

THE KINSMAN

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Message from the Jesse N. Smith Family Association Officers

It has been a great honor and privilege to serve as your Association Officers for the past three years. Many of you have given most generously in both time and money to help in the restoration of our Home in Snowflake. Let us assure you that all funds received have been judiciously spent in bringing this project to near completion. In considering adequate living quarters for the caretakers of our Home, we have decided to build a log home instead of placing a mobile home there. This would add greatly to the authenticity of the restoration project, would not incur an appreciable increase in the overall expense involved, and would become a permanent rather than a temporary structure. Interestingly enough, the plan we have selected is called "The Snowflake," with all of the logs and materials coming from Utah. It's a most befitting name when we recall that Jesse N. Smith brought his wives and family to Snowflake some 108 years ago.

We are especially appealing to those of you who have not as yet felt impressed to make your contribution to this great endeavor to please do so now. For those of you who have already given generously, we will not deny you the blessing of giving more. If ample funds are available soon, construction can begin in June. With the help of sufficient volunteer labor, the log home should be nearly completed in time for our reunion on July 25. We know that sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven; something we all need to enjoy.

Come to the Jesse N. Smith Family Reunion July 25 in Snowflake, Arizona

A reunion of all the members of the Jesse N. Smith Family will be held in Snowflake, Arizona on Saturday, July 25, 1987. It will coincide with the Centennial Celebration of the Founding of the Snowflake Stake of Zion. Since Jesse N. Smith was the first president of the Snowflake Stake, many of the events and activities that are being planned for July 24 and 25 will be centered around honoring him and other great leaders of his time.

Schedule of Events for July 25, 1987

8 a.m.	Memorial Home open
9 a.m.	Annual Parade
10 a.m.	Annual Program
Noon	Annual Barbecue
1:30 p.m.	Rededication of Memorial Home
2:30 p.m.	Family Association Business Meeting

The Memorial Home will be open at 8 a.m. and will remain open all day. Tables and chairs will be provided on the grounds for picnic lunches. Several General Authorities will be guests at the Annual Program. The Annual Barbecue will be at noon in the city park near the stake center. The rededication of the Memorial Home is scheduled at 1:30 p.m. The Family Association Business Meeting will begin at 2:30 p.m. in the newly refurnished Social Hall.

The remaining members of the original family, Uncle Foss, Aunt Phosia, and Aunt May Smith will be honored at the reunion. Recognition will also be given to the past presidents and officers of the Association. A new slate of officers will be presented. Financial matters concerning the status of the Perpetual Family Fund, together with an update of the funds in the Memorial Home Restoration Project (including the new log home) will be discussed. If you have suggestions or questions you would like to present to the Association, please come to this meeting and make them known.

Volunteers are needed for summer work projects at the Smith Memorial Home

Three major work projects are scheduled for this summer: (1) Landscaping the grounds and planting flower beds around the home will begin early in June and will continue into July. (2) Painting fences around the property and painting several rooms and hallways in the home will begin in June. (3) Erecting the log home will begin on June 15. Almost anyone who can read a set of instructions is qualified for the work -- little carpentry skill is required. If you would like to help with any of these projects, contact Bess Erickson at Box 280 or Leland Smith at Box S in Snowflake, Arizona 95937. Remember, "many hands make light work!"

_____ Yes, I like the idea of the Log Home at the Memorial Home Site.

I am enclosing \$ _____ now. I will send \$ _____ more before July 25.

Signed: _____

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Please return this form with your check made out to Jesse N. Smith Family Association and send it to 1360 W. 1st Place, Mesa, AZ 85201.

Memories of our father, Matthias Foss Cowley Smith, Jesse's youngest son

by Norman, Kevan, David, Linnea, and Dorene

Our family life was characterized by the pioneer work ethic which our parents learned in their own childhood. This gave them a self-reliant, do-it-yourself approach to life, which meant that they were very hard-working, in a variety of enterprises. Both were, by profession, teachers in the public schools. But I remember Dad often joining with his brothers in building houses for each other, including ours in Joseph City. Dad also spent many of his summers farming with his father-in-law in Bountiful, Colo. The farm is the setting for one of my primary memories of Dad -- it is of Dad and me, just the two of us, working our way through 40 acres of bundled wheat, stacking the bundles into shocks to dry. I was about 15. We would talk occasionally, but mostly just work along in silence. It was the feeling that I was finally working alongside Dad as an equal that made it memorable. -- J. Norman Smith

Dad could make almost anything out of what he had available. Money was not to be spend on something we could do ourselves. My very first basketball standard was made out of the side of a packing box for the backboard, to which the basket was bolted, and the whole thing nailed and wired to a tree. Dad's greatest do-it-yourself achievement was his irrigation

system, used to water the lawn at our house on Wall Street in Farmington, N.M. Water wasn't cheap in Farmington, and a lot of people had landscaped with rocks rather than lawns. But Dad figured he could keep the lawn with the old irrigation system that ended at our property. In its full operating glory, Dad's lawn watering system consisted of 200-250 feet of rubber hoses, zig-zagging their way around trees, bushes, and corners of the house. In that same house, Dad remodeled a large, long kitchen into a combination kitchen/family room. My wife thought it was commercially done until I mentioned it a few years ago. -- Kevan Foss Smith

My earliest remembrances of my father are of his hands. I remember how big and strong they were. His fingers were thicker than most men's thumbs. Daddy's hands could do anything. They patched new soles on old shoes. They chopped down trees. They repaired and remodeled our house. I remember him digging the cesspool for our first indoor bathroom. I remember him fixing the car, straightening dents and repairing brakes. Not much by precept, but almost entirely by example, I learned to do the same kinds of things my father did. Now, in his early 80s, his handshake is as strong and steady as any old dairy farmer's. Although I have grown into his shoes, I will never fill my Daddy's gloves. -- David L. Smith



David Smith, Alden Smith, Joel Smith & Chad Avery visit with Uncle Foss.

My earliest memories are of Joseph City, where we lived next door to Uncle Aik and Aunt May. Dad had built the house there, and we lived on the main street, Route 66. Mother struggled to keep us from crossing it. Dad was my teacher in the 6th grade. He was fun to have in class, never rude or cutting, and always patiently explaining until we understood. During the summers Dad and we kids helped on the farm. Here we learned that you don't just work till you are tired, but till the job is finished. Somehow our parents managed to send us all to college, all the boys on missions, and the secret of that success was for them to do without. My parents were happy people. They laughed a lot; Dad sang while he worked. They cared about us; they taught us well; they were excellent examples. -- Linnea Smith Barney

Dad told me how he had been told as a young boy to be proud and grateful for the Smith heritage. It was sort of a royal blood line. To me, he has done nothing but bring honor and integrity to the Smith family name. He enjoys reminiscing about his childhood days in Snowflake. People would come to his mother's bedroom window in the night and call, "Aunt Em, Aunt Em, will you come over to our house? The baby is about to be born." After being teased by the other children, "You don't have a daddy!" (Grandfather Smith died when Foss was about 8 months old) he said to his mother, "I do, too, have a daddy. Hyrum's my daddy, isn't he?" Dad's really handsome. When family members would toss this compliment his way, he'd say, "Ya don't say so!" and his infectious grin would spread across his face and his eyes

would twinkle. Dad helped Mother around the house so she could do her sewing and other things. He washed the dishes, made "hash" for supper, cooked cracked-wheat mush for breakfast every morning (except Saturday, when he made "wake-up wheat cakes" with homemade maple syrup).

-- Dorene Smith Taylor

An interview with Phosia Smith, wife of George Smith, Jesse's 39th child

by Lehi Smith, son of George & Phosia

When George entered the mission field, he was stopped at the Canadian border for customs to inspect his luggage. The customs agents were talking about the Mormons and their polygamous marriages, and how the genes in large families would wear out after a while so the children born in the later years would be punier than the rest. Overhearing them, George stepped up and said, "I am my father's 39th child, and I would like to take on any one of you here that thinks there is a one of us who is a weakling."

After our marriage we moved into the home in Snowflake with Aunt Em and Foss. When we first moved in, we lived with the family. Then Aunt Em said, "I think you deserve a chance to live alone since you are just married." So she asked George to build a partition, and we lived in one side of the house and the family lived in the other. Aunt Em left all the furniture there in the South side just as it was, and insisted on our having it to ourselves.

George had a powerful throwing arm and pitched on the town baseball team. On the first morning after we had moved to ourselves, George was out taking care of the cows. As he was driving them back to the corral, he saw a cottontail in the field. He picked up a rock and caught the rabbit just behind the ears. He skinned it out, and that became our first breakfast together after we were married and living alone.

Aunt Em always kept bees. She had a process by which she would make honey vinegar from the honey normally lost in the cappings. She would sell the vinegar, and the town just loved that honey vinegar. The people would really come to get that vinegar whenever it was available. She was very careful, not wasting a thing that could be of use. She would take all the rags she could accumulate, and would weave rugs out of them. When I was there, I would tear strips, sew them together, and wind them into balls for her. She would spend hours at that old loom, weaving rugs. She used those rugs to cover all the bedrooms, living room, and hallways in her own home, and would sell the rest. That loom is still in the Memorial Home in Snowflake.

Aunt Em always had to be on the lookout for ways to make a little money. In those days, the collars were not part of the shirt, but buttoned to the shirt with little brass collar buttons. She used to wash, starch, and iron collars for the people of the town to pick up a little extra change. It was George's responsibility to cut the wood early and get the old black tub on an open fire in the back yard to heat the water on wash day. One wash day, it slipped his mind, and he left before attending to that little chore. Aunt Em quietly went about her wash day, and took care of everything herself. Then later, when George went to put on his clean shirt, he found that the tail had been starched as stiff as a board. He said, "Ma, what in the world has happened to my shirt?" She quietly replied, "That is to help you remember to chop the wood and heat the water."

George was always so attentive to me. When he was sitting around the house, he was always reading. But he would always bring his chair into whatever room of the house I was working

just to be in the same room with me. If I moved to another room, he would move his chair also so we could just be together. I never could wear a tied apron around him because he would always untie my apron strings. It was just a little affectionate way he had of teasing me.

Emma May Hansen Smith, wife of Aikens Smith, Jesse's 41st child

by Deanne P. Smith (daughter-in-law) and Charlcie S. Roy (daughter)

Emma May Hansen Smith was born on May 17, 1904 to stalwart pioneer parents, Joseph Christian and Emma Swenson Hansen in Joseph City, Arizona. She has lived here all her life except for the time spent on a mission to the Southern States and when she lived in Holbrook when she first married Aikens Smith, who was the 41st child of Jesse N. Smith.



Emma May Hansen Smith

They raised two children from Aikens' first marriage and six children of their own. May still lives in the home Aikens and his brothers built. She will be 83 years young this month and is still quite active. Her average day consists of getting up about 4:30 a.m., cleaning around the house, going outside and hoeing weeds around her yard (still the most weedless yard in town), playing the piano, and babysitting her youngest granddaughter, Larrissa Kay Bratt. She has been the best babysitter the family has found for over 34 years now. Her youngest daughter Beverly lives with her and gives her company.

May reads her scriptures every day and really enjoys them. May has 27 grandchildren and 27 great-grandchildren. Her granddaughter Tonnie Smith is serving a mission in Japan, and grandson Jim Smith is serving in Washington State. They are the children of Dale and Deanne Smith of Joseph City.

In Memoriam

Francis Ardath Farr

Francis Ardath Farr, the third son and fourth child of David Ernest and Natalia Smith Farr, died in Holbrook, Arizona on February 12, 1987 at the age of 62. He was preceded in death by a sister, Genevieve, and three brothers, Norman Ernest, Asahel Dean, and Augustus Outzen. He served for three years in the South Pacific as a Marine in World War II and worked as a truck driver after the war until an accident confined him to a wheelchair. He was a successful Indian trader and supervised a trucking operation until the time of his death. Ardath was known for his integrity, his industry, and his honesty in dealing with all people. Although he was not privileged to have a family of his own, he did enjoy the later part of his life with his wife, Bessie, who became his devoted companion and friend.