



## Thelma Boyack Brunt

Spring is a wonderful time of year. Roses just beginning to bloom; a season known as young love, the wedding month - a season of new beginnings. That season of 1907, June 17th, was the time of birth for George Earl Brunt. He was the son of parents that loved the gospel and each other, George Brunt and Clara Jane Rasicot. He was delivered into this world by a loving country doctor, Dr. C. M. Cline at the home of his parents, on Canal Ave, Idaho Falls, Idaho.

A few years later in the very opposite time of the year, December 31, 1910, almost at the stroke of midnight, Thelma Boyack came in the world at the home of her parents, Ralph Banks Boyack and Sarah Elizabeth Morgan; and also delivered by a beloved country doctor, Dr. Stoddard. She, also, came into a loving home and devoted parents in the gospel.



Ed, Blanche, Fred, Marge, Thelma, Beth

Thelma tells of her childhood: "My father was of Scottish ancestry and was born in Spanish Fork, in 1876. My mother was born in the year 1879 also in Spanish Fork. My father was a farmer and also ran a threshing machine, the only one in Spanish Fork at that time. So for a supplement to the

I was the fourth child in the family. They were expecting a boy. Being a farmer, Dad needed help on the farm, but they didn't have to worry long as I loved the good earth and spent many enjoyable days working on the farm thinning and hoeing the beets, putting up hay in the fall, chopping the tops from the beets and loading them to take them to the factory. I milked 7 to 9 cows each morning and took them five miles to the farm and still got back in time to walk to high school. And we always had a large garden and fruit trees at the farm that needed constant care.

I wasn't just sent to church, but Dad always went with us and held positions in the Sunday School. As I grew up it was just the thing we did on Sundays. I don't recall never wanting to go, but I do remember I didn't always get the message intended because of an exciting conversation with a friend. After church we always had company -- some of the family dropping in at the old homestead (it had belonged to my Grandfather Boyack). Our special treats were homemade ice cream and a big bowl of home canned fruit in the center of the table and cake.

The cake was my job to make on Saturday. Each of us girls had a special dish we cooked or made for our Sunday dinner on Saturday. Our Saturdays were also spent polishing the silver, washing the painted kitchen chairs completely, sweeping and scrubbing the kitchen floors, and polishing the furniture, and Oh, yes, polishing the coal stove. No cleaning of bathrooms, though, as that was the man's job as it was an "outsider."

The fun of those youthful days - making play houses in the grape arbor, playing "run, sheeple, run," "kick the can," "hide 'n seek," or "pretty or ugly." About 15 neighborhood children would meet in the street as soon as supper was over and dishes were done, only to scamper to our homes when the curfew would ring loud and clear. The day would end with a short visit with Dad and seeing Mother just kneading her bread. She would stay up half of the night baking bread and reading her favorite books.

I had a marvelous childhood - happy and carefree - lots of friends and lots of hard work. But our folks taught us it was part of life and we had to make our own fun. I loved to ride the horse down Main Street standing up on its bare back after my chores were done.

I attended first Reese school which was new school three blocks away. Then Thurber School on Main Street the first Junior High built in Spanish Fork. Our High School was also new and had the first seminary in our school system. Dr. McGavin, a writer of many books, was my teacher, and also my friend. Kate B. Carter was one of my religion teachers. She was a great women and my dear friend until she died in 1977.

I was in plays and chorus and was vice president of my senior class. My favorite game was baseball and I pitched for the team. I had many parts in all the ward plays and loved drama very much. I loved dancing and took all the classes of dance I could through high school and college.

I graduated from high school and went on to BYU, 1928-29. I rode "The Orem" (the train that ran through Payson and Ogden) at first and then later got an apartment there. In the summer, I worked in the first root beer stand in Spanish Fork, my first job. In 1919-30, my second year at the "Y", I had several boys I was interested in - one on a mission and one on the football team, but I met Earl on a blind date. It was sort of a blind date, as we knew each other, but had a hard time meeting. I sloughed two boys that weekend for him and went with him to a game and to Sacrament meeting. So I guess it was love at first sight. We met in October, but he left school after that first semester to go and work and learn the trade in his father's and partners Auto Part's business. He and Delbert Groberg has a good insurance business going after his mission, but before coming to school he sold out to Delbert.

There were about 1500 students then and about 15 cars and Earl had one of them. All the girls were looking in his direction..... and besides, he was the best looking, best dressed and a returned missionary. What more could one ask?

It was a fun and exciting romance, but after he left for Idaho Falls to work, he got a sliver in his finger and had a very bad strep infection. There were no wonder drugs then and he nearly lost his arm and his life. I'll never forget the terrible train ride from Provo to Idaho Falls with his sister, Clarice. We were called to Idaho Falls because they didn't expect him to live. It took all spring and summer and most of the fall for him to gain his strength.



We were married in the morning of October 21, 1931 in the Salt Lake Lake Temple by President George Richards.

