



Volume XV Number 1

THE KINSMAN

January, 1961

The January Kinsman has been assigned to the Janet Mauretta Johnson Branch of the Jesse N. Smith family.

President's Message

For Kith and Kin Everywhere;

Upon the threshold of this New Year, 1961, may we resolve to try and better our lives more fully living the Gospel, in being charitable to one another, in being good parents, neighbors and friends, and especially in being good L.O.S.

The old guard is gradually becoming fewer and fewer in number as the years come and - Only eleven left of the original forty-four of Father's large family.

Soon the second generation will have to take over, and since three of our beloved members, Aikens, Rebecca and Susie, have passed on this last year, 1960, may we dedicate these lines to them and to all our dear departed ones.

Memory

Memory will keep what it has heard
rever etched upon the heart's own seed.
We shall not erase one tender word
that love wrote down for future need.
I'll hold this knowledge and be glad
that even death destroys what love has had."

(Author Unknown)

So we thank Heaven for memories, that we might have roses in December. Wishing you a Happy New Year, and praying for your support and cooperation.

Your new proxy, Leah S. Udall

Editorial

This paper has been published for several years. Its messages have edified and strengthened the Kinsmen. It continues to be a reminder to each of us, of our several ties to keep abreast of the times in regards to our selves, our families, our church and our country.

If a thing is old it is a sign it was fit to live. Old families, old customs, old ways survive because they are fit to survive. The guaranty of continuity is quality. Old fashioned hospitality, old fashioned politeness, old fashioned honor in work and trans. actions have qualities of survival.

The forming of New Year's resolutions is one of the oldest customs, but one which helps to clear the soul of all "excess baggage."

Following is a recipe for a Happy New Year: by L. J. Goodyear
Take twelve fine, full grown, ripe months...cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal days. This sufficient batch will keep for just one year. Now, into each day put five parts of strong faith, eleven of calm perseverance, ten of doubtless courage, nine of uncomplaining work (some people tend to omit this ingredient, and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight parts of fervent hope, seven of unflinching fidelity, six parts of morality.

To the above ingredients add five parts of tender kindness, four of rest (to leave us our would be like leaving the oil out of the sales...do not omit it.)

To strengthen the foundation, add three parts of prayer, two of thoughtful meditation, and one well selected resolution.

Now, if you have no conscientious scruples, add a teaspoonful of good, lively spirit, a dash of wholesome fun, a sprinkling of play and a heaping cupful of good humor. Pour this mixture into a generous helping of love, and mix with a win. Cook thoroughly in a fervent pot, garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy, then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness.

Combine this recipe with our good works in keeping abreast of the times in - 1 - our work for the dead - 2 - perfecting our records - 3 - finishing our life's history to date - 4 - solidifying our family relations and A Happy new Year is a certainty.

Elias and Ernestine Smith

This section dedicated to the life of Susan Janet Smith Jarves short sketch of her life by her daughters, Maud and Pearl.

Susan Janet Smith, eldest child of Janet Mauretta Johnson and Jesse N. Smith, was born September 15, 1868 at Parowan, Iron County, Utah.

Her father was a man of intelligence, integrity, industry, faith and humility. Her mother, one of the elect, was a one of the choice women of the earth, and the mother of thirteen children.

Having been born of such godly parents, reared in an atmosphere of refinement and culture, is it any wonder that Susan grew to be such perfection of womanhood. She learned to be loved and to love, and she also learned kindness, honesty, integrity, and many other virtues, but among the most outstanding was her faith in the Priesthood. This she has played throughout her long and active life. Susan was a beautiful woman and was loved and respected by all who knew her.

Her life has not been easy. She was a pioneer in very feet.

Her Father's family lived in the "Old Smith Home" in Parowan, Utah. Until she was about eleven years old her childhood was much like that of other children of her age, except her Father had three families in his home instead of one. She had to share with many brothers and sisters and through that experience she learned to be unselfish, which characteristically she displayed all through her life. Her family moved to Arizona and settled in Snowflake, arriving there in January, 1879. Here they suffered many hardships incident to pioneer life.

The first winter they lived in a wagon-box, and suffered severely from the cold weather. For several years the struggle for existence was very difficult, but through their faith and hard labors they were rewarded for their efforts.

When Susie (as she was called) was just a young, beautiful girl, she met and fell in love with a handsome young man by the name of Heber Jarvis and they were married in the St. George Temple on December 12, 1883. After spending the rest of the winter in St. George they came back to Arizona and established a home in Nutrioso. Here they experienced their first great joy and sorrow. Their oldest child, Heber, was born August 15, 1885 and passed away by March 26, 1886. In 1887 they moved to Eager, Arizona, where they lived until 1911, except for a short period of time. They then moved to St. Johns, where they lived until 1910 when they were called to be Ordinance workers in the Temple at Mesa, Arizona. There they lived until they passed away.

Being the mother of fifteen children, Susie became a very good manager, having to plan a budget and struggle to make ends meet. Her children always looked outstanding among their associates because she kept them so clean and neat. I have often wondered how Mother could make such pretty clothes out of such small pieces of material.

Mother's health was never too good and many times while raising her family she almost lost her life. When our sister Susie was born, Grandma Smith stayed with us a long time because Mother was so very ill, but through all those years her faith in the Priesthood was unshakable, she was brave and courageous, never complaining of her troubles.

Besides her multiple home duties she served in all the Church Auxiliary Organizations in the ward and held several positions in the St. Johns Stake.

Mother, with her little children around her, taught other children the principles of the Gospel while she taught her own. Not many women would or could do the wonderful amount of excellent work our Mother has accomplished in her life time. Everyone who knew our Mother loved her. She was known throughout the country far and near for her kindness to her neighbors and to anyone who was in need her helpful, tender care in times of sickness, and her comfort to those bereft of their loved ones.

Her crowning achievement as a church worker came when she and her dear companion together performed those sacred ordinances in the Mesa Temple, where they spent 13 glorious years of their life. Mother experienced many sorrows and hardship. She buried six of her fifteen children, and because of her tender, sensitive nature her love and devotion to her children, this was hard for her to bear, but when our Father, her beloved companion of nearly seventy years, was taken. It was hard indeed for her to face the future alone, and no one will ever know how she suffered through those many lonely hours. The tender and untiring love she gave Father during his last sickness was a marvel to all who watched her bravely face the inevitable.

Yes, Mother dear lived a wonderful life of service and self-sacrifice, and she has set most beautiful example for her children who are left to emulate.

Our Father and Mother have given us a wonderful heritage and we gratefully thank you for this. May we always honor and appreciate you by right living in our humble prayer.

The Family's Farewell to Parowan

told by Susan S. Jarvis to Leah S. Udall in the summer of 1953.

I was ten years old and I well remember we were gathered in the basement of the meeting house in Parowan. The whole town had turned out to bid farewell to Jesse N. Smith and his family who were leaving for Arizona. He having been called by President Taylor to preside over one of the Stakes of Zion there.

A banquet was served in honor of the occasion and during the meal President Dame said, "I had all better stand and make room for more as we may never have this privilege again. We are sad over this leave taking because these folks are going so far away."

Later everyone joined in merry-making and dancing. It was quite a sight to see Jesse dancing with his three lovely wives, Emmie, Janet and Augusta. They looked beautiful, all dressed alike in green dresses, and he in dress suit and swallow tails.

Then came the sad goodbyes to our numerous friends and neighbors we had loved those many years.

The following day we gathered our possessions and loaded them into one wagon. It took a lot of scheming and planning to get everything in. It had been decided that Janet was best adapted to pioneer life, and she best go along with Father, taking their five little girls, Susie, Sarah, Julie, Priscilla and Editha (all had whooping cough), little Maude being recently died with the disease. It was hard for our parents to leave little Maude's and Ellen's graves. Also Grandmother Smith's and other loved ones.

Our first stop was at Uncle Silas's at Panguitch where there were more farewells. There had always been such a close tie of love between these two brothers and their families.

In our group were Joseph Fish and Adelaide, John R. and Josephine Hulet, Smith D. and Liza Rogers and children (who also had whooping cough) and John and Jody Sish. Several other families joined us and our long trek to Arizona began. I shall never forget how frightened I was of the swift running water in the Colorado River. I ran and hid out

ther called, "Come, Susie, and hold these horses." So I had to forget my freight and was the best of everything.

When we came to Brigham City or Sunset, President Lot Smith invited Father's family to eat at the big table. We enjoyed this hospitality. It was bitter cold, there was a fire and blowing. Here little Smith Rogers took fatally ill and died, but the company had to live on to feed for the horses they were taking along to exchange for land in the new country. We laid off a day for the funeral of the dear little baby. This was the first great trial of the journey. It was a real trial for poor Eliza to leave her darling baby by the wayside.

The next day we reached Snowflake and Father and brother Fish took the wagon boxes off and fastened a strong tarp over the top from one wagon to the other, the space between was a kitchen. Bro Hunt let us have a room in his house for a few days while Father hawled logs to build a house. The men would bring those logs from the mountains on the running logs of the wagons.

One day Ellen Person and I were watching the process and Father told us if we got out there's consent we could go along and spend the night in the tall timbers. We took our riding and this was one of the happiest times of our girlhood.

About this time Father was called back to Utah to the Legislature, leaving the house finished. The kitchen didn't even have the chimney in but as usual Mother said in her urageous way, "Susie, brace up, we will have to do it ourselves."

We didn't get any wheat ground at Sunset and the R.R. trains had been held up so we had to grind our wheat on the old coffee mill. Father had seen to getting the water on a lot, so we were able to have a garden. Mother took such pride in her early garden and flower beds. Another great blessing was the well Father had dug later on. We furnished running water for all the neighbors. Surely where there is water there is life.

Father having finished his legal matters in Utah, returned to Arizona bringing with him the balance of the family. What a grand reunion. Mother had the front room of the house for her bedroom. Aunt Augusta and Aunt Emmie had tents for theirs. We divided the kitchen for the family's dining room, where we had devotional and family prayers. This was the beginning to the Jesse N. Smith family in Arizona.

Mother

The most precious gifts of all are those from the heart, love, thoughtfulness and kindness. My Mother had all these gifts. She had the rare gift of making a person feel important and loved when in her presence. She had a real zest for living. Her words of wisdom were rare gems and to the point. As I was leaving for a trip this summer she gave this advice: "Be careful, and don't get yourself into anything you can't get yourself out of."

Her children were her life. I don't believe any children were as loved as we were by a kindest, loving Mother a child ever had. Her true devotion to her husband, my Father, was priceless. She saw her 77th wedding anniversary December 12, 1960. As we talked about Mother assured me that Heber Jarvis was a good choice.

My Mother was truly one of the best women that was ever on this earth. I am grateful for the privilege of being her daughter.

Margaret Black

A Tribute to My Mother

The feeling I have for my Mother is one of complete devotion. The influence of her sweetness, tenderness, patience, kindness and gentleness have been with me always. There has never been a day in my life that sometime during the twenty-four hours, no matter where I have been, I am aware of that special feeling I have for my Mother, most especially at night. I think I remember how much I love her then because she always kissed me good night before I went to bed and if we went out she never wanted to sleep until we were all safely tucked in bed.

She has always lived a completely unselfish life. She devoted it to her family. When I was young I never left home that she didn't say, "Be a good girl and hurry home."

I am more thankful every day of my life that it has been my privilege to have the wonderful parents I have. I would give anything if I could be there to help honor our precious mother but circumstances and distance make it impossible.

"Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars and sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, but only one Mother in the whole wide world."

Best wishes and love to all the family.

Ethel Bestian

From a Grand-daughter

I wasn't blessed with a memory like my Mother but of the few things I do remember are the times I always had when I'd get to go to St. Johns to visit my Grandma and Grandpa. The fun we'd have going upstairs, the big mulberry tree and Grandma's custard pudding. I shall always treasure the few months we lived near them in Mesa and what a thrill it was to have the privilege to go to the Temple where they were working. I was so proud to be a part of the people that was my Grandmother.

There was one thing that endeared Grandma to me was the kind, sweet way she talked to her children. The last time I saw her, the minute I walked in she said, "Am I glad to see you here." She was having a little difficulty with her dress.

That example of kindness would be well for each of us to follow. I have never seen a more beautiful picture than my grandparents, the love they had for each other. I will always be grateful for having had the privilege of being in their home and seeing their love.

Margaret Dewitt Harris

A Funeral Memorial For Aunt Susie

Given by Dr. Thomas B. Jarvis

As a grandson, I wish briefly to pay tribute to our Grandmother, looking back over a short number of years. It's difficult to pick out a point or find out when it all began because Grandma was always there. Although we could not see her every day, we knew that she was there. When we could see her, we always knew what we would find and just what to expect. - a sweet, wonderful, loving Grandma.

Possibly one of the most characteristic things was that somehow she had the idea that everyone was always hungry. No matter what time of day or night we got there, she always had to fix something to eat and it was always good. After she had fed us, almost as consistently, she would sit us down and give us a little talking to, always pleasant and to the point, but spiritual food to some extent. She told us a little story - this was the way she thought.

After that was finished she insisted that we go off to play, and enjoy ourselves. Grandma was always the same, loving Grandma. In a sense, it is all over now, but in another, it will never be over. The memory is here and will always remain. It can't be expressed, only felt, and we'll all miss her over so much.

At Lake City, Utah December 16, 1960

To the family of my dear sister Susie;

It's hard for me to express in words my true feelings when the news came this morning of your dear Mother's passing. I could not help but feel thankful that Heavenly Father has seen fit to call her home, her life's work was over. When I visited her in the hospital a few weeks ago, lying there so weak and helpless with her hands folded, I thought of the years they had toiled and the sacrifices that she had made, not only in rearing the family - fifteen, but in service to her church and looking after the welfare of neighbors and relatives, and the poor and needy.

We will miss her sweet presence, yet we cannot mourn in her going to another world where she will meet all her loved ones who have gone before. From my childhood up she has always been my ideal. I think she has lived as perfect a life as anyone could under the circumstances and conditions she has had to go through.

When you lay her away you can thank God for such a Mother. I found this prayer to another written by Tom Dillon, which expresses what I know you all feel about your Mother. May the peace of Heaven be with you to help you to live as she and your dear Daddy had lived. I pray.

Lovingly, Your Aunt Margaret

At Lake City, Utah December 16, 1960

To the Susan Janet Jarvis Family:

You have our love and sympathy in the passing of your saintly Mother. She was a sweet spirited soul, loved and respected by all. She has left you a great heritage. She both taught you and showed you the way to eternal life and salvation.

Let us not mourn for she has gone to the reward which awaits the faithful and to a happy reunion with loved ones beyond the veil. Let us all cherish her ideals and follow her upright example that we may again be permitted to associate with her and all of our loved ones beyond the veil.

Sincerely yours, Hyrum Smith and Family

Written December 18, 1960 by Nancy, Mildred, Beals Dewitt.

Our Dear Grandmother Jarvis:

Grandma's gone to spend Christmas with Grandpa.

Oh, what a reunion there'll be

With precious Annie and Earl and Hober

Dancing 'round their Christmas tree.

We know Aunt Jennie will be there with her most delicious pies,

And Aunt Sue, with a dress she'd made for Grandpa,

So Grandpa could behold her with that look of love in his eyes.

Uncle Jesse and Aunt Harriet will bring their family and come

To join in the Christmas Reunion to be held in that Heavenly Home.

I hear them talking about the old days, when they were together on earth,

And that wonderful home they had here where they gave their children birth.

They want us to live all the principles of this gospel, we've been given on earth

because it's our most priceless possession, It has for us all real, true worth.

Then let each one of this great family strive to be able to live

The kind of lives our Grandparents did, then, Celestial reward, God will give.

News Section

News from the Julia Ballard Family.

Aunt Julia now has two grandsons and one great grandson serving in the mission field.

Angelo Shumway, of Taylor, Arizona, (son of Frances & Stanley) serving in the Northern California mission. Eugene Webb of Snowflake, Arizona (son of Luella & Reese) serving in the Central American Mission. Norman Reed (Ricky) Smith of Tucson, Arizona (grandson of Jessie & Burton) serving in the Argentine Mission.

Miss Sue Ballard (dau. John & Thora) is a senior at Arizona State College in Flagstaff.

Bertie Shumway (dau. Frances & Stanley) is attending the B.Y.U. in Provo.

Arvey & Selma Ballard of Snowflake, spent Christmas in Phoenix with their four daughters, Shirley, Marion, Aneta, Vivian and their families.

ella Webb is working as receptionist for Dr. A. L. Clawson, the new doctor in Snowflake.

Harley Petersen (husband of Phyllis) went with the Melchizedek Priesthood of Snowflake on a fishing trip to Mexico during the holidays.

Burton & Jessie Smith of Winslow, Arizona spent Christmas in Tucson with their children, Major Kenneth B. Smith & family and the Walters Julia Rogers family who have recently moved from Phoenix. Julia is teaching school in Tucson. Their two sons-in-law have recently been called to the High Council. Walter C. Rogers in the Tucson Stake and Lloyd A. Brinkerhoff in the Oklahoma Stake.

At the last Quarterly conference of the Flagstaff Stake, President Burton R. & Jessie B. Smith were the surprised honorees at a "This Is Your Life" program Sunday evening under the direction of the Stake M. L. S. Relatives came to Flagstaff from near and far to surprise them and take part in the program. All of their brothers and sisters except one were present. Adding more surprise and pleasure to the occasion was the appearance of their three children and their families. Lloyd & Regina Brinkerhoff and two children of Stillwater, Oklahoma, Walter & Julia Rogers and five children of Tucson, Arizona. Kenneth and Mary Smith and five children also of Tucson.

Norman & Mauretta Thomas of Pinedale, spent Christmas in Mesa with their sons Dayle and Charles and their families. The Pinedale and Claysprings wards have recently been combined and Norman Thomas has been called to be the Bishop of the Clay Springs ward.

Weddings

Miss Carolyn Decker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith Decker became the bride of B. A. Spencer, December 23 in the Arizona Temple.

Lawrence Bushman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Garland Bushman and Leona Kyllippi were married December 22 in the Salt Lake Temple.

A Little Nonsense Now and Then

Ever hear the shortest poem about flies? Alan Hoodum.

The telephone of the Garden of Eden is 281 - Apple -

The musical terms here is a good road sign - C Sharp or B Flat.

The best vitamin for good friends is B-1.

The first little boy: "My mother is so smart she can talk on any subject."

The second little boy: "My mother doesn't need a subject to talk on."

There was once a little boy who would not go to school because he heard they had electric zippers.

It is the ability to close your mouth before someone else wants to close it for you.

Someone has said "A yawn is nature's provision for letting a married man open his mouth."

Gossip is what none claims to like but everyone enjoys.

January Birthdays

It would be a nice gesture each month to mention the birthdays of Father's family beginning with:

Rachel Smith Benson, born Jan. 1, 1869.

Emma Seraphine West Smith, born Jan. 3, 1836.

Augusta Maria Outsen Smith, born Jan. 14, 1854.

Mary Josephine Smith Hulet, born Jan. 23, 1855.

Mother was a beautiful character, so wholesome, so gracious and genuine. How we missed her when she went to Utah to live. Everyone loved her. She married Melvin J. Benson and she was the mother of seven children. She died July 13, 1940.

As we recall dear Aunt Emma, she was always smiling, always wanting to help someone, always so sweet and saintly as she tucked our curls behind our ears (so we would not be in). She was Father's 1st wife and the mother of nine children. She died Oct. 15, 1910.

As for Aunt Augusta, so kind and patient as the pen, mailed her pantry of cookies and baked goods, of "stripped" the gooseberry and Danish current bushes. We loved our gentle Mother dearly. She was Father's 4th wife and was the mother of eleven children. She died Apr. 2

Some of the younger generation remember our sister Josephine but hear of her as being a choir girl, so humble and full of faith. She married John K. Hulet and was the mother of seven children. Only one, Francis, lived to maturity. She died Dec. 17, 1894.

News Around the Valley

Uncle Elias is around again after his serious illness. All his children visited him on Thanksgiving day. Those coming from Utah were Niel, Esther and Marie. They brought Aunt Margaret Jensen along. It was wonderful seeing her after several years since she was here.

Aunt Esther is gradually recovering after a major operation. Her son Richard Shumway and family from Farmington, N. A. spent several days in Mesa recently. Also daughters Fern and Beulah have been visiting them.

Unusually cold weather is reported in the northern part of the state with snow, sizzers and fog.

Vincent Ferr, son of Norman and Dorothy Ferr, has been quite ill with a case of pneumonic fever.

Births

baby boy was born to Brad and Pauli Perkinson Nov. 7 - named Scott Udall.
 baby girl was born to Lester and Nelda Ferr Oct. 25 - named Peggy Ann.
 baby boy was born to Marion and Wanda Smith Dec. 8th - named Spencer Marise.

History of Snowflake (Continued from last month)

Written by Rebecca S. Rogers

The Stake House made a good assembly room and study hall, the Social Hall was divided into class rooms. The Relief Society Hall accomodated the domestic arts and Flake's Hall was used for mechanical and scientific laboratories. Wilford Freeman voluntarily gave up two of his rooms for the Domestic Arts Department. The first seminary classes were held in the old Willis home which is now occupied by the Butler family.

Snowflake, with its well laid-off streets, substantial homes and gardens, surrounded by fields and shade trees, is a veritable oasis in the desert and is a beauty spot to the traveler coming in from any direction. Pride has been taken in keeping the streets clear of rubbish, weeds and encumbrances. Wagons have never been allowed to stand on the street over night especially over Sunday. At one time a good brother who had come in late Saturday night with a load of wood just left it standing on the sidewalk. Monday morning he found it gone. It had taken logs and walked down to a missionary wife's home and had been unloaded.

Snowflake has always been outstanding in its social affairs. Its musical talent, the boys for dramatics, etc., have sponsored many a good time. Never a family but what could contribute entertainment in some way. Among those who were loved on the stage in early days were John R. Hulet, Don Clayton, Osmer D. Flake, Theo. Farley, Smith D. Rogers, A.L. Rogers, Jesse N. Smith, Jr., Eliza S. Rogers, Adelaide S. Fish, May H. Larson, Mary Turloy, Annie Kartehner, Roberta Flake, Lois Hunt, Nettie Kencher, Sam'l F. Smith, and many others as the years rolled on.

Each 4th and 24th of July the town, until late years, has always turned out en masse to celebrate appropriately. May Day, too, was a gala day with its picnic in some shady grove, its swings and garlands. Many a sweet May Queen and attendant gentleman has been looked out in the historic past here. Fond memories associate themselves with each event that has passed. Winter sports were always enjoyed by the town as a whole. About 1898 and 1900 the weather was very cold and both the big reservoirs near town froze over so skating was very fine. People went by the wagon loads, took their lunch and made camp fires around the sides of the ice. The men folks made runners on chairs and would invite the ladies and children to ride over the ice as they pushed them on skates from behind.

Many of the young boys became very efficient in cutting up didos on their skates, led by John Lundquist who could write his name visibly as he skimmed along over the ice. Christmas holidays have always been festive occasions in Snowflake. There has been many a town Christmas tree but as the number inhabitants increased, families united in having good times and always there has been town socials. In early days the presents consisted of molasses candy, parched corn, cookies, homemade clothing, and home made toys such as rattles and wooden furniture. Happy was the little girl whose mother had kept her own child bed and redressed it for her daughter.

The progress of any town is due in a great measure to the womenfolks. Ours have been God-fearing, intelligent, thrifty group of women. They have borne large families and cared for the sick and afflicted without the help of a doctor. For twenty-one years no child dies. At one time during a severe rainstorm, twins, a boy and a girl, were born to the Field family. A kind neighbor lady was the only help and during the storm one side of the adobe house caved in.

The first death in Snowflake was that of little Willie McGrath. He was buried on the hillside southwest of town where soon afterwards they laid off and fenced a large cemetery. Some time the body of a tiny Indian baby was found in a cedar tree several miles east of town. It was found by A.L. Rogers and was brought in and buried in the graveyard.

In early days practically all the marriages were performed in the St. George Temple. The young people would make the trip by team. After the railroad was finished many went to Salt Lake. This was a very expensive trip but was made with more speed and comfort on the Santa Fe line. The very first company going by team was comprised of several couples among whom was President Jesse N. Smith with Emma Larson, Alaf Larson and May Hunt, John W. Freeman and Sarah Allen, Joseph W. Smith and Nollie Marsden, Davis Rogers and Minnie Coley.

The women have carried water for long distances and scrubbed their large washings on homemade washboards. They have made their own soap and lye to do it with. For a long time all the bread was made with flour ground in a coffee mill. Grandma Ellen Larson had the first loom in town and on this, as it changed hands, hundreds of yards of carpets and rugs were woven. There were several spinning wheels in town which were put to good use. Aunt Fizzie Kartehner, Aunt Emma Smith, Seraphino Decker, Lucy Flake were among those who owned one. Wool picking and carpet rag bees were many and enjoyed by all. Also quilting parties and husking bees. In the latter the men folks joined and many a plighted troth was made hereafter in the moonlight. There are still in existence some of the old candle molds which were used in early days here to make the only lights available.

Janet M. Smith and Mary Ann Remsey, wife of Ralph Ramsay who carved the eagle over the Eagle Gate in Salt Lake City as well as practically all the carpenter work in early Snowflake, made all the straw hats here in early days and they were good looking hats, too.

bookkeeping was a profitable business and many there were who got equipment and engaged in it. Among the first was Aunt Annie Rogers and Ellen L. Smith who was also a photographer and storekeeper.

One of the first stores was owned by Sister Josephine Silver. She had all kinds of knacks to please the children appropriate to the season and holiday, little flags and brooches and fans, for the summer holidays and always black jack gum and candy in exchange for wheat we had gleaned, tin cans we had melted and flattened for her to put on a roof lucern and even pig entrails she used to feed her chickens.

Besides farming, which was engaged in by nearly everybody, there was stock raising. The Flukes have made a success of cattle. Rogers Brothers and Freemans had many horses. L. Rogers and Z.B. Decker owned sheep for many years. Some dry land farming has always on some level stretches of ground surrounding the town. Our fruit, when the frost doesn't kill it in the spring is of the best quality and flavor in the world.

But our best crop is our children. We are striving to make perennial Latter Day Sci-

Andrew Jensen Field Notes

The Snowflake ward consists of Latter Day Saints living in a fine little valley or opening between the hills on the Silver Creek in Nevada County. The valley is about several miles long from North to South and the average width is six miles. The creek runs through the valley from South to North. The town of Snowflake is situated on the west side of the creek and valley and covers a level tract of country. The town has been surveyed into regular blocks, twenty-four rods square and each block containing four lots. The streets are six rods wide. The bluff bordering the valley consists mostly of gravel and the highest point is perhaps not elevated more than one hundred feet above the valley. There are no mountains near by. The soil in the valley is good and productive and the farms and gardens are easily irrigated through ditches which tap Silver Creek at different points above the settlement. There are about 2000 acres of land of excellent quality in the little valley, which can be cultivated. The range for stock is good and fire wood in great abundance is obtained from the hills nearby.

The altitude of the place is about 5700 above sea level. Snowflake is about 28 miles south of Holbrook. Eighteen miles north of main body of timber on the north slope of the Angelon Mountains, about 22 miles from Cooleys ranch on the Showlow, 65 miles north of Fort Apache.

Nearly all the inhabitants of Snowflake are L.D.S. who live on the town-site except our families and they do not live far away. Snowflake has a fine stake house, and good district school house, a stake academy and a girl hall, four stores, some very fine and commodious brick buildings. The ward has a Relief Society, Sunday School, YM and YWCA, a Primary Association and Religion Class.

Snowflake Ward History

A man by the name of James Stinson, a non-mormon, settled on Silver Creek in 1873, at a point about one-quarter mile north of the present town of Snowflake; afterwards he changed his location to a spot now included in Block B of the Snowflake townsite (the block now occupied by Wm. Jordan Flake). Stinson's place was purchased by Wm. J. Flake who moved from Utah into Arizona in the latter part of 1877. Bro. Flake was among the settlers who first located at Taylor on the Little Colorado River about five miles below the present St. Joseph, but on the opposite side of the river. Being unsuccessful at that place, Bro. Flake started on an exploring trip up the country for the purpose of finding another locality in which he could build a home. After visiting Sycamore, New Mexico and Round Valley in Arizona he explored the country along Showlow Creek, but failing to find an unoccupied or unclaimed place to suit him, he returned northward by way of Stinson's ranch on Silver Creek. Mr. Stinson made a proposition to sell his claim to Bro. Flake who soon closed the bargain and bought the place. This purchase was made in July, 1878. Mr. Stinson had made some improvements during the past five years though he had spent part of his time on the range; he had a ditch and tank for the waters of Silver Creek for irrigation purposes. This had cost him a quite an undertaking for Mr. Stinson in view of the fact that his laborers, who were mostly Mexicans were unskilled in such work and the enterprise had cost considerable money. He had also built two or three cabins and some houses of adobe, and had the walls of a well shanty up. He was cultivating about 300 acres of land, but had no fence. His farming implements consisted of a reaper and a mower, a threshing machine, five mules and a wagon, plows, etc. He claimed the entire water right on all the waters of the Silver Creek, together with all the land in the valley which could be irrigated with water from the creek. His claim may have been rather more than the law would allow, but frontier ranch men do not acknowledge such law in relation to squatters claims. No doubt he would have been able to hold his possession as he could have divided it among his trusty Mexicans.

For this claim and the improvements on the same, with the farming implements, such as wagons, plows, machinery, etc. Bro. Flake paid \$11,000 in stock as follows: 200 head of cows, 150 two year olds, and 200 yearlings, which were to be paid as follows: 50 head down in April 1879, 235 in April 1880, or equal proportionment of kinds was to be delivered at each payment. The stock was paid according to contract and receipt taken, and Mr. Stinson gave as good a title to the place as could be given in consideration of the fact that the land had not yet been surveyed by the Government. Mr. Stinson took his stock and left the valley in July 1880. The purchase of this new place on Silver Creek gave an opening for many of the saints who were seeking homes in that part of Arizona.

William J. Flake, James Gale, Jesse James Brady, Alexander Stewart and Thomas West with their respective families moved onto Stinson's ranch July 21, 1878. Most of them had resided temporarily on the Little Colorado ranch at Taylor.

The hardships and trials which these early pioneers had undergone since they left Utah about one year before caused some of the sisters to shed tears of joy when they came in sight of a valley covered with a mantle of green, and they realized that here were prospective homes to again find a home and a resting place. Some of them had spent nearly a year driving about in their wagons and had worked exceedingly hard for a short time at Taylor on the Little Colorado River, trying to make a home, but had failed, and now they had found one they were overjoyed. Soon after the arrival of these first families, others of their colonists followed, among them being Augustus H. Bro. (?) Wixon W. Dempsey, Elizabeth Morris, James Thomas, Austin and Jesse B. Fields, John J. Quin and others.

17 Hillside Avenue, Prescott, Arizona December 27, 1960

Dear Kinsman,

The Leonard Sevcoys were hosts to Margaret's sisters, Elizabeth and Priscilla and brother Jesse N. Shumway and the respective spouses and children on Thanksgiving Day. Sam J. Flores is home from the English Mission. Jessie and Harvey Chester Shumway were home from the B.Y.U. Jessie's eldest son, Keith, is home from military service in Germany. He and Jackie were showing off their new son.

Prescott Ward misses the Stanley Flores since they returned to Snowflake.

Effie Tillman visited her daughter, Norma during the holidays. Son-in-law Korr teaches at Prescott High School and the Sunday School Class.

Enclosed are my \$2.00 for my 1961 subscription.

Thank you,
Priscilla Scott

Snowflake, Arizona December 12, 1960

Dear Kinsman:

Enclosed is my check for another year's subscription. You are putting out a good paper and doing a great deal toward holding the family together.

Please accept our thanks and please extend our greetings to the large family for the holidays and tell them we wish them all peace, happiness and prosperity thru the coming year.

Sincerely,
T. Eugene and Lillian Floke

We want these few words inside the guide lines on the stencil.

The Publications Committee is glad to launch out into another year. Your patient support has been greatly appreciated. It is sincerely hoped that you will continue to go along with us, if not for the work we have done, then in spite of it.

We have reaped considerable criticism with the succeeding days, all of it just, no doubt, and well deserved. (but we aren't crying) But there is more than one side to every quarrel. There is our side, and there is the other side, and then, there may be, the right side. And we wish to mention here and now that all of the effort that we have put into this program has been given freely, and without umbrage, or money. We think that it has been worthwhile to us, and to you; and we are willing to continue in the same manner.

We wish to mention, also, that we will gladly share our compensations more completely with you that, thereby, we may perchance get nearer onto the "right side". So far, you have done wonderfully well with providing paper, and ink, and machinery, etc. But as you have so ably observed, the human element is the vital ingredient. Give us a hand with that - a big hand.

.....the devil.....

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