

# The Kinsman

JESSE N. SMITH FAMILY ASSOCIATION

Vol. 22, No. 7

July 1968

## SPECIAL REUNION ANNOUNCEMENTS

Saturday, July 20, 1968 (9:00 a.m.) SMITH MONUMENT DEDICATION AT SNOWFLAKE. In conjunction with the Snowflake Pioneer Day celebration (July 19-20-21), a short program and dedication ceremony will be held for the Jesse N. Smith monument, which will be placed on the lot where the Memorial Home stands. Silas Fish will give a talk, Alice S. Hansen will read the plaque to the group, and Jesse M. Smith will dedicate the plaque. (Due to a parade starting at 10:00 a.m., our program has been advanced one hour. Make a note of this time change.) Motel reservations are available through Ida Smith Hendrickson, Snowflake, Ariz.

Saturday and Sunday, August 10-11, 1968 -----SMITH REUNION AT PAROWAN.

All family members and friends are invited to enjoy visting together and viewing the beautifully restored Jesse N. Smith home, built 112 years ago. There are convenient picnic grounds in the adjoining city park. In the August issue of the Kinsman (to be published early) full information on events will be outlined. Sunday there will be dinner in the park and a meeting. All desirous may attend church services in Parowan Ward. All the Bushman-Smith relations attending Bushman reunion in Salt Lake on Saturday, are encouraged to drive to Parowan for Sunday reunion there. We recommend to summer vacationers in the family, to visit this lovely setting of the original family home of Jesse N. Smith in Parowan. The key may be obtained from John Pendleton, 310 W. 1st North.

Don Mack Dalton, President  
Jesse N. Smith Family Association

Excerpts from a letter to Moroni Smith, written by Marion Smith concerning the successful Smith Family Pot-Luck Dinner held in Mesa, June 17, 1968:

Enclosed please find checks totaling \$544.85. This is the amount we raised at the Smith Family Pot-Luck Dinner and auction party recently. I am enclosing the lists of people donating to the dinner and the auction. The dinner donations amounted to \$293.35 and the Auction took in \$210.50.

Let me state briefly some of the facts about the party. Perhaps some of our kinsmen in Snowflake, Provo, Salt Lake and Los Angeles areas, etc. may borrow an idea and have some fun raising money for the cause. About six weeks ago, in response to a letter from our President, Don Mack Dalton, we met with some of our Smith Aunties in Mesa to show them the plaques and organize a fund-raising committee. We agreed that Darrell Smith (our Attorney General), would be a good chairman to organize and direct such a committee. He agreed to take on the task, and with his usual charm and good nature, put together the following committee: Mayola Miltenberger, Waldo DeWitt, Gus Farr, Dorothy Larson Brown, Philip A. Smith, Joel Smith, Bernice Smith Bowers, Wilma Smith, (wife of Don Alden) Dorothy Farr, (wife of Norman), and Lenore Bushman Carpenter.

The party, attended by a large crowd of families with all the kids, consisted of a pot-luck dinner (with donations from \$1.00 upwards to \$25.00 per family). The dinner was followed by a clever fashion show, under the direction of Mayola, and then an auction featuring Waldo DeWitt as auctioneer. We were also entertained with a poem (which is printed herein), written by Jarrett Jarvis and dedicated to Grandfather Smith. Harold H. Smith, visiting from Heber, Utah and representing the 1968 Family Officers, gave a short pep-talk and report. He filled us in on the progress of the family project in paying off the balance owed on the Parowan Home and the Monument in Snowflake. He also mentioned the tentative plans to present the home to the Utah State Legislature as the oldest pioneer home in the State of Utah south of Provo, after it is paid for.

The writer reported to the group assembled that he had just received word from Sessal Allen that he had completed the Monument of Jesse N. Smith in Snowflake, and that the plaques were mounted and all in order. Reports from Pres. Jesse M. Smith, Jarrett Jarvis, and Bishop Jesse Broadbent were to the effect that the monument was well done and one we could be proud of.

The dedication ceremony will be held in conjunction with Snowflake's Annual Pioneers Day Celebration. Arrangements have been completed through Bishop Jesse M. Broadbent of the Snowflake 2nd Ward, and Leone K. Decker, President of the Snowflake Chapter of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. We feel that this will be an ideal time, as many of our kinsmen annually attend the old home town celebration, and also it is most fitting for the town of Snowflake to honor one of its founders and First Stake President. After the short program, the monument will then formally be turned over to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers for permanent custody, along with the restored home and lot which they already own.

Members of the family desiring to visit Snowflake and attend the dedication or include it in their itinerary of vacation trips in the cool, forested mountains of Arizona, may obtain fine motel accommodations in Snowflake through our cousin, Ida Smith Hendrickson and her husband, Hy, who own two nice, reasonably-priced motels there. The weather in Snowflake this time of the year is most delightful and only a few minutes' drive to the ponderosa pine area in the "upper country"!

May I express here, for the family, another word to thanks to our kinsman, Sessal D. Allen, builder of the monument, for his great contribution. Years ago he said a monument should be built to the memory of Jesse N. Smith and that he would donate the monument and build it if the family would furnish the plaque. Sessal is the husband of Charlotte Ballard Allen, dau. of Aunt Julia Ballard, and lives in Woodruff.

The monument is located on the Northeast corner of the Smith lot, facing Smith Avenue. Future plans are to beautify the area around it with rockwork, planters, and walk area. The monument is built out of beautiful Sunset Crater Lava Rock, similar to the other pioneer monuments built by Sessal in others areas of the state.

Thanks for the check for \$100.00 to be applied to the cost of the plaques. As I have indicated to President Mack, I wish to donate \$50.00 of the cost of the plaques, so you need send only the \$138.00 balance when you can give me credit for the donation.

In closing, we on the committee wish to thank all of the kinsmen who helped to make our pot-luck and auction such a resounding success. I believe that if the right people are appointed in areas where there are a lot of the family members residing, to head up committees to raise funds via telephone campaigns, dinners, or other fund-raising events, that we will soon have the house paid for in Parowan. Mailing letters to each family appealing for \$10.00 should bring in a sizable amount.

Sincerely,

A. Marion Smith, D.V.M.

Editor's Note: On July 5, the officers mailed out letters to family members, with a self-addressed envelope for those who desire to contribute in the manner mentioned by Marion in his last paragraph.

---

#### A MAN OF THE WEST

A man of the West was our Jesse N.  
With a black hairy chest and the strength of ten men.

With guns on his hips and a plow in his hand,  
He was quick on the draw to defend his farm land.  
He could split a thick rail and tie a square knot,  
He could mend a bad fence and shoot a straight shot.

He ran a span of mules with remarkable ease,  
Didn't have to swear---hust gently said "Please".  
When he served on the Council of the Town of Parowan,  
He ended all the sinning, all the gambling and the fun,  
And then on the legislative body of the State,  
He voted on bills to make the State great.

A man of the West was our Jesse N.  
With a black hairy chest and the strength of ten men.

He could preach a mean sermon with fire and zeal,  
Now don't you dare lie! And don't you dare steal!  
He often was gone on a church-type mission,  
To spread the good word about no Sunday fishin'.  
He build his own house with hand quarried stones,  
He worked his wives' fingers, right down to their bones.

He could colonize a land like Moses of old,  
He was tall and brave and fierce and bold.  
He followed every law and was hard on crooks,  
He spoke five tongues, was a man of many books.  
He dearly loved to dine on exquisite dishes,  
On caviar, cheese, and many fancy fishes.  
But when, alas, he was low on means,  
He filled himself well with pinto beans.

A man of the West was our Jesse N.  
With a black hairy chest and the strength of ten men.

Yes, Jesse N. was a versatile man,  
He could make a good deal, knock a bully on his can!  
But his greatest skill was in the field of romance,  
When he undertook to court, the poor woman had no chance.  
Like a true Romeo, he'd turn on the charm,  
With a bouquet of daisies freshly picked from the farm.  
In the moonlight on the porch, he'd rock her in the swing,  
Then take her to a dance for a monumental fling.  
And on the way home, he'd tell her she was pretty,  
Then she'd turn and pucker up, and he'd say something witty.  
Just before he delivered her a thorough going kiss,  
And from there he'd lead her on, to marriage and to bliss.

A man of the West was our Jesse N.  
With a black hairy chest and the strength of ten men.

With five lovely wives, Jesse N. was sometimes pushed,  
Keeping all of them happy, sometimes left him beat and bushed.  
He had to treat them fairly with no discriminations,  
He had to hug and kiss them, in precisely equal rations.  
If he gave one some gingham, to make a Sunday gown,  
He'd better have more yardage, or he'd better leave the town!

But Jesse N. was equal to the task of keeping five,  
While other men might falter, he would flourish, he would thrive.  
If any wife complained that another had more clothes,  
Or more dishes or more jewelry or more "stereoscopic" shows.  
His solution was a sure one, the little woman had no chance  
He simply overwhelmed her with a flood of Smith romance.  
And soon she was busy knitting pretty little booties,  
Far too busy to complain about other peoples' duties.  
Lover Jesse set a record, made a most impressive score,  
He had children by the dozens, a grand sum of forty-four!

A man of the West was our Jesse N.  
With a black hairy chest and the strength of ten men.

Prepared for the Smith Potluck Supper,  
June 17, 1968, Mesa Arizona  
By great-grandsons, Jarrett Smith Jarvis

## HYRUM SMITH, "PATRIARCH" OF THE JESSE N. SMITH FAMILY

By Oliver R. Smith

When Hyrum Smith was born in Snowflake, Apache (now Navajo) County, Arizona Territory on Dec. 15, 1882, he was the 8th son and 26th child of Jesse N. Smith. He was the first of nine children to be born to Emma Larson Smith, fifth wife of the Arizona pioneer. On Dec. 24 he was blessed and given the name of his father's cousin, the martyred Patriarch to the Church.

Now, nearly 86 years later, he is the second oldest among the surviving eight sons and daughters of Jesse N. Smith, and is also the senior Patriarch in the Church, having served continuously for 58 years.

His first teacher was his mother, who taught him to read some of the 1st grade books before he was old enough to attend the log schoolhouse in Snowflake. After completing the grades, he attended several winters at the Snowflake Stake Academy, but the terms were short because the farm youths could not begin class until the fall harvest was over and had to drop out in the spring to plant the new crops. Along with his elder brother Asahel, he continued working on the farm, and also earned precious dollars by driving freighting teams from nearby Holbrook to Fort Apache with loads of supplies and baled hay.

He grew to be the tallest of the sons of Jesse N., at 6 ft. 3 in., and had blue eyes and light, wavy hair. With his long frame "Hy" was well suited to his position as first baseman of the town baseball team, and to basketball play as well, and retained his interest in these and other sports throughout life. When socials and dances were held in Snowflake, he and his brothers of like age had the responsibility of seeing that their many sisters were escorted there and had a good time.

Each fall for five years Hyrum worked with a team of horses on a threshing crew, but at length the dust from the thresher aggravated a dry cough which troubled him, and he also became afflicted with arthritis. Doctors advised a change of vocation, so he decided to become a school teacher and entered the Arizona Normal School (now Northern Arizona University) at Flagstaff. This schooling was interrupted by the illness and death of his father in 1906, and he remained home for a time to help on the farm and aid in the completion of the brick home under construction for Emma W. Smith and his mother's family. He completed study for his teaching certificate and diploma in the summer of 1908.

During these years Hyrum courted June A. Bushman, a brown-haired daughter of Bishop John Bushman of Joseph City. She had attended Brigham Young University and came to Snowflake to open a kindergarten and teach piano. They were married on June 10, 1908 in the Salt Lake Temple by President Joseph F. Smith, and honeymooned on the train journey home. That fall Hyrum joined the faculty of the Snowflake Academy and taught there for the next three years. On May 24, 1910 at the age of 27 he was ordained a high priest and patriarch by Apostle Francis M. Lyman.

In the summer of 1911 Hyrum and June with two young children moved to Provo, Utah to pursue additional studies at Brigham Young University. With some 20 other students under the leadership of E.L. Roberts he made a climb to the summit of Mt. Timpanogos in what was the first of the annual Timpanogos Hikes. During 1911-12 June suffered with hay fever and asthma, and took treatments from Dr. G. E. Sandgren, a practitioner in the new healing art of chiropractic. She received such remarkable relief that the couple decided to take up the profession themselves, and moved that year to Davenport, Iowa to study at the Palmer School.

After another year of teaching in Snowflake, Hyrum moved with his family to Raymond, Alberta, Canada to accept a teaching position at the Knight Academy. The following year he and June set up a chiropractic office in Lethbridge, chief city of southern Alberta, where they continued for 15 years. In the small LDS ward there he was instrumental in starting the first Boy Scout troop in that city, and when the Lethbridge Stake was organized in 1921 with Hugh B. Brown as its president, Hyrum became bishop of the Lethbridge Ward, a position he filled for nine years in addition to being stake patriarch. During this period he did much to build goodwill for the Church in an area which had previously been antagonistic. In 1927, when the family had increased to seven children, June took over the chiropractic office while her husband served a six-month mission in the Northwestern States.

With the three oldest children now ready for college, the family moved to Salt Lake City in 1930 where Hyrum continued in chiropractic four years. Then came a move to Palmyra, N.Y. where for the next five years he had charge of three Church farms on the west and south of the Hill Cumorah--a task which brought into good use the farming skills learned in his youth. He assisted in the erection of the Angel Moroni monument and in a major landscaping effort on the Hill, and his sons were instrumental in staging the first pageant at the Hill in 1936.

On returning to Utah he resumed studies at BYU for a term, and then picked up teaching duties once more at Heber, Ariz. After the outbreak of World War II he moved back to Salt Lake City and served in the War Dept. personnel office at Hill Field. His wife at the same time worked in the supply depot at the same base.

At the close of the war, at an age when most men retired, he took up a new vocation as proofreader for the Deseret News Press and served in this position for eight years until reaching the age of 72. It was during this period that his wife died at the age of 70 and was buried in Salt Lake City. Afterward he served as senior member of the Jesse N. Smith Family Assn. committee which compiled and published a 510-page edition of the Journal of Jesse N. Smith in 1953.

In the latest endeavor of his full life he served from 1960 to 1967 as an ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple, retiring at his own request because of a partial loss of hearing. During part of this time he lived with his widowed sister, Margaret S. Jensen, whose infirmity made the upkeep of her home and grounds a difficult task. He also has lived in Salt Lake City with his son Marvin and family and daughter Dorothy S. Clark and family--in each case contributing his talents in orchard and garden culture.

As his father before him, he considered his family his greatest treasure. His posterity now numbers 75, including seven children, 49 grandchildren, and 19 great-grandchildren. His sons and daughters are: Marvin E. Smith, Salt Lake City, education specialist; Mrs. Ellsworth M. (Dorothy) Clark, Salt Lake City; Oliver R. Smith, Provo, journalism professor; Don Hyrum Smith (killed in airplane crash in 1965), bookbinder, Salt Lake City; Mrs. George W. (Lois) Whitaker, Amarillo, Tex.; Mrs. William M. (June) Harker, Shelley, Idaho; nine grandsons, and one granddaughter have served full-time missions for the Church.

EARL L. SMITH  
510 North 600 East  
Orem, Utah 84057  
Phone: (801) 225 4251

July 15th, 1968

Dear KINSMAN,

Have you heard of BESTLINE, yet??? If not, you will be interested in knowing that they are one of the fastest (if not THE fastest) growing companies in the United States. By this time next year Bestline will be a MAJOR corporation in America.

These next few weeks, Bestline will be holding "Special Interviews" for "New Top Leaders" throughout the United States. There is no age limit. Anyone may apply, and these are the requirements:

1. Pay two dollars (\$2.00) and join the Bestline Association.
2. Be able to meet the public.
3. Have the desire to earn a minimum of \$2,000.00\*\* per month.
4. Be willing to WORK and follow instructions, full or part time.  
(The \$2,000.00\*\* per month is a part time income.)

A complete training program is provided by the company. This program is very simple.

These next few weeks Bestline will be holding these "Special Interviews" and the General Distributors of Bestline will be conducting the interviews. I am a General Distributor for Bestline and I am in a position where I can help you should you desire to attend an interview in your area. I would be happy to talk with you and recommend you for a position with the company.

Please write to me immediately and I'll be in touch with our company, giving you date, time, and place of the interview. . . . . You will be interested in knowing that there are many Kinsman in the Bestline program now as of this writing, and very successful!!

Working Bestline will provide the extra "cash" you need. And, with plenty left over for those worth while extras, such as. . . . helping to pay off the debt on the Parowan House.

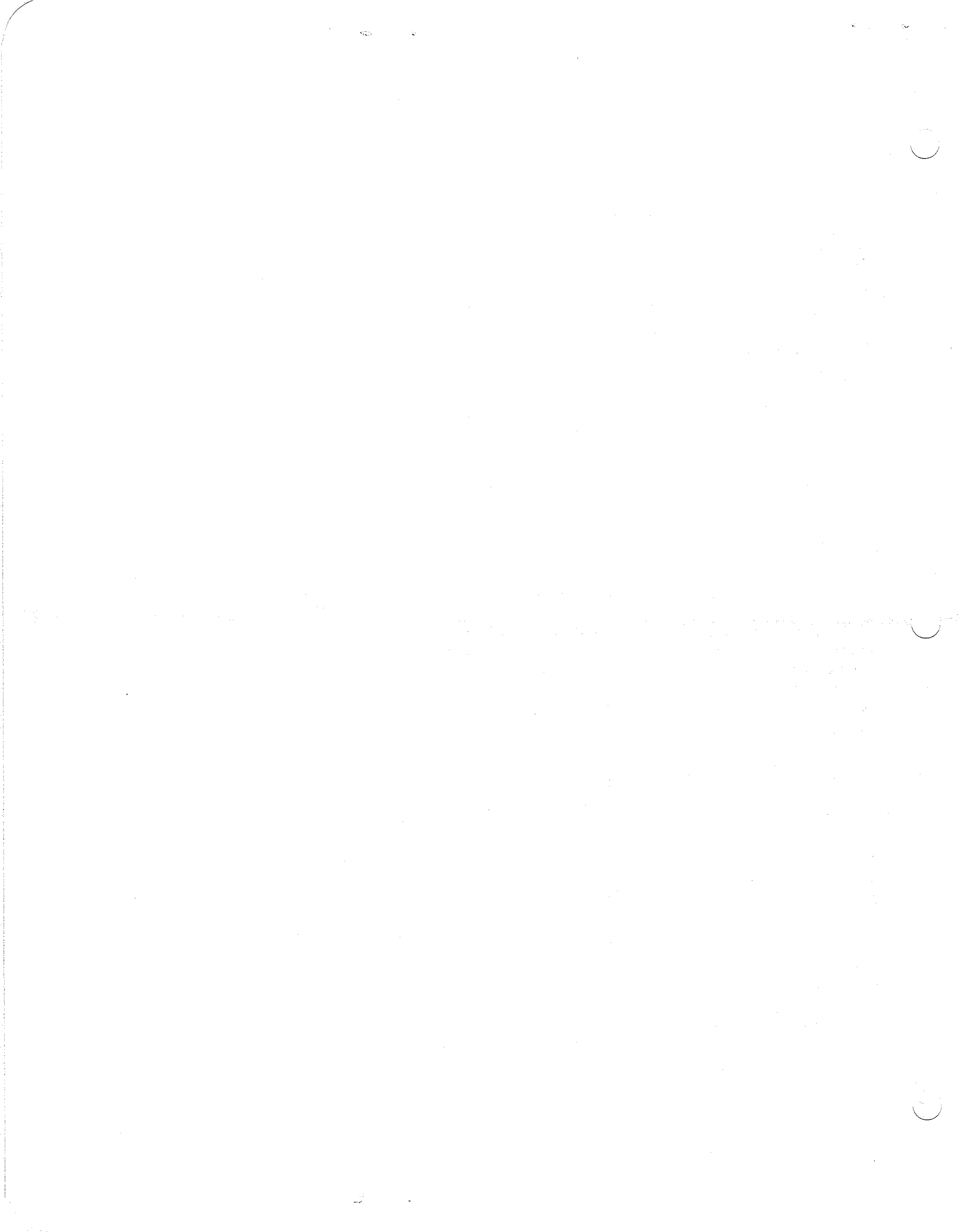
Now you may say this sound like "big talk", maybe so, but it is "BIG MONEY" for those that WANT to earn it. And YOU CAN DO IT, no matter what your back-ground. Who do you know, by the way, that could use some extra money, any where in the United States???? Do them and yourself a favor and let us know.

Write or phone me today, NOW, while it is still on your mind. I'll be happy to help you. Thank you very much. ....

Yours for that "extra" cash,



EARL L. SMITH, son of  
Pres. Jesse M. Smith, son of  
Joseph W. Smith





## RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER

By Hannah Daphne Smith Dalton, daughter of Emma Seraphine Smith

Father arrived home from his mission, October 22, 1864, and found his family in great poverty. All of us children went to Little Creek, our farm, to meet him. Uncle Silas had to tell him who we were, and I couldn't help thinking of the injustice, as I looked at my Father with the polish his occupation had given him, contrasted with my poor little Mother. But Father immediately took over his responsibility and we moved back to our home in Parowan and Mother and Father were so happy to be together again.

About this time, there was a company of emigrants going through to California and they had shoes to sell for anything they could get to eat. Father bought the whole family shoes and I got my first pair of shoes then, but in the joy and excitement, I got them too small and could not endure the pain of wearing them, so chose to go bare-footed.

In 1865, the Black Hawk War started. Father was elected Colonel of the Piute Military District. During the year, he was engaged in six military expeditions.

In 1868, just as we were beginning to get comfortably fixed, another joy and pleasure came to our home. Father was again called on another mission to Scandinavia. He left his family in better circumstances than on his first mission, but we still needed him badly. The separation was said and I remember very well how white and frail and pitiful my little Mother looked when Father took her in his arms just before he left. His last words to me were, "Daphne, my darling, honest, daughter---be good and kind to your dear Mother". These words were constantly before me all of my life.

Father was gone about two and one-half years on this mission and every letter he wrote to me while he was away always started with, "My darling, honest, daughter, Hannah Daphne." How I loved that dear, good man. When I would see him worried or in trouble, I used to go close to him and pat his hand and often kiss him and I never can forget the sweet smile he would give me.

Father returned from his second mission in 1870. Mother went to Salt Lake City to meet him and our joy was unbounded to have them come home together. We felt for a certainty that our troubles were all over then.

Father was very strict with us girls and he never let us stay out after 10:00 p.m. If we did, he or Mother would be there for us. Sometimes we hated to go home first from the parties, but we always went without complaining.

---

In an interview with Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes 20 years ago, Isabel Leighton recorded these thoughts of a great and good man.

"Oh, you young people--you think you've discovered trouble. If you want to live without trouble, you'll have to die young! For if one thing is sure, it's that trouble has always been with us and always will be. Terrifying, you think? Rubbish! It's never fazed me---I've been almost grateful for it at times---makes us one with every human being in the world---and unless we touch others, we're out of touch with life. You might as well be dead as stop growing, and if you're unwilling to feel deeply, you're only half alive.

"If I had a formula for by-passing trouble, I wouldn't pass it around. I wouldn't be doing anybody a favor. Trouble creates a capacity to handle it. I don't say embrace trouble. That's as bad as treating it as an enemy. But I do say, meet it as a friend, for you'll see a lot of it and had better be on speaking terms with it.

"No, trouble isn't the scourge of the world. The world has its up and downs. So have people, and all the speechifying that breath can produce won't change things nor make the millennium come an hour sooner. You can't run away from trouble. Accept it. Don't worry about it. Have faith, and do the needful things that will ultimately overcome it. Yes, MEET TROUBLE AS A FRIEND."

-----

Since this issue is in a poetic spirit, here's the "Smith Family Reunion Song" to the tune of "In Our Lovely Deseret", composed by Aunt Esther Smith Shumway in 1943.

1. From the country far and near,  
We have all assembled here,  
To enjoy ourselves this glad reunion day,  
May no sorrow, pain or fear,  
May our peace while we are here,  
But our hearts be happy, joyous, light and gay.

Chorus:

Welcome to the glad reunion,  
Of the big Smith family.  
Though we may not rise to fame,  
We will honor our good name,  
And we'll strive to keep alive the Family Tree.

2. On a bright December morn,  
A tiny baby boy was born,  
To humble parents in a country far away.  
And as he to manhood grew,  
He was loyal, brave and true  
To his Mother's teachings given day by day.

Chorus:

So we celebrate his birthday,  
Jesse N. Smith, our Father dear.  
At this time of strife and hate,  
His good life we emulate,  
Counting blessings while his name we do rever.

3. While he still was but a youth,  
He learned the glorious gospel truth,  
From the Prophet dear, His kinsman and his friends.  
So when he grew to be a man,  
He understood the gospel plan,  
Left his home and friends, its principles to defend.

Chorus:

Now we celebrate his birthday,  
Proud and happy to be here.  
Kindly thoughts for one and all,  
Loving memories we recall,  
As we greet our freinds and relatives so dear.

4. Left his home in "Old Nauvoo",  
 With Mother dear, and brother too.  
 And joined the exiles in their journey to the West.  
 Made a home in land so free.  
 His heritage for you and me,  
 Peace and plenty in the country we love best.

Chorus:

Hail, all hail, the glad reunion,  
 Of his large posterity,  
 Family union is our aim,  
 And we'll honor his good name,  
 As we strive to keep alive the Family Tree.

NEWS ITEMS (Compiled by Ruth U. Evans)

A clipping has been received from Madalyn and Elton Faler, giving the full details of the death of their son, Sp/5 Allen Lee Faler, who was killed in Vietnam after being there one month. Allen was manning a radar site and was hit by fragments from friendly rocket fire during heavy combat. He was born Nov. 22, 1946 in Orange, Calif. and died May 4, 1968, from wounds suffered that same day. He was a graduate of Colorado Springs High School, and attended Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho, prior to entering the service. He trained at Ft. Bliss, Texas, and served 13 months in Korea. He later was stationed at Ft. Sill, Okla. and volunteered for service in Vietnam. Burial was in Colorado Springs, Colo. with military honors on May 23. There was also a Memorial held for Allen in Dang Ha, Vietnam, on May 10.

In dear Madalyn's words, "Needless to say, we are very proud of our son. Our hearts are broken, but we know that "died unto the Lord". Our prayers are for those who yet serve and will serve in the future." To those of us who remember Madalyn and the Frost Family in Snowflake in years past, here is her address, for I'm sure it would be a comfort to the family to hear from loved ones: Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Faler, 505 South 2nd East, Riverton, Wyo. 82501.

-----

In our letter from Mauretta Ballard Thomas last month, she mentioned she would be happy to donate an heirloom quilt to the Parowan Home. She has some quilt blocks that were given to her (by dear Aunt Julia, I'll wager) that are estimated at being 75 to 85 years old. This is a lovely offering and should the state ultimately take "our home" into the State Parks System, there would be a time when it would need to be furnished. Or here's another thought! If Ret wanted to go ahead and make it, then on the same basis that the Mesa relatives functioned with an auction, a quilt like that should be well worth \$100.00. It's my understanding that Aunt Nell's quilt in Mesa was purchased by Jesse Shumway for \$80.00. This is a thought. Thanks for offering, and perhaps you in the Snowflake area will want to follow suit with a dinner and auction.

-----

Thanks for the nice letters from cousin Emma Smith Luke who forwarded her sister's membership, Daphne Smith Dietrich, from Maitland, Fla.; Don Z. Decker, thanking the officers for sending the Kinsman to him in Evanston, Ill.; Pauline U. Perkinson, who was happy to help assemble the June Kinsman when she and family visited us in Provo recently and attended June Conference.

My brother, E. Earl Udall, and his family will be moving to the State of New York, where he will serve as a City Manager. Presently his residence is Merced, Calif., where he has been serving for the past eight years in the same capacity. Earl introduced city manager government to Provo, Utah in 1955, and of course our family was happy to have them live "in the tops of Rockies" for those five years. Although it is with some degree of sadness that the family sees them move so far away from all of us, at the same time, we wish them all the happiness and success there is to be had in their new assignment. Knowing Earl, he will extend a welcome invitation to any and all the kinsmen who travel in his direction, to call on Naomi, David, Stephen, Bruce, Suzanne and Danny if ever the opportunity affords itself. Their oldest son, King, will come home from his Mission in Columbia, South America, to a new home in a year from now, but he too writes he is happy for his father to have this advancement in the field of city government. When the big move is accomplished, send your new address, so we can place it on our Kinsman mailing list. Bon Voyage!

THE KINSMAN  
published monthly by  
JESSE N. SMITH FAMILY ASSN.  
504 North 4th East  
Provo, Utah 84601

Bulk Rate U.S. Postage Paid PROVO, UTAH Permit No. 11
---

Verdell F. Palmer  
206 N. Allen  
Farmington, N. M.  
87401 ✓