



Volume XIII Number 4, April 1960
Published monthly for the Kinsman Association for the purpose of creating greater family unity and more interest within the family for each other. "The tie that binds."
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Dear Uncle Don,
Mother suggested I write something. If it isn't the sort of thing needed, don't hesitate to file it in the round file. We certainly appreciate all you've done for mother this past year. I recall a few impressions of a kind, gentle grandmother, through the eyes of a young boy. In Snowflake was Grandma's cellar. It had a sloping roof covered with dirt, which made a fine place down which to coast with a toy wagon. One day Grandma was carrying hot water from the black tub on the wash fire, into the house. I doasted down the cellar roof just in time to run into her and the boiling water. She was scalded badly but she only said, "My land boy." That was a strong language as she ever used. An interesting place at Grandma's was where she kept her loom. It was fascinating to watch her threading the various colored string into what seemed to be a complicated maze. She let us help roll the strips of rag into large balls, and then toss the shuttle back and forth, and then work the pedals. Aoney time was another occasion, because we got to eat the cappings and turn the big crank on the extractor. I can still see her with, the large-brimmed hat and net over her face, among the hives, with the "smoker" in her hand.

I remember Grandma as an angel of my childhood days, wearing a crown of lovely white hair. Her gentle, even disposition endeared her to everyone. When she started doing temple work in Mesa we saw her far too infrequently. I have a letter she wrote me after I had left for college. I was lonely and homesick. She sent me a little poem. It is so typical of her and the close relation she had with the Creator. "There's a radio in heaven, yonder by the great white throne, Most wonderful invention ever was, or will be known. For it catches every whisper uttered, on earth's lowly sod, And transmits it, without error, straight into the ear of God."
Francis E. Broadbent.

Dear Aunt Tal,
I appreciate so much receiving your fine publication on grandfather's family. As a little newspaper item for you I have recently been selected as the new City Manager of Merced, California. This city is located in the heart of the Joaquin Valley, fifty miles north of Fresno.

Would you be kind enough to send me a list of cousins or other relatives in Northern California? I know that my sister Jan Mortenson lives in Modesta. By the way, Jan's husband, Chester, recently had a serious operation on his stomach. News is that he is O. K. Aunt Natalia, how much do I owe you for the 1960 subscription? Please let me know and I will send you reimbursement. Also, kindly change my mailing address to City Hall, Merced, California. Give my best regards to all of your children, and my love to you.
Your nephew, Earl (Udall)

Dear Aunt Tal,
Glad the Kinsman had kept coming even when we neglected to send our subscription on time. We enjoy it and appreciate all your work. Sincerely, Nellie Mortensen
Dear Natalia, the editor of Kinsman.
Enclosed please find \$2.00 year subscription to Kinsman. Send to: Major and Mrs. Calvin W. Jackson, 5362 Sage Avenue, Edwards, California. Would appreciate it if you could send them the three previous issues of this year.

I appreciate all you are doing for the Kinsman and the best of luck to you. For some reason I did not receive the March issue this time. It's the first one I've missed. Since I keep them all on file I would certainly appreciate it if you can send one to me. Best wishes and a lot of love. Mary Hanson.

I have had a hard time to think of this check when I have been where I could get one to write. I am enclosing a payment for Lazelle. I do not know if you have had anything from him or not. J. Fash Smith
Dear Aunt Tal,

We surely appreciate your good work in publishing the "Kinsman." I really look forward to its coming each month. Jessie B. Smith

SPECIAL TO ALL KINSMAN

By Henry L Smith Genealogical Chairman
A committee has been organized and appointed to be known as the Genealogical committee of the Jesse N Smith Family Organization which is as follows:
Ethel Randall for Emma S West Family
Edith Bushman for Margaret West "
Esther Shumway for Janet Johnson "
Natalia Farr for Augusta M Outzen"
Myrtle Blocker for Emma Larson "

The purpose of this committee is to promote and encourage every descende of Jesse Nathaniel Smith and those five wonderful women, to do their full duty in record

keeping and comply with the instructions given by the Prophet Joseph Smith, "That each man should have his family sealed to him, him to his parents, they to their parents and so on back to Adam, that none will be lost."

Without which we cannot receive an exaltation in the Celestial Kingdom. Do you realize the great blessings lost when we fail to keep our records properly?

The above mentioned committee will be willing to help and encourage any who will call on them.

We are in the process of placing in the Genealogical Library in Mesa a master Book containing the pedigree charts and family group sheets of the direct lines of Jesse N Smith and his five wives, so if and when any of you get the urge to do research, you may come to the library and get all the available information on your line as far as it has been compiled.

This will give you an opportunity to pick up the short lines and go from there instead of going over the same ground that has been gone over so many times. It is hoped that you will take advantage of this information AND USE IT by beginning with yourself and build up to it and thus have a record that "Is worthy of all acceptation."

Grandma Smith was always a very special person to me. We spent many happy hours together working in the bees where she patiently taught me how to care for them and so aroused my interest in them that I still keep bees and probably always will. I will always remember her for her quiet unassuming way.

The bees would panic me but never Grandma and I believe that she faced life in much the same way. Always patient maintaining presence of mind and understanding of those around her. Grandma always had something good to eat for us. Long after Christmas she would bring out a box of chocolates she had been saving to pass to the grandchildren.

I last saw Grandma the day before she died as I was leaving to go into the Air Force I kissed her goodbye and told her where I was going. Although she couldnt speak she understood and I could see the sadness in her eyes at her grandchildren going off to war.

I will always cherish and revere her memory.
By J.M. Broadbent

The Jesse N Smith Journal is a wonderful story that glows with the beauty of the common truth uncommonly stated.

D.C.S.

WELL FED "NOT BY BREAD ALONE"

In our pioneering times we were well fed. Any one who sat down to eat the table prepared by Emma Larson Smith was in for a treat even if the fare was no more than just bread and milk. Even that was made more tasteful with her famous salt-rising bread which she seemed to always have on hand in abundance (by necessity) to feed six hungry boys and three girls. No matter what the food was she with her ability always took the time to make of it a most tasteful morsel and served each meal as if it was of its self a special occasion and truly they were made more memorable with the blessing on food by our father Jesse N Smith.

Aunt Em, as she was known by her many relatives and friends was also known for her ability to do many things well and not the least of which was her ability to cook. Since beans and bacon was the main food of the pioneer it was an art to know how to cook them well. Mother always had on hand little red peppers grown in the family garden and to give a pot of beans just the right flavor she would put in three or four of them, they were lowly looking only about one half inch long and no larger around than a lead pencil but when eating the beans if you got one of the peppers in your mouth by mistake or other wise you soon found out how much power they packed. You may have taken your first little red pepper knowingly but I dare say that if you got the second one it would be by mistake, they were too hot to eat of themselves but they sure gave a pot of beans a good flavor.

She also knew the art of getting a good flavor into every dish that she cooked whether it was fried chicken, or pot roast, potatoes and gravy or a vegetable dish, pies, cakes or pudding or home canned fruits they all seemed to have a special flavor.

Praises for her wonderful cooking have been voiced by Presidents of the Church, Apostles, High Priests, Seventies, Elders, Bishops and Deacons all down through the ranks, even by small boys who waited for the second table.

In our family life through the years each meal was not a meal just as a meal but a family get together, made all the more enjoyable by the morning and evening prayer with father or mother leading in the ritual which always contributed food for the spirit and we were truly fed with both fine food for the body and fine food for the soul. That is the way that it was.

Don C Smith

Edward and Margery Tenney in company with Duane and Sybil Martin and their three children Dirk, Steven and Andy Lynn will spend the week end in Albuquerque, N.M. visiting with Edw. B Tenne Jr. who is working for the Telephone C

Nellie H Smith has an assignment to demonstrate quilt making, both beautiful and practical June 4-9 1960 B.Y.U. Leadership Week Provo, Utah

Dear Uncle George,
Dad asked that I send in something of interest in connection with my missionary work. As you know I have been here in the California mission for over a year now and have enjoyed many wonderful experiences and joys that always attend this portion of the Lord's work. I am truly enjoying this mission and am grateful to my dear family for their support in this calling. The time goes so rapidly the two years will be gone before I realize it.

I'll relate one brief experience:

March 25, 1960

1591 E. Templeway, Los Angeles 24, California

Dear Family and Kinsmen:

Greetings from sunny California and the mission. I use the term "sunny" notwithstanding the fact that here in Burbank there is often a thick coat of "smog" that often nearly obscures the sun. (Quite a contrast to the clear Arizona air.) But aside from the smog and the congested traffic situation, California is a good place, and certainly is one of the world's most fruitful mission fields. Last year there were more convert baptisms in this mission than elsewhere in the church, and the authorities say this is to be the greatest year yet for missionary work in the Lord's vinyard. They are expecting from us one baptism per month per missionary. And under the competent leadership of President Jesse A. Udall this goal should be attained. One day in our tracting my companion and I met a lady and her daughter and we gave them a Book of Mormon lesson and left the book. Neither my companion nor I were impressed with the meeting so we hadn't intended to call back. About a couple of weeks later we were tracting in another part of the city and met a lady who said, "Oh, you are the young men who talked to my sister a while back. Her son has been reading the Book of Mormon and is very interested in it." After this experience we decided to call back on the lady. We found she was a widow and had a fourteen year old son who had read part of the Book of Mormon, and he told us that he knew it was true. We have since seen this family come into the church and become faithful members. The son now holds the priesthood. This fine sister has told us many times that we were an answer to her prayers, and that the Lord did indeed guide us to her door.

Zion is growing indeed, and to be a part of the great missionary system is a wonderful blessing. I send my love to each of you.

Sincerely,

Elder Joseph Dale Smith

REMEMBER

This is a note to all who have not paid a subscription and dues for 1960. In order to publish the Kinsman we still have to pay cash for paper, stencils, ink, postage. We are still carrying on a genealogy program which unavoidably takes money. There is no charge for the written words or for the time it takes to put them into the paper, or for the hours of genealogical research.

A divine providence grants to us all, TIME, with an admonition that we share it. So when time means money to you, wont you share with us a little of that also. It will come back to you by meeting some of your obligation to the dead; and by the written word and in the spirit of the Kinsman.

The executive Committee of the Jesse N. Smith Family Association met in regular session March 22, 1960 at 45 South Olive, Mesa, Arizona. The program for publishing the Kinsman as suggested by the advisory committee was approved.

The Chairman of the genealogical committee, Henry L. Smith, moved that the association allocate funds to his committee in the amount of one hundred dollars a year for carrying on their work. The motion carried. John R. Blocker was assigned the responsibility of the work and of expending the funds. Henry L. was again requested to complete his committee and to file the names with the secretary.

The chairman of the reunion committee, Ardath Farr, moved that, because of business exigences, he be represented by his brother Norman. The motion carried. Norman was instructed to organize his committee and file the names with the secretary. Following this his committee were to prepare the program and designate the time and place for the annual meeting and reunion of the Association, for the year 1960. The meeting was adjourned until June 25, 1960.

Early Remembrances of my mother -----Hyrum Smith

I first remember her as a very good looking young woman, twenty-five years old, neatly and modestly attired. Her hair was always well groomed. She seemed always to be extremely busy. She would sit down briefly at meal times between interruptions and would relax for a few minutes while nursing the baby. Of course she sat still in church but I don't think it was restful because there was a boy or two on each side asking, "Ma, when do we go home?" (but we didn't go until meeting was out.)

Like most mothers she didn't get much sleep. She was still working on a hat or a dress for some neighbor long after the children were in bed. But she was usually the first one up in the morning. The only times we kids ever saw her in bed were the rare occasions when she was really sick. I don't believe she ever knew how delightful sleep can be on a cool summer morning. It may sound strange but her boys enjoyed taking some extra winks when they should have been out doing their chores. She found that cold water was very effective in bringing them to life.

When she disciplined the children she made the punishment fit the offense. (I had a short memory and got corrected very often." When I was fifteen she gave me a valuable lesson on the importance of taking care of ones responsibilities. It was my job to see that there was enough stove wood chopped to last all day. One morning Don and I went early to the field without chopping the stove wood. We were irrigating some uneven ground that required our constant attention, so we sent word to mother to send us our dinner. She did. The menu was very plain, a loaf of bread and a pint of molasses. With it was a note which read: "I am sorry boys, but this is all the dinner I could prepare with the wood you left me to cook with." Well sir, our wood box didn't get empty again for a long time.

Mother's work was not all confined to the house. She always raised a good garden and did her own chores. She milked her cow, tended her pig, fed her chickens, etc., until her boys were big enough to be depended on to do it. When she taught me to milk the cow I thought she had the strongest hands in the world because she could get more milk in five minutes that I could squeeze out in thirty.

Mother made all of our wearing apparel, except shoes, until we were nearly grown. At harvest time she sent me to the field for several bundles of wheat having the best looking straw. This she braided and fashioned into hats for children and adults.

Once I was hired out to Ezra West to drive our team and haul supplies from Holbrook to his sheep camp. He paid me with a piece of mutton and five yards of coarse corduroy cloth. From this cloth mother made a very durable suit for me. When the suit became too small for me mother dyed it another color and it became a "new" suit for Con.

Mo mother possessed wonderful p oise. She was patient, kind, charitable, forgiving, and slow to anger. She was alert, capable, and efficient, but she was modest about her own attainments. She had high ideals. She never compromised with evil, and she was a thorough Latter-Day-Saint.

Some interest is being manifest in the genealogy of Ruth Stevens, G randfather Sales' first wife. Here is the data now at hand. Please help with the rest.

Ruth Stevens, daughter of Abel Stevens, born 1779, Royalton, Windsor County, Vermont, married Silas Smith, Jan. 29, 1806. Died March 14, 1826. One record shows all of her seven children born in Stockholm, St. Lawrence County, New York. Another gives Stockholm as the birthplace of the last five. In a manuscript copy of "The Journal of my Life." by Jesse H. Smith, is this entry: "My father removed from Vermont to New York in 1807." Since they were married Jan. 29, 1806, and Charles was born Nov. 11, 1808, he could well be a Green Mountain boy. The second child, Charity, born Apr. 1, 1808, is quite probably not a Vermonter, since they moved in 1807, but she could well have been born somewhere in New York other than Stockholm because Curtis, born Oct. 29, 1809, is the first with Stockholm as the recorded birthplace.

The vicinity of Ruth's birthplace would be the starting place to look for the marriage place and vice for the search for the parents. For the time factor in the search for the parents we follow the general rule that since we don't know whether Ruth is the only child, her father was thirty-two years old in 1779, at her birth. 1747 then would be the earliest about date to look for Able Stevens in the vicinity of Windsor County, Vermont. And 1776 would be the about date for his marriage which, if found, would disclose the name of Ruth's mother.

Sketches of the life of Emma Larson, the fifth wife of Jesse N. Smith, by Lorana S. Broadbent.

Emma Larson was born April 6, 1863, in West Jordan, Salt Lake County Utah. She was the fifth child and third daughter of Mons Larson and Elna Malmstrom. She spent her childhood in West Jordan and her early girlhood in Santaquin, Utah. In 1878 the Larsons left Santaquin for Arizona. The move was made with two wagons. One was drawn by horses and the other by oxen. The oxen were driven by Aloy, Emma's oldest brother, and Emma rode beside him to manage the brakes. The difference in the rate of travel between oxen and horse drawn outfits left the two youngsters alone on the road most of the time but by being on the road early and late they managed to pull into camp with the rest of the company each night. As they approached the crossing of the Little Colorado below Sunset just before the evening darkness, quite a number of anxious watchers were gathered to witness the crossing. They were shouting instructions and precautions to the youngsters but Aloy seemingly couldn't hear a word. Evidently he already had his mind made up. Before the oxen could get any other ideas he gave them the prod and without a stop they slid down the steep bank into the turbulent stream. There were a few moments of apprehension in the minds of both onlookers and participants as the half floating wagon pulled the oxen first this way then that, but Aloy had in some way got it over to the cattle that their goal was the opposite bank. A great shout arose from the spectators as the oxen scrambled out of the muddy stream. Two good men wanted to be offended at first for not having the chance to pull them over and seemed inclined to chide them as foolhardy, but their sorrow was lost in the crowds praises for the youngsters pluck and finesse in handling the team and the brakes. Such real life experiences can be known now only in story.

Grandfather Larson built his home in Snowflake just across the street from his good friend Jesse N. Smith. About three years after, his neighbor Smith asked him for his daughter Emma. Aunt Ellen well remembers. How foolish can parents get, she thought, to consent to such a thing. Why, brother Smith already has four wives and twenty-five children. She must be out of her mind. But all that anyone could get out of Emma was that Jesse N. Smith was the man who she wanted to be the father of her children. Does that give one any idea of the character of the girl and principles she has chosen to live by? At no time, not even for a fleeting moment did she ever show a sign of forsaking her noble ideals. Even her girl friends forsook her and she was ostracized from the social circles in which she had been so popular. But Mons Larson left Sweden and dropped down in the midst of a howling Arizona wilderness for a principle and his daughter had the same blood.

So Emma moved across the street into the home of Aunt Emmy. There she took over the duties of the house and from that day on Aunt Emmy and her unmarried children sat at Aunt Em's table and were members of her household.

In 1885 President Taylor appointed a committee to purchase lands in Mexico for a refuge of the Saints. Jesse N. was one of that committee. He arranged for his young wife, Emma, to move down there. She left Snowflake with her two children, Hyrum age 2, and Caroline, 3 months, with Walter, age fourteen, as teamster.

Jesse N. and his party were at Nutrioso. The journal entry for that date reads: Feb. 12. (1885) Heber Jarvis kindly went to meet my team. Feb. 13. My team arrived, bringing my wife Emma L., with her two children and my son, Walter. They had suffered considerably with cold.

Uncle Heber's record of this incident is not quite so cryptic. From his story we learn that quite a blizzard was raging over the barren hills between Amity and Nutrioso. It was too dark to recognize anyone when he met the wagons. He called out, "Is this Jesse N. Smith's Wagon?" It was the last one. Walter was crying because he was so cold he couldn't hold the lines. Emma was weeping in distress and the two babies were frozen stiff, all except their mouths. Heber tied his horse and took the lines and the whip. When he caught up with the others and pulled out to pass, Jesse N. Jr. shouted, "Father said not to push those horses." And Heber answered back, "There's the road, you can take it or leave it." And Jesse never let him get out of his sight.

Emma said many times that the sweetest music she ever heard never compared with the voice of Heber Jarvis as it came to her with the wind and the snow and the darkness in that trying, desperate hour. She always called him her savior.

Vital statistics record of Emma Larson's family from the last entry in the appendix of the Jesse N Smith Journal up to January 1, 1960.

Births

1953

- 5 May Gary Elwin Garfield
- 4 Nov Bobette Marie Chastain
- 11 Dec David Hyrum Broadbent
- 27 Dec De Ann Roy

1954

- 8 Mar William Smith Harker
- 12 Apr Thomas Alma Broadbent
- 22 Apr Dirk Duane Martin
- 16 Jun Eric Larson Smith
- 27 Jul Deborah June Smith
- 20 Aug Matthew Fisher Smith
- 1 Oct Cherilyn Dexter

1955

- 15 Jan Stephen Aikens Garfield
- 5 Apr Shannon Smith
- 19 Aug Jeffery Virgil Smith
- 23 Aug Margaret Whitaker
- 24 Nov David Shepard Clark

1956

- 10 Jan Ruth Clark
- 16 May Gina Smith
- 5 Jun Lorana Dexter
- 11 Jun Dee Richard Broadbent
- 23 Oct Grace Whitaker
- 22 Dec Wayne Merrill Roy
- 24 Dec Steven Edward Martin

1957

- 19 Feb Lynn Meeks Harker
- 20 Feb Marla Joyce Broadbent
- 25 Mar Hugh Bushman Smith
- 5 Jun Dana Kenneth Morris
- 22 Jul Dorothy Smith
- 8 Oct Shereen Taylor
- 13 Nov Terry Lynn Roy
- 27 Nov Margaret Garfield
- 7 Dec Laurel Elaine Whitaker

Births

1958

- 10 Jan Lehi David Smith
- 23 Mar Alan Keith Dexter
- 7 Aug Chandra Lee Chastain
- 24 Sep Andrea Lynn Martin
- 29 Nov Bryant Robert Taylor
- 27 Dec Carol Jean Roy

1959

- 13 Jan Kyra Morris
- 15 Jul Randall Geoffrey Barney
- 19 Aug Pamela Smith
- 7 Sep Richard McKay Smith
- 7 Nov Marvin Justin Harker
- 11 Dec Mark Bateman Smith

Marriages

- 1953 Dec 21 Emma Broadbent
Edward Keith Dexter
- 1955 Dec 17 Caroline Margaret Smith
Kenneth Sedler Morris
- 1956 Feb 18 Lehi Tingen Smith
Georgia Rose Bateman
- 1956 Jun 20 Dorene Smith
Robert Elmer Taylor
- 1958 Jun 26 James Norman Smith
Colleen Blanche Bates
- 1958 Sep 20 Myrtle Linnea Smith
Ralph Dale Barney
- 1959 Aug 12 Norman Ellsworth Clark
Mary Charleen Kianke

Deaths

- 1955 Sep 9 Dona Claire Tenney
- 1959 Jun 9 Hyrum Broadbent

Summary totals of entire family children in-laws deaths

152 36 9

Mesa, Arizona.
460 N. Grand
March 5, 1960

Dear Brother Smith:

I'm enclosing \$2.00 check for the Kinsman. We certainly enjoy reading it. We know quite a few of the kinsmen and kinda connect the others up from reading and then going to the "Jesse N Smith book". It is nice to keep in contact that way.

Perhaps some might not know where I come into the picture. I am a great grand daughter of Silas Sanford Smith sr, brother of Jesse N Smith. I am a sister of Clarinda Knight Sewell, perhaps many of you know her.

My husband and I spent almost ten years as set apart workers in the Arizona Temple, where we met many of you good folks, and we hope we can renew that kinship and meet more of you.

Sincerely,
Arzella K Gylling

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