

THE KINSMAN

Vol. XV Number 8

August 1961

INTRODUCTION TO THIS ISSUE OF THE KINSMAN

From time to time, Editors of THE KINSMAN have received the suggestion that a single issue of the publication could be devoted to one of Jesse N. Smith's children. Accordingly, the plan has been tried with considerable success. Following that suggestion, the editors have arranged for this publication to depict highlights in the lives of Samuel F. Smith and members of his family.

Material for various articles in this issue was secured from both within and outside of Samuel's family. Editors of THE KINSMAN can assure readers that the historical data set forth herein is reasonably correct. According to some of the contributors, the non-historical yarns told herein may be relied on to be much less reasonably correct.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SAMUEL F. SMITH

Samuel Francis Smith was born in Parowan, Utah, November 21, 1873. He was the sixteenth child and the fifth son of Jesse Nathaniel Smith, and the last of his mother's (Emma S. West Smith) family of nine children. He was not yet 7 years old when his father moved his families (for Jesse N. had four families at this time) to Snowflake, Arizona. In his childhood and as a young man, Samuel F. was acquainted with the struggles with which pioneers in the rugged wilderness were familiar.

He grew to manhood in Snowflake and his contemporaries relate that he participated generously in the young community's educational and social life. In 1898 he went on a mission to the Southern States where he served for twenty months. His records show the total cost of his mission was \$394. Shortly after returning to Arizona, he married Lulu Jane Hatch of Taylor, the ceremony being performed at the Salt Lake Temple on April 5, 1900.

In June 1906, Jesse N. Smith died and the following February 11, Samuel was sustained as president of the Snowflake Stake to succeed his father. For thirty-two and one-half years, Samuel served as the stake president. He was a zealous leader and intensely eager in his selfless support of civic enterprises. Banking, lumbering, merchandising, electric power project, water systems --- all received his unselfish and enthusiastic support.

Both Samuel and his wife supported educational programs with an ardent passion. Snowflake Stake presidents were instrumental in establishing and maintaining a church supported high school with a teaching staff of above average qualifications long before the county could afford such an institution. When the first academy building burned in 1910, Samuel was untiring in his efforts to keep classes going while the new building was being erected from cash subscriptions and volunteer labor. When a tax supported institution became a possibility, Samuel leased the property of the stake academy to the local high school board at insignificant cost.

Since the economic security of the area depended on water conservation, irrigation projects and water storage programs claimed a great share of his time and effort. Most of the irrigation projects with which he was associated were successful. It is unfortunate that his last effort on the Lone Pine Reservoir was a failure because the engineering tests failed to locate limestone formations in the surrounding hills which prevented the walls from impounding the water. This error brought his civic leadership to a disappointing end.

From 1940 to 1950 Samuel served as an ordinance worker in the Arizona Temple. For nine of these ten years he was accompanied on this mission by his wife and their daughter Maurine. His health started failing in 1950, and he died January 24, 1954. Eleven of his thirteen children and his devoted wife, affectionately known by hundreds as "Aunt Lulu", survived him. Four years later, on the exact anniversary of his death, his wife passed away. Both are buried in the family plot at Snowflake.

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 * SAMUEL AND LULU SMITH'S GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY *
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 * The fiftieth wedding anniversary of Samuel F. and Lulu J. Smith was *
 * fittingly recognized by a huge celebration in the Snowflake Ward Recreation *
 * Hall on April 5, 1950, which was attended by hundreds of the family's well- *
 * loved friends. Included on the program (given exclusively by their children *
 * and spouses) were a few non-faith promoting incidents by Francis (the master *
 * of ceremonies); tributes to their father by Harold; and a few selected yarns *
 * in verse about their mother by Carl entitled "Mother's Trials." Excerpts *
 * from these three presentations are published herein. *
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ABOUT OUR FATHER: SAMUEL F. SMITH

In one sense our father was almost three persons in our lives. At least he, in my mind, "wore three distinct hats." He was first and foremost President Samuel F. Smith of the Snowflake Stake of Zion. This he was in every waking hour, in season and out of season. He was determined to be, as nearly as a man could, without sin or blemish before God and the people whom he served. The Standard Works and the word of "the Brethren" were to him the literal word of The Lord and I've never known a man who tried harder to know the meaning of that word and to live by it. No official assignment, no needed nor worthily desired service was ever ignored nor unfilled. Neither business nor family, save only in grave illnesses, ever kept him from ecclesiastical appointment.

His second person was as Samuel or Uncle Sam to the dozens of our relatives on both sides of our family. These were the people who knew him and loved him and counseled with him and seemed more able than any of his offspring to penetrate beneath officialdom to the wellsprings of his deep affections. While older and younger relatives regularly sought him out they seemed to come more for personal uplift than for counsel. While I thought he was sought out for his attitudes and feelings in the matters affecting the whole Smith family, I never felt that he dominated or wanted to dominate in such family counsels. And, whether true or not, I never felt that older or younger relatives resented him or felt that he pushed them around. At this late time I can confess being disturbed and on occasion annoyed that some of our kinsman got more intimately into the circle of his counsel, his demonstrated affection and his unbridled self than ever I was able to do.

The third hat he wore was that of our father. A stern man whose devotion to his children you never doubted but whose standards of moral, intellectual and spiritual attainment were always well beyond reach. You never lost consciousness of those standards whether you were trying to keep them or whether you were falling short. They stood before you, (and I guess they always will).

Perhaps it was father's fear of pride and stiffneckedness that kept him from compliments and encouragement. While it may be true that I never deserved it, I never got a verbal congratulations from my father. I admit to trying to get one, but I had to learn to be content at his almost unconscious smile or tear of satisfaction and pride. I heard him tell wards and quorums and the stake that they had "a very fine record" but I can't recall hearing one of his children get such flattery.

Father must have learned early that he had no talent in the quest for this world's goods and he must have decided early in his ecclesiastical service that he could not do his stake job well and also provide well for his family for, while he took no pride in poverty, there was never a thought that poverty should keep him or his children from the heights he dreamed for them.

In our father's home there was lots of love, little affection, much humor, no money, lots of lessons, crowded beds, always company, frequent regular prayers, salt rising bread, and (unless your recent conduct was pretty far out in left field) very deep feelings of security and oneness.

Despite the fact that only one of the three hats of Samuel F. Smith was the hat of our father, I'm awfully glad that so very many people came under his influence. While I love him and want to be worthy of him, I sometimes tread falteringly toward the terribly high standards and goals he set.

---- by Harold H. Smith

MOTHER'S TRIALS

I

Father, mother, sisters, brothers,
Uncles, aunts, and all you others,
It's mighty nice to see your face,
And to return to this old place.

It is my pleasure, I confess,
It fills my heart with happiness,
To toast my mother on this day,
And greet you in my humble way.

Gathered we have from far and wide;
Assembled here to toast the bride,
Who fifty years ago today
Stood up before the saints to say
"I take thee, Sam, to be my man,
And cook your mush the best I can."

Then followed Sam's polite reply,
"I'll be with you until I die,
For better or for worse," said he.
That's it -- "...as long as ye both
shall be."

And then Sam's reassuring tone,
When they were wed and all alone,
"And now, my Darling, don't you fret,
Unlike my dad, you're all I'll get!"

II

I shall recount the scenes anew,
Of how this lustrous family grew;
But mostly I'll review the tales
Which brought to mother many wails.

Two talents she has at her command,
One is her tongue, one her left hand.
Her agile left, how oft I've felt,
Her vengeful but not heavy pelt.

Her spicy tongue, how oft I've heard,
That short, concise four-lettered word.
With angry voice she often spoke
Of someone as "an old shite-poke."

"Dull as a hoe", "cross as a bear";
These are two terms we'd often hear.
The old wood stove's a grim reminder
That toast was "black as Toby's hinder."
And other terms as sharp as tacks
With something about an old meat ax.

"Ninny, huzzie, spoonen-dyke,
Old turkey buzzard, little tike,
Skit in the bootle, scre hind-end",
"Lumpy Dick" was the family friend.
You dropped a dish -- the soup tureen
Had just been "smashed to smitheren."

"Map of the neck, seat of the pants,
How did you get St. Vitus's dance?
Simple as sip, sick as a dog,
Don't sit there like a bump on a log."

How well these phrases come to me!
They are my memories' legacy,
They were and are a source of fun
That added zest for everyone.

IV

Every quarter conference came,
With some house guest of famous name.
Each kid was drilled well on his cue,
And each was told what he should do.

"Don't vex your mother's fragile nerves,
And do not ask for more preserves."
These dainty things we'd never waste,
They're only for apostles' taste.

When apostles came my Ma would mop
Every room from bottom to top;
Even mop the old two-holer,
And guard against a careless stroller.

A brand new book hung from a string,
A catalogue of everything!
Issue of the current season,
Seemed a little out of reason.

Its use required little skill,
And saved a little paper bill.
The harness section was too hard.
But who could blame Montgomery Ward?

V

One night we had a special treat,
Popcorn enough for all to eat.
At least, we thought it quite a bit,
And with us kids that made a hit.

By chance, we had some company
Who eyed our popcorn enviously.
My mother figured out his wish,
And passed to him the popcorn dish.
On the floor he put his cap,
And set the big bowl on his lap.

While father talked of kingdom come,
He nodded an approving "hmm".
He stuffed his face, missed not a stroke,
While hungry kids hoped he would choke.

By two we slipped out of the room,
And moaned our popcorn's sorry doom.
He ate the family rations all
While we denounced him in the hall.
My mother's smile was faint, poor soul;
He handed back an empty bowl.

VI

I often think of mother's plight,
At the bath on Saturday night.
Just water enough to wet our feet,
Which we had packed across the street.
She washed us well from head to toes,
In the same tub used for the clothes.

The corrugation on the tub
Served as a wash board for our rub.
Our bottoms slid from ring to ring,
And we were clean as anything.

MOTHER'S TRIALS - continued

VIII

This happened on a stormy night,
When mother's heart was filled with fright,
And mother's mood was very sad,
And mother's health was very bad.
The lightning, thunder and the rain,
Flashed and roared, then flashed again.

Those worthless boys had gone to bed,
When Pa declared, "The pigs ain't fed."
The food they got wasn't worth a seat
But right is right, and that is that.

Out of his own room down the hall,
Pa's stern command I still recall.
Out to our porch with one big hop,
"Go take those pigs their pail of slop!"

The patch quilts off, into the storm
Went Franc and me with due alarm.
The rain fell fast, the swill slopped, too.
Which soaked us most, I never knew.

Our cousin Mary and her beau
Had hoped to sit where lights were low;
But in our house there wasn't space
For such a dim, secluded place.
If on this night they hoped to "spoon",
They should have picked some other room.

The squealing swine soon had their fill
Of this thin substance we called swill;
So Franc and I turned from our chore
And headed for the kitchen door.
We reached the step and that was all,
When blinded by a lightning ball.

The lightning struck a near-by tree,
And from her illness Ma was free.
She bounded from her stricken bed,
"My boys! My boys! I know they're dead!"

Our cousin Mary and her beau,
Could not ignore our heavy woe;
The "spooners" now were playing host
To what looked like a spooky ghost.

IX

I'd better stop this telling tales,
About my mother's trials and wails.
Perhaps this program may provide
A chance for her to "tan my hide."
In what a sad shape I would be,
If she starts telling tales on me.

I therefore offer her this bribe,
To which I hope she will subscribe;
Accept this golden flower bouquet,
A token of your Wedding Day.

-- Copyright 1950
by Carl N. Smith

OLD SWEETHEART

When my father and mother were married fifty years ago, her father gave the newly weds a young heifer - a red heifer with a white triangle in her forehead. One of the three points of the white spot pointed toward her nose, the other two toward her eyes. To the romantic couple this design looked like a Valentine Heart, so they named the heifer SWEETHEART. As the years went on the word "Old" was added to the name. My memories are entirely of OLD SWEETHEART.

OLD SWEETHEART was a remarkable animal. She provided the milk products for a populous family for many, many years and her female heirs continued to provide these life sustaining materials until all the family reached maturity.

OLD SWEETHEART also provided unwanted employment for the boys. Besides milking, there were the chores of feeding and providing water. During summer months the feeding job had two aspects. Father had the quaint idea that several armfuls of green alfalfa - cut with a sickle - would be wonderful for the cow. Old Sweetheart appeared to be in perfect agreement, so the boys were given the job of providing this daily morsel. In the summer she was sent out to the hills to graze. She was released in the morning and brought back in the evening. She could travel the furthest and hide the most effectively of any cow in history. She learned how to be missed by wandering boys by merely lying down. The bitter hours spent in looking for her left indelible boyhood memories. Besides her secretions, the boys were also expected to care for her excretions. Extra duty was required on Saturdays. This bovine sanitation routine made the Saturday bath really necessary.

OLD SWEETHEART was my first biology teacher. Her life was an open book for curious and observing boys. Her emphasis was on the "What" and the "How" of the subject, and she left the "Why" to the more sophisticated biologists. With Old Sweetheart as a mute instructor one need not fool around with bees and flowers for object lessons. On those bleak days when the mating call came to Old Sweetheart, she threw her head in the air, bawled, and ran. It was more than a pair of boy's legs could do to keep up with her and try to take her where father had discreetly suggested.

OLD SWEETHEART - continued

OLD SWEETHEART had a number of characteristics which seemed to be guided by pure cussedness. An ordinary bolt in a gate was easy for her to open and let her into the garden. Wire and rope could soon be worn thin or broken by continuous work with her horns. We had to resort to a chain on the gate with a snap fastener - and to be safe the snap was placed on the outside of the gate. Her tail, which ordinarily was used to switch flies, became an instrument of torture for young milkers. She could lash it around one's face with the accuracy and viciousness of a blackwhip in the hand of a mule skinner. She had a habit of taking a step forward about the time the milking was completed. This maneuver was designed to either knock over the pail of milk or crunch a boy's foot into the ground. She usually wanted a drink of water out of a nearby ditch just before milking - mainly to delay the progress of the chores. She would stand in the water with all four feet, hold her nose on the upstream side and pretend to drink for fifteen minutes at a time. My profanity was initiated and made fluent under Old Sweetheart's exasperating tutelage.

OLD SWEETHEART had the appetite of a goat and the constitution of iron. On one occasion she ate a tubful of home-made soap that had been cut in bars and placed on a board to dry. Believe me, that home-made soap did not have the characteristics of modern Sweetheart Soap. What skin it could not clean, it dissolved. But Old Sweetheart suffered no apparent ill effects from this high-lye meal.

Her constant though often irritating presence, her long and productive career made her part of the household. Reminiscence of the family would not be complete without a tribute to OLD SWEETHEART.

-- Copyright 1950
by Francis L. Smith

ALICE H. SMITH HANSEN

The first child of Samuel F. and Lulu J. Smith was Alice H. Smith, born at Woodruff on February 11, 1901. She was the first of a long line of children to follow, a total of thirteen, to be exact. In view of the rapidly increasing family, it was indeed a boon to her mother that Alice could be given definite responsibilities when only a small girl. She started taking care of the second, third, and fourth child before she was 8 years old. One of her brothers related that because of Alice's constant concern for her brothers and sisters they dubbed her "third parent" and, of course, teased her as they challenged her authority. Throughout her life, to the gratitude of all her kinsmen, Alice has carried the responsibility of caring for the family and she provided a loving home for both her parents in their declining years.

Alice attended the grades and then went to the Snowflake Stake Academy where she was active in school activities and was graduated in 1919. She took the Arizona state examination and qualified as a teacher in the state's schools the same year and then taught school in Taylor and Snowflake. She attended the University of Utah and the Northern Arizona State Teachers College at Flagstaff where she was graduated in 1924.

Alice married J. Delbert Hansen of Joseph City whom she met at the Snowflake Stake Academy. The couple was married at the Salt Lake Temple in 1924 and settled at once in Joseph City which has been the family home ever since. The Hansen family has been prominent in the lower Little Colorado River valley in farming, ranching, and establishing of the dairy industry as a vital part of the economy of Joseph City.

Delbert and Alice have four sons, all residents of Joseph City. Ross Hansen, the oldest son, is a graduate of Brigham Young University and is currently bishop of Joseph City Ward. He married Sarah May Coombs, and the couple has five children. Doyle Hansen, the second son, was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco, California, and is currently a Doctor of Dentistry in Holbrook, Arizona. Eugene Hansen, the third son, is associated with his father in farming and ranching and has developed considerable skill in building design and construction. He married Eleanor Fuller and the couple have three children. Floyd Hansen, the fourth son, graduated this year from Brigham Young University and is living at the family home. Three of the Hansen boys, Ross, Doyle and Floyd, have each completed missions for the L. D. S. Church.

FRANCIS LORIN SMITH

Francis L. Smith, the second child and eldest son of Samuel F. and Lulu J. was born in Woodruff, Arizona, June 18, 1902. As a youngster he exhibited a great deal of initiative and originality. His mischievous boyhood pranks brought many a lively and hilarious moment to the family circle.

He received his grade and high school education in Snowflake. Francis was always a careful and thorough student and was chosen valedictorian of his class at the Snowflake Stake Academy in 1920.

He attended Brigham Young University for three years, and there he continued an earlier high school trend at winning public speaking and oratory contests. He transferred to the University of Arizona from which institution he was graduated with high distinction in 1927 with a bachelor of science degree in agriculture. Because of scholarly attainment he was elected to Phi Kappa Phi, the highest honorary fraternity at the University at the time. He also was elected to several other honorary and professional fraternities.

Francis continued his higher education at Kansas State University where he was awarded a master of science degree in 1929. After a short term of employment with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, he went to the University of California in 1931 where he has been advanced in a series of promotions and now holds a double title of Agronomist and Professor of Agronomy. In 1938 he received a Doctor of Philosophy degree from the University of California. He has remained with the University of California and lives at 615 "A" Street, Davis, California.

In December 1929, Francis married Florence Dial of Manhattan, Kansas. The couple has two sons: Robert Dial Smith, who is a graduate of the California State College at Fresno and who is currently living in the family home but working for the Pacific Fire Rating Bureau; and Lorin Francis Smith - a third-year college engineering student.

Both Francis and Florence have been active in the community and civic life of their home town. They have promoted youth programs and been directors of various cultural clubs. Francis is a Rotarian and he and Florence attended the international Rotary convention in Lucerne, Switzerland in 1957.

CARL NATHANIEL SMITH

Among the miscellaneous papers which Samuel F. Smith left to posterity was a small diary for the year 1904. Entries were not numerous, for there were more blanks than dates with a notation. An entry on April 3: "My second son was born" -- and his parents named him Carl Nathaniel. It was years later, after the death of both parents, that this little notebook fell into the hands of the heirs. This second son was quite flattered that his birth was deserving of mention in the volume and laid claim to the book as his share of the inheritance; but he withdrew his claim when he observed the next item worthy of mention on April 17: "Red-Eye (the old family cow) took the bull."

Like his sister and brother before him, and like seven other brothers and sisters younger than he, Carl went through grade school at Snowflake. Unlike the second son in many families, he was never embarrassed by the "hand-me-down" clothes of Francis, his older brother. There were two reasons: when Francis was finished with a garment there was no wear left in it; and then the boys were too near the same size, anyway. Carl tried to compete with classmates in athletics, but finally had to accede to his father's firm and plainly pronounced conviction that "the boys could get all the exercise they needed on the farm or in the garden without wasting time on the ball diamond.

Carl attended the Snowflake Stake Academy and was graduated in 1923. He gathered a few high school distinctions such as student body president, editor of the school paper, efficiency medal winner, and class valedictorian. He was graduated with a bachelor of arts degree from the University of Arizona in 1929. He was also commissioned a reserve second lieutenant in the United States Army. At college he was editor of the college newspaper.

He followed a newspaper career in Arizona and maintained exceptional interest in his hobby, military history and tactics. From his college graduation until 1940, he was variously on the regular staff of the Arizona Republic in Phoenix, the Tucson Citizen, and the Arizona Daily Star in Tucson.

CARL NATHANIEL SMITH - continued

In 1940 the United States began its early build-up of its armed forces and Carl, then a reserve army captain, was ordered into service. He fought during World War II in the European theatre and received a number of American and three foreign decorations. From 1942 to 1945 he received promotions to major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel. Following World War II he was commissioned in the regular army and remained in the military service until 1959 when he retired at the grade of colonel with thirty-two years of service.

Carl was married to Lucile Kempton, then of Phoenix, at Cody, Wyoming, on August 8, 1935. The Kempton family is well known in the Safford, Arizona area as well as in Phoenix and Gilbert. The couple has two children, Stanley Kempton Smith, currently a student at the University of Arizona; and Dorothy Kay Smith, a student at the Camelback High School in Phoenix.

EMMA SMITH DEWEY

Emma, the second daughter of the family, was born on the bank of the Little Colorado River in Holbrook, Arizona. She was given the name of her paternal grandmother which she always bore with pride. Her schooling commenced in Snowflake where she graduated with honors from the Snowflake Stake Academy in 1924. The following year she graduated with the first graduating class of the Snowflake Union High School.

Em went to college with a Navajo county scholarship which she won in competitive contest. She attended the University of Arizona from which she was graduated with a bachelor of science degree in 1929. In recognition of her scholarship, she was elected to membership in a national home economics honorary sorority. She returned to Snowflake in the fall of 1929 and taught home economics for five years in the high school. During these five years she financed her brother Harold in his mission to South Africa and also provided funds for her younger sisters to enter college.

In 1934, she married Jess M. Dewey of Los Angeles in the Arizona Temple. Jess was also a graduate of the U. of A. with a bachelor of science degree in education. For the last thirteen years, Jess has been connected with the Los Angeles schools.

Both Jess and Em have served in many responsible positions in the various wards of the L. D. S. Church. They have three children: Adrienne, a college student of the B. Y. U.; Daryl, a high school student in Los Angeles; and Tawna, a 9 year old pupil in the fourth grade.

Emma died in Los Angeles April 17, 1960, from complications which led to leukemia. The children of the Primary organization in Los Angeles where she had last given full measure of her talent were so appreciative of her efforts that they erected from contributions a lasting memorial to her memory.

HAROLD HATCH SMITH

Harold Hatch Smith, the seventh child of Samuel F. and Lulu J., headed the list of what the family called the "younger kids" because two children immediately older than Harold died in infancy (Elizabeth in 1907 and Samuel Lewis in 1909). Harold, therefore, was the object of perhaps a great deal of "excessive tutoring" from each of the four "older kids."

Harold, who grew up in Snowflake and was educated in the family tradition, is the foremost merchant in Heber City, Utah. From the standpoint of community work and church activities, his life perhaps parallels his father's more than any of his brothers. Harold is president, director, superintendent, executive officer or chairman of almost countless activities in business, community, and church in Heber; such as Wasatch Chamber of Commerce, Associated Credit Bureau, Lions Club, Utah Retail Grocers Association, City Council, City Exchange Company, Delta Phi National Honorary Fraternity.

After completing high school in Snowflake, Harold went to South Africa where he completed a mission for the church. He then went to college at Brigham Young University graduating with a bachelor of arts degree in 1937. He has since done graduate work at B. Y. U. and at the University of California at Berkeley.

He was a teacher in the Vernal Seminary from 1937 to 1941 and principal of the Wasatch Seminary from 1941 to 1952. For the last nine years he has been president

HAROLD HATCH SMITH - Continued

and manager of the Heber City Exchange Company and several other commercial enterprises in Utah. In church activities, Harold has been a constant leader since establishing his home in Heber and currently is Bishop of the Sixth Ward.

He was married to Mabel Dorine Nielsen at the Salt Lake Temple on June 1, 1938. Mabel was also a B. Y. U. graduate and school teacher. There are four children in the family: Peggy Dorine, a graduate of this year at B. Y. U.; Harold H., Jr., who graduated with the highest honors from Wasatch High school in 1960 and is currently on the scholastic honor roll of B. Y. U.; Claudia Joan and Annette Alice, both of whom are high in scholastic ratings in high school.

LAVORA SMITH MATHIS

Lavora, eighth child in the family, was born on October 28, 1912. As a red-head she was jubilantly hailed as a member of the clan which included Mother and Carl.

Lavora possesses the unusual intellectual faculty of being equally competent in theory and practice. Her ability to see and accept things exactly as they are has been a decided asset to her. The same quality was in evidence during her school career in Snowflake where she graduated with honors in both grade and high school. She brought distinction to Snowflake High School by participating in a state-wide chemistry examination in which she won first place. She contested for and won a scholarship to the University of Arizona which she attended from 1930 to 1934 and from which she was graduated with a bachelor of science degree in 1934.

After one semester of post graduate training at the U. of A., she began training as a dietitian in the L. D. S. Hospital in Salt Lake City. Having completed her training there, she was employed as the dietitian in Price City Hospital, Price, Utah.

While Lavora was at Price she met LeGrand Mathis whom she married June 27, 1939 in the Manti Temple. Soon after their marriage they moved to Ogden, Utah where they have continued to live. Their present address is 2792 North 500 East, North Ogden, here Lavora is president of North Ogden Civic League, a woman's organization, and LeGrand is a counsellor in the Third Ward bishopric.

Lavora and LeGrand have two boys. David attended Utah State University at Ogden, Utah and is now serving in the army. LeGrand, Jr. (Randy), 10, has completed the fourth grade at North Ogden.

LULU SMITH BOYLE

One month prior to the outbreak of World War I, on July 20, 1914, the ninth child was born to Samuel F. and Lulu J. Smith. The quiet peaceful lanes and walks of Snowflake supply the warp of the tapestry of Lu's (Lulu) life as she grew up with her many busy brothers and sisters.

Under the competent tutelage of excellent teachers, she graduated from the Snowflake elementary and high schools, upholding the family tradition (of which her mother was most persistent) of excellent grades.

She went to the University of Arizona where she was graduated with a bachelor of arts degree in 1936. She taught school at the Safford Arizona Junior High School for two years where she met Kenneth Boyle, the grandson of a prominent member of the 8th Cavalry Battalion, whom she married at Tempe on June 24, 1939.

Lu has been prominent in the education field in Phoenix and joined the teaching staff of the Phoenix schools in 1953 and is currently an English teacher in Phoenix Central High School. She received her Master of Arts degree from Arizona State University at Tempe in 1958 and was elected to membership in Phi Kappa Phi, A. S. U.'s highest scholastic honorary fraternity. She is also a member of Kappa Delta Pi and Alpha Delta Kappa, national educational honorary and service organizations.

Lu and Ken, who live at 1028 East Glenrosa, Phoenix, have three children: Frances Kathryn (Fran) who has completed her junior year at the Brigham Young University; Lawrence Alfred (Terry) who will attend Phoenix College next year; and Kenneth Dan who will be a Junior at Phoenix Central High school next year.

Ken and Lu have purchased the old family home in Snowflake where they spend their summers among kinsmen and family friends and neighbors.

EDNA SMITH

Edna, the tenth child but whom the Bishop never accepted for tithing, was born and reared in Snowflake, Arizona. That place was home to her until she moved to Phoenix in 1941.

All through the grades and high school Edna rated high as an honor student. She graduated from the Snowflake Union High School, attended the University of Arizona one year, and graduated from the Great Western College of Phoenix. After graduating from that school, she was employed for many years by the O. S. Stapley Company of Phoenix. She later worked as an accountant for Certified Public Accountant firms.

Edna has never painted a picture, but the tidy sheets of figures which she files for her employers are forms of meticulous art which are most painstakingly done. She has exceptional ability in arrangement and style of household furniture and accessories. The home which she owns and maintains is a place of true beauty. The yards which she cares for at odd moments, when not on the job, are as lovely as any on her well kept street. She has an aptitude for detail work, and her sewing is done with skill and neatness not to be outdone.

JESSE LORENZO SMITH

Jesse Lorenzo Smith, eleventh child of Samuel F. and Lulu J., who was born October 13, 1918, initially had success in the agricultural field and was chosen to represent Arizona as "American Farmer" at the national convention of Future Farmers of America.

He now has abandoned his interest in farming and has come up the ladder in the telephone business to a responsible position with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York City.

Lorenzo attended elementary and high schools in Snowflake. It was during his senior year in high school that he received the highest award of the Future Farmers of America. He attended the University of Arizona for two years and then served a mission for the church. He returned to college upon completion of his mission and was graduated in 1942 with a degree of bachelor of science in business administration, becoming the sixth member of his family to graduate from the University of Arizona.

In March, 1943, he joined the U. S. Navy, was commissioned an Ensign, and received training at Harvard University before going to the South Pacific Fleet. He was discharged after the war in 1946 after attaining the rank of Lieutenant, Senior Grade.

He has been continuously employed since 1946 in the telephone industry, and has enjoyed numerous management responsibilities in the Mountain States Telephone Company in accounting and business-procedures work. First employed in Salt Lake City, he moved to Denver, Colorado, in 1957, and has traveled throughout the mountain territory. He left the Mountain States Telephone in 1960 to accept a position with the American Telephone and Telegraph.

Lorenzo has been active in many church endeavors as teacher in the auxiliaries, Sunday School superintendent, M. I. A. superintendent, and general secretary of the Aaronic Priesthood. He served in four bishoprics and was bishop in Salt Lake City. He is presently on the High Council of the New Jersey Stake.

Lorenzo was married in the Arizona Temple March 1941 to Lyle Boyden, a native of Provo. The couple has two daughters, Janice Marie, a student at the Brigham Young University, and Julie Ann, who is attending school in Chatham, New Jersey, where the family currently resides.

ROBERT JUNIUS SMITH

The traditional stork played Santa Claus and brought the sixth and last son and the twelfth child to the Samuel F. Smith home on Christmas morning, 1920. Robert Junius, they named him, and he was a precocious child in his ability to master mathematics. He was agreeable and socially well received. His educational pursuits in Snowflake were always exceptionally high. He liked athletics and even participated as a member of the basketball team as much to the dismay of older brothers who were never able to dent the strong will of their father in his declaration that such stuff was not food for physical, mental or moral development.

Robert's college education at Brigham Young University was interrupted by a

ROBERT JUNIUS SMITH - continued

mission call from the church. Upon its completion he was selected by the Snowflake draft board for military service which he accepted in the U. S. Navy. Following the war, he continued his education at B. Y. U. where he received a bachelor of science degree in business administration in 1948. As the outstanding graduate in accounting at the B. Y. U., he received an award from the Utah Association of Certified Public Accountants.

In May of 1949, Robert took the semi-annual examination for those aspiring to become Certified Public Accountants. This is a uniform national examination given in all the states and the District of Columbia. Against competition with some 11,500 to 12,000 candidates in the United States, Robert received the Elijah Watts Sells gold medal award for the highest overall grades in that examination. He was given the award at the annual meeting of the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants at their annual convention held in Los Angeles of that year.

Robert has two advanced college degrees: Master of Business Administration from Northwestern University in Chicago in 1949; and Doctor of Business Administration from Indiana University in 1957. He is a professor of business administration at the B. Y. U., where he has been since graduation from Northwestern University. He is also a practicing Certified Public Accountant, and author of a two volume book "Preparing for the CPA Examination" - published last year by Wadsworth Publishing Company of San Francisco. Volume I sets forth the problems; and Volume II discusses the solutions.

Robert married Lola Neilson of Salt Lake City in the Salt Lake Temple in 1945. Both Robert and Lola have been active in church activities in Provo, Utah, and Robert is currently bishop of the Brigham Young University 25th Ward. There are seven children: Junola, Lynnette, Lynn Robert, Shirley, LaKae, Jeanine and Larry Kay living at the family home at 2465 North 820 East, Provo, Utah. Except for the last two, who are too young, all other children are attending school in their home town.

MAURINE SMITH

On November 20, 1922, Maurine, the last of Samuel F. and Lulu J.'s children was born in Snowflake. Her childhood was fraught with serious diseases which caused permanent handicap. In spite of her affliction, Maurine has acquired a good speaking and reading vocabulary and has appreciated good music. She plays the piano by ear. She gave a good deal of assistance to her aging parents and accompanied them during the nine years they participated in temple service in Mesa. Maurine enjoyed time spent in the temple and has done the work for more than a thousand women. Her temple associates always have a word of praise and appreciation for her efforts. Since her parent's death, she has resided largely with the Hansens of Joseph City. Maurine has given much assistance to the entire Hansen family and is greatly loved by the young Hansen grandchildren.

JULY BIRTHDAYS

Agnes Maud Smith-July 11 1874
Augusta Gerhardine Smith Hulet-July 14 1873
Martha Amelia Smith Flake- July 16 1877
Aikens Smith -July 27 1899

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

Elias Smith-Aug.1 1889
Anna Smith Bushman-Aug.6 1885
Emma Seraphine Smith Decker-Aug.12 1853
Leah Smith Udall-Aug.13 1891
Georgana Basheba Smith Rencher-Aug 16 1870

The glorious 4th and 24th of July are past history for 1961 and what a far cry from the good old days when we were children. Those nostalgic memories of sleeping on Aunt Gusty's upstairs porch and being awakened by the 13 gun salute and the raising of the flag at sunrise, the patriotic meeting, the decorations of red, white and blue bunting, the flag drills, all impressive, but sad recollections are those of the covered wagons and the half starved, ragged pioneers, and Mormon Battalion Regiment in the 24th parade. Perhaps the high light of these celebrations was the kid's races on Miller Street, the wags of candy and pink lemonade... Oh the precious, ever lingering memories....

Best wishes to all- Aunt Leah.

THE KINSMAN Published by the
Jesse N Smith family Org.
Leah S Udall President
619 E 2nd Ave. Mesa, Ariz.

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