother, such as coming to visit and catching up the darning and mending, helping with canning fruit and making pickles and quilts. I'm so glad I had the privilege of knowing her. Our three older children have precious memories of her. I regret that the younger two missed her gentle influence.

Cleona

By way of news I'll report on the family and it's activities. Beginning with the youngest member of the family, David. He has just turned 14 and is awaiting advancement to the office of Teacher. He is his Scout Patrol's Leader and doing a successful job of it. He is working hard preparing to be ready to go to the National Scout Jamboree in Colorado Springs. He is President of his Deacon Quorum.

Kevan will be 17 in May. He is a senior in high school. He shares with another boy the honor of having the highest grade average. He is a Priest and has made the Individual Award each year since first receiving the Priesthood. (That is true of all three of our boys). He received the first prize, in the field of mathematics, for an exhibit which demonstrated the strength of the triangle. It was made of toothpicks and held up a weight of 35 pounds. In addition he received the "Most Outstanding Exhibit Award" of the science fair.

Dorene and her family are staunch pillars of the Church in El Paso. She is a teacher in Mutual and busy in Relief Society. Robert is the Ward Clerk, he is doing well working for the El Paso Products Co. They recently purchased a home in El Paso.

Linnea and Dale and baby Randy are in Iowa City, Iowa. Dale is working to get his Master's Degree in journalism. Linnea is nursing in the hospital to keep the wolf away. Her class was the second to graduate from the new BYU School of Nursing. He is Branch Clerk and Linnea helps with all the music in the Branch as well as teaching in all the auxiliaries.

Norman and Colleen are in Albuquerque. He is a meteorologist and forecasts the weather for the Air Force at Kirtland Air Base. He recently made 1st Lieutenant. He was just made first counselor to the Bishop of the Albuquerque Ward.

Cleona and I are not as busy in Church activities as we have been in times past. She is Drama director and I am first counsellor in Stake High Priest Quorum.

Affectionately,
Foss

We were grieved by the unexpected death of our brother Aikens July 17 1960 in the hospital at Cottonwood, Arizona. The doctor pronounced it coronary thrombosis after an autopsy.

Funeral services were held in Joseph City and he was buried in the Snowflake cemetery beside his first wife Margaret DeWitt and their two children, Margaret and Vance.

Following are biographical notes from the funeral address given by Bp Ross D Hansen:

Aikens Smith was born in Snowflake, Arizona July 29 1899 a son of Jesse N. and Emma Larson Smith. He is the 42nd child and 13th son in his father's family of 44 children. His father died when Aikens was seven years old, leaving five brothers and three sisters to care for their mother and themselves.

His education was in the Snowflake elementary schools and the Snowflake Stake Academy, with one year at the Brigham Young University of Provo, Utah.

In October 1921 he married Margaret DeWitt, daughter of John and Carrie De Witt. To this marriage were born three children: Genevieve, Aikens Vance and Margaret. Genevieve is the wife of Elwin B. Garfield and has five children. Aikens Vance, a pilot was killed in action during World War II in 1945. Margaret died in infancy. His wife died soon after the birth of Margaret.

In 1929 he was married to Emma May Hansen of Joseph City. She became the accepted mother of Genevieve and Vance, and to this marriage were born; Charlie, Kay, Dale, Emma Jean, Mary Ann and Beverly.

During his early youth he was an avid and fast reader. It has been said by those who know him that he was considered one of the better informed students in the school. His interests included sports. He played basketball, participated in boxing and pitched baseball.

His mechanical abilities became a basis for his life's work. Having been born at a time when the automobile was just beginning to make its appearance, it could be said that he and the American automobile industry grew up together. It would be easy to understand a young man's interest in this new field.

It is my observation that he enjoyed working with anything mechanical. Twenty years ago or so, he fashioned a mobile wood saw on the chassis of an older car. To the envy of every boy in town, Vance rode about in a miniature, one cylinder car, a product of his father's engineering.

His employment with the Arizona Highway Department was often associated with the mechanical department, as foreman in the shops in Holbrook in the 1940's.

Civic affairs were of his concern. He served several years on the Board of Trustees for the Joseph City School district, at which time the gymnasium was built. He tried unsuccessfully, with others, to establish a high school in the community. He just completed a two year term as president of the Joseph City Chamber of Commerce and enjoyed its activities. With his and others efforts, he engaged the services of railroad engineers to survey possibilities of a modern sewage disposal system for the community. This beginning may yet materialize into a reality.

He secured the Town Water System in 1940 and developed it to its present success, it being more efficient than the predecessor. In hopes of finding more water for the system he had drilled the first successful deep, water well, later adding two more. The franchise and this water works are currently serving a greater percent of the community.

To the citizens of the community, Uncle Aikens was unexcelled in his ability to recite humorous readings and add spice to parties, assemblies, and wedding receptions. His ability as an actor added the right touch to such recitations as "Birds of a Feather, Flock Together". On the stage he had the ability to adapt to roles of many varieties. In every-day life he enjoyed a good sense of humor which made it pleasurable to be in his company.

As a public speaker, he endeavored to rise above the average. He used a good choice of words, added interest, and careful delivery. This ability undoubtedly came from training in public speaking and his natural personality. He enjoyed good music and appreciated his wife's and children's talents.

His activity in the Church included, President of the Smith Family Association local missionary, Sunday School Board member, Group leader for the Seventies Quorum. At his death he was a member of the Ward Education Committee, a Sunday School Class leader and a Ward Teacher. He was religiously careful to give of his means as was expected of Church members. He has sent his two sons on missions for the Church and Dale is at present serving in the California Mission.

GRAVE DEDICATION

by Don C. Smith

Righteous and Eternal Father who dwells in the heavens: Again we have met in this hallowed place to lay away in the good earth the remains of another of our loved ones who has departed this life. Aikens Smith a brother, a husband and a father.

We dedicate this grave and all that pertains unto it as a resting place for the body of the deceased, his spirit has returned to that eternal sphere and unto God for the reward of the faithful. And may he rest in peace to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection and unto Thee, all the honor and the glory, we ask it all in humility, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

-- Amen

SISTER IS in the life of Ruth S. Shurway

When Ruth and Will were married in Salt Lake in 1905, they attended the April Conference and her father was called upon to speak. In introducing him, Mrs. Joseph P. Smith said, "My kinsman, Jesse and Daniel Smith, a modern Malchiel, in whom there is no guile." Someone sitting next to her asked if she knew who the man was, and she said, "That is my father." She was very proud and it thrilled her, still it made her feel humble to know she had such an outstanding father. When returned home they were settled in a cozy little house near Silver Beach in Murray. Members of their old crowd came including, Emma and Jennette, Asabel and Jennie, Andrew and Nellie and Margaret, also Hollister and Amanda and others, who gave them a wedding shower, along with well wishes for a long and happy married life.

When Ruth was about 14 years old, she asked her father if she could go to Joseph City and stay with Sarah a few weeks. That afternoon, after deciding to go to Colobrock for freight, taking two teams. Levi, only nine years old, went along to drive one of the teams. Ruth thought this was a good chance to see as far as Colobrock and take the train on to Joseph City.

All went well for awhile, but when her boss and Levi became so sleepy that Ruth told Levi to lie down and she would drive. When she took the lines from Levi, one of the lines dropped. She stepped out of the wagon to retrieve it. The horses became frightened and started running. Levi was thrown to the ground and the wheels of the wagon passed over her leg and broke it. After making her as comfortable as possible the side of the road and then he started after the runaway horses.

In the meantime, as Ruth lay on the ground listening to the coyotes howl, she heard a team approaching and called for help as loud as she could. It proved to be two boys from Snowflake, Chase Rogers and Joe Robison. They heard the call and stopped to investigate. Helping Ruth like the Surge, they lost no time covering the distance to Snowflake.

Although Ruth was suffering intensely, she was praying for Levi's safety and when the word came that they had found Levi still asleep in the wagon, she said, "Oh my prayers were surely answered."

New babies in our family - so far in 1960 a Girl Shower.

Phil and Wanda Jo Shurway have a baby girl born March 7, 1960 in Tucson Arizona, his name is Meshelle.

Born to Richard and Patrencia Shurway on July 9, 1960, a baby girl at Farmington, New Mexico. They call her Emily Gay.

John and Janet Hilton are the parents of a baby girl born June 10, 1960 at Walnut Creek, California.

Parley and Phyllis Petterson are the proud parents of a baby girl born in Mesa July 22, 1960, her name is Wanda.

Lloyd and Josephene Webster have another baby girl, born June 1960, in Phoenix, Arizona, they call her Margaret Ann.

Esther S. Shurway.

We are truly sorry about sending out copies that cannot be read. It is not always the fault of the mimeographer, mostly, our typists are amateur also.

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