

THE KINSMAN

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Editorial

What a lot of us cousins have had a grandma Smith! Aunt Margaret, Aunt Emmie, Aunt Janet, Aunt Augusta and Aunt Em! All of these wonderful women have been grandmas Smith to some 336 of us grandchildren.

How fortunate the child who has a dear grandmother, especially one that he can remember.

I'll tell you about my grandmother---just a little of what I remember. What a serene orderly and gentle person my grandmother Augusta was. If she called a child "a little puss" you knew that you were considered someone pretty special even if she had caught you in mischief. The things I especially recall, come flooding back to me in memory as though it were but yesterday that I slid down her banister, slept on her upstairs porch with nothing much more over me than the stars above for cover, drew water in the oaken bucket from her open well, or picked cherries from the cherry whose branches were filled with cousins almost as thick as our rivals, the English Sparrows.

I just have to think of it to recapture the thrill of going down grandmother's cellar steps any time between August and Christmas, to get a paragon apple, those delicious smelly kind whose aroma seemed to never fade away! Neither did the smell of blossoms ever seem to leave the spacious yard. Each Spring, lilac, plum and apple blossom made the air heavy with perfume. As I associated these things with my grandmother, it seemed to me as a child, that her world and mine was enchanted.

Bordering on the south side of her lot were giant cottonwood trees. What massive strength they had and the coolness of their shade has been long remembered.

And what Christmases we all spent at her home. Candle flames glimmering from glittering trees, good things to eat around her large oblong kitchen table, while a teakettle would be singing on her large black kitchen range. All of these things were part of grandmother's sweet, gentle life and it became part of mine and all who associated with her. What a heritage for any child. How wholesome and enduring!

Beatrice R. Papa

In this issue of the Kinsman we will honor the children of Jesse N. Smith and Augusta Maria Outzen. In the October issue, we will honor their in-laws.

Georganna Bathsheba Rencher
Born August 16, 1870 Died May 14, 1946
The following is taken from her own Journal

I was born in Salt Lake City, in the home of George A. Smith, and I was named and blessed by George A. Smith when I was eight days old. When I was two months old we went to Parawan, Iron County, Utah, there to make our home. We had a big house and Aunt Emma lived there with her children, Aunt Janet and her one child Susie, and Grandma Smith. My childhood days were very happy. I loved my older brothers and sisters and they were very kind and good to me. My father always looked very wonderful and my mother looked so tall and beautiful to me as a child.

My mother was a very good hand at making clothes. She kept us dressed well, especially in the winter. Parawan was a cold place. I had to walk to school through deep snow as long as we lived there.

When I was 8 years old, my father took me down to the mill and baptized me. My mother went every summer to visit her parents in Richfield. What wonderful times we children had. There were all of our uncles and aunts to have a good time with, and how I did love my grandma, and what good things she always had to eat. I will never forget her collar, it always looked and smelled very clean indeed, with the milk and butter in it. Grandpa Outzen, who had been a cabinet maker for the King of Denmark, made Rob a little wagon and Dena and me a little cradle.

My people were making preparations to go to Arizona. Aunt Janet and her family went a year before. This was when I was nine years old. On the 6th of April 1880, we started. There was in the company, my father, my mother, Aunt Emma and five children not married, four girls were married. My mother with four children, Lewis Harris and Ida Hunt.

We traveled over awful roads. We children worried about the Colorado River, and when we finally came to the crossing, Bro. Johnson was the ferryman who worked all day getting us across.

We had our camp fire made and started the horses back; they had been hobbled and put out for the night. The whole band jumped into the river. Jesse jumped on the last horse and surrounded them and saved them all back. We all looked on, holding our breath. The next day we traveled over Lee's Back Bone and a terrible bone it was!

One day Pa was gone all day hunting water. Lewis said, "Bashie, why don't you go and get some water?" I found two brass buckets and said to Walter, "Let's go and get some water." We walked along and I said, "Oh, Walter, how will we know the way back to camp?" He said, "Oh, we will just step in our tracks and go back all right." Pretty soon darkness came on and I said, "Walter, we can't see our tracks and we can't see the camp fire." In a little while we heard someone walking, and to our great joy we saw Pa. He looked surprised and sad. He said, "Why in the world did you come out here?" We told him we came after water. He took our buckets on his arm, with his empty buckets and his shovel on his shoulder yet still he reached his hands out to us. We children chatted along, but when we got to camp we were alarmed to see how bad Pa felt. He told the folks the wild beasts would have eaten us up before morning if he hadn't happened on to us. From then on everyone in camp should know where the children were and what they were doing every minute of the time. Pa wanted some water to drink. Aunt Emma got some water for him that had been saved for the children, but Pa would not drink it. That night too, we all went to bed without any supper, we could not eat because of our fright.

Submitted by George A. Rencher, son of Bashie

Aunt Bashie was a gentle, kind woman. She was the mother of six children. All of them are living and have fine families.

News from George A. and his wife Elda about their own children:

Ellen's husband, George C. Rands, graduated from Texas A.&M. on the 21st of Jan. and they moved to Ceres, Calif. where he is managing a large poultry farm for Olsen Bros. They just got 12,000 day old chicks. Ellen is teaching in the 3rd grade there now.

Paul and his wife have just bought a new 4 bedroom home in Seattle. Roy is in Troutdale, Oregon and doing fine in his missionary work. My brother Ump called us yesterday and they are well and doing fine.

Agnes, daughter of Aunt Bashie, lives in Sandy, Utah and does wonderful things in Genealogy. The other children, Clarence, Alfred and Ethel and their families live in St. Johns, Arizona.

Augusta Gerhardina Hulet

Born July 14, 1872 Died Jan. 9, 1940

by Sadie H. Avery

My mother, Dena Smith Hulet, was the second child of Jesse N. and Augusta M. Smith. She was named Augusta Gerhardina. Gerhardina is a Danish name and was beautiful when Grandma said it, but is a little hard for anyone else to pronounce just right. Therefore it was shortened to Dena, and those of you who know her called her "Aunt Dena." She was married to John R. Hulet on April 8th, 1896. They became the parents of five children. Little Katy died in infancy, and Eugenia passed away six years ago.

We had a lovely and comfortable home in Snowflake and were surrounded by our beloved Smith relatives. I am sure this was a comfort to mother, since my father's business took him away from home a great deal of the time. Mother's home was just down the block and across the street from Grandma's. One of the earliest things I remember about my mother was her affection for her mother and the joy it gave her to walk "up to Ma's." I think very few days passed when mother did not go "up to Ma's." Sometimes there was a quilt on the frames in the big room upstairs. Other times Mother, Grandma, and the big girls sewed carpet rags, and we kids were allowed to wind the rags into balls.

I have always been thankful that Mother had this happiness during her lifetime. I have wished countless times that my little mother could have stayed with us longer and that my home might have been close to hers, so that I too could have gone "up to Ma's."

Dena's living posterity is as follows: Three children, nine grand-children, and twenty-four great-grandchildren.

My brother Ernest, lives with his family in Holbrook, Arizona, where he is Postmaster. His oldest daughter, Sheridan, lives with her husband, Steve Hale, and their children in Salt Lake City. Vivian and I both live in Provo, Utah. Vivian's husband, Sterling Taylor, is one of Provo's leading merchants. I have six living children, five of whom are married and living in various parts of the nation. My youngest son is still at home and is a freshman at B.Y.U.

S. H. A.

Robert Christian
Born Nov. 27, 1874 Died April 9, 1920

My memories of Uncle Rob are rather limited because I was very young at the time of his death. Things that I do recall however, was that he was tall, good looking and always jovial and full of fun. He would jokingly pull us kids hair and then give us a nickle.

He had a good education for his day and for some time was County School Superintendent of Navajo County in the days when a stiff examination was required of all teachers to pass before they could qualify to teach. Some would try year after year before they finally made the grade.

Rob Smith was known for his keen intellect and good judgment. He served a term in the State Legislature. He was anxious that his family move to Snowflake after his death, where they could own and publish the weekly newspaper "The Snowflake Herald." This they did. Aunt Sarah T, his wife, and their sons edited and published the paper for years, which was an outstanding credit to our community and to themselves. Although the paper is no longer published, the good and worth of the publication of "The Snowflake Herald" for as long as it existed, cannot be estimated.

Uncle Rob died of cancer. Summing up his outstanding qualities would be, I believe, his devotion to his family and to his fellowmen. He indeed had the spark of greatness in his character.

B. R. P.

Nearly all of Uncle Rob's posterity live in Holbrook. Helen is recovering from surgery for brain tumor. We are all grateful that she is better. Effie teaches school in Holbrook. William and Ralph are successful business men in Holbrook.

Martha Amelia Flake
Born July 17, 1877 Died August 10, 1931

Patient, kind, lovable aunt Mattie. She devoted her life to her family and was the honored mother of fifteen children. Besides her own children, she raised the motherless children of her husband's first wife as well as the infant son of her step daughter.

Tribute should be paid to Aunt Mattie's hospitality. Guests were always welcome to the large Flake home, whether it be neighbors, relatives, friends, the General Authorities of the Church or whoever it might be. She was always busy, always working to make someone else comfortable and happy. She was a person without guile and a person genuinely unselfish.

The following was taken from the Life's Story of Rebecca Smith Rogers:

Mother had Mattie's five oldest children staying with us while she, accompanied by James M., went to California to get treatment for a cancer. In spite of our painstaking care, suddenly, like a thunder clap out of a clear blue sky, Augusta was stricken with what I think doctors would call Spinal Meningitis, and I am sure no child as sick as Augusta was then, ever recovered. She lay as if dead in a coma for weeks and her little back turned black along the spinal column. We telegraphed for her parents to come home. I shall always carry with me the memory of my dear mother's anxious face and of father's earnest prayers for her recovery during those many weary days and watchful nights with the little sufferer. Finally the doctor gave his consent for Mattie to leave and they hurried home on the fastest possible train. I can almost hear Mattie's scream or moan as she saw what seemed to be decomposition of her darling child setting in, even before the spark of life had left her little body. I remember father standing in the big old kitchen with his arm on the banister. I was setting the table for supper, James M. came walking sadly in from Mother's bedroom where Augusta lay apparently worse. He went over to Father and said, "Bro, Smith, I am willing to give up. If you will come in we will dedicate her to the Lord." Father looked up and said, "We will hold on a little longer."

I finished putting the food on the table and got Mattie to leave her and go in and eat something while I watched. I was all alone with the child and fancied I could see by her eyes that she was watching me, so I began to sing, "Mrs. Pussy, Slick and Fat", a kindergarten song with motions of the hands. I had gone through this many times with all the children, going through the motions with their little chubby hands. Well, to my great surprise, Augusta moved one little thumb. I went through the first line again to be sure, I wasn't mistaken, and sure enough she moved her little slim thumb again to represent Mrs. Pussy. I ran to tell the folks what had happened. They all got up from the table and came in, Father, Mother, Mattie, James, Rachel and I. Well, you can imagine the rejoicing when I sang the song again and she showed us for the first time in weeks that she understood. From that time on, she slowly recovered, and oh, what a joy it was to us all. I often think of how near we came to losing her and how merciful the Heavenly Father was in sparing her life, for she is surely a choice spirit, a wonderful character. She took her Mother's place in the home, but her greatest charm is her improved talents of which she has many and has used so wisely. She has been on several missions, has traveled a great

deal and has been to schools all over the land. She is a splendid teacher herself, and is so congenial with her little nieces and nephews who continually surround her at the old Flake home.

(My mother, Rebecca Smith Rogers was a great record keeper and fine writer. I was very happy to find the above account in her own Journal. It is a fine insight into an incident in Aunt Mattie's life and a lovely tribute to her daughter, Augusta.)
B.R.P.

Ashel Henry

Born December 5, 1860 Died September 7, 1948

Ashel Henry Smith seemed to make noble, the common things in life. His character was bound to a code of justice and fairness with his dealings with everyone. He was tender hearted and kind and no one could ever accuse him of a dishonest dealing.

He was the second and last son of Jesse N. and Augusta Maria Smith. His birth was among the first ever to be recorded in the town of Snowflake. He spent his entire life in the vicinity of Snowflake and Hunt, Arizona, where he was engaged as a rancher and a farmer until his death. While living at Hunt he was Bishop of that Ward for many years.

Ashel Smith and his wife, Pauline Udall Smith, became the parents of nine children, all of whom have contributed in a commendable way in their lifetime, to their church and community life.

The influence for good that was kindled by the life of Ashel Henry Smith has been felt and retained in the hearts of people whose lives he touched---in lots of ways, you are still with us, Uncle Ash!

(Any pending tributes to Uncle Ashel and Aunt Pauline will have to be published in the October issue of the Kinsman.)

Anna

Born August 6, 1883 Died October 9, 1910

The following was submitted from far off San Pedro Sula, Honduras, Central America-----by Garland F. Bushman

Anna Smith, my mother, was born August 6, 1883 at Snowflake, Arizona, a daughter of Augusta M. and Jesse N. Smith.

Grandma Augusta told us that our mother was very frail as a child and many times it seemed she would surely die in childhood, notwithstanding the special care and attention that was given to her health.

Grandma told of her own Patriarchal Blessing in which she said the Lord told her she would be able to raise all of her children to maturity if she continued to live faithfully, and so it was. Grandma lived for her blessings and raised each one of her eleven children to maturity.

We have been told by many people that our mother became a beautiful young woman. Her eyes were brown, her hair was blonde. She was tall and graceful. All those who knew her declare that she possessed a very pleasant disposition and always spoke kindly. Father often said that our sister, Virginia B. Scheson, is very much like her.

Almost all her lifetime was spent in Northern Arizona. She attended the Snowflake public schools and the Snowflake Stake Academy. She appreciated the company of her brothers and sisters and friends.

At age nineteen years, after a beautiful romance, she was married to Preston A. Bushman of Joseph City, Arizona in the temple at Salt Lake City. Elder John R. Winder officiated at the marriage rites.

The couple in company with John and Adelle Westover and others traveled via team and wagon from Arizona to Utah because of their desire to have the blessings of Temple marriage. Their trip consumed the time of several weeks.

They made their home in Joseph City, Arizona and devoted their time and talents to the upbuilding of that pioneer community. Their home was a haven of peace and happiness for all who came into their presence.

Four children were born to them, namely: Joseph Preston, Georganna, Garland Foscue and Virginia Augusta.

During the Autumn of 1910 our mother's span of life on this earth came to a close. More than a half century has passed by since she was called to her heavenly home. Words of praise and honor continue to remind us of her good life and her righteous example before all people. Forty-one descendants now hold her name in highest consideration and affection.

Note: On the 10th of April, Garland and his wife, Elsie Fern, flew to Europe. He is Latin America Division Manager for the Texas Refinery Corp. of Fort Worth, Texas. His work takes him to many far-away places. He is an active B.R.P. member. His son, Clarence, recently married Leona Makipaja in the S.L. Temple. She is from Finland. Anna, Garland's daughter, teaches school in San Francisco. His sons Robert and James are students.

Rebecca

Born October 23, 1886 Died November 3, 1960

Since my mother's sketch was published in a recent issue of the Kinsman, I felt that this message to her children that we found after she had passed away, would be fine to contribute. It could well be a message to us all. It portrays the type of person my mother truly was,-----Beatrice

"My Birthright"

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
 The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar
 Not in entire forgetfulness
 And not in utter nakedness
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, where is our home
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

In the beginning there was God and with him all the hosts of Heaven, sons and daughters of God, praising the Father and shouting for joy. And I was there!

Perchance my voice mingled with the mighty ones in that rapturous shout on hearing our Father's plan. We had lived in the presence of God, had been trained by Him in all His learning, and now that we had advanced to a certain stage, and had kept our first estate, he had ready for us another sphere of action.

Out in space rolled another world created by God to be a fit abode for the faithful. There we would obtain physical bodies, come in contact with misery, suffering, and death, have a chance to exercise our free agency, and be tested for a life hereafter,-Eternal Life.

The things we did before coming to this world conditioned our lives here and the things we do in this life, will condition our life hereafter.

Out of all the vast multitudes of tried and trusted spirits in the pre-mortal life, the Lord chose a small number of choice spirits and kept them in reserve and training until a day came in earth's history when the very staunchest and bravest should be needed. With the dawning of this last Gospel dispensation came their call to journey earthward and perform the special mission for which they were qualified by character and experience. To organize the Kingdom of God upon the earth, to build it up and defend it, and to receive the eternal and ever-lasting Priesthood.

Through this highly favored lineage I was privileged to come to earth and be born of worthy parents, therefore my heritage is one of the very greatest in all the world. I need never envy one born heir to millions in worldly wealth nor one whose birth entitles him to rule an empire, for my birthright surpasses all these and blessed am I because of my lineage.

My life has come down to me from generation to generation through the patriarchs and prophets of ancient Israel, through the noblest and most faithful of their descendants in the dark days of their dispersion, from kings and rulers, great nobles, warriors and law givers of many nations, from many God-fearing men and women of honest lives, some of them outstanding leaders in service to their race and age. I need never apologize for my earthly father and mother for through them some of the best blood of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times flows through my veins.

Because of my birthright and my obedience to the principles of the Gospel, I, in connection with my husband and sons am entitled to bear the Holy Priesthood. This is truly a pearl of great price worth more than any other earthly possession.

By properly exercising the powers of the priesthood and performing in full the mission devolving upon every bearer of the Priesthood, one qualifies to have part in the glorious resurrection of the just, inheriting eternal life, to dwell eternally with God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ in the Celestial Kingdom. Ultimately every righteous desire of one's heart may be achieved, eternal family happiness, wisdom and knowledge, riches, power and dominion.

As I contemplate all these blessings, my heart swells with pride and thankfulness to all those whom I am indebted to for my blessings and I want my posterity to feel the same gratitude towards me.

We are in the midst of our Second Estate, earning today the blessings we will hereafter inherit. Now is our day of opportunity. We are striving for the greatest prize ever offered to any person in all the world. We are face to face with the supreme period of our existence. To fail is unthinkable.

May our kind Heavenly Father guide His erring child and her children and her children's children to prove true to their birthright inheritance!

Rachel
Born January 1, 1889
By Virginia Benson Peterson

Dear Mamma was everything good, pleasant, sweet, kind, conscientious, self-sacrificing---I could go on and on.

How I wish she could have lived to be old. Maybe though, it is as Daddy said, "One thing about her going young, she is more grieved for and missed more than one who lives to be real old and most of their friends are gone."

We surely have missed her that's for sure. It has been twenty years. No doubt she has been doing much compassionate service over there as she surely did here.

She wanted us to be good and she was a good example. We just needed to be like her.

When I was a little kid and was afraid of the dark alone out doors at night, mamma sort of laughed and kidded me and said I must have been naughty that day; that if I was good I would not be afraid of the dark at night. I thought back and I had been mean in the day. After that I decided that if I did not want to be afraid of the dark I would have to be good.

She would never let us big kids scare the little kids at all. She said if we frightened them we would get frightened.

She taught us the gospel and grammar as we went along. She would correct us right at the time when we made a grammatical error. She took time out to explain gospel instances and taught us as we went along.

One time there had been a rushing, odd sound in the west all day. Someone suggested that maybe the world was coming to an end. I thought maybe it really was and that was an edgy subject to me. That evening I went to Mamma and seriously asked her if the world was coming to an end. She said, "No." She said she did not know what the noise was but that it was not the end of the world. I asked her if she would be afraid when the world came to an end. She said, "No." I knew she meant it. I could tell that the reason she would not be afraid was because she was so good. I hoped I could be good like that when I got big. I marveled that she was so brave.

We found out the next day that the noise in the west was a flood in the Lakefork River about ten miles from our place.

(Virginia is the oldest child of Aunt Rachel and Uncle Melvin Benson. She lives in West Jordan, Utah and is the mother of four children, namely:

Merlyn John Mary Louise
Mark Arlen Renae

The other children of Aunt Rachel are: Lois, Loraine, Melvin J. Jr., Jesse Nathaniel and Ruth and Rhea, twin girls.

Sophonra
Born April 8, 1892 Died
The following was written by Virginia B. Acheson

I am glad to write a bit about my Aunt Sophron and pay tribute to her many fine characteristics. For as long as I can remember her, she took a motherly attitude toward me from the very first and was one of my dear aunts who did so much for me--often carrying me across town to a nursing mother who was willing to share her baby's milk with me. She did many nice things for me all my life, such as, making clothes for me. She wanted me to look just right in school.

After I had a home of my own she spent much of her time with me and my family. She really loved my babies and helped care for them. She was a most devoted baby sitter. My children still refer to their evening story hour with "Aunt Poho." How they enjoyed it!

I would like to pay tribute to her love, devotion and care of Millie and then Grandma at the time they needed her most. She truly gave of herself to help provide for their comfort and needs.

We were sorry she had such poor health and especially in the last years of her life. I like to think that she is with her dear parents, brothers and sisters, and friends and has no more handicaps but is free to progress and use her very fine talents.

V.B.A.

Aunt Phron as we called her, received a Masters Degree from B.Y.U.

Natalia
Born April 3, 1894---still living
by Sylvia Elazzard

My wonderful Mother has now lived equally as long without Daddy as she lived with him. I say this only in the physical terms for his spirit has been and is with her helping and guiding her all these years.

The sacrifices and heartaches that Mama has endured are great, but her courage and integrity dominates her. She doesn't dwell on her sorrows that have come into her life and no one can sympathize with those who sorrow more than she can. She always looks to the bright side and a better tomorrow.

Her devotion and love for her family and church is her great distinction. I don't know of anyone who has been more faithful to her Smith family, her Farr family and to hers and Dad's own family than my mother, and in this faithfulness to her families whose lives are so entwined with our wonderful church, hers too is with the church. I always admire her for the way she upholds her family, her brothers and sisters, and the beautiful attitude she has instilled in us of polygamy.

She has held a job in the church ever since I can remember. She was my Primary teacher when I began Primary, worked in it all the years and was my teacher when I graduated from Primary. She encouraged me all through school and made it possible for me to graduate from Brigham Young University for which I will always be grateful.

She teaches through example more than any other way. I learned my way of life from her, yet I don't remember actual teaching lessons. I've tried to remember how she taught me certain things when I run into everyday problems with our three young 'uns and each day I appreciate and respect her anew for the wonderful job she has done in rearing our large bunch alone. We all think she's done a good job--we're all, but one, married successfully and that one is on a mission for the Church. She is our pillar of strength that we always look to for comfort and advice. Her wonderful sense of humor and the things she can find to laugh at are a comfort to all.

There are many wonderful precious things I attribute to my mother that would take books to print. I wish I had the ability of expression to tell how I feel.

The posterity of David Ernest and Natalia Smith Farr is great. Of six children, twenty-four grandchildren have been born in the last thirteen years, with known prospects of two more come summer.

Norman and Dorothy Farr----Six children
 LaMell and Henry Ashcroft----Seven children
 LaMarr and Lucinda Farr----Three children
 Sylvia and Trevelyn Blazzard----Three children
 Gus and Nelda Farr----Three children
 Merl and Annette Farr----Two children
 Francis Ardath Farr and Troy Parker (married June 21, 1960)
 Troy's sons: William Dale Jameson, Born 17 Aug. 1945
 at Evanston, Ill.
 Robert Parker Jameson, Born 20 April, 1947
 at Geneva, Ill.
 Quintin Chapman Macdonald, Born 27 Aug. 1951
 at Los Angeles, Calif.

Millie

Born December 25, 1897 Died Oct. 3 1931

Written by Virginia Acheson

I was pleased to be asked to write a few things that I remember about my dear Aunt Millie. I have so many pleasant memories of her, beginning when I was just a little girl. She used to sew doll clothes for my dolls and together we would cut out paper dolls and visit by the hours. One thing we really had in common was our love for cats and kittens--and could never have too many. She would help me with my school home-work etc., and always showed an interest in what I did, where I went and how I looked when I left--many times offering to sew on a button, press a dress or whatever. I remember she was always nice and friendly to my little playmates.

Many happy hours were spent playing Rook and other games. She entered into it with zest and played to win--an usually did. I still like to think of her most beautiful brown eyes - beauty of color and expression - quickly registering compassion, pity and sympathy - to happiness and mirth - even mischievousness. I remember her humble prayers as we knelt in front of the fireplace before retiring. I used to think she sort of visited with the Lord rather than using a more formal prayer.

After I was married and had my babies - and like all mothers - just knew how special they were, I often wished that Grandma and Aunt Millie could see and appreciate them with me. Then the thought would always come, "Well, maybe they and my dear Mother picked them out in Heaven."

I am certain that Aunt Millie's spirit was truly a choice one and I am thankful to have known her as well as I did.

V.B.A.

Millie cont.

These words were among those given in a beautiful tribute to Aunt Millie by Aunt Pauline at the time of Millie's death.

There are so few who know and appreciated Millie's true worth because of her modest and reticent nature. She was indeed a rare and beautiful flower that was born to blush unseen.

Millie came into the world a bright healthy baby, but early in childhood suffering a severe illness which left her heart impaired. After years of tender nursing by her devoted mother, she had emerged into fairly vigorous young womanhood. It was in the Senior year of her high school that she met with an accident, resulting in an operation. It was many months before she recovered sufficiently to be about, but she always had difficulty with that knee. Her extreme modesty and reticence forbade her entering society after that. She felt she was too far behind her class mates and so in the quiet of her room she became a great student as she continued to read and study.

Hers was a great, generous nature, always finding delight in sharing her comforts with others.

She was of an artistic temperament, loving poetry and harmony in all its phases. She had a mental alertness that was surprising at times. Her discernment and enthusiasm was beyond that of any average mortal. (Thanks Aunt Pauline for this tributes. Virginia loaned it to me and I have been glad to borrow.) B.R.P.

At a meeting of the officers of the Smith organization held April 11th, there were seven of father's children present--a signal honor-- and as I looked into the faces of those dear ones I was reminded of the words of this prayer I once heard which is applicable to those of us who are approaching the shadowy side.

"Dear Father--Abide with us as the sun begins to set, when the joys of former years turn to memories. Sustain our hopes, and remain near us, and make the last rays bright and beautiful. And when the evening comes--may it still be morning with Thee."

Sincerely and with love to all,
Aunt Leah

P.S. Here are the birthdays for May.

George Albert, May 7, 1893; Priscilla Smith Gibbons Smith, b. May 10, 1877;
Jesse Nathaniel Jr. b. May 16, 1861; Aunt Margaret Fletcher West Smith, b. May 22, 1838.

Thanks to all who responded for this issue.
The other material will be used in the October issue.
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THE TIE THAT BINDS

A publication of the Jesse Nathaniel Smith Family Association for the purpose of fostering a common faith, a mutual interest, a fraternal bond, a common heritage; of creating greater family unity and more interest in the family members for each other. Here are your representatives. If you want action from the Publication Committee, contact them.

Aunt Emma's family, William C. Smith, 105 South 3rd East, Pleasant Grove, Utah
Aunt Margaret's family, Margaret Larson, 2601 North 29th Place, Phoenix, Ariz.
Aunt Janet's family, Priscilla Richins, 1215 West Polk, Phoenix, Ariz.
Aunt Augusta's family, Beatrice Papa, Snowflake, Ariz.
Aunt Em's family, George A. Smith, 552 South Stapley, Mesa, Ariz.

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Mesa, Arizona
Non-Profit Organ.