

# THE KINSMAN

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July 1961

We hope you will like our Kinsman with just a little of 'this and that'. We have some word pictures for your approval.

## CONFERENCE AT TAYLOR

by Edith S. Bushman

When quarterly conference was held in Taylor it was a gala time for the Smith children. We all went as we had a stopping place. Aunt Seraphine and Zacharich Decker lived there. He was the Bishop. Grandfather Jesse N. Smith was President of the Stake and so many times an Apostle or some Leader from Salt Lake City was also in attendance. (And lead the procession of relatives as we went to the near by town.)

In our Sunday best we climbed into the wagons with three or four spring seats borrowed for the trip, which made our conveyance very comfortable. I believe as a rule we all went to the morning meeting and then to the Decker Home. Aunt Seraphine made us all welcome. She was always prepared for a big crowd. Often she fed around fifty people at noon. The menu was mutton, potatoes and gravy, graham bread, rice cooked with dried fruit or pie. After the big meal the older folk went back to conference but the children felt this ranch house was made for them. Some of the older girls were baby sitters but the rest explored and entertained ourselves. And oh what fun!

As many know the Decker home was about one mile from Taylor, and about two miles from the church house. The big house had an upstairs, an organ and a warm fireplace. The outside had it's attractions too. The hill had scrub cedars and huge rocks to climb, a ditch of water to jump over and into and then a fruit orchard on the outskirts of town. At the corral were horses to ride, calves, pigs, sheep and hungry baby lambs bleating every where.

No sooner had the adults left when the fun began. The boys rode every thing on the ranch--horses, calves, and pigs. They climbed up the windmill and what have you, while the girls rushed up stairs to play lady. Every dress, sash and frill Constance had was tried on and paraded. We had Sunday School and danced to the organ music. We went wading, then often a big game of stealsticks was in progress as the wagons began to arrive from meeting.

With the last goodby Aunt Seraphine must have given a sigh of relief. It would take days to get her home back to normal.

In later years when Uncle Zack built Decker hall I've wondered if it wasn't to accommodate his relatives and guests.

## AUNT ELIZA'S SINGING SCHOOL

by Edith S. Bushman

Oh! The sweet and hallowed memories of childhood come to us o'er and o'er! To have been raised in Snowflake surrounded by family ties, aunts, grandparents, and cousins by the score was indeed a rare privilege.

Dear Aunt Eliza Smith Rogers with a big heart and desire to add culture to our growing years was there. She loved children and opened her home and spent much time to improve us and add to our enjoyment. With her big family, between 18 years of age and babies still in arms, she organized a Singing School for all the Smith children. Once a week we went to her home to rehearse our 'do, re, me's' and also learn to read the notes of music. (She later helped compose and stage little dramas. Daniel Boone was an outstanding production.) Her husband, Uncle Smith D., joined her and went to the trouble to prepare a long smooth white board and painted the musical scale on it, so we might see as well as hear. Aunt Eliza loved to sing. She had a strong, high voice. Even her lullabies and greetings were sweet songs.

She lived on the hill directly across from the school house. In fact the new public school was built on the very lot where her home stood.

Singing school was held at four p.m. just as school was dismissed. One day, (I imagine I was around ten years old) we (Smith children) charged from the school

house to Aunt Eliza's and rushed into the big kitchen just as she was lifting from the oven an eight loaf batch of bread, huge round loaves browned to a crisp and with that tantalizing odor of "Salt Rising". The loaves were all baked in one big dripper. As she turned it out on the table a score or more of hungry children stood and watched.

Wilford, her son, said, "Ma, I'm hungry!"

Aunt Eliza replied, "Oh, you little pudgie man."

"Can I have some bread and molasses?" asked Wilford. Aunt Eliza got her big bread knife and a can of molasses, cut Wilford a generous slice and spread molasses on it. Other eager wishers stood at the refreshment table. Dear Aunt Eliza with a laugh and personal comment to each spread one slice after another to the "would be singers".

No sooner than all the primary grade children had been served the older classes had arrived and were just as anxious for a portion. One loaf after another disappeared until the whole batch was gone--not a slice was left. Generous, happy Aunt Eliza had to make corn meal mush to feed her family for supper after the singing school feast.

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Marie Heywood does a lot of entertaining as a Stake President's wife for distinguished Church officials. She is a real artist in foods. Here is one of her recipes for a fruit salad.

1 Cup sour cream (commercial)	1 Cup marshmallows
1 Cup mandarin orange slices	1 Cup cocoanut
1 Cup pineapple (tid-bits)	

Drain oranges and pineapple well. Then mix all ingredients together. Can be prepared 24 hours ahead of time.

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#### AUNT EM'S COOKING

by Lorana Smith Broadbent

Aunt Em was a Pioneer Mother in the Smith family, trained in the school of experience. She was very adept in many of the arts of homemaking, one of which was her talent in cooking. She could prepare foods plain or fancy fit for a king. In those early days in Snowflake, only plain fare was available. The soups, stews, casseroles, puddings, mince pies, doughnuts, old-fashioned cream and spice cakes and cookies Aunt Em made were a delight, indeed. Her baked white beans made a Sunday dinner an outstanding meal. She had a touch of magic in flavoring foods that no one else could achieve. We have tried following her recipe closely but the good taste of her wonderful salt-rising bread is one of the lost arts. She made more than one kind. The following is the recipe for one of her salt-rising breads:

1 large potato	1 t. salt
1 t. sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ t. soda
2 or 3 Cups graham or whole wheat flour	

Peel potato and shred it into a cooking pot. Cover with water and cook until tender. Remove from fire and allow to cool a few minutes. Do not allow it to get cold and do not drain off the water. While it is still hot, but not scalding, add the potato, sugar, salt, soda and flour. Stir all together into a thick batter, cover with a lid and place the pan in a place where an even temperature will be maintained overnight. Such a place might be a large flour can or a sack of flour in which the pan might be buried.

In the morning, take the "rising" out and stir in a cup or two of warm water, quite a bit warmer than you would use in yeast bread. Also stir into the potato mixture about a cup of white flour, making a thinner batter. Set it in a warm place or in a pan of hot water and let it rise. When it becomes bubbly and light--about an hour or more--it is ready to mix into a sponge in the bread pan. When the sponge rises, add more warm water and flour, sufficient for as many loaves as desired. Also add shortening and more salt. Mix into loaves with not too much dough, place in baking tins and allow to rise to the top of the tins. Place in a hot oven (about 400) for about 15 minutes. Turn heat down to 350 and bake for 45 minutes to an hour.

This bread has an aroma all it's own. It is very good eaten hot with butter and honey. It is good in milk when a day old. It is enjoyable even when dry if soaked in sweet milk. Always, it is delicious with old time peach jam, current preserves or jelly. In those good old days, this kind of bread and milk could be found in any of the Smith homes. Wouldn't it be a treat to call at some of those homes again and partake of the simple, wholesome, good things our dear old mothers prepared for us and knew how to make so well.

#### THE CANKER MEDICINE

When our brother was growing up, full of life and energy, "Auntie" had a good "batch" of canker medicine made up. "Auntie" is the name we used for Henry's mother--true to family tradition, handed down from Grandmother West. The medicine was sweet enough that every one liked it so well, it just did not last!

The Ward Teachers arrived, one day, and Henry gave away the secret by announcing, "We have some good stuff up in the cupboard". Of course the Ward Teachers had to be informed that the "good stuff" was only canker medicine!

Since with our "get acquainted" February issue when our brother Henry, Temple City, California, failed to tell of his distinguished family; we have now a hurried letter written at his hotel in Phoenix. This is one of his stop-over stations as a Railroad Mail Clerk.

Arizona Hotel

May 30, 1961

Dear Margaret,

As promised on the phone a few minutes ago, I'll put down a few things about our family.

You have the record of the death of Guy's wife. Our family has grown since then--

On March 29, 1961 our youngest, Barry was married to Marilyn Keyes. Marilyn had waited for him while he was on a mission in South America. Marilyn's father, is like Barry's father, a Railway mail clerk. They had met at the B.Y.U.

On May 5, 1961 Deril and Mary Jo added another boy to their quiver--named Brent Allen. He was not named for Allen Sheppard who took off for the place beyond the wild blue yonder on that date.

What are our children doing? How are they? One of father's sayings applies, "they are able to take their rations".

Guy recently rejoined the accounting firm to help pound and build--Carr, Smith, Miner, and Nichols. When his wife became ill he left the firm which bears his name and joined the staff of a construction company. He advanced in pay until he was making more money than he makes in his own company but he did not enjoy the work as well. His former partners were eager to get him back. Guy is the only one of our boys who did not fill a foreign mission. He was in the army for a very long time at that age. He makes up for it now. When they build a church house out his way, they count on him for one of the larger contributions. He is a member of the High Council of West Covina Stake. Guy and his three children have their home life going very smoothly, but they do get many assists from Grandma Smith.

Rozel has six children that are as lively as any I know. Her husband is a research engineer for the Convair Missile Plant. He is trying to develop an alloy that will withstand greater extremes of temperature. Rozel deserves a lot of credit for getting Don through school. She endured a great deal during the seven years it took to get his P.H.D.

Terry is on the legal staff of Los Angeles County. His present work is divided between schools and condemnation. His job is to keep the Los Angeles County schools out of legal trouble and try to keep people from holding up the dear old county, when it needs land for roads, buildings, etc. Church wise he is Stake Secretary for the YMMIA. His wife Arlene is attending college. They have two children.

Deril's work is keeping electronic computers doing the many things that are asked of them. He is a regular Pratt Larson when it comes to fixing things that stump the ordinary mortal. Right now he is rebuilding his mother's guitar which I wrecked. Deril tried out for and was assigned the lead in "Promised Valley" to be put on by the South Los Angeles Stake. He and Mary Jo have four children.

Barry works as a file clerk for Los Angeles County during the day. Three nights a week he attends his college classes, one night a week he attends his army reserve, one night he goes to church, one night he pitches for the soft ball team. During the winter he played basketball. That leaves one night in the week. He and Marilyn usually go to a show on that night, unless he has to study. Marilyn has a good job.

I still work Uncle's mails to get bread and beans. I still sell insurance so we can have pie on occasions. Lula still waits on everybody including myself. I think the Grandmas are few who do more for their grandchildren. The fact that Lula does not walk too well anymore, has slowed, but not stopped her.

Rozel lives the farthest from us of any of our children. Her place can be reached in forty minutes. Terry and Barry both live in Temple City. Terry lives next door. I suppose it is a bit unusual for married children to all be so close.

We have eight granddaughters and seven grandsons.

Yours, Henry

P.S. NEWS FROM LAZELLE Eight years ago Lazelle had a stroke which slowed the very useful life had had been living. But he learned to walk and talk again. He has had several strokes since. On May 2 he had another very bad stroke. He is now a bed patient. Life is not too bright under such circumstances. Cards and letters bring rays of sunshine. He is at: Foothill Nursing Home, 109 Chase Blvd., El Cajon, California. Dorothy plans to take him home when school is out. Home address: L. A. Smith, Box 181, La Mesa, California.

AUNT ADALIADE

by Lorana S. Broadbent

I remember many years ago in the spring time gooseberries and currants grew in abundance in Snowflake. One time Rachel and I went to the post office to get the mail. Aunt Adeliade kept the post office in those days and she said, "Well, good morning, girls, I have been thinking about you." She was a very particular lady and we wondered if we had misbehaved some where or something and we needed to be reminded to be more lady-like. I don't recall that she ever did correct us for any thing. We were always together and it was very easy to have our tickle boxes tipped over and we would giggle even in church. This was not the first time Adeliade invited us to come to her home. She said, "You know I don't have any little girls at my house and I would like to have some nice little girls come to my house for an early breakfast. I want you two to come about 7 o'clock tomorrow morning." We assured her that we would be there. She said there would be a surprise for us. We were delighted at the prospect of a surprise. She told us to ask our mothers if they could spare us for an hour or two, which we did and they both consented.

We put on a clean pinafore and were there at the appointed time. Sure enough there was a surprise for us. Edith and Mary were also there. She invited us into the kitchen where she was making a pie and we watched her prepare a gooseberry pie. O! yummy it was a good pie, there is nothing better than a gooseberry pie when the berries are fresh and in the spring. I was charmed at the way she went about making the pie. She rolled out the crust precisely and put the filling inside and put it in the oven to bake. We sang some songs together and she told us a story. We had toast and milk and a piece of pie. We were given some flowers from her garden to take home. We thanked her for the nice breakfast and the good time. We asked her if we could do something for her some time in return for the pleasant time and the food we enjoyed. I think I have never eaten a better gooseberry pie in my life.

We remember Adeliade as a fine lady. Of course, we girls went many times to Adeliade's and some times we went to help with errands, etc. When we were older she gave us some nice poems and other little gifts. I have appreciated those occasions at Adeliade's.

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Aunt Esther Shumway, one of the older Temple workers, is now graciously 'carrying on' at her station in the Temple. We are happy to give you her recipe on the rolls--not that we can achieve the success or 'right twist' on them, we can produce the rolls for which she is famous in the Smith family.

2 eggs	1/3 cup evaporated milk
2 tbp sugar	1 1/2 cup water - tepid
1 t salt	2 pkgs dry or Fleischman's cubes yeast
1 cup oil (or other shortening) oil best	8 cups flour
2 tbp dry milk	

To 1 1/2 cup lukewarm water add yeast. Put 7 cups flour in mixing bowl and add all other dry ingredients. Combine eggs, evaporated milk and oil and add to flour mixture then stir in yeast. Knead in extra cup of flour. Let stand until

blisters appear on surface, about ten minutes. Place in bowl to rise double it's size. Punch to original size and let rise again. Mould into rolls and let rise. Place in hot oven 425 to 450 for 5 minutes and then turn to medium heat until done. Yield - three dozen.

#### SWEDISH WEDDING CAKE

from Ethel Randall - Aunt Ellen dictated

10 eggs  
1 lb sugar  
1 lb potato flour (or corn starch)

Beat egg yolks until thick, add sugar and mix well. Sift potato flour, measure or weigh, sift and fold into egg and sugar mixture. Carefully fold in the egg whites which have been whipped until they hold their shape. Bake in a pan as for sponge cake, slow oven - temperature 325 degrees.

Ellen Malmstrom Larson made this cake in Sweden baking it over coals, by pouring the batter on a cedar post as it was slowly turned and held over the coals. By special request from the Bishop of Santaquin, one of these oven baked cakes was taken to Brigham Young's birthday party. Ellen made her own potato flour when potatoes were plentiful at digging time.

Grate the raw potatoes, cover with water stir and settle, pour off the clear water, strain out the pulp, pour off the clear liquid, let the starch dry in a shallow pan. Cut up and store, when used it is easily powdered.

#### HANNAH DAPHINE SMITH DALTON

by Leonora S. Rogers

Backward turn backward  
Oh time in your flight,  
Make me a child again  
Just for tonight.

In memory my thoughts turn to my childhood days. It was winter and I presume just a few days before December second, Grandpa Jesse N's birthday, a day the Smith family always celebrated. Aunt Daphine Dalton had just arrived from Manassa, Colorado with four children, Daphine, Dotty, Mack and Ardath. The children were tired and did not talk much.

A good number of Aunt Daphine's numerous relatives gathered at Grandpa's old log house to greet the popular sister and auntie. While the adults were in Grandma's part of the front room, Aunt Daphine was making the rounds kissing and hugging each of her brothers and sisters with her usual warm greeting of "Oh you precious brother" and "You sweet dear sister" and "You darling baby", etc. We children sat on the floor in front of the fireplace in Aunt Em's big room admiring and making friends with our newly arrived cousins. They were dressed up like city children. The two little girls had on pretty red wool plaid dresses, nicer than any of the clothes we Smith children had and Mack and Ardath had little suits bought from the store--another luxury the little Smith boys could be envious of. Aunt Daphine, bringing so much love and appreciation of her folks, was invited from one Smith home to another for visits and to have a big dinner.

At our house one time Margaret was serving the Dalton children with mother's crowd around a long table. As soon as the blessing was said impatient Jesse M. said "pass the meat", when no one responded after his second call, Dotty stood up and reaching over to the plate of meat picked up a piece with her fingers and placed it over on Jesse's plate. That ended one call for the time.

Aunt Daphine stayed until after Christmas and played Santa Claus to all the Smith children. There were dozens of them, but she bought gifts for everyone. Most of the little girls were given a small ornament or vase--which in our family were treasured all our lives. Some of them are still identified. The boys all had gifts.

In the summer of 1908 Rebecca and I, two young school teachers, made a trip to Manassa, Colorado to visit Aunt Daphine and family. What a grand time we had. The Dalton children were now young people and we were given a most cordial welcome. Aunt Daphine's husband, John C. Dalton had passed away some time before this, therefore to care for her economic needs she was postmaster for the town. The post office was set up in a little side room that opened on to her front porch.

Then to further increase her financial needs, she ran a sort of hotel, with special emphasis on the noon day fried chicken dinner with its trimmings. Daughters Daphine and Dotty were the cooks and good ones too. It was no trick at all for Dotty to skin a fryer and have it ready for a quick order which Daphine fried perfectly. Business men traveling around San Luis Valley made it a daily stop at Mrs. Dalton's Hotel for a good fried chicken dinner. While the girls in the kitchen with the boys help were rushing up the meal, Aunt Daphine could keep the business men well entertained on the front porch with her jolly heart warming conversation. She was much loved by everybody.

After the work of each day was over Mary Dalton, John C. Jr.'s wife, took us riding in her rubber tired surrey with one horse. She took us from town to town all over San Luis Valley. She and Daphine Jr. were two jolly girls when out together. One week the county fair was on at Alamosa, Colorado. Aunt Daphine insisted that Rebecca, Daphine Jr. and I should go. We went up on the train and stayed the two nights at the fair. On coming home Daphine met a girl friend who invited us to stay one night with her. She lived one town south of Manassa so we all decided to accept her invitation.

As the train pulled into the Manassa station, we four girls all stood at the train door. There at the station waiting for us was Mack and Ardath with the horse and buggy to take us home. Daphine called out to the boys, "Come back and meet us tomorrow. Tell Mama we are staying tonight with this girl friend." As the train moved on there were two disappointed little boys turned their horse around and went home.

In Aunt Daphine's later life she sold her home in Manassa, Colorado and moved to Salt Lake City where she rented an apartment near the temple. There she spent the last years of her life doing endowment work for her dead ancestors in the temple. She was so conveniently located there in Salt Lake she had ample opportunity to visit and entertain many of her relatives who came to the city for General Conferences.

There she wrote her life story, a most interesting narrative. She named her book, "Pretty is as Pretty Does"; so typical of her original personality. Aunt Daphine was dearly beloved by all her Smith relatives and how she radiated that love where ever she was.

#### PROVEN RECIPES

by Leonora S. Rogers

##### BANANA BREAD

2 eggs	2 cups flour
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute	1 t. soda
4 bananas (ripe) crushed	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts

Mix in order given and bake one hour at 350 degrees.

##### GLORIOUS SALAD DRESSING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey	1 t. horse radish
1 t. celery seed	1 t. prepared mustard
1 t. chopped parsley	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice or half vinegar
1 garlic clove - cut in half & drop in	2 t. catsup
1 t. salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup salad oil

Combine all ingredients in a jar, shake well until blended, chill and keep in refrigerator. Soften honey - it handles better. Measure the oil first, then the honey and it will come out easily. This will keep and makes a fine dressing on salad vegetables. TRY IT.

##### DATE LOAF

by Margaret S. Larsen

$6\frac{1}{2}$ oz. pkg. dates - finely cut ( $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups)	1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup hot water	1 $\frac{2}{3}$ cups sifted flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft shortening	1 tsp soda
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts

Beat all ingredients in order given and bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

Topping for Date Loaf - 1/2 cup brown sugar, 2 tbs. cream and butter size of walnut. Bring to a boil - then cool. Thicken with powdered sugar.

A TIP ON HEALTH

by MayBell Larson Foulk

Would you like a good old fashioned spring tonic just like our Grandmothers used to make? Remember that "good stuff" that was kept on the top shelf of the cupboard? It tasted wonderful and you never did quite get all you wanted.

Several years ago I was assigned to work on our Great Grandmother Esther Fletcher Cooper's genealogy. I found out some very interesting things about the family history. One of the stories I especially liked was about her daughter Margaret Cooper West. This good woman was truly an "angel of mercy". Wherever she went she took her "Thompson's Guide to Health". She was always kind and helpful, and she went to the sick in a humble spirit of prayer. "Her treatments and remedies were never guaranteed by her but she did promise they were 'harmless'. She used herbs, natural remedies, much honest perspiration and very much inspiration in her wonderfully generous care of everyone. The only schooling for this needed service was obtained from the little book, 'Guide to Health'." (From "Our Heritage" by Riggs, pg. 19)

This aroused my curiosity and I wanted a copy of the 'Guide'. I haven't found an original yet but I have found a book that a Dr. R. Swenburne Clymer has rewritten the Thompson book and brought it up to date. It is called "The Medicine of Nature" with the Thompsonian system. If you want to know where your grandmothers got all the formulas and 'cures', just read up on this book. It is most interesting and still makes good sense.

One of the basic ingredients for these old fashioned remedies is golden seal. After searching all the drug stores in town, I finally found it at the Health Food Store. Golden Seal is one of the most valuable herbs. It is one of the best substitutes for quinine. It is wonderful for colds, all mucus infections, open sores, catarrh conditions, it kills poisons and is a pure nerve tonic.

Another wonderful herb is bayberry. It is a cleanser for all your 'insides'. It is a stimulant and an astringent.

I have made up this "Spring tonic", starting with Sage tea and using pure fresh honey for sweetener and tried it out on my family. They think it 'just hits the spot'. If anyone is interested in more details, I would be happy to hear from you.

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June 2, 1961

Dear Sister Margaret,

I am ashamed that I have let you down and haven't helped any with the Kinsman, besides suffering with pure laziness I've had a bad arm which makes it hard to bring myself to write.

I've suffered with it ever since I broke my arm over a year ago. I thought maybe I had arthritis so I finally went to a Doctor to see if I could get relief and found that I had a fractured shoulder. I fell on it when I broke my arm but didn't realize it was injured too. But, I am doing better now.

It is time now I guess that Pratt is up to the ranch. I hope your season is more promising for good crops this year than most sections of the country.

Isn't it amazing how fast things are happening these days? --turmoil, greediness, tragedy and what have you, and to top it off the U.S. has a President that wants to centralize and socialize the whole country. We will just have to cling closer together, have more love for one another and live our religion.

How is everyone in dear old Arizona? We are all chugging along in the busy old way. My love to you and all the relatives near and far.

Affectionately, Mary S. Monson

HONORS FOR OUR KINSMAN

J. Smith Decker. The Phoenix Gazette, April 18, 1961, printed picture and noted - J. Smith Decker, Chemistry Instructor at Phoenix College was installed as President of the Arizona Academy of Science. They were holding their fifth annual meeting at the Arizona State University with other science societies. Smith has become a very valuable man both in school and church activities.

Anne Smith. Anne, Jesse M.'s daughter, has finished her mission in Ohio. She is now with her sister Lilia Seegmiller in New York City.

Floyd Bushman. Floyd, son of Elwin and Genevieve, is our newest missionary. He is now located in the Northern States Mission.

JESSE NATHANIEL SMITH, JR. FAMILY REUNION

Come all descendants of JESSE N. SMITH,  
Come one, come all, of kin and kith.  
He was born in Eighteen Hundred Sixty one,  
Let's get together, and see what he has done.  
We'll meet at Jacob's Lake, by the side of the road,  
And there we'll stop and our cars and kids unload.  
We'll visit and frolic, and count every nose,  
We'll check all our records, so we'll know where  
every one goes.  
So remember July 22, Nineteen Hundred Sixty-one,  
Saturday, Sunday, and maybe Monday.

Cabins will be available for those who want them. Also there are camp ground facilities for those who wish to camp out.

Each family please be prepared to give a number on the program.

Be sure and bring your Books of Remembrance.

Each family will be responsible for their own eats.

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John B Miller is completing his internship as a Dr. in Los Angeles hospital July 1st he is being given a fine opportunity to goto the South Sea Islands-Canton- in the Phoenix Island group...for a year he will be the only Dr. there. His wife Louise dr of Maybelle & Rollie Foulk...and small dr Amy plan to go. This place is located just below the Equator and an important-Air port of U.S. and Great Britian.

The Larson descendants of Mons Larson are looking forward to having a book published. Norma Larson Elliott has compiled the book which is the history of two generations of Larsons....and is now in the printers hands.

Fern H Smith has been chosen Relief Society President of the Snowflake Stake.

We are indebted to Aline...Mrs Karl B Kenney for her work on the July Kinsman. Now in closing...our thanks to her for a very efficient job of stencils.

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