



THE KINSMAN

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A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS and TO MY GRANDMOTHER

By Henry L. Smith

"It is well to pay tribute to mothers of great men or to those noble women who have contributed so much to the betterment of mankind, but let us not forget the millions of mothers who, desiring neither praise nor glory, devote from day to day, the major portion of their time to the countless tasks relevant to the rearing of a family. How many services they perform, no one knows, but one mother of five small children made this amazing estimate for a single year.

Small faces washed	9,127 times
Meals prepared (she had to prepare special meals for the baby and the youngest toddler)	3,285 times
Jackets, caps and boots put on and removed	4,489 times
Kisses administered (for hurts, at bedtime & just out of pure love)	11,825
Toys, blocks, puzzle pieces, marbles, etc. removed from floors, couches, chairs, etc.	16,720
Lullabies sung while rocking children to sleep	2,642
Small articles of clothing washed	15,720
Steps taken in the service of her family	7,665,000

But, she hastily added, she loved every lullaby sung while a small head nestled close, every swipe of the wash cloth that revealed a clean rosy face, every kiss administered, whatever the reason might have been." --- Unknown.

Now take these figures and double them, then add one more child to make eleven and you will have just an estimate of the activities of Dear Old Grandmother Smith, to say nothing of the hours she spent in public work, Relief Society, M.I.A., Primary, Sunday School, etc., etc. May we, her descendants live up to the noble heritage given to us by our grandparents, that we will be able to meet with and associate with them in that bright land beyond the horizon.

I find it rather difficult to write much about my Grandmother Smith because I was not privileged to know her but very little. In the year 1900 my mother took her four youngest children and went to Snowflake for a visit with her father and the other folks there. We lived with Grandfather Freeman and Aunt Jane, but I would go over to Grandmother Smith's and spend a lot of time with her and Aunt Emma's boys. I do remember how sweet and kind she always was. When I would go over there, she would gather me in her arms and kiss me, and then when I got ready to go home, she would insist that I come and kiss her goodbye.

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM, applies very well to that dear woman. She had 9 children of her own and then after Aunt Margaret died, she took her two children which made eleven, and with all of that she did much of it alone; what I mean is, that her husband spent a great deal of time in public work: Missions, Legislature, Military Service, and many other services rendered. But how beautiful it was, and what a great compliment it is to those wonderful women, how they pulled together, helped each other and accomplished the mighty works and families which they did. If one of the mothers had a misfortune, they all shared in it. If they were successful, they all joined in and sang songs of joy together. Can you think of a Heaven being any more than that? In fact, the late Pres. Joseph S. Smith once said: "To me Heaven is nothing more than a continuation of a perfect home life here upon the earth."

SOME MEMORIES OF MY GRANDMOTHER, EMMA SERAPHINE WEST SMITH

By Amanda Rogers Brewer (dau. of Eliza)

The memories of my sweet little Grandma Smith are some of the most prized jewels I possess. Her sweet, gentle lady-like manner was always an inspiration to me. I wanted to be just like her.

The arrival of a new baby to our home was always a red-letter day to us children, for Grandma would come and stay to take care of mother and the baby and cook for us. And what good food she did cook! When I think of good bread, my thoughts fly back to her salt rising bread as the BEST EVER! She passed on to my mother and others the art of making it.

Her speech was always the best. She taught us all to speak correctly, and to never speak ill of any one especially any member of Grandfather's family. I never heard her speak ill of anyone.

On the Fourth of July after Grandfather's death, I was going with my boy friend to another town to celebrate. Grandma asked, "Why do you want to go off? They have better times here." I replied, "Oh they have good times there." Then she said, "Oh of course,

since Pa has gone, they do not have good times here anymore." He was her all.

I can see her all dressed up in her pretty black silk dress, her little bonnet and nice silk coat going off to visit some ward, as she often did when she was President of the Stake Relief Society. What a perfect example she was for all the women to follow.

The beauties of plural marriage, to me, were personified in my grandfather's family.

From La Verne, California, John C. Smith (son of John Walter) writes:

It was not my privilege to know my Grandmother in her prime, but I shall never forget her calmness and the sweet peace which was hers in later years. She added bigness to ones soul by her ability to condescend and understand ones problems no matter how trifling. One could not but love her for her undivided interest.

We always considered that our youngest brother, Justin, filled six missions; five of his brothers and his own. He was to them all a spiritual and material factor in their special calling. May I suggest that Grandmother Emma S. West Smith performed a similar assignment in the Jesse N. Smith family. She being the childhood sweetheart, as it were, accepted the new Mothers, each in their turn in our great family. But not without some misgiving, I am sure. Her blood in its portion is mine, I have good reason to know what her feelings might be. But through prayer and faith, she proved valiant. I've never heard a complaint from her lips, nor has anyone ever told me that she wished a different lot.

I spoke at a funeral of our Stake President's son who was accidently killed. He left a twin brother. By way of consolation to their mother, I was about to say how blessed she was to have the remaining twin to have and to hold and fill the void death had brought, when like a revelation it came to me that mothers' love don't respond that way. Mother's love doesn't segregate, it encompasses. No matter how many, nor by what path they may choose to follow, her love includes all her children in a great compassionate embrace.

To me my Grandmother is a typical personification of that great truth. It is a God-like virtue. Only He can number His children, but so surely as He lives, His love includes us all, not as a group, but as individuals. That makes Him our God and Father. A spark of the Divine is a Gift of all good Mothers. Grandmother Emma West Smith is a good Mother, I am sure her love embraces all her children and their children to the last generation and many others and their children. We are proud of our heritage and we hold sacred the memory of Grandmother's unswerving fierceness in defense of truth and her constant faith.

EMMA SERAPHINE WEST

By her Grandson, H.W. Smith (son of Jesse N. Jr.)

Emma Seraphine West was born January 3, 1836 in Benton County, Tennessee. Her father was Samuel Walker West, and mother, Margaret Cooper. Her paternal grandparents were John West and Sarah Walker; the great-grandparents, Isaac West and Susanna Anderson.

The Samuel Wests accepted the Gospel almost as soon as they heard it from the missionaries. David W. Patton, Warren Parrish, Wilford Woodruff, Grover Phelps, George A. Smith and Don Carlos Smith were some of the Mormon Elders who accepted help and cash from the West home. (George A. Smith, as the older members of the family know, later married Emma's sister Susan.)

Emma Seraphine was 6 years old when her parents started for Nauvoo; 10 years old when they left Nauvoo for the West; and 15 years old when they abandoned their home in Kanesville, Iowa, and turned their faces toward Salt Lake City. When the Wests arrived in the Valley, they camped a few days on the banks of the Jordan River. Following the October Conference, they were assigned to settle in southern Utah at Parowan, Iron County, where they arrived in late October 1851.

The following May this 16-year-old girl became the bride of Jesse N. Smith. Elder George A. Smith, cousin to Jesse N., performed the ceremony May 13, 1852. Grandmother was well qualified, even at this tender age, for the responsibilities ahead of her. She could cook and sew, knit and darn socks, card and spin wool, weave cloth, make candles and perform the other numerous duties devolving upon the homemaker of that time.

When Jesse N. was counselled to live the law of plural marriage, he talked the matter over with Emma and she gave her full consent. It is said that she always treated the sister wives with kindness and consideration.

Grandmother was a woman of deep spirituality. In one of our Smith Cousins' gatherings here in Provo, Uncle Hyrum told of coming home from the field with Uncle Asahel and a load of hay. As one of the boys opened the barn door to drive in, "Mother Emme" was revealed kneeling in earnest prayer. The boys remained reverently quiet until the petitioner rose to her feet and withdrew.

When the family moved to Snowflake, Emma Seraphine was a natural for Stake Relief Society President. She was constant in service and wise in counsel. How many worried young mothers, holding their new-born, colicky babes, received the comforting assurance: "Don't be worried. He will live to be a fine man, and you will be a wiser mother every year. I know, because I have come the same road."

Here is an excerpt of a letter written from Grandmother July 7, 1871 to great-grandmother Mary Aikens Smith who was visiting in Salt Lake City at the time:

Dear mother Smith,

..... I feel very anxious about your health I hope we can get you home soon. Your room looks very lonesome

Here is another letter written to Aunt Susan January 1871: "... We have a sewing machine and we have it going most of the time.

".... There are enough of us here not to get lonesome. It seems my work is mostly to rear children. I can't boast of many big things I do, but Nancy (Nancy West, a younger sister) says my work is a good one

And what a good work! In 1955 her known generations numbered: 9 children, 105 grandchildren, 293 great-grandchildren, 521 great-great-grandchildren, 60 great-great-great-grandchildren. A total of 988 descendants, five years ago; and that does not include 279 wonderful in-laws. Truly a mother of the years!

CHILDREN & IN-LAWS OF JESSE H. SMITH and EMMA SERAPHINE WEST

Emma Seraphine	m. Zachariah B. Decker	Children	12	-	5	have posterity
Mary Josephine	m. John R. Hulet	Children	6	-	0	posterity
Hannah Daphne	m. John C. Dalton	Children	10	-	6	have posterity
Eliza Snow	m. Smith D. Rogers	Children	15	-	10	have posterity
Jesse H., Jr.	m. Mary Ann Mitchell	Children	11	-	5	have posterity
Jesse H., Jr.	m. Nancy Ann Freeman	Children	7	-	4	have posterity
Sarah Elizabeth	m. John R. Hulet	Children	2	-	1	has posterity
Silas D.	m. Ellen J. Larson	Children	9	-	6	have posterity
Silas D.	m. Maria E. Bushman	Children	10	-	6	have posterity
John Walter	m. Lois E. Bushman	Children	10	-	10	have posterity
Samuel F.	m. Lulu J. Hatch	Children	13	-	9	have posterity
			105		62	

Who knows the number of descendants of the 62 families now? We are encouraged by the response in gathering the living genealogy of the descendants of Emma S. West Smith. Each of her children we hope has a record-keeper that will help in this project. All data that has been sent to Myrtle S. Flocker has been checked and added to the record commenced and kept by Silas D. Smith. PLEASE HELP US! - Henry L. Smith & Ethel S. Randall, 44 So. Udall - Mesa, Ariz.

GRANDMOTHER EMMA SERAPHINE WEST SMITH

By Silas S. Decker

On page 190 of the Journal of Jesse Nathaniel Smith, Sr., our Grandfather states that on Dec. 13, 1866, he received a note from Emma (my Grandmother) and Seraphine my Mother. Also on page 196 he mentions that on May 21, 1869, "Received a letter from Zachariah B. Decker Jr. asking me for my oldest daughter for a wife; replied that I had no objections if he would live where there would be protection for her."

When I read that, I couldn't help but think how many times in different places they had lived where it seemed the only protection they had was that which comes from our Heavenly Father to those who faithfully rely on Him.

My reason for referring to those particular parts of the Journal is that, thanks to Aunt Lorana Broadbent, the letters referred to therein have been preserved. Among my most prized keepsakes are these two letters. It seems that in those times, 92 & 91 years ago, it was necessary to save paper and postage, so one person would write on one side of the sheet and another would write on the other, and as many sheets of paper from as many people as the postage would bear would go into one envelope. As a result, I have four priceless letters; two from Grandma and one from each of my parents on only two sheets of paper. Because of the fact that Father wrote on one side of the sheet and his future Mother-in-law wrote on the other side, does it suggest that somewhat of a conspiracy existed? At least there was harmony in Zion; all that was needed was a letter of consent from Scandinavia. At this time Grandfather was presiding over the Scandinavian Mission.

To show that my conclusion in this matter is correct, I quote from Z. B. Decker's letter: "I thought I would write and enquire of you and ask you if you have any objections for Emma Seraphine to become my wife?" On the other side of the sheets, the comment from Grandma, in part as follows: "I hardly know how to approach the subject that Zachariah has spoken to you about with regard to our darling daughter becoming his. It hardly seems possible for us to have a child as old, almost, as I was when we were married, but it is verily so. The young man is rather green but I believe he is honest hearted and that is worth everything to us." Seraphine is teaching school. In Grandma's other letter, she refers to Aunt Janet and some of the children as follows: "Janet sends her kind love. The new baby (Aunt Susan) grows like a weed. Silas D. is running all about. Sarah is our singer, she loves dear Papa as well as ever. Eliza is a better girl about staying at home. They are all very good to help with the work!"

Quoting from my mother's letter on the other side of that sheet she said: "I do not know whether we will have a school here or not this winter - perhaps I will teach. Do you think I had better?"

She did teach that winter, although she was only 15 years of age, and they did get married on Oct. 4, 1869. Twelve children were born to them; six of whom lived to grow up and marry. Children were born to 5 of the Decker children, and the children of the children's children are adding to those that make the host of descendants of Jesse H. Smith.

Just one thought (not original), in closing: "You can't do a kindness too soon, because you never know how soon it will be too late."

MY IMPRESSIONS OF GRANDMOTHER, EMMA SERAPHINE ("AUNT EMMA") SMITH

By William C. Smith (son of Jesse H. Jr.)

I was never privileged to know Grandmother. In my mind an aura of sweetness pervaded her life. She was a saintly person. I believe she did what was right just because it was right. Not a question of whether she should do right but was it right.

She had an abiding faith in God, the Church, the Priesthood, and her husband. She supported them unflinching. When they felt Grandfather should enter the "Celestial Order" of marriage, she didn't question it. Nor was it lip service. She lived the principle

When Grandfather was called in his poverty to go on a Mission to Denmark, she was proud of him and glad to have him go, despite the burden of her having to care for 4 little children. The same when he was called again to preside over the same Mission.

Then her sister, Margaret, Grandfather's second wife, died leaving Adelaide and Joseph. Gladly Grandmother took the two children as her own. Her only anxiety was, could she do right by them? She did.

The honor of her husband's being called to preside over the Eastern Arizona Stake far outweighed the sacrifice of giving up her home to move to a far removed outpost of Zion.

Grandmother's spiritual nature interpreted life in its relationship to God's will. His revelations and the instruction of the Priesthood dominated her life. She had implicit faith in His guidance. Prayer was her solace in trial, help in time of need, gratitude for joy. Whether it was the health of her family, as when my father's life was despaired of through being scalded with water and the elders administered to him daily for many weeks; the duties in the Church; or the tasks of the day. She could even pray with her little daughter Adelaide for her lost thimble.

Thus was her joy complete when she was called to be the Snowflake Stake Relief Society President. Her heart's desire was fulfilled. Traveling over pioneer roads for long distances and other tasks were but incidents.

Love filled her soul. She loved her husband, his other wives, and all their children. It was her boundless warmth of motherhood. She also loved her neighbors and all whose lives touched hers, especially the Relief Society sisters.

Her manner was gracious. She met everyone with open arms so to speak. It was nice to see and mingle with them. The saints of the Ward and Stake, the visitor who passed by or stopped for entertainment -- even the U.S. Marshal who came to arrest Grandfather, but didn't.

Last but not least was gratitude. She responded to every act of consideration shown her. The last great debt of gratitude she felt in this life was to another of Grandfather's wives and her children for their tender care of her in her declining years. Aunt Em and her children will please accept the gratitude of Grandmother and her family for your unselfish and solicitous thoughtfulness of her in her last days?

My experience with little Grand-mother was very limited, in so far as my recollection goes. She did visit mother and family at Manassa, Colorado after Grand-father's death. But, with all mother could do to make her visit a pleasure, and with adoration from we children, she became so homesick to go back and be with the other wives that she almost became sick. We tried to make her feel that our home was a good place for her for as long as she desired to stay. That desire was indicated by her words and actions, and she returned to Snowflake to be with her loved sisters -- the wives of her husband, who she loved with all her heart and soul.

We all were inspired by what she did and said and we watched the way she cared for her nice brown hair and were amazed at the fervency of her prayers.

----- Don Mack Dalton (son of Hannah Daphne)

Funeral services were held April 9, 1960 for Louis Addison Decker, oldest living grandson of Emma Seraphine Smith Decker. He passed away at the age of 96 after a month's illness on April 6, in Gunnison, Utah.

He had enjoyed excellent health all of his life and had just returned from an assignment given him by the Bishop to complete work in the Mesa Temple, just as he had spent his last twenty years working in the various Temples of the Church. Next to enjoying Temple work, his greatest happiness was in his ranch, especially when the water was running. March 7 he was visiting at the ranch with his son Lorenzo, after the heavy rains, surveying the dams and ditches he had spent his life on, and suddenly fell with a stroke. He was rushed to the hospital at Holbrook and never fully regained consciousness until his death.

His wife, Mae Hatch Decker, had been very ill at the time, but is now recovering and is visiting with her daughter Catherine at Gunnison until summer when she plans to return to Snowflake.

Nine sons and daughters also survive; his son Joy Wesley having passed away in 1936. Louis Francis of Flagstaff; Mrs. Henry Bartholomew (Catherine), Gunnison, Utah; Lorenzo B. of Snowflake; Alma Virgil of Provo, Utah; Don Z. of Chicago, Illinois; Jesse Smith of Mesa, Arizona; Carl Hatch of Oakland, California; Dr. Glona D. Wood of Provo but now teaching in the University of Shiraz, Iran; and Mrs. Don G. Christenson (Freda) of Porterville, California. There are 34 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

Louis Addison Decker was born in Parowan, Iron County, Utah, October 27, 1873 to Zechariah Bruyn and Emma Seraphine Smith Decker. As a child of 6 he accompanied his family on the famous Hole-in-the-Rock Journey to Colorado, and was among the last survivors of those pioneers. The family moved to Northern Arizona in 1881 and settled in Taylor, Navajo County. As a young boy he and his older brother, Nathaniel, tended their father's sheep, and there are many stories of his courage with Indians, mountain lions, and loneliness and hunger.

He married Achsah Mae Hatch of Woodruff in 1897. In order to be married in the Temple, they made the long journey by wagon across Lee's Ferry to Parowan, Utah from which point they traveled by train to Salt Lake City. The trip took them two months, but showed early

in their lives their faithfulness to Gospel principles which was their most outstanding characteristic throughout their long lives together.

After six of their ten children were born, Louis was called on a Mission to California in 1903. He labored principally in Nevada and re-visited only last year to find some of the Saints he had been instrumental in converting.

His vocation was farming and ranching. He was a great reader and student of the scriptures. For many years he served on the Snowflake Stake High Council and always was willing to accept any assignment given to him in the Church. He enjoyed singing with his boys and music in his home. He was a kind father and grandfather, and had a wealth of pioneer lore to tell to his eager children and grandchildren. He set them an example of courage, honesty and loyalty to the Church.

Since our last issue of the "MILSIAM", we have all been saddened by the passing of the wife of William C. in Pleasant Grove. Fern (Fernanda Caroline Erying) passed away May 2, 1960 and was laid to rest May 5, in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery. The services were very beautiful and attended by hundreds of friends and relatives from far and near. At the Mortuary, hundreds of people called to express their sympathies to William C., and the Stake Tabernacle in Pleasant Grove, Utah was filled to capacity. The many beautiful floral offerings and the tributes paid to her by her Bishop and Stake President, and also the beautiful talk given by Elder Spencer W. Kimball were a source of much comfort and consolation to the family. William C. went to California with his brother Cooper to recuperate and spend some time.

MESA NEWS

La Priel, Elizabeth, and David, with their families, visited with their Mother, Ethel S. Randall, and Grandmother, Ellen J. L. Smith, on Mother's Day. Paul Jr. proudly showed off his second son Daniel Paul Hill, born 1 March 1960.

Henry L. Smith is having a bout with the FLU or something that's kept him home-bound, hope he is well before you get this paper!

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

By Hannah Daphne Smith Dalton

In the fall of 1860, while father was plowing in the field, word came from President Young for him to go on a mission to Denmark, and to be in Salt Lake City within twelve days in order to leave with a company that would be crossing the Plains to the East. Father had to sell everything available in order to equip for his mission. In his household was his mother, his two wives Emma and Margaret, six small children, and Allen Miller a widow's son thirteen years old who had been given a home until he was eighteen. All of these he left to support themselves as best they could.

About seven months after father's departure for his mission, our brother Jesse H. Jr. was born. Now mother felt that surely the Lord had not forgotten her. Later she felt that the Lord had a hand in sparing her son's life. One day as she was preparing to do the family washing, having no stove, the water was heated over coals in the fireplace. A log that supported a large kettle of water gave away causing the hot water to spill out over the floor. In front of the fireplace on a folded quilt I sat watching my 7-mo.-old baby brother. Our screams brought grandmother Smith, who in lifting the baby, pressed her hand over his abdomen and when he was undressed, the skin hung to the clothing. The burn extended up to his neck; one of my legs was badly scalded. For weeks our little brother was carefully nursed; a dressing made with flour and thick sweet cream was spread on with a feather. Our good neighbors contributed the cream each day. Father Dalton, a dear friend of the family, also Samuel H. Rogers and Dr. Pendleton, often administered to him; Brother Dalton coming every day, comforting us by saying, "Cheer up, sister Emma, Brother Jesse will see his son." This prophecy was fulfilled. He grew to manhood and reared a large family.

I remember that mother had taken a large quantity of wool to spin for a woman and how I would sit up after the rest had gone to bed and hold lighted pitch sticks for her to spin by. How I looked forward to the time when pay day came. My disappointment cannot be expressed when she received for her days and days of toil only a pig's head.

A great sorrow came to us when Uncle Silas's two wives died only a few months apart; leaving eight motherless children, all of whom my mother mothered and cared for until Uncle married again. But her greatest trial was 1 Feb. 1864 when her sister Margaret died. She was made happy when Margaret's two children chose to call her mother.

Without the help of the Lord, no one with less humility and faith could have survived the hard labor, sorrow and sacrifices that my dear mother was called to endure. (All this was between 1860 and 1864.)

My childhood memory of Grandmother Emma Seraphine West Smith by Emma Smith Luke

I think her finest trait was her love for, and her companionship with the other wives of Grandfather. Those women all had a strength of faith and tolerance that we of today cannot even comprehend. And I firmly believe the Lord sent a very special type of womanhood for that period of time

My outstanding memory of her is of her gentleness and kindness to us children.

She was always very neatly dressed. She sat in her rocking chair sewing or reading. She seemed such a tiny little lady as she walked beside our great big Grandpa. She was nearly seventy years old when I last saw her in Snowflake.

We have assumed that by inserting a few lines of information in the paper from time to time our readers will take note and act accordingly. But experience teaches otherwise. Subsequent events indicate that our assumptions are presumptuous. Here follows a brief mention of some of the same. Please give it at least a passing glance.

The change in the program for handling the Kinsman confuses some. We certainly do not wish to discourage our faithful contributors. Neither do we wish to lose any of our wonderful subscribers. But experience with the program so far seems to indicate that by it we are doing a better service to both as well as to out selves. Please review the subject matter relating to it in the February and January issues of the Kinsman, and take note.

Please note that the Publishing Committee of the Jesse Nathaniel Smith Family Association as designated as the Association Committee and the committee who is organizing the material for any particular issue of the Kinsman is being designated as the Local Committee. And according to the schedule as outlined in the February issue all of the Local Committees have prepared an issue of the Kinsman. And the results seem most satisfying in numerous ways. Not the least of these ways is the high standard to which the reading matter has soared. The division of labor has practically eliminated the burden of preparing a paper that is entirely print-worthy. Each Local Committee is capable and cooperates willingly. Please note that any material you wish printed in any particular issue should be placed in the hands of the Local Committee responsible for that particular issue. We find in every branch of the family, stenographers, bypists, journalists, historians, genealogists, etc., etc. And their response to our program is so very gratifying. If you find your family dull you need to get better acquainted with more of them.

Please note that the program places the Association Committee in a supervisory and managerial relationship to the Local Committees. Note also that the members of the Association Committee are the chairmen of the Local Committees. Please note the names and addresses of these chairmen in the February issue 1960. We have printed the names of two of the Local Committees and will print the names of the other three in later issues. But the chairmen are at your service and here are their addresses.

The Association Committee:

Natalia S. Farr, 45 South Olive, Mesa, Arizona
Margaret S. Larson, 2601 North 29th Place, Phoenix, Arizona
Ethel S. Randall, 44 South Udall, Mesa, Arizona
Jool H. Smith, 1360 West Frost Place, Mesa, Arizona
Sadie H. Avery, 740 East 620 North, Provo, Utah
Hyrum Smith, 2173 South 17 East, Salt Lake City, Utah

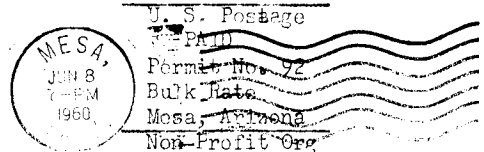
Please note that it has been said in several ways before and we say again that we cannot get the paper to you unless we have your correct address. You be sure that we have it.

The Kinsman:

Published monthly by the Jesse Nathaniel Smith Family Association for the purpose of creating greater family unity and interest with in the family for each other. "The Tie That Binds."

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