



THE KINSMAN

VOL 21 No. 6

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE
by Don Mack Dalton

June 1967

"THOSE WHO DO NOTHING TO REVERE THEIR ANCESTORS, WILL
NOT DO ANYTHING TO BE REMEMBERED BY THEIR DESCENDANTS"

--Thomas B. Macaulay

My dear Kinsmen: Thanks for all you have done, thus far, to put into execution the projects mentioned below. There are many who may be a bit slow to act, but I'm certain they are sure to do so. Sincere work to fulfill these projects will cause all descendants of our initial parents to close ranks and clasp hands and become more intimately acquainted. We need family cooperation and individual interest.

1. Re-construction of JNS home in Parowan, Utah by Aug. 13, 1967.
2. Join the organization "Asael Smith's Descendants."
3. Accumulate information respecting Silas S. Smith and family.
4. Become better acquainted with Silas and Mary Aikens Smith.
5. To increase the paid subscription to the Kinsman.

"I W-I-L-L"

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"I WILL" is Chicago's slogan. More than 300,000 people were living in that city on October 8, 1871, when fire broke out in Mrs. Patrick O'Leary's barn. The blaze spread rapidly, driven by a strong breeze. In thirty awful hours the flames consumed 17,500 buildings, left 2,600 acres in ashes, took an estimated 250 lives, and made 90,000 people homeless. But today's Chicago was forged in that great conflagration, and so was the metal of its citizens. Now Chicago stands as a monument to man, and continues rehabilitation until even now nearly 20% of all rehabilitation in the U.S. is going on in Chicago. (National Geographic June issue) This is because its people keep doing "I W-I-L-L".

Let each member of our great family of nearly 6000 earnestly work to get each member to contribute to the rehabilitation of Jesse N. Smith's 110 year old home, in Parowan, immediately and thereby forge himself and his family, nearer and closer, in thought, purpose and action, into our great family organization and its noble purposes. It can be done by each saying and doing: "I W-I-L-L". That building will then become a symbol and emblem of our unity and a monument to our pioneer parents and older than Brigham Youngs and Jacob Hamblins homes in St. George and Santa Clara. Ours is a family project, their's were paid for by the Church and state.

Re-construction operations at the "old home" are exceeding expectations

An excellent job is being done, under supervision of a fine man. But! costs are exceeding contributions. Your officers have certain faith that you will take this information very seriously and at once, hurriedly make as great a contribution as possible and actuate your children to do the same.

Some one said: "None should be so naive and ingenuous as to believe things of importance can be accomplished for nothing and therefore eliminate themselves from doing anything."

"Aunt Myrtle Blocker, daughter of Jesse N. Smith and grandmother Emma Larson wrote to me the following: "I have been on the Kinsman staff for 21 years. Hope you can see your way through to a more successful operation of the organization. The family on the whole is loyal and a great group. Some won't read the Kinsman, some are slow, but they come through if given the right approach. Maybe some one has the answer. Best of Luck."

A STUDENT OF JESSE N. SMITH'S JOURNAL

The splendid letter to President John Taylor of Snowflake Stake, written by Vice-President Dr. A. Marion Smith, of Phoenix and grandson of JNS and grandmother Augusta Maria Outzen, published in the May issue of the Kinsman is so interesting, informative and praise-worthy as to deserve the highest compliments. Surely, he has spent many hours searching and reading the Journal, of the daily account of the life of a brave and exalted man. Thanks Marion, because, it will cause all those who have a copy of the Journal to search and read in it and become informed of the source of their good leanings. That book should be read and studied by every descendant of its author.

May the Lord bless and comfort each one of the family and give peace, health and strength to all in distress, one of whom I pray for is Uncle Don C. Smith who has been very ill.

Sincerely,

Don Mack Dalton
1395 N. 1st East
Pleasant Grove, Utah 84062

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Lale, Oahu, Hawaii 96762
May 17, 1967

Dear Uncle Don C:

This is our day off and "THE KINSMAN" arrived this morning. After reading the contents of Vol. 21, No. 5 I am moved to express my views on a point or two.

First-- President Don Mack Dalton, thank you for your presidency at this time and for what you are doing and getting done.

As to John H. Pendleton's idea of putting the "Log Cabin" on the back of the lot of the Smith home in Parowan, I am for it. However I know that you understand I am saying this from a long distant look. You at home base will do what is best.

Second-- Dr. A. Marion Smith, vice president: Your letter to President John Taylor and High Council of Snowflake Stake is a master piece. Thanks for letting me read it. I would like to cast my vote for the "Family Monument" to be put on the northeast corner of the lot by the Jesse N. Smith house. I understand this monument to be a family project. True, Grandfather Jesse N. was a man among men. He was an outstanding man on the stage of life and few, if any, of his peers excelled him. But most of all we revere him

as a FAMILY MAN, the husband of our grandmothers -- the sire of our fathers and mothers and our uncles and aunts.

OUR KINSMEN--- we love you all.

/s/ Joseph Smith Jarvis

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R=A=D=A=R

The name "Radar" is taken from the phrase "Radio Detection and Ranging", and is a means by which radio waves are used to detect and locate distant objects. Radar also measures the direction and distance of the objects.

By sending out radio waves which strike objects and bounce back, for example, radar can measure quickly the length of time required for these waves to make the round trip, and thus tell how far away the object is.

In order to accomplish this feat, however, radar must be able not only to send the radio waves, but it must also be able to receive the waves as they come back again after being reflected from the object.

By means of its antenna, radar can also tell the direction from which the reflected waves came. By combining these two factors, distance and direction, radar thus can tell exactly where the "target" is.

Radar can locate objects at distances far greater than the eye can see. It can do this in spite of smoke, darkness, fog, or even rain and snow.

For instance, radio waves traveling at the same rate of speed as light (186,000 miles per second) require only 2.4 seconds to make the round trip to the moon. This is a total distance of 450,000 miles.

However, radar cannot reveal fine details or color. Nor can it express appreciation for what it sees. Only the human mind can do this.

In a sense we have a "built-in" radar which the Lord has given us. The Gift of the Holy Ghost, if we will give it the opportunity, will operate for our protection just like radar!

Our radar, however, can communicate faster than the speed of light. We need only close our eyes to be in immediate communication with our Maker.

The Holy Ghost also will operate under any conditions. It usually sends out a special warning signal if the object is an enemy. If we are not listening, however, we may miss this signal entirely.

Our built-in radar allows us to perceive not only in color, but it also enables us to appreciate and enjoy what we perceive.

Like radar, we must be able to send in the form of prayers, as well as receive the answer. Some people send a signal, but do not wait for the waves to bounce back in the form of an answer. Too many feel they have done their duty after they have sent the signal.

Unfortunately, our radar is subject to mechanical difficulties, just as ordinary radar is. We must keep our minds in good repair and well tuned to send and receive signals from our Father in Heaven.

by Lindsay R. Curtis

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF EMMA SERAPHINE WEST SMITH written by herself March 8, 1907 (Submitted by Ethel S. Randall, found in her father's belongings.)

By the wish of Jesse N and the rest of the children, I will try to tell a little of my life story, don't know what it will be like on paper, but I hope the spirit of the Lord will bless this effort.

I desire that while I live I may have grace with my Father, that I can strengthen my children in their faith in the true gospel so that not one of them may falter. My father Samuel Walker West is the son of John West and Sarah (Sally) Walker. My mother is the daughter of John Cooper and Esther Fletcher who was a well educated young woman from England with quite an amount of money which she layed out in land in Tennessee, which did not prove very successful. Along in the first years of the church Apostles Woodruff, Parish and Patten brought the glad tidings of the true gospel to my parents which they gladly accepted.

I was born in Benton County, Tennessee 3 January 1836. Mother used to tell me that she knew I would naturally love the gospel because the love of it was so warm in their hearts about the time I was born.

My father sent some money by Brother Woodruff to help buy a place in Jackson County, Mo. \$100 seemed much more then than it does now. Father at one time let Bro. Woodruff have a fine mare to ride home, and the mob poisoned her. Bro. Woodruff said to Pa, Jude is dead, yes, that beautiful Jude is dead.

My parents remained in the south until the saints got settled in that beautiful city of Nauvoo, which has a grand sound to me with the Temple and all, but when they brought home the prophet and patriarch, dead men, it was awful to stand. My father cried like a child, never had we seen anything like it before. They truly died for the gospels sake. My father's little brick house in Nauvoo was between Warsaw and Mullenhollen Street as they went to Carthage. President Daniel H. Wells fine white house was close by on Mulhollen Street. I went to S. School a few times in the grove with my sister Susan and remembered some of the lesson and some of the pretty young ladies that were wives of the Prophet in 1844. I was baptized in the Mississippi River in 1844, my sister Susan at the same time, by Bro. Henry Lemerch. I don't remember the date or who confirmed me.

I thot my father was a bit partial to me, he always sent me on errands for he said I would do it quick. Many times as I hastened along I would find myself praying to myself, that has always been a secret, moreso after the prophet was slain.

My mother waited on women in confinement. I used to go and wait on the woman and her babies night and day. Bro. Hosea Stout was Capt of the Guard, he was gone most all the time, in his home the snow came down into the room. I was barefoot but did not mind it much. I visited the Nauvoo Temple with my father and mother. Father sold his brick house for two cows. That was better than to be drove. We moved to Mt. Pisga where the batallion was enrolled, 500 of our best men were taken.

We next moved to Kanesville in Iowa on the east side of Winterquarters which was on the west side of the Missouri River. We lived at a place called Big Spring, the water was not healthy I had chills and fever all summer. Mothers baby Samuel Wilford died, mother was very sick and fathers back was covered with big boils.

Father took mother on a trip to Missouri to get provisions. We lived here all winter. My brother John, sister Susan and myself went to a dancing school over the hill to Kanesville. I wore some heavy shoes that father had made but put on moccasins the Indians made to dance in. I was called a very

pretty dancer. Mr. Gats seemed to be sent for that mission to teach the young people how to dance properly. He made the music, taught the steps and called the sets. I don't know what became of him, I think he was an outsider.

I had no chance for an education and my nice dancing was a blessing to me. We moved down on the bottom the next spring and raised a good crop. It was about a mile to Kanesville where we went to a meeting. Apostle Orson Hyde presided. We came on to the mountains in 1851.

My father was called by George A. Smith to go south to settle with a company, we stopped at Parowan, Iron County, Utah, this home has always been dear to me. In the fall and winter of 52 I got acquainted with Jesse Smith. We liked each other, other men tried to get me. One I could not turn off was Jesse's cousin, I told him of my preference for Jesse. He was so modest and young, not quite 17, I was just a little over 16 and bashful. By the interference of friends I was saved, I have always been thankful to my Heavenly Father and Bro. George A. Smith who told Jesse if he wanted that girl he better bring her up to his little sacred room where he would marry them.

Susan and I went with Jesse to Bro. Martineau and Susan Johnsons wedding 12 miles off. There were a lot of leading men behind us, Calvin Smith, J. L. Smith, J. Steele and John D. Lee, they thought they would pass us but when Jesses big horses Fax and Barney heard them they jumped and would not be passed. The ground was soft and our dresses were splashed with mud but we did not care. The men gave Jesse a good scolding for taking two of the nicest girls in the country out and treating them in such a way. Jesse came to apologize to us, he said the men were jealous. It was at that time we learned our preference for each other, still we kept it to ourselves. By our mothers interference and George A's suggestion we were married 13 May 1852. I must say kind providence has always been on my side. I have always felt to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in bringing us together. I am thankful for my father and mother and for my husbands mother who was a true mother to me and my children, I was a comfort to her life, she felt that I was a true daughter to her. I never want her faults mentioned. Though I lived with her and she with me until her death, I always loved her.

In 1853 our first child was born; in the spring we went to Salt Lake City to get our endowments and patriarchal blessing from Uncle John Smith, the next patriarch after Hyrum Smith. I saw the prophet Joseph and Hyrum Smith. I have heard the prophet preach and saw how grand he was and the love people had for him.

My husband married my sister Margaret, her first child Adelaide was born six weeks before my second daughter Hannah Daphne. Margaret had the first son in our family named Joseph. Pa was living in a little home in Minersville below Beaver he wrote to me of the babys burth and said his name is Joseph and he wished me to come over which I did.

Pa was called on a mission to Denmark, he got word of this call while harvesting in the field, he left his work for others to finish and next day came home, and got ready to go with a company of elders leaving Salt Lake City for Europe, this was in 1860. Some of the Apostles were in this company. Pa was gone four years.

A little circumstance occurred while I was combing his hair, just before he left. I said to him, "if I prove to be pregnant with a son what shall I call him." "It will suit me if you call him my name Jesse N. In about eight months, here came my darling son. I came very near losing him by boiling water scalding him, but through the blessings of our kind father in heaven and our parents and friends his life was spated unto us.

We got along as best we could Mother Smith, Margaret and the children. My parents lived close by us and helped very much all the time. Our husband had been gone hardly three years when my sister Margaret died, leaving her

two children to Mother Smith and my care. We had a good boy, Allen Miller also living with us. My husband's brother Silas lost his 2 wives in confinement before my husband returned home and we had his motherless children to care for. My brother William died also while Brother Smith was in the mission field, he was very much loved by my husband. He wanted more than anything to come home but he stayed the 4 years, learned the language, published the Danish Star and filled an honorable mission, but it wore us both out, but we never felt to complain, he was a man of great faith and loved the Lord and all good men, and spent his life cheerfully for the Gospel.

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Mesa, Arizona
June 4, 1967

Dear Don Mack and Geneve:

Your June message for the Kinsman came on the 2nd and I had just got home from the hospital. I was so thrilled with what you said because I have been afraid the Parowan project might fail.

We have been watching the family money come in for the project. It seems like the cat and mouse deal for fear one cent of it would get lost. The money is beginning to look scarce. We will put a check in the mail to you for \$500.

You said you had seen the Brigham Young home in St. George and the Jacob Hamblin home in Santa Clara and they were restored with Church and State money. And when you saw our home in Parowan it looked just as good.

It would just be wonderful if the children in our family could get together and with their own money restore a memorial honoring their parents, grandparents and great grandparents.

Much love from Don C and Nellie H

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NATIONAL COMMANDER MORMON BATAILLION: Marvin E. Smith, 1665 Atkin Ave., Salt Lake City and son of Uncle Hyrum Smith was unanimously elected as National Commander of the Mormon Bataillon, Incorporated at a meeting of the organization in May. He was previously secretary.

Uncle Hyrum and I sat at the banquet together and heard praise given to Marvin and his wife, who accepted the due honor with much dignity. We were very proud of them.

* * * * *

" A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

John, 13: 34

Alonzo E. Bushman

By Lenore B. Carpenter

Saturday, May 27 1967 at 12:30 p.m. Alonzo Ewing Bushman passed away at Golden Mesa Extended Care Facility in Mesa, Arizona. He had been in the hospital and at the rest home since April 13th. On April eighth he had a stroke that left his already frail body completely helpless. After caring for him several days at home the family reluctantly consented to follow the doctor's orders to place him under professional care. His condition remained almost unchanged from week to week until Tuesday night, May 23, when he developed pneumonia. This was caused by his inability to swallow properly and part of the liquids went into his lungs. From this time on he was unconscious. He was unable to swallow after Friday noon. The Lord was merciful to call him home after twenty-four hours of extreme agony.

This ended an illness of approximately four years. His affliction was related to Parkinson's disease, but three different doctors hesitated to agree on this diagnosis. Several vertebrae in his back were so weak he was unable to stand upright the last two years of his life. Along with his handicap he experienced a progressive weakening of his body as well as a definite lack of coordination. This coupled with the fact that he was nearly blind limited his activities to a minimum. But in spite of his afflictions and the many long hours at home, Dad was seldom heard to complain. In fact, when any of us came to see him, he was the one who cheered us up with his optimistic attitude and good sense of humor rather than us cheering him.

Funeral services were held Wednesday, May 31, 1967 at 2:00 p.m. at the 11th Ward L. D. S. Chapel in Mesa. Interment was in the Mesa Cemetery.

The many cards and letters from friends and relatives are full of tributes to Dad's fine character. One from George S. Tanner said, "Alonzo should have no hesitancy asking for the reward of the faithful when he knocks at the pearly gates. He will only have to speak up and say, 'I am Alonzo E. Bushman. If you do not already know about me just open the books and look at the record.'" We, of his family, are so grateful for the wonderful life Dad led. His greatest desire was to obey all the commandments of our Heavenly Father and to teach his children to do likewise. It was always most important in our home to have family prayers night and morning, to pay tithing at the first of each month, to be prompt and dependable with all church assignments and to be honest in all things. His wonderful example of a Christ-like life will be a beacon in the years ahead for all who revere and honor his name.

A life sketch of Alonzo E. Bushman was printed in the October, 1966 Kinsman. Two of his favorite scriptures printed on the funeral program are most indicative of Dad's character.

Alma 37:37

Counsel with the Lord in all thy doings, and he will direct thee for good; yea, when thou liest down at night lie down unto the Lord, that he may watch over you in your sleep; and when thou risest in the morning let thy heart be full of thanks unto God; and if ye do these things, he shall be lifted up at the last day.

Mosiah 2:41

And moreover, I would desire that ye should consider on the blessed and happy state of those that keep the commandments of God. For behold, they are blessed in all things, both temporal and spiritual; and if they hold out faithful to the end they are received into heaven, that thereby they may dwell with God in a state of never ending happiness. O remember, remember that these things are true; for the Lord hath spoken it.

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President Don Mack Dalton flew into Sky Harbor Wednesday and is scheduled to meet with the Vice Presidents in this area - David Evans Heywood, Jr (gg son Margaret F. West Smith) Jarrett Smith Jarvis (gg son of Janet Johnson Smith) Dr. A. Marion Smith (g son of Augusta Maria Outzen Smith) Dr. Oliver R. Smith g son of Emma Larson Smith and Willamelia Frost Barton (gg dau Emma S. West Smith) are out of the state.

THERE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE KINSMAN A LIST OF THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE PAROWAN PROJECT AND WHICH NAMES WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE "MEMORY BOX" A PERMANENT FIXTURE IN THE HOUSE.

Time is running out - if ye have desires to donate - send in what you have NOW.

President Dalton says, "Please mention in The Kinsman that anyone who may desire to work on "our house" can do so and take his cot and live in it."

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Those of you who haven't sent in your Questionnaire, please keep them coming, better late than never.

Trevelyn Blazzard, husband of Sylvia Farr, dau of Natalia S. Farr has been newly appointed 2nd counselor in the Bishopric of the San Francisco Ward. Trev is Chief U. S. Marshal of the City of San Francisco.

The family of Melvin R and Lorraine Smith, son of L. Wickliffe with uncles and aunts held a get together in honor of their son David M who has been called on a mission to the New England states.

J. Robert Smith who has been serving as Bishop in Provo was recently promoted to counselor in the Stake Presidency.

Did anyone read the poem in the May Instructor, page 86 written by Naomi Wilson Smith? wife of the late Don Hyrum Smith.

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PLAN YOUR VACATION IN SOUTHERN UTAH TO INCLUDE PAROWAN AUGUST 13 THEN SEE NEAR BY BRYCE CANYON, CEDAR BREAKS, ZION NAT'L PARK, GLEN CANYON DAM AND LAKE POWELL. It would make a most delightful trip.

NEWS FROM AUNT LEAH'S FAMILY:

April 2nd a baby girl was born to Josephine and Lloyd Webster. Her name is Lora Frances.

May 6th a baby boy was born to Pauli and Brad Perkinson. His name is David Robert.

May 20th a baby girl was born to Idella and Victor Flack. Her name is Heidi Jeanette.

Paul King Evans and Theone Jannetta Rekas were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Paul is the son of Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Evans of Provo, Theone is a native of Johannesburg, So. Africa.

Dear Uncle Don:

We are always so inspired by the courage and faith of these pioneers. We are so happy we can send this to preserve the old home. Please pay for our subscription for the next year of the Kinsman out of this amount then give the remainder to fixing up the home.

We are grateful to you and all those who have worked so hard on this.

The Lord is blessing us here. We are enjoying the work of building the Kingdom here in California now. My husband is Aunt Janet's girl Esther S. Shumway's baby boy Jesse Fred. We are the parents of 6 lovely, smart, choice and terrible (ha= ha!) children.

God bless you

Patricia Hilton Shumway

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