

# THE KINSMAN

Volume XV

September 1961

A publication of the Jesse Nathaniel Smith Family Association for the purpose of fostering a common faith, a mutual interest, a fraternal bond, a common heritage; of creating greater family unity, and more interest in the family members for each other.

## "THE TIE THAT BINDS"

Printed and distributed monthly by the Association Publication Committee, 552 South Stapley Drive, Mesa, Arizona.

William C Smith, 105 South Third Street, Pleasant Grove, Utah.

Margaret Smith Larson, 2601 North Twenty-ninth Place, Phoenix, Arizona.

Priscilla Smith Richins, 1215 West Polk, Phoenix, Arizona.

Beatrice Rogers Papa, Snowflake, Arizona.

George A Smith, 552 South Stapley Drive, Mesa, Arizona.

Association President, Leah Smith Udall, 619 East Second Avenue, Mesa, Arizona.  
Genealogical Committee Chairman, Natalia Smith Farr, 45 South Olive Dr., Mesa, Ariz.

About 9:30 Sunday evening I got a special delivery air package from Norman. Such dispatch pleases me no end. Inside the package was the following note:

Dear Uncle George:

Sorry to be late with this. I got a call from the folks the other day saying they were sending all the stuff to me, and for me to hurry up and write my own and type the stencils. I have just now been able to get it done.

Since I don't know what kind of mimeograph machine you have, I took a shot in the dark with these. I hope they fit, but if they dont I figured you could adapt them so they will.

Hope this is enough material. I felt like it was about right for us. After all, these 12-page families got a 50 or more years head start on us.

Norman

P.S. Guess I'd better chip in a little for my subscription. Also, my address has changed - its now 1216 Coal, S E, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

(The stencils fit OK except where the typing ran over the designated margin on the stencil. The reader may have noticed some letters clipped from the ends of some lines.)

It is interesting to note that Jesse Nathaniel Smith's first grand child was born 10 July 1871. J Norman, who is the 329th was born 24 April 1934, just 62 years, 7 months and 14 days later. So he may have a point. But he needn't worry for as Jim Frost said when his son Jesse A's twins were born: "Its simply this, the kids are an improvement on the stock."

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Dear Kinsmen:

It really has been lonesome this summer with Esther and Natalia gone. Esther was away seven weeks visiting her children. Here is a portion of her travelog, and where she spent her sabbaths.

July 16, with Ardath in Blythe, California

July 23, with Quince in Lynnwood, California

July 30, with Jan Fenn in Walnut Creek, California

August 6, with Jesse Fred in Kearns, Utah

August 13, with Fern and Richard in Farmington, New Mexico

August 20, with Beulah in Safford, Arizona

She also visited with Margaret and Hyrum in Salt Lake City. Natalia spent about a month in San Francisco with Sylvia, and became acquainted with another new grandson, Benjamin Howard Blazzard, born July 20, 1961. I just returned from Merced and Modesto, California, where our group held a reunion. All the children were present except Idella, who was unable to attend. Her baby boy, John Addison Flack was born August 12, 1961.

We are all happy that Don C is better, and is able to be home from the hospital. We have missed George and Phosia this summer, and others of our kith and kin who have been away.

Love and best wishes to all, Aunt Leah

September Birthdays

Joseph West Smith, born 6 September 1859  
Margaret Fife Smith Jensen; born 6 September 1882  
Editha Smith Frost, born 8 September 1873  
Susan Janet Smith Jarvie, 15 September 1869  
Ellen Mauretta Smith, born 23 September 1871  
Don Carlos Smith, born 26 September 1886

1380 North Main Street, Springville, Utah. August 4

I surely appreciate the Kinsman coming when I'm so slow with the check. Please note my change of address, 1380 North Main Street, Springville, Utah. In the East Provo Stake production of "The Promised Valley", Phoebe Bushman Thomas, daughter of Martin D Bushman, had the singing lead, and was outstanding. And the dramatic lead (the Bishop) was our Stake President, cousin Flake Rogers. Six of his family were in one part or another. Sincerely, Justin.

San Diego, California. August 8, 1961

Dear Folks: You dear, sweet relatives. What a wonderful work you are doing, and how we do enjoy the Kinsman! Sorry to be so late with this subscription.

Much love to All, Virginia Bushman Acheson.

P.S. While in Provo last June to the graduation of our daughter Lynette from the BYU, Sadie Avery suggested I tell the Kinsman that five of my father's (Preston Ammaron Bushman) grandchildren graduated this spring from the BYU.

Shelley Idaho, July 28, 1961

dear Editor: We would like to have the addresses and names of any cousins in Idaho, or this section of the country, so we can invite them to our next reunion. Emma Luke said there are some Flake boys in Boise, or Nampa. (You may have them on your mailing list).

On July 24, 1961, some of us Idaho cousins gathered at a park near the home of Madge Frost Hope in Idaho Falls, and had a picnic lunch. There were 32 present including the families of Melvin Smith (Mel was unable to come), Madge and Lester Hope, Madge's sister Madalyn and Elton Faler of Burley, Marguerite and Lowell Babcock of Pocatello, and my family of Shelley. Emma Smith Luke phoned from Twin Falls sending greetings to all and regrets that she couldn't attend our northern reunion. In the evening of that day, Loral and Pat Decker and daughter of Idaho Falls met with us at the Hope home, to renew acquaintances. (I met them for the first time). They have been in Idaho Falls nearly 2 years and we wish we had known their whereabouts sooner.

My father (Hyrum Smith) and my brother Virgil and his 2 sons spent 4 days visiting us in July. It was a real privilege for my second daughter, Twelyn, to receive her Patriarchal Blessing from her grandfather while he was here.

While reading a local newspaper early in July, I learned that Aunt Phosia had spent a week in Shelley visiting her niece (a friend of mine). Next time she comes I hope she'll visit her niece on the Smith side (myself), as well as our 3 Idaho Falls cousins.

Marguerite and Lowell Babcock of Pocatello, visited with us yesterday before and after attending a session at the temple. We are glad to have a few kinsfolk in this area and appreciate them calling on us.

Thanks for your good work in editing the Kinsman. We enjoy reading it each month.

Sincerely,

June Smith Marker

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

Bulk Rate  
U S Postage  
PAID  
Permit No 92  
Mesa Ariz

M. FOSS C. SMITH:

This assignment which came from George has me at a loss. Not being one who has become famous for an earth-shaking accomplishment, I haven't that to tell, and so cause anyone to stand in speechless awe.

Perhaps a few memories are in order. Today, while sitting in conference, listening to Joseph Fielding speak, something he said caused me to recall again, this assignment. It occurred to me that I might tell of some of those things I remember of my childhood. One of the things I recall quite readily was the time when Mother extracted honey from the bees. First experiences with this operation were in company with Mae when her mother, Aunt Ellen, gathered the honey from her bees. We would venture to the house where the extractor sat, where Aunt Ellen or one of the older girls would be capping the full frames of honey comb. Bees were always flying around and every now and again an angry one would rev up his motor and start buzzing around our heads, telling us in that angry tone they have, that he was on the warpath. We would grab some cappings in our fingers and run for the nearest bush. The bees never came after one who was well hidden in a bush.

After Aunt Ellen left, Mother had a few stands of bees from which she harvested enough honey for our family and some extra to sell to anyone desiring some. She would collect empty coffee cans, lard buckets, five-gallon cans, fruit jars--unfit for canning, and any container suitable for holding honey until it was eaten or sold.

Despite Mae's and my efforts to escape the bees, we would occasionally get stung. Consequently, I disliked ever having to expose myself unprotected. When Mother extracted, it fell my lot to carry the loaded frame bucket from the corner of the high board corral fence (which provided imaginary protection from the bees) to the garage where the extractor sat and return the empty frames to a place where Mother could get them and replace them in the hives.

I never enjoyed this chore because every now and again an angry bee would find me behind the fence and start buzzing. I would drop the heavy bucket and run to duck my head down among the carrots and onions much as an ostrich is purported to do in the sand. There I would wait until the bee ceased his angry buzzing and flew away. I would then hesitantly venture forth to dare and finish my task.

My reluctance to help in this unpleasant task added to Mother's burden in performing the task. My one or two stings were trifling to the many she got. So many that she would oftentimes be ill from too much poison. However, she never complained. She would state that she was ill from it, but being young and unfamiliar with so many of the things of life, I was of small help and comfort to her.

She was always so busy and had so many morning calls to make, as well as other duties, that she never took time to partake of the luxury of self-pity or rest.

As I reminisce I am caused to grieve that I couldn't appreciate the greatness of her soul and spirit while I was at home with her. As years and responsibility have come my way I must marvel and respect deeply her relentless pursuit and work in order to provide for her family. I pray that I can be worthy of being the son of such a noble woman.

It occurs to me that there are many of the younger generations who may read this and say, "Foss, who is Foss?" Well, I'm the last of Jesse N. Smith's children--the forty-fourth child. Have you any idea what it means to be the youngest of forty-four children? I received a lot of extra loving and was the "victim" of much impatience--as the youngest in most families is. I just had more brothers and sisters to administer it. I have many fond memories of my childhood and my brothers and sisters.

Father died when I was eight months old. I have often wished that I had known him and have envied those of the family who had the blessing of his loving, wise guidance. The stories of him told to me by my Mother and others have been an inspiration to me. Sometimes I keenly felt the lack of a father--as the time Mae told me (in a childish argument), "Well, I've got a daddy and you haven't." I replied, "I have so, Hyrum's my daddy." Then I ran and asked Mother if Hyrum couldn't be my daddy.

My childhood in Snowflake was filled with the usual activities, Primary, Sunday School, Aaronic priesthood activities and school. I graduated from the eighth

M. Foss C. Smith - continued

grade at the head of my class. I was a member of the last graduating class of the old Snowflake Stake Academy. I filled a mission to Sweden, thanks to the courageous efforts of my Mother. I have held many positions of responsibility in the Priesthood and the auxiliaries of the Church--the number of jobs depending on the need of the ward or branch in which we lived.

I graduated from BYU and have been a school teacher most of the time since. I have thought on occasion to change my profession but I guess there's just something about teaching youth that gets into the blood.

In one of my classes at the Y I noticed a tall blond girl. I just kept noticing her and finally got courage to start a conversation. Things progressed as those things do and by spring "a young man's fancy had lightly turned to thoughts of love." She was Cleona Olsen from LaJara, Colorado. I made a visit to Colorado in the summer and her father and mother said "OK". I returned to school and she to a teaching job in her home town. I was involved in a car accident while returning from a football game in Salt Lake. Got hit on the head--had the blow landed anywhere else it would have killed me. Anyway it put an end to school for that year. When lack of funds caused Cleona's school to close at the beginning of March, we decided to get married. So on March 21 we were married in the Mesa Temple. I guess we were either foolish or courageous to marry in the midst of the depression. There were some lean years as I finished school and then joined the mob of eager job hunters so common to those depression years. It was quite an experience and one the youth of today can't even imagine.

Our home has been blessed with five children: Norman, Linnea, Dorene, Kevan, and David--and we consider ourselves rich indeed to have such fine sons and daughters. I have asked each of them to write a bit about themselves. We are most proud of them.

We have held jobs in various places, having experiences and making friends who have been very inspirational. Ten years ago we came to Farmington, New Mexico. Cleona and I both teach here and it rather looks as if we may be here for some time. It has been a good place for our children. They have profited by association with the valiant LDS youth of this area.

In what might be termed philosophical thinking, or perhaps better to say, an expression of gratitude, I would like to say that in our daily coming and going we meet problems or have decisions and choices to make which at the time may be satisfactory to our thinking or they may be very contrary to that which we desire and we grieve about it. As the years go by and events transpire the outcome shows evidence that the hand of the Lord had been manifested in our lives, to our good.

Among these I feel that the coincidence of Cleona and I enrolling in the same class was providential for me. The class itself was of no profit to me but the finding of Cleona was a great blessing for me. She has been tolerant and understanding with me. She has borne with my easy going ways and through persistence has urged me to do things she wants done. For example, she has wanted her kitchen remodeled. At last I started but what with other things to interfere, etc., the job has gone very slowly. She has been exasperated to the point of threatening to leave home but finally the end is becoming visible. She is a wonderful woman.

Foss

J. NORMAN SMITH

Dad's problems with keeping himself in school and supporting a wife during the depression received a healthy boost on April 24, 1934, with the arrival of another mouth to feed, belonging to his first child, James Norman. But Dad made it through school, and I, the owner of that new mouth, don't ever remember going hungry.

I started school in Joseph City, which was just the right size town to hold all sorts of things fascinating to young boys. Dad built a house next door to his brother Aikens, and my cousin Kay and I became great pals. We went through all sorts of adventures and mis-adventures together. One which I particularly remember was an excursion through "Uncle Howard" Randall's cane and alfalfa fields, down the railroad tracks, and eventually back home, where we were rewarded with appropriate discipline.

J. Norman Smith - continued

Just before leaving Joseph City, when I was nine, two important events occurred. First, my long awaited baby brother, Kevan, was born. Second, my beloved Grandma Smith passed away. I have very fond memories of Grandma. It was always a great day when she came to see us. I remember her visit soon after her stay in the hospital at Ganado. I remember, too her 80th birthday celebration in Snowflake, and all the friends who came by to honor her. And I have grown to honor her more as I have learned of her life and seen some of its fruits. Hers was certainly a life worthy of emulation.

After a couple of moves between Colorado and Arizona, we settled at Excelsior, Colorado, where mother and dad were two of the three teachers at the small country school. (Mother taught grades 1-3 and dad had grades 7-12.) Linnea, Dorene and I were janitors--one room each. We also got a taste of pioneering, since the community had no electricity. The next year we moved to my Grandfather Olsen's ranch at Bountiful, Colorado, and Mother and Dad taught in the Manassa schools. In Manassa I finished my last two years of high school, graduating in 1950 as valedictorian of my class of seventeen. I was also editor of the school newspaper and annual, and made my splash in athletics as a member of the Junior Varsity basketball team and manager of the senior team.

That fall I did about the only thing my heredity would allow and went to Brigham Young University. After some casting about for a major, I settled on electrical engineering and was concentrating on that, the Intercollegiate Knights and photography for the Banyan when I received a call to the Western Canadian Mission. I left in December, 1954, and served my entire two years in southern British Columbia. Western Canada was not then a very fruitful field for missionary work and I saw little tangible results of my labors, but as the work progresses it is rewarding to know that I had a part in it. If my mission did no one else any good, it was more than rewarding for the good it did me.

Upon completion of my mission it was back to BYU, where I found many things to keep me from becoming stale from study. School service projects as a member of Intercollegiate Knights occupied much time, including two terms as a chapter officer and one as a national officer. A year on the Associated Men Students Council and membership in Arnold Air Society, honorary for Air Force ROTC cadets, were other activities. At BYU the reverse of the usual situation exists, and there are more members wanting Church jobs than there are jobs, so most of my time there I was just a ward teacher. My final year, however, I was privileged to serve as president of my Elder's Quorum.

The hot breath of Uncle Sam's draft board caused me to change my major to mathematics, and I graduated along with Linnea in June, 1958. I was commissioned a second Lieutenant in the Air Force at the same time.

True to BYU tradition, and my Father's excellent example, I met a girl. She was Colleen Bates, from Whittier, California. She had been active on campus as a member of Spurs, Y Calcares, and White Key, service honoraries, and as president of Alpha Lambda Delta, women's honorary society. We were married June 26, 1958, in the Los Angeles Temple. She has been a wonderful companion and a fine strength and support to me.

During the six weeks following our marriage, while I waited for orders to active duty in the Air Force, I used my college education to the fullest as a hamburger cook in my father-in-law's drive-in restaurant. When the orders came, they assigned me as a meteorology student at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. This was a most fortunate assignment for it allowed Colleen to finish her schooling at BYU, and she graduated in June, 1959, with a BA degree in Human Development and Family Relationships. In our ward there I was general secretary of the Aaronic Priesthood and Colleen was on the Genealogical Committee and a Primary teacher. After a year in Salt Lake City I received my second BS degree, this time from the U of U with a major in meteorology, and the Air Force assigned us to Kirtland Air Force Base in Albuquerque, N. M.

At Kirtland I was a weather forecaster at an air defense alert center until September, 1960, when the center was closed down. By December the Air Force had decided that I could be a civilian again, and I was separated from active duty. By this time we had gotten well established in Albuquerque, and the Lord provided us a way to stay. Amid all the unemployment I got a job with Meteorology Research, Inc., of Altadena, California, as a field supervisor at Albuquerque working on developmental tests of a defense system for the Air Force. The church has kept us from being idle here. Colleen is a Beehive teacher and Relief Society secretary. I was a Sunday School teacher and financial clerk, and am now second counselor to the Bishop.

J. Norman Smith - continued

There are a few members of the Jesse N. Smith family in Albuquerque but we are always glad to see more. Come and see us at 1216 Coal Ave. S.E.

I should like to close this piece by expressing my gratitude for the heritage that is mine. I have been blessed with wonderful parents who have taught me the principles of truth and righteousness. I have fine brothers and sisters, in-laws included, of whom I am most proud. My entire heritage presents an unparalleled example and challenge. I pray that I, and all of us, may live up to it.

#### LINNEA SMITH BARNEY

About the only people around the Smith family home in Snowflake who were excited on that September day back in 1936 were Foss and Cleona Smith, who were about to become parents of their second child--their first daughter.

Both Aunt Em who, as midwife-umpire, called Linnea safe at home, and the old family home had seen enough birthings so that another newborn cry was cause only for normal rejoicing, certainly not for the frantic bustlings that might have overtaken a less experienced crew.

Thus, on September 11, 1936, Myrtle Linnea joined 3-year-old Norman as a chip of the old block. Norman, by the way, felt most put out that day when various relatives kept him from running in to comfort his squalling little sister.

Linnea passed the "experience is a hard school, but fools will learn in no other (the best-remembered of her mother's frequent admonitions) years by following her parents in their travels back and forth from Arizona to Colorado and finally to Farmington, New Mexico. She attended schools in all three states, picked up a beauty pageant title ("the prettiest arms and legs for a two-year-old", a Phoenix judge said and graduated from Farmington High School in 1953--the salutatorian of her class.

That fall--as her mother and father, and even her older brother before her--Linnea trekked off to BYU in Provo, despite a bit of indecision about what she wanted to study. A year and some minor surgery later, Linnea had determined she would like to be a nurse. The year at the Y had matured the young student and the surgery experience had graphically illustrated the opportunities for service which abound in the medical field.

During the next four years, as she pursued the nursing course and held pursuing men at arms length--for the most part--Linnea found time to participate in a number of extra-curricular activities that assisted in rounding out her personality and experiences.

She was a member of Y Calcares, an honorary service unit, sang in Women's Chorus and a smaller vocal group that toured Utah and Colorado with the Air Force ROTC Chorus, worked on the student yearbook and held various church positions.

After her nursing class moved to Salt Lake City to continue its work at the LDS Hospital there she was one of a popular trio of nursing students which sang at most hospital and Church ward functions. The trio also regularly performed at the Sunday services held in the hospital for the patients.

It was for this singing they received recognition as "Today's Valentine" in the Salt Lake Tribune column of Dan Valentine.

In June, 1958, Linnea graduated from BYU and in July was accredited as a Registered Nurse.

Her Nursing objective reached, Linnea slowed down to rest and was caught by one of the pursuing males.

On September 26, 1958, she married Ralph Dale Barney in the Mesa Temple. She had met him at BYU where he was active in student affairs. He had been editor of the Daily Universe his senior year, graduating in 1957. He then worked as a writer for the Desert News in Salt Lake City.

As the rest of Utah and the Church was preparing to celebrate Pioneer Day, 1959, the Barneys interrupted their regular morning routine one day for an urgent trip to

Linnea S. Barney - continued

LDS Hospital--not for a homecoming for Linnea, but for an earthcoming for Randall Geoffrey, who arrived in time for lunch on July 15, 1961.

Young Randy had time only to grab a couple of quick bites, though, because only two months later the Barney family journeyed to Iowa City, Iowa, for a year so Ralph D. could talk the State University of Iowa out of a Masters degree in Journalism.

Linnea helped pay educational expenses by keeping her professional hand in as a nurse on the Neurology Ward of the university's hospital.

Back to Salt Lake City in September, 1960, and the Deseret News for a year. This time Ralph was assistant city editor.

Thanksgiving Day, 1960, fell on November 25. On that day, the Barney family--Mama Linnea wasn't feeling too well--celebrated with a meat loaf dinner. The next day, Linnea was taken to the hospital to do penance and to recuperate. 'Twas on the 26th (same day as the youngest Kennedy child arrived) that Coleman Foss Barney arrived in time to have the cooks set another place for supper. One look at Cole and they cooked two portions--he weighed 8 lbs. 7 oz.

With two healthy youngsters--they both arrived around mealtime and neither has passed one up since--the Barneys moved this fall to Orem. Ralph had accepted a position as instructor in journalism at BYU.

Their address is 442 E. 1864 South, Orem. He plans to start work on his PhD. degree in the near future.

#### DORENE SMITH TAYLOR

The "lucky" third child, Dorene, was born to Foss and Cleona on November 2, 1937, in Mesa, Arizona.

In early childhood, I can remember living in Joseph City; and, of course, most of my activity centered around my brother and sister, Norman and Linnea. They seemed to like me pretty well then, and took pretty good care of me. "I'll do it for you, Huns." (Honey), was their favorite expression. After we moved to the new house that Daddy built, my favorite playmate was my cousin, Dale Smith. I can see him now with that curly blond hair, infectious grin, and those bib overalls. Our favorite pastime was chasing "lizzards".

Mother's parents lived in the San Luis Valley of Colorado, and it seems as if we spent quite a bit of the summertime moving or traveling from Arizona to Colorado. When I started grade school we lived in Colorado, then I attended school in Arizona and back in Colorado. By the time we moved to Farmington, New Mexico, I was in high school.

I thoroughly enjoyed my high school days, and kept myself busy with school activities. I was class president, a cheerleader, a member of the National Honor Society, and a delegate to New Mexico's Girls' State.

After graduation from Farmington High School, I attended Brigham Young University. My time there was pretty well taken up with studying and by a young man from Farmington.

June 20, 1956, I married Robert Elmer Taylor in the Salt Lake Temple. After he graduated from the Y in 1957 with a degree in Marketing and Economics, we moved to El Paso, Texas. Robert is employed with El Paso Natural Gas Products Co. as an economic analyst in their Market Research department, and El Paso has been our home since June of 1957.

On October 8, 1957, a bonus was added to our family when our little girl, Shereen, was born. Then another bonus arrived on November 29, 1958--a boy--this time, Bryan Robert.

While in El Paso we have been busy working in the church. Robert has served in the YWCA as secretary, counselor, and superintendent, and presently is a ward clerk in the El Paso 5th ward Bishopric. I have served as a teacher in the Sunday School

Dorene Smith Taylor- continued

Primary, and Y WMIA, and in the Relief Society Presidency.

I feel I have been greatly blessed in my life time. First of all, by my choice parents. Daddy, who has always been patient and understanding with all his children, and who has always guided his family and home with wisdom and spirituality. Mom, who has always been my understanding pal, and a great teacher. My brothers and sister I wouldn't trade for anything. Indeed, I am thankful and proud of the great heritage which is mine.

We live at 424 Crane Ave. in El Paso's Upper Valley. Smith kin seems to be scarce here, so if you're traveling through, stop by.

#### KEVAN FOSS SMITH

What is the purpose of this article? Is it just something to fill space in the Kinsman? Is it something that will move and shake the world or is it something to be forgotten as soon as it's read? Perhaps it is something in which my cousins are truly interested. I hope so. With all the Smiths in the world, someone has to be interested in them.. well, for what it's worth--here it is.

I, Kevan Smith, was born in Winslow, or so I'm told. My parents seemed to have itchy feet because we moved so much I've lost track. I do remember, however, the time we moved to Farmington. It seemed to me as if my life were ending, but I guess it was really just beginning. In the ten years I have lived here, I have come to feel as if there could be no place quite as good. I graduated from high school here in 1960, the third of my class. I spent most of my time in high school just horsing around, but it sure was a lot of fun. I played on the basketball team for a year; held a couple of class offices; played a part in our junior and senior class plays; was a delegate to New Mexico Boys' State; and was tapped for membership in the National Honor Society, National Thespian Society, and Quill and Scroll; was business manager of our school newspaper, and won the grand prize in the county science fair my senior year. Upon graduating, I was awarded a scholarship to Brigham Young University, and I just finished my first year there. While at the "Y", I neglected my studies enough to serve on the Freshman class cabinet and be the editor of the freshman class newspaper. I lived in a madhouse known as a dormitory last year. Having decided to conduct my own little madhouse this year, I am going to life off-campus.

Well, this may sound as if I am blowing my horn and I must admit I am. But, everyone likes to blow their horn if it doesn't seem too noticeable. I hope my blowing wasn't too loud.

While at school I went to my first cousins club meeting. It amazed me to see the people so much older than I, yet they were a more distant relation to Jesse N. Smith than I. This family is a source of continuous amazement to me. I never tire of astouring my friends by telling them that my father is the youngest of a family of 44 children.

#### DAVID LOREN SMITH

I was born in Cottonwood, Arizona on March 27, 1946. We lived in Clarkdale, the town next door, for a year. I don't remember it though because I wasn't too smart then.

We moved to Colorado when I was one. We hung on there for about five years and I got a lot of kicks from the countryside.

When we moved here to Farmington I slipped into bondage at the public school. I've been backing my way about the salt mines for nine years and starting ten but I have hopes one of these days the bells of freedom will ring. I get my kicks in during the summer though. Two years ago I went to the Boy Scout National Jamboree, and last summer I spent a while in the wilds of Canada on a canoe trip.

School isn't nearly as bad as I make it sound though. I'm president of the Sophomore Choir and having a big time.