

# THE KINSMAN

Volume 15 Number 10

October 1961

My mother used to say that October, her birthday month, was the nicest month of the year. I am inclined to agree with her as there is "beauty" all around," right now.

I am again glad to fulfill an assignment on the "Kinsman". This time we will honor the in-laws of Jesse N. and Augusta Maria Outzen Smith. These people were all noble and fine. It has been my good fortune and pleasure to have known and associated with all of them. I am indebted for help that I have received. With what material that I have, I hope you will enjoy a glimpse into the lives of these good people. Beatrice R. Papp

William David Rencher  
(Husband of Georganna Bathsheba)

William David Rencher was born January 24, 1863, in Santa Clara Valley, near St. George, Washington County, Utah. He was the son of Umpstead Rencher and Elizabeth Jemima Phillipott, who came from North Carolina to Alabama then on to Utah. His father was called to "Dixie" (St. George) by Pres. Brigham Young to assist in the raising of cotton.

In 1880 the family moved to Blanco, Texas where they lived until after the death of the father, Umpstead Rencher, on July 11, 1881. In the summer of 1883 in the company of his brother John and wife Julia, and his sister Mary and her husband Spencer S. Whitbank, David moved to Eger, Arizona where he joined the L.D.S. church. He taught school and Amity, Nutrioso, and Omer, (now Springerville), then he went on a mission to the Southern States. On his return he came by way of Blanco and converted his brothers and sisters, his mother was already a member. He moved his mother's family back to Eger Arizona.

David attended college in Graham, Texas, then B.Y.U. at Provo, Utah and also at Logan, Utah.

On the 16th of December, 1886, David married Madora Bigelow, daughter of Hiram Bigelow and Martha Wocham in the St. George Temple. To this union was born two children, Zina Virginia who only lived twenty months, and William David Jr. David and Madora were divorced and later on June 3, 1903 he married Georgiana Bathsheba Smith, daughter of Jesse N. Smith and Augusta Maria Outzen. He often said, "I married for beauty the first time and for love the next time and I got what I was after both times".

David and Bathsheba lived in Eger only a short time then moved to St. Johns where their six children were born. Smith Umpstead was born April 11, 1904 and now lives in Springfield, Oregon. Clarence, born August 26, 1905 lives in St. Johns; Agnes born January 30, 1907 lives in Sandy, Utah. George A. born December 28, 1909, lives in Eger, Arizona. Alfred born November 3, 1911 and Ethel, born January 7, 1914, both live in St. Johns.

After Bathsheba passed away May 14, 1946, David lived alone in the old home for years. He finally consented to go live with Ethel a while, then Alfred, then George A. He always wanted to go home to live "where mama and I raised our babies". His last few months were spent in the old home, where Agnes came to live with him. He passed away January 17, 1958 at the age of 95. For many, many years he was a faithful Patriarch in the St. Johns Stake.

George A. Rencher

John R. Hulet  
(Husband of Augusta Gerhardina)

My father, John R. Hulet, became a son-in-law of Jesse N. and Augusta M. Smith when he married their second daughter, Dena, on April 8, 1896. His sketch was published in the "Kinsman" some time ago, but since this issue is in honor of the sons and daughters-in-law of Grandma Augusta I was asked to write a short story or anecdote about him.

John R. Hulet was not a large man in stature. To my knowledge his top weight never exceeded 135 pounds. My father had among his very dear friends a man who lived in Joseph City, Arizona--Brother Joseph Hansen. Brother Hansen was a farmer and I remember that as a child I thought he was the largest and strongest man I had ever seen. My father loved farming and he admired this good

man who was a tiller of the soil. Brother Hansen used to drive to Holbrook with his team and light wagon or buggy to purchase supplies at the A.C.M.I. where Father worked for many years, and while there these two friends, who through all the years called each other "Brother Hansen" and "Brother Hulet," would have some good and enjoyable visits, often talking about the yield of grain per acre, whether there would be a fourth cutting of hay, the prospects for a good potato crop, etc.

One day when my father came home from the store, he said, "Well, Mama, Brother Hansen was at the store yesterday." "Oh," said Mother, "That's nice. Did you have a good visit?" "Sure did. We got weighed too." Mother waited for him to go on. After a while he said, "We weighed just the same." "Now John," said Mother, "Yep, right in the same notch." "But John, how can you say such a thing. You know that isn't true."

"It is though, right in the same notch." But I saw that tell-tale twinkle in his black eyes and finally he added, "There's just one thing though. I had a one hundred pound sack of sugar on the scales with me."

Written by Sadie H. Avery

Sarah Tenney Smith  
(Wife of Robert Christian)  
"Friend and Neighbor"

Asahel and I started for the Temple in a March sand storm, 1909. He took me that night in Holbrook to the Mormon Hotel, viz-the home of his brother, Robert C. Smith, my former County School Superintendent, and there I made the acquaintance of his wife, Sarah Tenney Smith, a most unusual woman.

There existed between her and Asahel a deep congeniality, a big sister attitude she extended to him which he most deeply appreciated. Sarah and Rob saw us off on the Santa Fe Train the next morning bound for Salt Lake City. Three weeks later, we again entered their hospitable home, I as a member of the great Jesse N. Smith family.

My admiration for Sarah increased as I observed her ability as a wife, mother and home maker. She was a wonderful cook. The clothing she and her children wore should and did surely show her skill as a seamstress.

Beautiful Helen, noble Effie and William with strength in every feature, Ralph, bumping his head against the floor with any temper tantrum, which amused his father. I soon understood why this versatile woman delighted the heart of her distinguished husband. They presented us with a set of sterling silver teaspoons with P. U.S. stamped thereon. A symbol, they have ever been of our undying friendship.

It was not until after Rob's death and we watched Sarah pass through the fiery furnace that the world could know the strength of her character, of her faith in God and her testimony of the Gospel.

She took over the management of the Snowflake Herald and with the help of her sons run it successfully for years, to the benefit of this whole area.

We began the building of our homes at the same time. She expressed the method by which we accomplished the great task, "I no more than rise from my knees until my prayers are answered."

She stood by our side as sister and as nurse at the birth of Henry and of Richard. She was ever the beloved Aunt Sarah to each of our nine children.

In sickness and in death, in sorrow and in rejoicing, we ever shared each other's lives. In the twenty five years in which we lived across the fence from each other, there remain no unpleasant memories. Thanksgiving and gratitude, we ever gave to God for His goodness to us.

We shared a mutual love for our dear Mother Smith who lived beside us and shed over us her benign and righteous love. We rejoiced in ministering to her together as age crept upon her.

Dear Sarah--  
Sweet will it be to meet you and to live by you in our Heavenly Father's Kingdom.

Sincerely yours,

Pauline Udall Smith  
Snowflake, Arizona  
August 23, 1961

James M. Flake  
(Husband of Martha Amelia)

James M. Flake was a pioneer. He, with his young wife and small son were with the first group that entered The Snowflake Valley on July 21st, 1878. He worked by the side of his father and helped pay for the ranch and begin the new settlement.

James M. Flake was a leader. In service to the church he rose through the ranks to become Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools, which position he held until called to be First Councilor to the President of the Stake. He served with Uncle Samuel F. Smith during the first eighteen years of his Presidency, and was released only when his eyesight failed. For many years he was first, a Trustee of Snowflake District School and then a member of the Board of Education of the Stake Academy. He helped organize the Snowflake and Taylor Irrigation Company, later the Light and Power Company. He served on the Board of Directors over a period of many years, much of the time as its president.

James M. Flake was a missionary. He began his missionary work by helping to support his younger brother, Charles, who was the first missionary to be called from Snowflake Ward. Later, James was called to fill a mission himself, so leaving his wife and five children to the care of his father and brother, he spent two years in England and Scotland. The remainder of his life was one of continuous missionary service, keeping one or more missionaries in the field constantly, or helping the families of missionaries. And his missionary work continues, since he provided means to go on sending out missionaries as well as genealogical work.

From his father, James M. Flake must have inherited a good supply of southern hospitality. He planned the big house for his family of nine with plenty of room for guests. However, during the time of construction of the new home, his first wife died and Aunt Mattie who came to take her place, gave him fifteen additional children. Even with twenty-four children, there was room for many more - the "Third Story" was given over for several years to young people from other communities to live and attend school. Nieces and nephews and grandchildren lived with the family to attend school and in summers the family was usually further increased with more nieces and nephews and cousins. The visits of Church Authorities added greatly to the responsibilities of the wife and daughters, but all considered, it a privilege to have the influence of these good men in the home.

James M. Flake did not have the opportunity of a formal education. His schooling had been very meager indeed. Besides his Southern inheritance, he had a background of culture from his New England forebears. It is probable that most of his associates and even most of his family were not aware of his love of art and literature. He had an extensive repertoire of songs and poems which he said occupied his mind as he rode the range. After his eyesight failed because of accident, he loved to listen to poetry and good books besides keeping in active touch with the happenings of the day right up to the end of his eighty-six years on earth. He brought a library of choice books from England as well as a collection of pictures for which he built a picture gallery in the new home. This room turned out to be a nursery known as the "Long Room" and later the "Boys" room, but still later, he was able to fulfill his dream and turn it into the "Picture Room" as it is known today. His most liberal education came from his many trips to the large cities of our country in addition to his time spent in London and a trip to Paris during his mission. He was delegate Irrigation Congresses, to Political Conventions. He attended General Conferences in Salt Lake City. He regularly made trips to Chicago, Kansas City and St. Louis with shipments of cattle, horses and sheep. He annually attended State Fairs where he met Drummers and purchased the goods for his General Merchandise Store. Reporting to his family after these trips abroad, he often gave accounts of visits to Art Galleries as well as of other cultural things which interested him.

The influence of James M. Flake in the schools of Snowflake would need a whole chapter to relate. He got the kindergarten going back in the early nineteen hundreds with Aunt June (then Bushman) to teach it and to train many of the young women in teaching of children. Flake Hall was the social center and the home of Theatre Arts for several years. He was proud of the fact that he got Joseph Peterson to come here to teach and that after Silas Fish had gone away for higher education, he influenced him to return and become principal of the Academy.

The Academy had slowly grown until by 1912 it offered three years of high school work. By offering to pay generous tuitions for his two daughters - rather than having to send them away to school - he made it possible for the fourth year to be added, making the institution a full fledged high school.

(Editor's of the Kinsman:) I hope this will do. I've known about this long enough but I'm just so busy with things that crowd out the things I want to do. There ought to be another chapter about Father's generosity in payment of tithes and offerings and especially of his magnanimous donations on public buildings, schools, social halls and church buildings. ---Wish I were more help to you.

Gusta

Pauline Udall Smith  
(Wife of Asahel Henry)

Pauline Udall Smith married Asahel Henry Smith in the Salt Lake Temple, April 2, 1909. Pauline was the first child of David K. Udall and Ida Francis Hunt. She was born in Nephi, Utah in the home of her grandfather David Udall. As years passed, her parents made homes in Round Valley, St. Johns and Hunt. School was always a joy to Pauline, whether attending a one room school in Eagar, the St. Johns Stake Academy or a summer session at Flagstaff Normal. She began teaching after passing County School Board examination at eighteen years.

Her mother was left a semi-invalid for seven years following a stroke. It did not seem a chore for Asahel to marry the girl of his choice, now that she had an invalid mother to care for. He seemed only to admire her more for this devotion which he fully shared.

Soon after the birth of their first son, Rudger Grant, a call came for Asahel and Pauline to pioneer in Apache County. Asahel was made bishop over Hunt, Concho and Vernon.

The family set up house keeping in a tent, while Asahel began to farm and build a house. During the dozen years the family spent in Hunt, they increased by six. Andrew, David, Ida, the twins, Maria and Marion and Phillip.

Always capable of supplementing the family income, Pauline aided by keeping a store and post office in the home, making cheese and butter for sale and on occasion teaching school. During these years of isolation, strong family ties were built as the family read and played and worked together.

As children reached high school age, the decision was made to move back to Snowflake and make a new beginning. Soon after the family moved into the new locality, a home was finished little by little as time and money permitted.

Asahel Henry Jr. was born. Pauline again taught school and helped buy the materials necessary to make the home livable. In this home, Richard Aikens, the ninth child and seventh son was born.

Some cows were sold and others were taken to Snowflake from which stock came the nucleus of a future dairy herd.

It took hard work, industry and much sacrifice for so large a family to live on the income the farm, garden and livestock could afford. Industrious and vigorous by nature, Pauline rose to the challenge. The garden was hers to raise, the small farm animals well. She rallied her family to the task of helping the hard working husband and father.

No sacrifice was too great in this home if it would help the children develop. Musical instruments and lessons were provided for all nine. Pauline could help with any home work, music, algebra, public speaking or themes. She made a large share of the clothing and bedding and provided in every way for the comforts of her family. Her interest in people caused her to be constantly of service to others and her home was always open to relatives and friends. A visit during the summer to Aunt Paulines was an experience many Udall niece or nephew was to remember.

The kitchen became the living center of the home, where the large table could always place one more, and the wood box designed for a seat, held man, boy or girl as they waited for meals to end so business or pleasure could be carried on.

Many personal satisfactions aside from family came to Pauline in Snowflake where she was active in town and church affairs. She took part in dramatics and singing groups and chairmanned twenty-fourth of July programs. She served as Stake President of the Primary for seventeen years, and was always interested in the welfare of others. She also gave freely of her time and energy to civic improvement. One of special gratification to her was the installation of city water in the homes of Snowflake. Always she sustained and aided Asahel in whatever capacity--farmer, father, stake High Priest President, town clerk or ward teacher.

As children went to college or on missions, it became one of the town mysteries how Pauline and Asahel could do it. Three sons served on missions, five graduated from college, one receiving a degree of doctor of veterinary medicine.

Sorrows have come as three sons have been called by death.

Asahel died from a heart attack on September 7, 1947.

In Mesa, she has the independence of her home, but she remains ever ready for each beckoning call of her children, whether in sickness, death, accident or time of rejoicing for a new grandchild.

The Temple is ever a source of peace. Pauline's life has many interesting sidelights. This woman of inner strength could always do the thing that needed doing. In her seventy-second year she wrote a biography of her great grandfather, Jefferson Hunt. The following year she took a trip to Europe. Mother Pauline combines the qualities of mother with that of a general, planning and mapping out projects. How wonderful it is that she can see herself as others see her and be amused or amazed as the case may be.

By Maria S. Ellsworth

Preston A. Bushman  
(Husband of Anna)

Preston A. Bushman, my father, was born Dec. 11, 1876 at Lehi Utah, a son of Lois A. and John Bushman. Within a few years after his birth his parents were called by President Brigham Young to help colonize Arizona.

The long journey via ox team from Utah to Arizona was often recalled. Father's arm was broken in a freak accident while those Pioneers were crossing the Colorado river via ferry boat.

The Bushmans settled on the little Colorado river at the place that is now Joseph City, Arizona. Father was a frontiersman from the beginning. He was tall and straight and enjoyed excellent health most of his lifetime. He loved the great outdoors, all kinds of weather, the plains, mountains, Indians, horses, cattle, sheep, wild animals and birds. His boyhood was spent with his parents, brothers, sisters and neighbors building up the waste places in Zion.

As a very young man he became a United States mail carrier. On horse back and with pack mule, he carried the U.S. Mail from Holbrook to Young (Pleasant Valley) weekly. He was engaged in this work for several years during which time there was considerable confusion and some bloodshed among the sheep men and cattle men of that region who were not able to agree in matters pertaining to their range rights. It was during these days that father learned to be a Peacemaker. He carried the mail for the "just" and the "unjust" without fear. He was never robbed. He didn't carry a gun! He loved to sing and whistle as he traveled. His neighbors said they could often hear him coming before they could see him.

Father spent two years as a missionary for the church in the Southern states. This was a glorious experience. He enjoyed teaching the principles of everlasting truth through the testimony of his spoken words, prayers and songs. He was successful in that great calling.

My parents were married in the year 1900 and made their home at Joseph City, Arizona. Sometime after mother's death in 1910, father was married to another good mother, Daphne Decker, in the temple at Salt Lake City. They made their home on a ranch at Dry Lake, Arizona. They were blessed with seven sons. Father praised his daughters and sons. He said he could not have had his family without the ranch and he could not have had the ranch without his family.

He was a dry farmer, livestock grower, horseman, U.S. Mail contractor, freighter, Church man, Stake Missionary, Snowflake Stake High Councilman, but best of all he was a good Latter Day Saint husband and father. He believed that language was made to help people say pleasant things to each other. He gave flowers to the living through his words of praise and appreciation. This writer remembers one hot day in Holbrook back about 1920. Father stopped a humble man on the street whose work was playing violin music to supplant the silent movies in the Pastime Theatre. Father told him he truly did enjoy his violin music every time he had opportunity to attend the theatre and encouraged him to express his best thoughts through the fine talent with which the Lord had blessed him, thus all who heard his music would be uplifted and encouraged.

Preston A. Bushman was a great Patriarch to his own family. Like Abraham of old, he blessed his daughters and his sons through the Holy Priesthood. Somehow, he knew how to inspire love and confidence in each one. Whenever they were called on missions, went away to school, or had difficult assignments to fill, he blessed them with a Father's blessing.

He made his headquarters at Dry Lake for forty-one years and departed this life in September 1949.

Garland F. Bushman

Andrew L. Rogers Jr.  
(Husband of Rebecca)

Andrew Lucy Rogers Jr. was born November 16, 1880, to Andrew Lucy Rogers, and Clara Gleason, early Arizona pioneers. Since mother's death he has preferred to live alone at his home in Snowflake. His fairly good health allows him to do this. For a little variety, I have written Daddy's life sketch in verse form.

1.

Let's look at Dad through a peep hole  
And see him through the years  
From baby-hood to manhood  
And on---as he now appears.

6.

2.  
He was born in a fort at Sunset  
In those early pioneer days  
Where trails were trodden with hardship  
And Indians had hostile ways.

3.  
He'd cling to the skirts of his mother  
As she scaled steep canyon walls  
To get a drink for her children  
In a land where the coyote calls.

4.  
His father was a sheepman  
And became famous, we are told,  
By finding scattered along his trail  
A pile of long lost gold.

5.  
Young Andrew grew up in Snowflake  
A popular fellow they say  
Being the life of the party  
Or acting in a play.

6.  
At school he won distinction  
At the good old S.S.A.  
As a member of the Foundation Class  
Where learning held full sway.

7.  
In Germany he spent two years  
On a call from up above  
He gladly went to serve his church  
With honor and with love.

8.  
Sad news reached him while over there  
Sad news from over seas,  
Two little sisters were laid to rest  
Victims of dread disease.

9.  
At home again, among his friends,  
More schooling he desired  
So leaving everything behind  
To college he aspired.

10.  
From B.Y.U. and Logan, too,  
His learning went astray  
When all at once he chanced to roam  
Out Uintah way.

11.  
A pioneer boy, now a pioneer man  
In a wilderness, all alone.  
Amid rolling hills and Utah Sage  
It was Myton he called home.

12.  
Up a dugway, out on a bench  
On a home-stead he found content  
Until his bachelor days wore thin  
And on marriage he was bent.

13.  
Nellie Smith became his lovely bride  
And their true joy had just begun  
When shadow followed them in stride  
And God took their little son.

14.  
Then Nellie followed the child away.  
In anguish Andrew cried,  
His wife was gone, and his only child,  
In a grave placed side by side.

15.  
But brighter days and brighter years  
Were yet in store for him  
To take the place of days gone by  
And dreams that might have been.

16.  
For a tall dark haired girl became his  
Rebecca Smith by name, wife,  
His joy was full, he'd won a prize  
Not every man could claim.

17.  
Back to Uintah they did go  
Let memory claim those years  
Of toil and hardship, peace and joy,  
Letting happiness banish fears.

18.  
Andrew was in the Bishopric  
And Rebecca there taught school  
Beatrice and Spencer were born to them  
And they felt their lives were full.

19.  
Then war was declared  
Their brothers must go  
And when Bige sent them money to come  
They looked at each other and decided  
at once,  
Their answer could never be no.

20.  
So, to Snowflake they went---  
And in Snowflake they stayed  
Lean years and golden ones too  
And through those years, supporting  
us all,  
Our Dad remained true blue.

21.  
Five more children were blessed to  
come to his home,  
Clair and Robert, Stan, Alton and Dub  
And full many a day, Dad worked hard-  
and long  
To pay for, and bring home the grub.

22.  
He's worked at forestry, he's freighter  
and farmed  
Four homes he has built with care  
He's been true to his faith and carried  
his load,  
In order that others might share.

23.

May God bless our daddy and in his last years  
Let light cause the shadows to shine,  
For he has been noble clear to the end,  
And honest and up right and fine.

24.

And in saying we love you, we each one agree  
 We're happy and solomnly glad  
 That you were chosen and sent here on earth  
 To be our own loving, kind Dad.

By Beatrice

Melvin J. Genson  
 (Husband of Rachel)

Daddy is cute, lively and a lot of fun. He is always joking and laughing. You can't be around him very long before you are laughing about something. He can make a joke and get by with a laugh when you would think he had a good reason to feel bad. It is remarkable the way he can laugh troubles right in the face. Daddy just plain likes to have a good time too. He likes to make people laugh and have a good time. He is serious about religion though. He has always been active in the church. He was Bishop from 1920 to 1929. He filled a mission to England before that time. He has always wanted his children to live their religion.

My father has always been good hearted and willing to help people. He would leave his work and go help someone or work on a church or community project or help his folks. He sings about things too. Daddy has hauled a lot of freight from Price to Duchesne and has hauled a lot of lumber from the mountains along with his farming. He sang as he rode along.

One night not long after the folks were married, mama who was an oh, so light sleeper, heard a noise in the chicken coop. She went out and chased away a weasel instead of waking daddy. When he heard about it he said to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw", "She's the best little woman we've got on the farm. She keeps the chickens free from harm, by rising up so early in the morn". She's the best little woman we've got on the farm."

Daddy has sold his grade A dairy now thank goodness. He now raises sheep---herds sheep he says. He sings songs about his chores. He has written a lot of original songs, melody and words. Maybe some of them are not prize winners, but some of them are really pretty.

After mother's death daddy remarried. He was very good to stepmother Liza when she was ill and quite paralyzed after her stroke. Everyone was impressed how he helped her and did the work and cheered her. She passed away November 12, 1960. Now daddy lives alone and says he is fine. He said he would come and live with us when he gets old. He is 75.

By Virginia B. Peterson.

David Ernest Farr  
 (Husband of Natalia)

My Father, David Ernest Farr, son of Willard Farr and Mary Ann Romney of St. Johns, Arizona married Natalia Smith, fortieth child of Jesse N. Smith and tenth child born to Augusta Maria Outzen. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple on October 5, 1916. They were blessed with 10 children. Their second child, Genevieve, died at the age of two years. When they had been married a short 22 years my Father was killed in an auto accident. Nine children were reared to maturity and their third child, Dean, was killed in World War 11 at the age of 22 years.

I was only privileged to live with my Father nine years. I remember him well. To me he was the ideal Daddy. He'd come home and throw me into the air and catch me or take me for a piggy-back ride. Sometimes for something special he would squat down in front of our big blue kitchen stove and open his coin purse. That was an open invitation for all of us to come crowding around and receive a special nickel or penny. How we would treasure it and how good the candy would taste that it bought.

Daddy was a big "fun" tease and a friend to all. He always recognized my little play friends, and always managed to romp around with us for a while.

The Farr's held a family reunion when Earl came home from his mission in France. They headed for the hills and spent three glorious days at the L D S Girls Lodge near Snow Low. In that White Mountain wonderland at this time of year, everything in the heavens and on the earth beneath seems perfect for an exquisite cook out. And it was. And they did. All of the immediate family were present except Sylvia.

My Dad was a good provider and no matter how hard the times were, we seemed to have the essentials. I guess times were pretty tough too for I was a "depression" baby. Somehow I never felt in my home the fear that surely my parents had, during those depression years. I don't know how they shielded me from anxieties, but I remember nothing but a feeling of security and love.

My wonderful Mother has now lived equally as long without Daddy as she lived with him. I say this only in the physical terms for his spirit has been and is with her helping and guiding her all these years.

The sacrifices and heartaches that Mama has endured are great but her courage and integrity dominates her. She doesn't dwell on the sorrows that have come into her life and no one can sympathize with those who sorrow more than she can. She always looks on the bright side and a better tomorrow.

By Sylvia Farr Blazzard

Thanks to one and all who helped with this issue of the "Kinsman." The response was wonderful. ---- Beatrice R. Papa

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THE KINSMAN - "THE TIE THAT BINDS"

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Dear Kinsmen: Why dont you send a greeting card to the representatives of your branch of the family on these committees? Make it a thankyou, or a go to hell, whichever best expresses your reaction to our program. BUT SEND ONE.

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