

## Arthur Stanley Smith

*Compiled by his grand niece, Holly Quinn Knighton, from documents and interviews with his relatives.*



Arthur Stanley Smith

Arthur Stanley Smith was born June 27, 1921, in Fairfield, Idaho, to Stanley George and Judith Ellen ‘Nell’ Pye Smith. He was the second child and first son to join this union. Only 15 months younger than his older sister, Margaret Jean, it can be easily concluded that his mother Nell had her hands full. It has been said though that he was a quiet, good child. But little is known of his childhood, except for a few memories told by his older sister, Jean, to her children. However, from just these few memories, Arthur sounds like he was a typical boy. There was one story of a time when his dad, Stan, and Arthur were playing a game of some sort chasing each other around the old coal stove that was used to heat the house. Arthur had a piece of wood, not a bat but a stick or something, in his hands.

While playing this game with his dad, he got excited and swung around and clocked Stan right on the head splitting him wide open! Stan wasn’t the only one who was left with “battle” wounds from Arthur. Jean had a scar on her leg from a time when Arthur threw a spoon at her. Jean also mentioned how she and Arthur enjoyed climbing the Bing cherry trees and eating the cherries by the handfuls at their Grandparent’s, Arthur and Sarah Alice Smith’s home in Kaysville, Utah. Other than this, nothing much was ever said about Arthur.

Unfortunately, his life was only a short 11 years long for he died on September 11, 1932, in the Gooding Idaho Hospital from peritonitis, an abdominal infection following a ruptured appendix. From what his younger sister, Avis Mae (born a little over a year after his death) was told, Arthur was apparently in pain for some time, but because the pain was located higher on his torso, appendicitis was not suspected. Jean wrote in her picture book that they took him to Gooding, about 35 miles to the south, for medical assistance on September 6<sup>th</sup>. His death certificate states that an appendectomy was performed the next day although by that time the appendix had already ruptured for it is noted that puss and adhesions were found. He was attended to by W. B. Parkinson, M.D. until his death. Jean remembered during those few days Arthur begging to have some water, he was so thirsty, but was not allowed to have any. He died in the early morning at 4 A.M. on September 11<sup>th</sup> and was buried in the Kaysville-Layton Cemetery on the 14<sup>th</sup>†. It has been written by both his parents and sister, Jean, in their life histories that his death was a tremendously sad time in their lives. It is certainly a tragic event for anyone to lose a young family member.

The following is a talk given by James Griddle at funeral services of Arthur Smith at Kaysville, Utah, September 14, 1932.

“Coming from their home town in Idaho yesterday and spending a greater part of the night on the journey, what was the object, my Brothers and Sisters, for travelling that distance with the remains of their loved one? This thought comes to me – it was for a purpose.

This is the home town of Brother Stanley Smith. This was the home town of his father. He was raised here in this community; Sister Smith coming from the old country. This seems to be the gathering place. When you think of what we start with in life – we grow to manhood, we are separated from our home, the place of our birth. Is it not a beautiful thing that when death comes that our thoughts are centered on our home community; that we are interested enough to select a burial spot for a member of our family where we know that spot will be properly cared for; that when friends and loved ones stand at that sacred spot, that they do feel in their hearts, that it is sacred especially as the last resting place of the remains of their loved one.



Nell, Stan, and Jean Smith at Arthur’s gravesite.



Gravesite of Arthur on the day of services.

I am thinking my Brothers and Sisters there are some of you who do not know the experience of people who leave their homes in foreign lands, leave their loved ones and all that are near and dear to them. You do not know what it means to go to a strange land and to mingle with a strange people. My Brothers and Sisters, under these circumstances Sister Smith left her home and her friends.

The Lord has given this family two bright and noble spirits. One of them has completed his mission. He has fulfilled his covenant with his Heavenly Father, and he has gone back now to that God who gave him life. Brothers and Sisters, I respect this family - the Smith boys and the Smith girls. They are of good citizenship and character. In the home of Brother and Sister Smith was love, reverence and happiness.

I pray that the Lord may comfort Brother and Sister Smith and their loved ones, I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.”

†Death and burial dates confirmed by Kaysville Cemetery records.