



Jesse N. Smith  
1834-1906

# The Kinsman

JESSE N. SMITH FAMILY ASSOCIATION

Vol. 22, No. 5

May, 1968

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

My Dear Kinsman:

6,000 cousins, two uncles, six aunts; may God's choicest blessings be showered upon you. May you keep well, have a good spirit and be happy always. My limited experience with you has created love for you in my heart. Being raised far from the family center, Snowflake----in Manassa, Colorado, the family of John C. and Hannah Daphne Smith, has for most of our lives been kept apart. Now transportation and communication have eradicated distance and we all have come close together, which is good for all of us. We can become united and preserve the family of Jesse, in the same manner the Lord desired to preserve the family of Jacob (Israel). Being close together, we can be more united and accomplish many family pursuits and worthy causes.

The following are nice thoughts to help us stay together:

"A smile is a whisper of a laugh." Childs

"A face that cannot smile is never good." Martial

"Smiles from reason flow, to brute denied, and love the food."  
Milton.

"A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom  
which dries up on the stalk." H. W. Beacher

It takes only 13 muscles to smile, but 126 to frown. Why work so hard? I mention the above because it is observed that many cousins use 13 muscles too often, especially when they, by themselves, try to figure some way to get our indebtedness (now \$3,000.00) paid, but not by them making a good contribution. As your officers read the records, we see there are too many doing this. Just a comparatively few are shouldering the financial load.

We are deviating from the example of the worthy life of our father and grandfather when we are selfish and stingy. His journal shows all through his life he was liberal and treated all obligations, whether family, church or business with strict sacredness. He was prompt to do more than his part. He never lost dignity and self respect nor high esteem. He was foremost in good pursuits. As he gave, he grew. President Joseph F. Smith introduced him as a speaker in General Conference as "A man without guile", and he later wrote these words to him:

"Cousin Jesse N., I honor you and love you from the depths of my heart--your example of life, your integrity to the truth, your patience and devotion to God's work has endeared you to all who truly understand and know you. You have my blessings, my confidence and my love." Jesse N. Smith Journal, page 461.

As Jesse N. talked with his oldest son Joseph W. Smith on June 5, 1906, he said: "I want every debt honorably paid. I owe in a few places." Here he called for a drink of water, and died while trying to drink it at 3:10 p.m. Jesse N. Smith Journal, Page 460.

Many times I feel censured by you, because it was largely I who created the indebtedness for restoration of the 112 year old home in Parowan, Utah, which Jesse N. built at 21, by quarrying rock and laying a solid foundation, making adobes, plus putting it all together. I stand censured and corrected for doing so. However, encouragement after censure and correction is "as the sun after a shower".

With my part in the restoration, I feel a comforting spirit. I have sincerely tried to do that which is right. (for which I have prayed). I have given much of my time, worry and untiring effort, have written many letters, made many phone calls far and near, driven and flown hundreds of miles, attended lots of meetings, worked in dirt and rubble, all without any reimbursement and received much censure and praise. I also have seen how 113 muscles look.

Now I feel I am in a place where I can logically ask the following questions to all my cousins and relatives, to-wit:

1. Do you have a pathological desire to do good and achieve nice things, but when opportunity comes to do them, do you conscientiously recognize it is for you to do?
2. Do you believe that giving promptly, all you can, for a great cause, breaks the link between indifference and loyalty?
3. Are you one who is not famous for humility, but a liberal giver to help a joint effort?
4. Are you a loud talker, but won't likewise speak with your pocketbook?
5. Do you expect others to pay and you not?
6. Are you among those who are financially able to contribute a lot, but have given nothing or just a little?
7. Are you a cousin who "passes the buck" to the other cousins, but you never "pass a buck" to the Jesse N. Smith Family Association?
8. Will you be found wanting, when you meet Jesse N. Smith in heaven?

Dear Cousins: We have work to do. We have a debt to pay. We will need money to finish a monument to Jesse N. Smith, on his home lot where he lived with Aunt Em and Aunt Emma in Snowflake. Our Association needs to have money in our treasury for general expenses. Won't you please help GENEROUSLY?

Sincerely, your Kinsman

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

P.S. You can will a bequest to The Jesse N. Smith Family Association.

## MY RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER, by SILAS D. SMITH

Father was a clear thinker and had very good use of English. He took a position of teaching a class in grammar and the better use of words. He tried to correct improper expressions which were so common. For example, incomplete phrases such as "how de do", "Themsall", "thatsum", "I da know", "would ya", etc. He said it only takes a small effort and a little thought to make a sentence complete and a thought well understood.

Andrew Jensen, the Church Historian, told me that Father spoke the Danish or Scandinavian language the most perfect of any missionary ever in that land. He said it came to him by revelation. Some of our old Parowan friends have said that Jesse N. Smith could speak in English or Scandinavian with a fluency unparalleled.

In 1880, the year Mother's and Aunt Augusta's families arrived in Snowflake, Father in company with John W. Young and Ammon Tenney, took contracts with the Atlantic and Pacific, now the Santa Fe Railroad Company, for the grading west of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Arrangements were made for supplies to be delivered at a point west of Albuquerque and Ft. Wingate, New Mexico. Father and families, with a company of Snowflake people and people from other settlements; about 25 different outfits, arrived at the appointed place and found no supplies were there. Now this company was in a fix, for they had brought only supplies to last them to this point, expecting supplies of food, implements, and horse feed all to be there when they arrived. Father sent runners to Albuquerque, about 150 to 200 miles away, to find out the trouble, and they learned that no supplies had left Albuquerque. Runners with light outfits were then sent to Albuquerque to rush back food supplies. One fellow with a light outfit and good team volunteered to help with the supplies. He loaded up all he could and then took off on the straightest route to his home!

When the company was most destitute, a little relief came. Brother Alof Larson, on his way to bring his Father from San Juan County, stopped at their camp and divided his supplies with everyone, and Navajo squaws from the surrounding country brought sheep and goat meat to them, which helped out the serious situation. After some time, the supplies arrived from Albuquerque and the food situation was relieved. Then the next near fatal thing happened. All the horses had been turned out to graze during this delay and when the men went to round them up for work, they had disappeared. When the Indians were questioned, it was evident they knew where the horses were and that if they wanted them back, they would have to pay the Indians to get them. It cost from \$5.00 to \$25.00 a head to get the "Heap good Injuns" to go far away to get the horses from "heap bad Injuns". At last the officers at Ft. Wingate were called upon to assist in stopping this traffic among the Indians.

Another hardship during our stay at this camp was securing water. It was five miles to the nearest spring, and water for people and animals had to be hauled in barrels. Everyone had a barrel, so they were all collected and Billy Black, with four nice oxen, took the contract to supply the camp with water, for people and animals. I, Silas, was his helper.

Another hindrance and great worry was the sickness in camp. Father and Brother Fish faithfully administered to the sick and that was known as "the cure all". Everyone was benefited by those administrations.

Another incident, amusing and yet pathetic, happened during our stay at this camp. Building railroad grades was the great attraction and the only means of employment for people, and of course attracted all kinds of men. In our camp was a man by the name of Aaron Adair; a well built and good looking man. He had a fiddle and sang songs of all kinds. My sister, Sadie and Della Fish, were the only girls in the camp and they delighted Aaron with their applause whenever he played and sang.

The musician became convinced that the girls were enamoured and in love with him. After a few days, he came to Jesse N. and Brother Fish. He took off his hat, saying, "I want you to marry to me, those two girls--they think so much of me, it will be a sad thing not to let them both be married to me. You have the authority and can do it." Father said, "Well, Aaron, this is rather sudden. Have you talked with the girls about it?" Aaron said, "No, but you can see they are willing." Father said, "Now Aaron, let us not hurry. Let us think it over and arrange matters carefully. You just keep on fiddling and singing."

It happened John W. Young had arrived in camp and when Father told him of this fellow and his plans, John W. became very excited. He told Father he had been on the jury that had sent Aaron to the state insane asylum as a dangerous maniac and Aaron had sworn he would get John W. Young. He demanded that a strong guard of men bind Aaron and take him to Ft. Wingate. However, Father had a better plan. He arranged for some of the men to get Aaron's wagon loaded with his belongings, while he asked him to play his fiddle and sing for the rest. This seemed to sooth him and keep him quiet. After the music, Pa said, "Aaron, you came here to get means to take food and supplies to your wife and babies and your old father and mother." "Yes, Jesse, that is right," he said. "Well, said Father, "because of delay of pay day, I have arranged for you to go to the commissary in Albuquerque with this order and get food, shoes and clothing for your family; and then to the nearest route home. Don't return this way. Some of the boys have loaded your wagon and got your teams ready. Here, take this order for \$20.00, for it will pay for your expenses." He took the lines and said, "Goodbye boys," and started off.

It will be many a long day before you will meet as good a man as Jesse N. Smith.

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A short remembrance of Daphne Decker Bushman, by her Granddaughter and namesake, Daphne Bushman Kessinger. Although this arrived late for April, I want to include it.

My unusual name has always given me pleasant feelings; partly because of its uniqueness, but mainly because of the great lady I was named for, Daphne Decker Bushman, my grandmother. It's a very honored feeling, knowing that you are named for a revered Mother who was loved and adored by relations and acquaintances alike.

Although I was born and raised in California, our family made fairly frequent "reunion" trips to Arizona and there we grew to love and respect our dear Grandma. I particularly enjoyed her telling stories about the pictures in photo albums and how she got her "things".

My own Father added to our love for Grandma by telling incidents of his childhood. Bushmans seem to be great storytellers, so I don't know if it's total truth or not! One story I remember was about pie. It seemed that the boys were forever complaining about how small the piece of pie, or how infrequently they had pie. So one Thanksgiving Day, after the feast, with everyone being very full, Grandma brought in a pie apiece. The condition was that they had to eat it right then. Grandma really had a sense of humor and I'll bet complainings about pie weren't as frequent after that!

In more recent years, during Grandma's trips to Salt Lake City, she always made it a point to visit her grandchildren attending BYU. These visits were very choice.

I thank my Heavenly Father for my wonderful heritage and for this great loving clan of ours and for my own sweet Grandma.

Daphne.

MESSAGE FROM OUR FAMILY TREASURER

Dear Kinsmen: It was our hope that when you saw in the April Kinsman our great need for financial aid to raise the note on the Parowan home, and pay the \$288.16 on the plaque at Snowflake, that all of you would respond generously.

There were 730 copies of the April Kinsman delivered to family members. 20 others were returned for lack of accurate addresses. To date we have 183 paid subscribers to the family paper. Of these, some have failed to note the change in annual dues from \$3.00 to \$5.00. The \$5.00 includes the subscription to the Kinsman. (I pay \$5.00 each year to my mother's family organization; my wife's father's family and her mother's family, and none of them have a "Kinsman".)

Between January 1st and April 15, 1968, we received 37 contributions on the family indebtedness: one donor gave \$95.00, one \$85.00, two others \$50.00 each, and the others ranged from 25¢ to \$25.00. Since April 15th, we have received \$153.50 from 18 contributors.

We are grateful for all the support the Jesse N. Smith Family Association has received. We urgently invite more participation. If we are to burn the mortgage at Parowan next August; just three months away, we must have much more response from 6,000 descendants of Jesse Nathaniel Smith.

Moroni W. Smith, Family Treasurer.  
504 N. 4th East, Provo, Utah - 84601

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BITS OF NEWS

Aunt Myrtle writes that a group of kinsmen have completed a survey of missions filled by the Jesse N. Smith descendants which undoubtedly is some kind of record. There have been 513 missions filled. Counting two years spent by each missionary, it would amount to quite a contribution to the Latter-day Saint Church by ONE man.

We plan to submit the number of college degrees obtained by the Jesse N. Smith family in the future.

David and Chris Heward, grandsons of Glen and Helen Heward (Robert C.) toured Europe last summer; visiting about eight countries.

Virginia Peterson highly recommends "Many Are Called, But Few Are Chosen", by Arizonan, Verlan Andersen, who is on faculty at BYU. It is a controversial book, but she thinks the nation needs to get back to the basic concepts of the Constitution and this year is a vital election year. A recent book Virginia has also read is "F.D.R., My Exploited Father-in-Law", by Curtis Dall. Its contents are very startling, and people are not waking up very fast!

Mayola Rogers Miltenburger (dau. Aunt Leonora), lost her husband with a heart attack in Phoenix, Arizona, on March 17th, 1968. He was buried in New Orleans, Louisiana. We will fill in with more details in the next issue.

Kinsmen, if any of you have offerings to contribute for publication in our family paper--historical data, human interest stories or old records or letters found in the attic of the Pioneer Home in Snowflake, we will gladly receive it. I'm sure there are some choice letters and correspondence Grandpa wrote that can be printed if they are made available to us. Ruth Evans, 751 N. 1200 East, Provo, Utah - 84601

News of a shocking tragedy which befell Joseph and Mildred Jarvis' family this past month has been forwarded to us.

Kenneth A. Jarvis, 43, of 11021 S.E. 295th St., is in Doctor's Hospital, Seattle, Washington, recovering from injuries received in an auto accident which took his wife's life early the morning of April 28, 1968. Spokesmen at the hospital said Kenneth was improving, but would be hospitalized from four to six weeks.

Kenneth was a passenger in the car his wife, Barbara, was driving 10 miles from North Bend, Wash. They were returning home from a visit to Mrs. Jarvis' parents in Wenatchee, Wash. when another vehicle swerved across the center line and hit the Jarvis car head-on.

Funeral services were held May 1st, 1968, at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for Barbara J. Jarvis, 41, who died from injuries in the crash. She was born in Wenatchee, Wash, but for the past three years had lived in Auburn, Wash. with her husband and four children. She was employed as a secretary at the Green River Community College. Survivors include her husband, two sons Gregory and Nathaniel and two daughters, Aleathea and Virginia; one brother, Warren R. Rowe, Seattle; one sister, Mrs. Viletta Strong, Anchorage, Alaska; and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph R. Rowe, of Wenatchee.

A memorial scholarship fund is being established at the Green River Community College, in the name of Mrs. Kenneth (Barbara) Jarvis, by the college staff who worked with Barbara. The monies will be deposited with the scholarship and loan fund at the college to be made available in perpetuity to students for short-term, interest free tuition loans. We as the family members, extend our heart-felt condolences to our Jarvis relatives. Joe has been extremely zealous as a family worker to help raise the necessary monies to liquidate the cost of Parowan Home. He recently mailed Moroni \$100.00 to help the cause along.

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Part of the joy and satisfaction of assisting in the publishing of our Family paper is to read the wonderful letters Moroni and I receive from you. I can say it has been 20 to 30 years since hearing personally from some of my immediate first cousins and there aren't words to say how happy I feel. So, if it meets with your approval, I'm going to print excerpts from different cousins and mention the names of those we have received correspondence from in the last month.

Georganna Spurlock wrote saying she had been visiting in Amarillo, Texas with her husband's family, and while there, visited with Uncle Hyrum's daughter, Lois Whittaker, whom she hadn't seen since Lois was nine years old. Also on her street lived another cousin, Betty DeWitt Reed (a granddaughter of Maude Jarvis DeWitt). They knew each other, but didn't know they were cousins! Thanks Georganna for \$35.00 for subscriptions.

I hadn't seen nor heard from Rex Shumway (Aunt Ruth's son) since the days we used to go to Shumway to visit Uncle Will and Aunt Ruth and family as children. Memories are vivid of jumping in the hayloft and climbing in the apple trees. Apple-cider was our greatest treat. Aunt Ruth was such a wonderful cook, and I can still smell her home-made bread--strange how those aromas never leave us! Thanks Rex, for filling us in on Ruth's address and Gertrude's daughters, Gloria Palmer and Pat Munroe.

Aunt Myrtle writes that a few kinfolk met recently to view the plaque that is going to be mounted in Snowflake. We should all be appreciative to Marion Smith for the job he has done in seeing this project through to its completion. While gathered, the committee headed by Darrell Smith as chairman, planned to hold a potluck for the purpose

of getting funds to help pay for the home and monument. This sounds like a good idea to initiate in other areas where the family is large. Perhaps at our next board meeting, Don Mack can name a committee to do the same as you in Mesa. There are various ways by which these projects can be accomplished so Snowflake, Salt Lake and Provo, move to action! From the mailing list, it is obvious that many small groups of relatives live in Clay Springs, Holbrook, St. Johns, etc. so you too can consolidate your efforts in such a venture. I too, want to witness a mortgage burning ceremony in August in Parowan, so let's put our shoulders to the wheel RIGHT NOW! June 10th is the date set for the Potluck in Mesa.

Bernice Smith Bowers (dau. Uncle Elias) wrote asking that I send two copies of the Kinsman to her, to mail on to her two missionaries, Kenneth in South Brazil and Robert in the United States.

Emma Smith Luke (Uncle Silas' dau.) wrote telling of her appreciation for the restoration of that dear old home in Parowan. She also sent addresses of her missionary son in France--Robert, and Norman Luke, who is in the Air Corps. in North Carolina.

Jean Frost Gillespie (dau. Aunt Edith) has written to us from Lakeside, Ariz. She and I used to carry small pails of milk from Aunt Edie's home to our grandmother, (Aunt Janet), when little girls. After Aunt Edie passed away, Jean lived in Salt Lake with Aunt Margaret for a while, and when I was 12, I visited Salt Lake for the first time in my life, and what fun Jean and I had playing together in that big home of Uncle Nephi's and Margaret's where the Grand Central Market stands on 21st South. It was the haven of rest for every weary Smith relation who chanced to pass through the capital of Utah!

Beatrice Rogers Papa (Aunt Rebecca's dau.) is teaching school in Chinle, Ariz. She has a son, George, who is in the military service and needs a recommendation for O.C.S. I was happy to send her our cousin, Carl Smith's address, who has made the military his career. Isn't it wonderful that we have cousins who can recommend other cousins, in an effort for them to reach the goals in life they're seeking?

It is heartwarming to get genealogical data from the younger members of our family. I appreciate the nice letter we received from Uncle Aiken's son and daughter-in-law, Joseph Dale Smith, reviewing the status and ages of the children of Aunt Margaret and Aunt May. This information can aid us materially in keeping accurate records in such a huge family as ours. Thanks.

And so it goes--I'd like to acknowledge subscription payments and contributions from those mentioned above as well as Amy Farr Armstrong, Dwight W. Reed, Melvin L. Smith, Virgil B. Smith, Ruth Shumway Brooks, Josephine Udall Webster, Rudger G. Smith, and subscriptions for Clayn and Diana, Myreel Smith Lewis, Jessie Ballard Smith, Joseph Flake, Aunt May Hansen Smith, Ida Turley Rogers, Aunt Leonora Smith Rogers, Effie Smith Tillman, Jesse M. and Marvel Smith, and J. Lorenzo Smith. This list consists of our mail for April. Moroni has a complete record in two ledgers of those who have paid the Kinsman dues and the amounts of those of you who have contributed on the Home. Thanks so much, and keep the letters and the checks rolling in, for this is the means by which Grandfather Smith's name and home will have clear title, with no indebtedness to ANYONE.

ATTENTION: Be sure to circle the week-end of the 10-11 of AUGUST, 1968, for our family get together at the Parowan Home. It hasn't been determined yet when other reunions will be held, but you will be notified in due time. Traditionally there has been a family gathering sometime during the month of December, to commemorate Grandpa's birthday, which is December 1. This has been held in Mesa in the past, and my assumption would be that it will continue to be held there in the future.

We will maintain our mailing list of 750 names for two (2) months after this issue, then those who have not paid their subscription dues, will have to be stricken from the list. By announcing this procedure now, all of you who want to keep in touch with the family doings, will have ample time to be placed on the permanent mailing list. With many, it is a matter of just "putting off". Get your check book RIGHT NOW, and fire your check off to Moroni this month. As I've typed the long list of labels indicating our addresses and locations, it's revealing to me that some of the exciting and glamorous sounding streets and lanes would indicate somewhat of a degree of affluency in our living. It isn't always the case, but the Oak Crest Lanes, Echo Valley Drives, Alvarado Rds, Magnolia Blvds., Locust Lanes, and the Highland Parks sound pretty ritzy! It isn't so much where we live, but what we do with our lives. RUE

Seven members of the Boone Family have been in attendance at BYU this past year. They are James, age 29, married and two children; Columbus 27, Industrial Education major; Daviel, 25, married, two daughters, majoring in Manufacturing Technology; Zoology major; Joseph, 23, married, Physical Education major; George, 21, registered in General College; and Melinda, 18, English major. The Boone parents, (James and Ruth Flake) dau. Aunt Mattie, met as missionaries in the Southern States Mission. Elder LeGrande Richards, Mission President then, brags of initiating the correspondence that led to their "mail-order courtship", which ended in a wedding in the Salt Lake Temple. These fine family members are a sampling of Jesse N. Smith's descendants on campus.

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