



# The Kinsman

JESSE N. SMITH FAMILY ASSOCIATION

Vol. 22, No. 3

March 1968

## SMITH COUSINS CLUB REUNION AT B.Y.U.

Hear all ye J.N.S. Kinsmen who read this! The Smith Cousins Club at Provo invites, urges, yea even entreats all of you and your heirs who may be in Provo, Salt Lake City, or vicinity, to attend our get-together on Wednesday, April 10, at 8 p.m. in the Alumni House on the BYU campus.

We plan a good time with entertainment from every branch of the family, followed by refreshments.

Although the Monday following General Conference is our usual date for this reunion, BYU has set its spring vacation for Monday and Tuesday, April 8-9. As many students will be gone from the campus on those days, it has seemed advisable to change to Wednesday.

Will all parents who have students at BYU please notify them of this event and urge them to attend. This is needed because the committee in charge doesn't always know who they are or their addresses. We will do everything possible, but we need your help.

Let's each of us renew and enlarge our acquaintanceship with one another to cement the bonds of kinship our common heritage gives us.

-- H. SMITH BROADBENT, Chmn., 1147 Aspen Ave., Provo, Utah 84601



## A NOTABLE PIONEER HOME

The Jesse N. Smith home in Parowan, constructed in 1856-57 and enlarged in 1865, is a classic example of Utah pioneer architecture and is probably the oldest adobe structure remaining in southern Utah. Located on First South Street just west of Main Street, it faces north toward the town square on which the Parowan meetinghouse was erected in 1866.

The home contains four rooms on the ground floor, four upstairs, and a two-room rock basement. The rock was quarried by the young pioneer (then 21) from nearby mountains, and he made the sun-dried adobes from local clay. The home was heated by six fireplaces. Construction was completed in 1857 and the "house-warming" dinner took place on Jan. 1, 1858.

In a restoration project undertaken in 1967 by the builder's descendants, the roof was replaced and the walls stuccoed to preserve the structure, and the interior was returned to its original condition.

-- Oliver R. Smith

MESSAGE FROM THE FAMILY ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT

My dear Kinsmen:

If you read The Kinsman, in all probability you have the noble strain of blood of Jesse N. Smith in your veins. Congratulations.

The following thoughts by others may be helpful to us all in times such as ours. I do not have the names of all the authors of them:

"Do not try to do great things, but try to do little things great."

"A man has made a start in the discovery of life when he plants a tree under which he knows he will not stand."

"Sincerity is always subject to proof." -- John F. Kennedy

"Those who do nothing to revere their ancestors will never do anything to be remembered by their descendants." -- Thomas B. Macaulay

It is said of the late Henry Luce: "The Lord's work, in his case, turned out to be raising money, which of all jobs is the worst."

I would like to pose three questions to each one of us to consider:

1. Have you and each of your children, individually, proved your sincerity as a descendant of Jesse N. Smith, sent any contribution to our family treasurer, Moroni W. Smith, 504 N. 4th East, Provo, to help finish paying the balance of \$3350 for restoration of the now historical home he built in 1856-57, which is probably the oldest adobe structure in Utah, south of Payson, located in the oldest city in Southern Utah--Parowan? If not, WHY?

2. Do you know it must be paid for, in order that we can get it included in the Utah Parks System to be a permanent, historical site of the State of Utah; a place of special interest to you and your children--our increasing list of cousins and many thousands who will visit it in the future as a great landmark of the old west? Your contribution NOW will be like "doing a little thing great" or "planting a tree" under which you know you may not stand. As one of those who has been regularly appointed to "raise money, which of all jobs is the worst", I must come directly to the point. Please help RIGHT NOW! Do all you possibly can and get your children and grand-children and all others, under your influence, to become part of one of the greatest projects of the West. You and they will have the nice feeling of knowing you have tried to "do a little thing great".

3. Have you ever tried to raise money to pay for restoration of something which 'seemed worthless, should be torn down and forgotten'? Well, just a year ago, March 4, 1967, the oldest adobe house (salt box architecture) in Southern Utah seemed doomed to that fate. But NOW, those who thus far have contributed, to help with 'the worst job' can see in Parowan, Utah--'that something': The Jesse N. Smith home restored to be a great historical edifice of lasting, good quality; having equal or more pioneer interest than Brigham Young's home built in St. George in 1873, or Jacob Hamblin's home built in Santa Clara in 1862. This great western 'oldest home' will increase with renown and interest. Let's get it paid for right soon. You who have contributed have proved your sincerity as a Jesse N. Smith descendant.

We all pay our respects and send our love to Uncles Hyrum and Foss Smith who are the oldest and youngest living sons of our great family, and to Aunts Margaret, Esther, Lorana, Leah, Natalia, and Myrtle.

May our Father in Heaven bless each of you with health, strength, happiness, loyalty, and wisdom to do "that which is right".

Affectionately,

DON MACK DALTON, President  
1295 N. 1st E., Pleasant Grove, Utah

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE PERSONALITY OF JESSE N. SMITH

Editor's Note: This is the first in a series of recollections written by sons and daughters and others who were personally acquainted with Jesse N. Smith. These writings were collected in 1953 by the committee which compiled the Jesse N. Smith Journal for publication.

## MY RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER

By Elias Smith

Father took Mother, Margaret, Leah and myself to Utah on one of his trips to Conference by team and wagon. I think it was the fall of 1896. He taught me how to hitch the tugs to the single trees and buckle the belly bands while he harnessed old Jack and Beard. This must be done the right way--no twists in the tugs or belly bands.

Later, when Father and Rob were hauling manure out of Mother's corral onto the lot, Father told me to keep the cows out of the lot so they could leave the gates open, while going back and forth with the team and wagon. I sat by the gate watching faithfully, until Bige Rogers came along and hit me up for a game of marbles. I forgot the cows. Suddenly I heard Father shout, "What the thunder is going on here!" It looked like every cow in town was in the lucerne patch! I saw Father coming toward me with a switch, and a wild chase began--I after the cows and Father after me. I soon realized how fast he could run, and it seemed that my pants soon caught on fire. What a chase! It was clear to me from then on that I should pay attention to what he said!

While working with him hoeing weeds, digging ditches, or grubbing plum brush, he insisted on doing the job right.

When I was about 14, and Father was at Mother's for the night, he would play checkers with me, so I wouldn't be on the street. One night I won two games out of three, and skunked him one game. He didn't want to quit. However, Mother insisted that it was bedtime, and we could finish some other time.

Next forenoon, we (Asahel, Hyrum, Don, Lehi, and myself) were getting ready to haul hay. Father came and told Asahel he wanted me to go with him, which worried me at the time, for I was afraid he wanted me to grub more brush, which job I disliked! I followed him to Mother's home. He went in, sat down by the table, smiled and said, "Now you may get the checkers and board." That was a happy time for me; to play with him and laugh and enjoy his companionship. If and when I would corner him, he would say, "Tut, tut", smile and say, "We will have to play another game."

I played checkers with most of the checker players in Snowflake, but never enjoyed a game as much as I did with Father. He also taught me the game of chess, which I also enjoyed.

## 1968 SUMMER REUNION ANNOUNCEMENT

It isn't too early to start announcing our Family Reunion to be held Aug. 10-11 at the historic home of Jesse N. Smith in Parowan. The date was set at a meeting of the officers of the JNS Family Assn. in Provo on Mar. 16. Circle the date now on your calendar, and let's plan to meet each other for a memorable gathering next summer.

-- Don Mack Dalton

TRIBUTE TO MARY AIKENS SMITH, at her graveside during dedication of the JESSE N. SMITH home, August 13, 1967, by William C. Smith, son of JNS, Jr.

We honor great men. We memorialize them in literature and music; make pilgrimages to their homes; and meet together to keep alive their memories. I endorse these practices. We, descendants of Jesse N. Smith, do so for our great sire. Every great man is indebted to someone or something for his achievements.

Today I wish to pay tribute to one who prepared the way for two great men. I memorialize Mary Aikens Smith, mother of Jesse N. and Silas S. Smith. It was the immortal Lincoln who said, "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel Mother." So it was with these two worthy men. Who gave them life itself? Their mother. Who gave them their heritage but their mother, Mary Aikens Smith and their father, Silas Smith? Who nurtured them in their infancy; who held them to her breast and breathed into their souls the spirit of greatness? Their mother.

Their father died in their childhood. It was their mother who had to see that they were provided with food and clothing. It was she who gave them watchcare against the vicissitudes of growing up; protected them against temptation. It was she who taught them their A B C's when schools were unavailable and gave them the incentive to continue their study of useful knowledge.

Mary Aikens Smith preserved in them the faith of their fathers. She endured the trials of persecution with them; gave up her home to suffer the hardships of the trek across the plains and encouraged her sons, mere boys, in driving and caring for their ox-teams during the hardships. When they were called to settle the waste places of the mountain empire, she supported those boys in building up communities and giving their all to the Church. When they were called from home in the line of duty, she helped to raise their large families.

I bless the memory of Mary Aikens Smith, a mother in Israel, for her nobility of character in the service she rendered.

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#### IT'S A GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY FOR THE DON MACK DALTONS

Family Association president Don Mack Dalton and his wife Geneve celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at a reception held Dec. 28 in the Manila Ward cultural center near Pleasant Grove, Utah. They were married Dec. 28, 1917 in Castle Dale, Utah and sealed in the Manti Temple Jan. 2, 1918.

Don Mack was born in Manassa, Colo., a son of John C. and Hanna Daphne Smith Dalton. His grandfathers were Edward Dalton, who served with the Mormon Battalion, and Jesse N. Smith. His parents were called on a "life mission" to settle in the San Luis Valley of Colorado. After service in France in World War I he earned his way through school as a boxer and boxing tutor, and helped his lifelong friend, Jack Dempsey, in his rise to the top in boxing. He was admitted to practice law in Utah in 1923, and has been active since then in the legal profession and in civic leadership positions.

He served in the Central and Eastern States Missions, and for 6 1/2 years was president of the South African Mission where he pioneered the use of sports activities to gain favorable attention for the work of the mission. He has served as bishop's counselor and high councilman, and as high priest's group instructor for 26 years.

Geneve Dalton has served as stake and mission Relief Society president and in other church and civic positions, and was Pleasant Grove Mother of the Year. They have six children; Gerald J. Dalton, math instructor, Kaysville; George E. Dalton, attorney, San Pedro, Calif; Mrs. Stanford K. (Gene) Johns, hospital dietician, Salt Lake City. They have six grandchildren.

TRIBUTES TO DAPHNE DECKER BUSHMAN, 1883-1968

Editor's Note: A biographical sketch of Daphne Decker Bushman, granddaughter of Jesse N. Smith and Emma West, was published three years ago in the Kinsman. She was married to Preston A. Bushman following the death of his first wife, Anna, who was a daughter of Jesse N. and August M. Outzen Smith. The following tributes were written by three of her granddaughters following her death on Feb. 10 in Arizona.

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A few years ago a friend asked Grandmother the number of her grandchildren and great grandchildren. She quickly replied a number, but a little mental calculation by the friend prompted him to say, "Yes, Daphne, but you're counting Annie's grandchildren also! How many are yours?" Bless her heart, she had never considered them separately. We were all her grandchildren, and she loved us all. To have counted us apart or treated us differently would have been foreign to her nature.

We looked forward to her visits to our house--she had that unending supply of patience grandmothers are famous for. She helped us learn so many things. She must have known all the songs and finger-plays ever written for children. But the thing I remember most clearly was when she taught me to crochet. Her swift fingers would fly with her own work, yet she moved so carefully with my thread and my feelings when both were tangled in the struggle to do it right.

Just last fall I was thrilled when she cheerfully and just as patiently taught my daughter Anna to crochet. Our Anna Smith will never forget her kindness. Nor will her great-grandmother, the original Anna Smith.

-- Virginia S. Smith (dau. of Georganna Bushman Spurlock)

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I have many sweet memories of Daphne D. Bushman. During the years when we lived at Snowflake, my brother Charles and I spent many afternoons visiting her. She had a large framed panel containing pictures of each of the presidents of the Church. At some time during each of our visits she would stand Charles and me in front of these pictures and help us identify and name the presidents in their order. Also during these visits she helped us make quilt blocks and taught me how to crochet. She told us stories and I remember a wonderful book of finger plays she let me look at.

She always let me know in many ways that she loved me. She has written many precious letters to me through the years and has always managed to send me gifts on special occasions. Every time I saw her she appeared to be cheerful, optimistic, and calm. Hers was one of the happiest-sounding voices I can remember. About two years ago I talked with her by long-distance telephone, and what I treasure about that little visit is her sweet, happy voice.

I never did hear her say a bad thing about anyone, nor did I ever hear her express discouragement. She was a choice and beautiful spirit and I shall miss her being on this earth.

-- Anna Eliza Bushman Castro (dau. of Garland F. Bushman)

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We were not fortunate enough to live very close to Grandma while growing up, so each visit was a special treat and well-remembered. She always had such beautiful stories to tell of her parents and grandparents that they seemed very real to me -- not just names on a genealogy sheet.

Her patience was well exemplified by her teaching my clumsy, 10-year-old fingers how to crochet. I'm proud my grandmother passed this talent on to me.

I'll always be grateful for the heritage she passed on to me through my father. She was a true pioneer and I learned to appreciate this most when the P.A. Bushman reunion

TRIBUTES TO DAPHNE DECKER BUSHMAN (Continued)

was held at the ranch in Arizona where the children were reared. How was she able to do everything without all of our modern conveniences? And how did she manage with her seven little boys and the four older children of her husband and his first wife, Annie?

With my three children under three, when my patience nears its end, and I wonder how everything's going to get done, I think of Grandma and receive strength.

Dearest Grandma is gone from us now,  
 Although once again before her we'll bow.  
 Prepared for her is a special place,  
 How grand it shall be to see her face!  
 Now we as her children must strive to know,  
 Eternal truths so we too may grow.

To meet this great woman should be our goal,

Becoming as strong as she in body and soul.  
 United we'll stand and strong shall we be,  
 Strength's a heritage and Daphne's the key.  
 How we remember the stories she told,  
 Memories are fond and never grow old.  
 An answer to prayers--she lived complete and long,  
 Now she is praised by her children, in word and in song.

-- Joy Lynn B. McDonald (dau. of Louis W. Bushman)

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Coming Next Month: Missionary names and addresses sent in by the family!