



# THE KINSMAN

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## EDITORIAL

Voice on telephone - "This is Margaret Larson speaking, "Silas, it is our Family's turn to get out the Kinsman. We devoted a recent issue to our father. We think you should get out the paper this time, and dedicate the issue to your mother."

Silas - taken so suddenly loses his breath, and as he realizes how far ahead his patriarchal appointments are listed wonders where he can get the time. He begins to stall for time.

Margaret says she thinks she can put off the assignment a month, she will ask George if he can arrange. Silas is still breathless, but Irene, who has just met one deadline, just got the Harris Genealogical meeting put on ice for this year, without catching her breath, is preparing her Mother's 80th birthday party and the Harris family reunion, it being her turn of the 9 children of her mother's still living, without batting an eye says, "I'll help you, go ahead."

If all men had such wives, wouldn't this world be a glorious place to live in. Since I am one of the oldest of Jesse N. Smith's descendants who is still on top of mother earth, I should like to give a message to the younger members of the family.

I had the rare privilege of playing chess with Jesse N. Smith. How fortunate, for I learned first hand some of his standards. He worked hard, but notwithstanding his enormous load of responsibilities he could take time for a little recreation. He had learned what he hoped all his descendants would learn in earth life - that we can train desires. We all start this life with the idea that we want what we desire. If we don't start with this idea, we soon get it. Then our parents have to try to show us that our desires need training. We need to evaluate goals, attitudes, responses. Many of our desires are for things that are worthless, many are harmful, and bring pain, regret, humiliation.

But we, each and all of us, have to make our own choices. We choose the desires that we want to nourish and dwell upon, and we figuratively turn our backs on other desires until they fade out sooner or later. How blessed we would be, how happy, if we could nourish the desires that bring character development, power to do good, wisdom, efficiency, joy unmeasured.

"Know this, that every soul is free, To choose his life and what he'll be;  
For this eternal truth is given, that God will force no man to heaven. He'll call,  
persuade, direct aright, - Bless him with wisdom, love, and light, - In nameless  
ways be good and kind, But never force the human mind.\*\*\*"

Therefore, we all need advice, we all need help. We need wisdom. We need to study something worthwhile, and really get our minds trained to concentrate, to disregard the worldly appeals that are shallow and a waste of time. The Church that Jesse N. Smith gave his heart to is the best help I know to gain character building experiences and real happiness, and humble prayer is a real (not imaginary) power in helping us to make choices and train desires.

My mother, Adelaide Margaret Smith Fish, like the other children of Jesse N. Smith, early found that the things Jesse N. Smith valued were real values, lasting values, and she had the strength of character to choose eternal values and not to be side tracked by worldly attractions. It is a pleasure to dedicate this issue of The Kinsman to her. With love to you all - Silas L. Fish.

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ADELAIDE MARGARET SMITH FISH

Adelaide Margaret Smith Fish, daughter of Jesse N. Smith and Margaret Fletcher West, was born in Parowan, Iron County, Utah, February 13, 1857. She was her father's third child of 44, and her mother's first child of two. Having been born six years after Parowan, the pioneer town of Southern Utah, was settled, her childhood was spent on the frontier, and the advantages for schooling were limited. However, she enjoyed Parowan and the religious and social opportunities that the town afforded.

The early settlers of Parowan must have possessed exceptional talent, imagination, progressiveness, and initiative, and the energy to follow through, in spite of the fact that they had to conquer the desert besides giving energetic devotion to the Church and to social and cultural development.

Adelaide gave her children a glowing picture of her native town: The country school was a good school, even though the terms were short. The theatricals, if they had been filmed, would have given pointers to Hollywood, and the outings - well they would live in sweet memory forever.

The community spirit must have been such that home study was so intense that the short term of school produced results equal to longer terms in other places and times. And was not that same ideal transplanted to Snowflake by those who came from such communities? And thus Snowflake became the progressive pioneer community which Adelaide, and its other early settlers, fully appreciated.

Church activities, Church teachings, and loyalty to the Church, were foremost. All else was secondary. At least that was the Church program, and the Smith family followed it conscientiously, as did many other families.

Adelaide's picture of Parowan showed the people living close to the Lord and close to each other, ever considering their neighbors' needs along with their own. Of course there were exceptions, but this was the impressive part of the picture, the part to remember. Their isolated condition, surrounded by Indians, wild animals, and barren lands contributed to this end; but the reason that led them to make their home in the far off West had prepared them for close communal life. Their religious beliefs had set the stage.

The fire-side was a sacred place, where reverence for the Lord and love and consideration for parents and each other were emphasized.

Adelaide's mother died when she was not quite seven, and her brother, Joseph W. was nearly three years younger. Her father was on a mission in Denmark at the time. It was a sad experience for the family. Her father's first wife, Emma, took the two children and reared them as her own.

Emma's daughter Daphne was only five weeks younger than Adelaide. They dressed alike, and were often taken for twins. And did they have a glorious time together.

Adelaide was gifted as a dramatic reader, and took parts with credit on the stage. She often spoke of her mother's exceptional gift along this line. She also told of her mother sitting long hours at the loom, even when she was not well, to help supply the family needs while her husband was on a mission in Europe.

She was married May 1, 1876, at Salt Lake City, Utah, in the Endowment House, to Joseph Fish. In 1878, they went to Arizona in Jesse N. Smith's company which was organized according to the program of the Church to carry the outposts of Zion farther into the wilderness. They arrived in Snowflake January 16, 1879, six months after the purchase of the place by William J. Flake from Mr. Stinson.

Adelaide's husband, Joseph Fish, was one of Jesse N. Smith's closest friends. When Jesse was called to come to Arizona and preside over the new Eastern Arizona Stake, being his son-in-law also, Joseph came with him, as did nearly all of Jesse's sons-in-law, with their families.

It appears that these sons-in-law decided to work together and build Jesse N. Smith's house first. They cut the timber near where Pinedale now stands, hewed it down to five inches thick, hauled it to Snowflake, and laid up the logs under Joseph Fish's supervision. Joseph then shaved singles from straight grained timber, and with lumber from the saw mill in the Little Colorado stake, they put on the first shingle roof in the whole region. Some of the earliest houses had mother earth on the roof and for floors until the owners could get lumber.

The following is believed to have been written by Joseph S. Fish, Adelaide's youngest child who died twenty years ago:

"Those living today can hardly get the picture of the hardships experienced by the pioneers who settled Snowflake. At times, the winds were so fierce that they had to cover their faces with cloth for protection when out. At such times travelers could not see their way before them. There were times when there was actual suffering because of the scarcity of food. There were Indian scares, thieving and murderous outlaws, religious persecutions, sickness with no skilled medical assistance and all the hardships and privations common to a pioneer country. But hearts were strong and morals were clean in those pioneer homes, even though comforts were few. Adelaide did her part in that pioneer period, both in the home and as a community worker.

"The following is cited to illustrate conditions at that time: Nathan B. Robinson was killed by Apache Indians fourteen miles south of Snowflake on June 1, 1882, near the Reidhead Ranch, later Lone Pine. A band of renegade Apaches were then on a raid. Just five days later, Adelaide's youngest son, Joseph S. was born. Her husband was away at Forestdale at the time with a posse of men who were planning for the settlers because of Indian troubles. Her baby was born in a little log house. All the family, neighbors, and friends were away at the time. Adelaide was left alone. She had no doctor, no nurse, no help whatsoever at the time of the birth. When help arrived, mother and babe were found lying on the floor. Through this one severe experience, Adelaide was an invalid the rest of her life. Neither did her health permit her to have any more children.

"She had three children, Horace, born in Parowan, Utah, and Silas and Joseph S. born in Snowflake, Arizona."

She was not very strong, and several times she spent long periods confined to her bed. At one time her life seemed to be ebbing. But she had great faith, and frequently held fast and prayer meetings with her boys. Some direct answers to these prayers were received.

When her boys were young and in school, no matter how sick she was she insisted that they should not miss school. She trained them to wash the dishes, make bread, and cook their meals, but they must also study their lessons. It was largely due to her influence that they all went away to school after finishing what the local school offered.

Her ambition to do something in spite of her illness led her to dig deep into many fields of endeavor. She learned to make wool flowers, and later took up the making of wax flowers. She became so skilled in this art that her neighbors induced her to organize classes and give instruction in making wax flowers. Not only was she gifted in making artificial flowers, but she took a special interest in growing natural flowers, always having a flower garden in front of her house.

She held many positions of honor and trust, both as a church worker and in the government service. She served in the ward and stake Mutual and Relief Society organizations, and was always loyal to the Church.

In September, 1891, she assumed the responsibility of running the U. S. Military Telegraph Office in Snowflake. Horace became the first operator when he was fourteen. Two years later Silas (age 13) became the operator, and a few years later, Joseph. Since they were so young, she had the real responsibility. By this time, she had learned telegraphy, so when Joseph began teaching school she became the operator in fact. She had the office in her home for 31 years, and for about twenty years she was the operator. For seven years she operated the telephone exchange in Snowflake, and for twelve years she served as post mistress, having all three offices at the same time in the same room. She resigned as postmistress because of ill health and received special commendation for a perfect record in her work and in her financial reports.

She never had very much of this world's goods, and early learned the value of a dollar and made it do double duty.

Being of a serious and religious turn of mind, she had a life-long desire to do temple work, but she almost despaired of ever achieving this ambition because of limited finances and poor health. However, when the government abandoned the military posts, the military telegraph line was no longer needed and the offices were closed. Adelaide then moved to Salt Lake City and realized the fulfillment of her heart's desire, for five and a half years she devoted her life to doing genealogical research and temple work. She made many friends among the temple workers and the members of the Fourteenth Ward. Since there were many working on the Smith line she concentrated on the Aikens-Whitcomb line.

She died October 29, 1927 from injuries suffered in a street car accident in Salt Lake City. It was a sad ending to a life acquainted with physical pain, with pinches of poverty, but ever sustained by an unwavering faith in a glorious resurrection and a full realization of the blessings promised to the faithful followers of the Lowly Nazarine.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GRANDMOTHER, By Chauncey H. Fish

As a child I was carefree, happy, and enjoyed the comforts of family, so I was quite happy when my grandmother came from Arizona to visit us, my father, Horace N. Fish, having brought us to California before I was three years old.

We had been taught from the cradle to use good English, and my father had a very good command of the language, and had a dictionary handy to which he referred often. Nevertheless, the influence of our associates sometimes predominate. Grandmother came to visit us for the first time when I was not quite six, and it was a pleasant experience for us all.

I came home with a playmate one day and Grandmother, who was in the rocking chair, saw me and was beaming on her grandson when I pointed to her saying to my playmate: "This is my grandma, ain't she old?"

What a shock. What a letdown. The bad grammar was forgotten because what was said was worse. But to a small child, a parent is old, but a grandparent is really ancient. I am perhaps as old as Grandmother was then, and I do not think of myself as old (until I look in the mirror.)

Another fond recollection of Grandmother was when I was twenty-two. I was a member of the Los Angeles M Men and Gleaner Girls Thrift Chorus. We had gone to chorus practice for months, and had saved our pennies as well for the privilege of singing at M I A General Conference in Salt Lake City. It was a never-to-be-forgotten time in our lives. Many friendships have lasted through the years as a result. Among these who were members was Claire Jeffs, who afterwards became the wife of Howard W. Hunter, newest member of the Quorum of the Twelve.

When we arrived in Salt Lake City, I of course went to see Grandmother, who at this time was living there doing genealogical and temple work. She asked me what brought me to Salt Lake City. I replied that I was a member of the Los Angeles Thrift Chorus. She probably thought that I was talented in music like her son Horace, so she asked me to sing for her. I sang one song but she did not ask for an encore. But we had a good visit.

Horace Nathaniel Fish was named for his two grandfathers, Horace Fish and Jesse Nathaniel Smith. His grandfather Horace Fish was NOT Horace Nathaniel Fish, as some have written it.

## MY MEMORIES OF ADELAIDE MARGARET SMITH FISH

By Charles R. Fish

My earliest memories of my grandmother date back to about the years 1917 and 1921. I remember that she lived in a blue frame house on a slight incline next to a canal in Snowflake, Arizona. It was a well kept house with an attractive yard. I recall something about some telegraphic equipment being in one room but I may have pictured this in my mind only as I recall many stories from my father about how Grandma used to operate a telegraph station. My father joined with others in believing that she had been underpaid for all the government work she had done for the Army at Fort Apache and other military installations near Snowflake. My father spent much time in attempting to secure reimbursement for past work. I regret to report that this project seems to have been dropped when my father died in May of 1940.

During the winter of 1920-21 we were living in Snowflake. At that time Grandma was getting a little old and she hated to get up in the morning in a cold room. Some of the first money I ever earned was paid to me by my Grandmother during this winter when I was eight years old. Every morning I used to rush over to Grandma's house and start a fire in the kitchen stove and the small heater in the living room. When I had the fire going I would then knock on Grandma's bedroom door and inform her that I had accomplished my mission. She would then tell me to look on the mantel where I would find a nickel (some mornings it would be a dime) which she had placed there before retiring. I saved this small stipend and purchased many needed articles for in those days that would have been considered good wages.

I remember Grandma as being very neat, studious and careful of her appearance. She was loved by all who knew her, including myself.

A surprise party honoring Silas L. Fish on his 80th birthday was held at the 6th-12th Ward Church in South Phoenix, January 9, 1960.

All of Silas's six children were present to take charge of the affair, and Jane Butler, daughter of Silas's wife, Irene. Jane and her husband, Eugene, assisted behind the scenes to make the party run smoothly.

Lorna Fish Carpenter of Phoenix was general chairman and Melvin Fish of Kansas City acted as Master of Ceremonies.

A crowd of 500 gathered in the recreation hall to greet "the 80 year old youngster" as he was ushered in by his wife, Bishop Dent Coombs, and Silas's eldest daughter, Margaret. As Silas stepped through the door, flash bulbs popped, the crowd rose and broke into a lusty rendition of "Happy Birthday", and the party was on.

Then all were seated and Lorna made the opening remarks and introduced to the audience all members of the Fish family and their spouses: J. Allen and Cleah Fish of Las Vegas, Nevada; Margaret of Denver, Colorado; Lalovi and Tom Murdock of Mesa; Varena and Junius Webb of Snowflake; Melvin of Kansas City, Missouri; and Lorna and Afton Carpenter of Phoenix.

The program consisted of remarks by Logan Brimhall, D. A. Butler, and Pres. D. E. Heywood, former teachers of Snowflake High; Lu Smith Boyle, a former student; and Ruth Stapley, Phoenix Stake Relief Society President.

Music was furnished by Ida Smith Church; Joseph Noble, and a quartet consisting of Lee Shumway, John Palmer, Tom Riggs and George Anderson.

During the evening a huge basket of more than 100 birthday cards and remembrances were presented by a granddaughter, Marilyn Fish Case of Tucson. These were from friends and former students who were unable to attend the party. An attractive brief case and a sweater were presented to Silas as a gift from the members of his Sunday School Class.

A 28 page booklet (prepared by Lorna and Afton), consisting of tributes written by many friends and neighbors of Silas's was presented to him by Varena. Copies were available for all.

Besides all the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren attending, there were also Silas's sister, Mrs. Addie Fish Ragle, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Horace N. Fish and her son Chauncey from California. Many others traveled long distances to attend this party.

The evening concluded in an ecstasy of back-slapping, hand-shaking, and memory-jogging that turned back the years to usher in carefree school days, happy missionary experiences, and giddy childhood romances.

Birthday cake and punch were served at a long table gaily decorated and presided over by Varena and Junius, and Lalovi and Tom.

The Fish family would like to take this opportunity to thank all for their attendance and support.

NOTE - since this is Friday, here is some more Fish: Horace loved music, and he liked to use good English. He was a telegraph operator most of his life. He was a loyal and faithful Latterday Saint.

Silas gave over 40 years to school teaching and did he like to see the boys and girls grow in skills and accomplishments, but especially in character building traits.

Joseph was an orator of ability. He gave his energies to teaching, but he preferred L.D.S. Seminary work, for he liked to talk about Christ's program for salvation, and was happy to help any one travel that road.

MY MEMORY OF AUNT ADELAIDE  
by Leonora S. Rogers

Aunt Adelaide was one of my favorite Aunties, and well she may have been, because she and my father, Joseph W. Smith were my Grandmother Margaret Fletcher West Smith's only children. Grandmother Smith died while her husband, Jesse N. Smith was in Denmark on a mission, leaving these two children to the care of her sister Emma.

Aunt Adelaide lived up on the hill, above the ditch. Her lot extended below the ditch, partly filled in with fruit trees, a red plumb thicket and a garden.

As I remember my age was about eight to ten years old when I went to help Aunt Adelaide. I'm not sure whether it was because I was much help to her, or to make one less at home for mother to manage. Anyway, I liked to go. The main thing I did was wash dishes. I didn't particularly like to wash dishes, but washing dishes at somebody else's house was more fun than at home.

Joseph, Aunt Adelaide's youngest son, used to come into the kitchen and carry on a jovial conversation with me while I worked. He was so much fun to talk with. He'd stay until his mother would send him out to chop wood. He would still be happy chopping wood, singing to the top of his voice or practicing his elocution while he worked. You could hear him for blocks away.

Aunt Adelaide was very particular about her dish-washing. The first thing to be washed was the milk strainer. If the wire mesh in the strainer was clogged up with cream, for having been left after the milk was strained, I was instructed to scour the mesh with a spoon-full of dry salt, then wash it and scald it until perfectly clean and shinny.

It was my job to run errands for Aunt Adelaide, and do other little chores. As a reward, she showered me with pretty hair ribbons and other nick-nacks attractive for a little girl. I loved to go work for Aunt Adelaide.

She kept the military Telegraph office in Snowflake, assisted by her two sons Horace and Silas. When ever a military officer was in town from Fort Apache or elsewhere, it was her duty to send what ever messages he wished to be sent.

It was a mystery to me to see her sitting at her desk tapping away on the keys, that spelled out words and messages. It was Snowflake's main source of quick news and communication with the out-side world. Well do I remember her being the tragic news over to the Academy in April, 1906 of the San-Francisco earthquake. Before she came, we had already felt a tremmer as we sat in school that day, taking an examination from Bro. Peterson.

After Aunt Sarah Driggs quit the Post-Office in Snowflake, the office went to Aunt Adelaide. She had the picket fence taken out on two sides in front of her house to make room for the buck-boards to drive near the house for unloading and loading mail.

The Post Office was the gathering place for the young people to congregate, especially on a Sunday afternoon after church. (Then, the mail came in on Sundays.) We have a picture of just such an occassion. All the town young people crowded together in front of the office.

It must have been a great annoyance many times to have so many young folks pushing and crowding in the post office to get mail. But it was some place to go. She kept a flower box by the front porch, filled with a variety of plants, blooming all summer. After her days work was over Aunt Adelaide had a lovely carpeted, comfortable front room to go to rest. I remember some of her easy chairs and foot stool. She needed the comfort.

Aunt Adelaide loved her relatives and could be one of the jolliest present at family parties. At one time after she went to Salt Lake City to live and work in the Temple and do geneological work on the Witcomb and Thornton lines, I was in Salt Lake City with my father. Aunt Adelaide invited us and other relatives to her apartment to dinner. It was June and the strawberry season. Her main motive at the meal was to give we Arizonians a feast of strawberries. How we did enjoy them. And she was happy to prepare them for us. I remember Aunt Adelaide as a fine, cultered woman.

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Los Angeles April 22, 1960

Funeral services were held at Glendale East Mart of LDS Church on Tuesday for Emma Smith Dewey, native of Holbrook, Arizona and a former high school teacher. Mrs. Dewey died in Memorial Hospital at Glendale, California. Her four brothers and sisters were visiting with her a day or so before her passing. She had had a leg injury for the past two years and the doctors thot she had developed Leukemia. She has been in the hospital the two weeks previous to her death with a severe case pneumonia. She was very active in Relief Society and the Primary work and had received an award for her 25 years service in the Primary. She was in the first graduating class from the new Snowflake Union High School in 1925. She graduated from the University of Tucson in 1929 and returned to Snowflake to teach Home Economics. She married Jess Dewey and moved to Los Angeles. There she is survived by her husband and 3 children, Adrienne, Daryl, and Tawna. Of her surviving brothers and sisters, all of whom were able to attend her funeral with the exception of Dr. Francis L. Smith of Davis, Calif., the following were listed. Mrs. J. Delbert Hansen and Maurine Smith of Joseph City, Ariz.; Mrs. Kenneth C. Boyle 1028 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix; Edna Smith 3019 W. Elm St. Phoenix; LeGrand Mathis, Ogden, Utah; Col. Carl B. Smith 2218 E. Turney Phoenix; Harold W. Smith Heber, Utah; J. Lorenzo Smith, Denver; Dr. Robert Smith, Provo, Utah.

She was just 54 years old at the time of her passing. "Lou" says of her, "She was a mighty fine gal", and don't we all agree?

A NOTE REGARDING JESSE N. SMITH by Charles R. Fish

I did not know Jesse N. Smith but among my most prized possessions is a gold medal which bears the following inscriptions: On the front: UTAH SEMI-CENTENNIAL PIONEER JUBILEE 1847-1897. There are four honey bees on each side of this square medal and the corners have a bee hive, covered wagon, locomotive, and pony express rider and horse. In the center is a picture of Brigham Young. On the reverse side there is inscribed: Presented by the State of Utah to Jesse N. Smith, pioneer of 1847. My father told me that this medal was presented to his grandfather, along with other pioneers, in Salt Lake City in 1897. Upon his death Jesse N. Smith gave this medal to his daughter, Adelaide Margaret Smith Fish, she in turn passed it on to her son Joseph Smith Fish, who gave it to me. I have not as yet made any decision as to what I will do with the medal when it comes time for me to start disposing of my possessions. \* \* \*

CHILDREN OF JOSEPH and ADELAIDE MARGARET SMITH FISH: Horace N., Silas L., Joseph S. Horace m. Sariah Hunt. Children: Clarice, Chauncey Horace, and Don Carlos Fish.  
Clarice m. Harold F. Benner. Children: Virginia Clarice and Niel Warren Benner.  
Div. Md. second Louis Edouard Libbey. Child, Loren Louis Libbey  
Virginia m. Charles Max Ludlow, Children: Gregory Charles, Gary Edward, Deanne Virginia, and Dennis Scott Ludlow.  
Neil m. Norma McLaws. Child, Steven Wayne Benner  
Chauncey Fish m. Nancy May Brown.  
Don Carlos Fish m. Audrey Jewel Amey. Child, Beverly Jean Fish.  
Beverly Jean m. Colmer Eugene Wilkins. Child, Sharon Lee Wilkins.  
Don div. Aubrey, m. second Esther May Brown (Metcalf)  
Wife's children: Melva Orlena and Margaret Clara.  
Melva m. Harvey Earl Campbell  
Margaret m. Eugene Ray Marshall. Child, Donna Gene Marshall.  
Silas m. Margaret Miller. Child, Jesse Allen Fish  
J. Allen m. Cleah Jane Selman. Child, Marilyn Jean Fish  
Marilyn m. Sam Elrey Case. Children: Ruth Elaine and Arthur David Case  
Margaret died. Silas m. Pearl Emmaline Noble. Children: Margaret, Lalovi, Varena Maud, Melvin Silas, Waldo Noble (di. infant), Lorna Pearl Fish.  
Lalovi m. George Thomas Murdock. Children: George Jr., Kenneth Allen, Carolyn Pearl, Madelyn, and Marlene.  
Varena m. Junius Edson Webb. Children: Norene Lucille and Edson Delmar Webb.  
Melvin m. Janice Maryon Page. Div. Md second, Jeanetta Miller  
Lorna m. John R. Hopkins. Children: John Russell, Bruce Noble, Lee Ann. Div. M. second, Afton J. Carpenter. Children: Brynn, Jetaun Pearl and Lisa Lynne Carpenter. First three children also adopted-Carpenter.  
Eighteen years after Pearl died, Silas m. Irene Jane Harris Wilkins.  
Irene's children: William Thomas Wilkins (dd), and Clara Jane Wilkins.  
Jane m. Harold Arthur Fish. Child, Harold Arthur Fish Jr.  
Arthur was killed in airplane crash. Jand m. second Eugene Haynes Butler. Children: Eugene Haynes Butler Jr., Leslie Jane, and Carl Scott Butler.  
Joseph md. Julia Ann Riggs. Children: Charles Riggs, Adelaide Margaret, Nancy Marie, and Ruth Elizabeth Fish.  
Charles m. Beatrice Esther Altman.  
Adelaide m. Ervin Arnold Richins. Children: Joseph Ervin (dd), Anna Cheri, Sheila Jane, Rosemary, Linda LaRue, Jeannie Sue, Charles Eteven, & Denise.  
Nancy m. Gordan Painter. Children: Marcia Marie, Dennis Lee, & Charl Ann.  
Ruth m. Chauncey Smoot Peterson. Children: Sunee, and Elizabeth Peterson.

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