

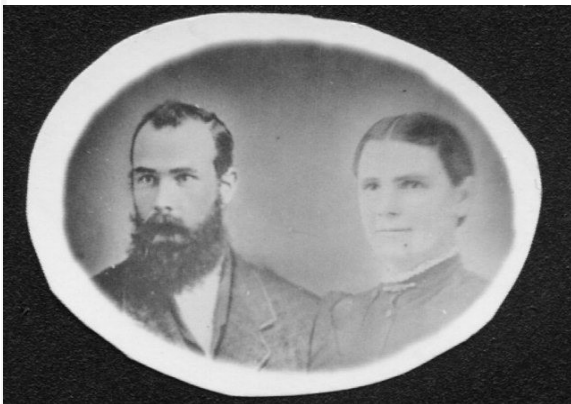
History of the Life of **GEORGE BRUNT**

As dictated to Annette Brunt Taylor in the summer of 1955.

A SKETCH OF MY PROGENITORS:

THE BRUNT LINE: The earliest history we have of my Brunt line begins with my great grandfather, John Brunt, who was born about 1786 and died in 1813. My grandfather, John Brunt, was born September 8, 1819, in Stockport, Cheshire, England and died July 13, 1888 in New Zealand. His wife, my grandmother, Mary Morris, was born in Shrewsbury England in 1881 and she died September 20, 1877 in New Zealand. They were married July 19, 1840 in the Parish Church of Sutton, York, England. John Brunt and his family moved to New Zealand where their family grew up.

My parents, George Brunt, my father, was born March 6, 1846 in Stockport, Cheshire, England. My mother, Elizabeth Susan Burnett was born April 30, 1854 in London, England. Father died at age 40 years old, on August 19, 1886 in Butte, Montana and mother died February 14, 1919 in Iona, Idaho.



THE BURNETT LINE: My grandfather, William John Burnett, was born November 8, 1827. He died February 3, 1891 in Salt Lake City, UT. He married Mary Ann Denham who was born April 9, 1827 in London, England. She died in Salt Lake City on June 19, 1918.



MY EARLY HISTORY:

My mother and father moved to Kaiapoi, near Christchurch, New Zealand. Here at Kaiapoi their first child, Mary Eliza, was born May 1, 1870. Three other children were also born while living there - William John, September 21, 1873; myself, George Brunt, September 26, 1876; and Annie, May 19, 1880. We owned our own home there which mother sold in 1880 to raise money to emigrate to Utah.

On the day of our departure Father, just half believing we would really leave, bid us goodbye at the dock. Mother's great determination and desire to go to Utah and bring her children up in the Church overshadowed all the hardships of the trip to come.

We left New Zealand on a small steamboat and went by the way of Australia to a large steamer from the City of Sidney. My mother now was just 26 years old, just being 16 when she was married. We had to change from one small boat to another before reaching Australia. In the excitement of changing children and baggage from one small boat to another, Will was left on the first boat. When mother came to leave, she found Will missing.

When they discovered this, Will was thrown across the water from one boat to another. I was four years old. We were on the water for six weeks and it was a month by the time we reached Farmington, UT. We landed in San Francisco, where we took an old fashioned train to Farmington.

Here we were met by my uncle, James Burnett.

My grandfather Burnett went to California from England in the gold rush of 1852. His reason for going to New Zealand instead of staying in America or going back to England was because my grandmother was bitterly opposed to the Church and she never did get over her bitterness and opposition to the Church. My grandfather had joined the Church when a boy in

in England sometime in the 1830's. At this time he and some other young fellows went into a missionary meeting to break it up and after listening to the missionaries talk, he became interested and after investigation, he joined the Church.

For the first year, we stayed with my grandfather, other relatives and the Steed family. Mr. Steed has been a missionary in New Zealand where my mother was acquainted with him. They owned a large farm southeast of Farmington. Then, we moved into one-room house in which we, children, had the measles severely and my sister, Annie, died at this time.

The following spring, after we had been here a little over a year, my father came from New Zealand and joined us. My father, having passed his apprenticeship as an engineer, a machinist and a blacksmith, was well equipped for any work along these lines. His first job was working as a blacksmith in Kaysville for a man named White. From there we moved to Mill creek, where Maud Elizabeth was born May 16, 1882. We, then, went back to Kaysville and lived up the canyon at Kay's Creek. Here my father ran a sawmill for a man called Hobbs. From there, father worked for Eccles and Spencer as the master mechanic to twenty-one mills in what is now known as Helper, UT. It was then called Pleasant Valley. He left us up on Kay's Creek and it was there that my brother, Joe, was born in 883, the 28th of August. As soon as mother was able we moved to Pleasant Valley.

SOME EARLY MEMORIES OF NEW ZEALAND

"I remember when I was three years old when we fenced our lot. My brother, Will, and a cousin, Will Burnett put me in a post hole and threw dirt in until it came up to my arms. They didn't want me following them. I don't know how long I cried and hollered until Mother came along and dug me out.

I was four when I came across the ocean. All I remember was when we stopped in Honolulu, the people threw money at the natives when they were swimming and they would dive after it. I, also, remember when we rode from San Francisco to Utah in the cheap chair cars on the train and

when Mother laid us on the seats. I, also, remember my grandfather when we arrived in Utah. He ran a little store in Hooper, UT. He was giving oranges to all when my brother, Will, fell under the wagon. He was very seriously hurt, but he soon recovered.

IN REGARDS TO MY MOTHER AND HER FAMILY

I was the third child and when I was born, my mother was just 21 years of age. The history of how her parents came to New Zealand was because of my grandfather, William Burnett. He had been to California in 1852 during the gold excitement and made quite a little money. Then he went back to England to his native town. Here, there was big talk and excitement about the big money and striking gold in Australia. So he got the "fever" and went to Australia which proved to be a fizzle. And then another time excitement was started in New Zealand, so he went there. He was a painter by trade, but he loved the excitement of mining.

When grandfather Burnett was a boy of 17 in England (it was the time that the Mormons were doing missionary work and holding meetings), he and two other boys, just for a lark, heard of this meeting and went in to break it up, but after listening to it for a short time, he persuaded the others to wait until they got through their talk of their philosophy. It sounded good and so he was baptized on October 28k, 1851 in England. He was the first to be ordained an elder in New Zealand. He was ordained by Carl Asmusen, March 6, 1867. Then along in 1872 he immigrated to Utah and located in Hooper. No doubt, that his being there and liking Utah and the pioneer spirit that was there, he enthused the rest of his family to immigrate.

GOING TO UTAH

When I was four years old, we had a home in Kaiapoi at Christchurch, New Zealand. My mother and father sold the home and my mother was determined that she wouldn't spend the money for anything else, but to

go to Zion. My father was not very enthusiastic about going and didn't want my mother to go and I hear him say that he didn't think she would go on the very day that she left. My father didn't come to Utah until one year after. In that country, instead of going to school, the parents put the boys to work in different trades. Before my father was 20, he served as an apprentice for a machinist, blacksmith and an engineer. So when he was ready to immigrate it was very easy for him to get free passage.

When coming to Utah, he stopped over on one of the islands and worked in a sugar factory and learned a great deal about sugar. The second winter we were in Utah, we spent it in Spanish Fork. He had been working all summer in Pleasant Valley, which is now, Helper, UT. Eccles and Spencer were some big lumbermen and they had twenty-one sawmills (steam) in operation. So during the year, they closed down one mill at a time and my father would overhaul them and put them in shape. This was the reason of our being in the valley.

We wintered in Spanish Fork and he got a job running a sorghum or molasses mill and knowing a little about cane sugar, he made some of the first brown sugar that was made in Utah. During the first year, my father being an engineer, found it was very easy for him to get work, so when we were living in Farmington he got a job with Hobbs, an engineer, who ran a sawmill. We moved from Farmington to the head of Kay's Creek down on the old Weber River Valley where the Hobb's sawmill was located and at this place, my brother, Joe, was born.

THE MOVE TO IDAHO

It was in Spanish Fork that we got the idea (mother did) of getting a farm so that the children would have an opportunity to make a living. There was a great deal of talk and excitement about the Green River country in Wyoming which was being settled at that time. That year we moved to Salt Lake City and got acquainted with someone who knew of Idaho and its many opportunities. That convinced mother that Idaho was the place to go so the destination when we left Salt Lake City was to go to Goose Creek which was close of Albany, Idaho.

So we started early in the spring on our pioneer expedition to Idaho. We had to get finances, an old wagon, horses and provisions to start. This was in 1885 and I was nine years old. We started from Salt Lake City in October, traveling to Malad, Idaho up through the Marsh Valley, then to McCammon and from McCammon to Pocatello, which was just an Indian Reservation then. We traveled in the Portneuf River bed as there were no bridges and not very good roads. During our travel a rain storm came up and it was very cold and it was hard travel.

As we stopped along this stretch we were practically short on cooking provisions and it was here where we first came in contact with James E. Steele, who later became stake president. He happened to camp where he did and he had been up looking over the country in Idaho and told us of the great opportunities there were around Eagle Rock and thought it would be a great deal better for us to go to Eagle Rock instead of Goose Creek.

As we were out of food and could make no fire and since it was raining and wet, he took out of his basket a couple of loaves of bread and gave to us. I was only nine years old, but I remember well how wonderful it was. So we went along from this point until we came to the road that you turned off to Goose Creek which was just north of Pocatello. My mother hesitated. We stopped there and she made it a matter of prayer which was we should go and she decided that we should go to Eagle Rock.

We landed at Eagle Rock and my folks started out looking for a farm. At this time there were no canals, only one farm between Eagle Rock and Blackfoot and very few farms north except along Sand Creek, Willow Creek and the Snake River. We got in contact with B. M. Rogers' father, who was then in the real estate business. He had a farm that we could buy real cheap on Sand Creek just across the road from where the Lincoln Sugar Factory is now.

So we moved out in a little adobe house that was on the banks of Sand

So we moved out in a little abobe house that was on the banks of Sand Creek with four horses and a plow. Then we started to plow the sage brush along the line of the road south of Lincoln. We plowed up forty acres. That winter was a very tough one. It took hay to feed our stock and all the hay we had was some wild hay that we had cut on the hills east of Iona. A ton or a ton and an half was all that we had and that soon disappeared. My father hauled straw from Mennan, but our finances soon disappeared and my father had to go to work.

The job that he first got was cutting ice in Eagle Rock and storing it in saw dust for the salons and the different uses for ice in the summertime. This was very hard since it wasn't in his line of work, so being an engineer, it was very easy for him to go from place to place on the railroad. There was a demand for men in Butte, Montana, so he went there to get a job in August 1886. I was then 10 years old..

In those early days their smelting was very crude and so many of the men who worked there, especially the newcomers were put to work smelting lead. There was a great danger of lead poisoning. So after working there for only a few days, he took sick and died of pneumonia on August 19, 1886. We heard nothing from him. No one notified us and we were expecting letters and news. He had been dead and buried three weeks before we heard anything about it. This was the climax of my mother's married life.

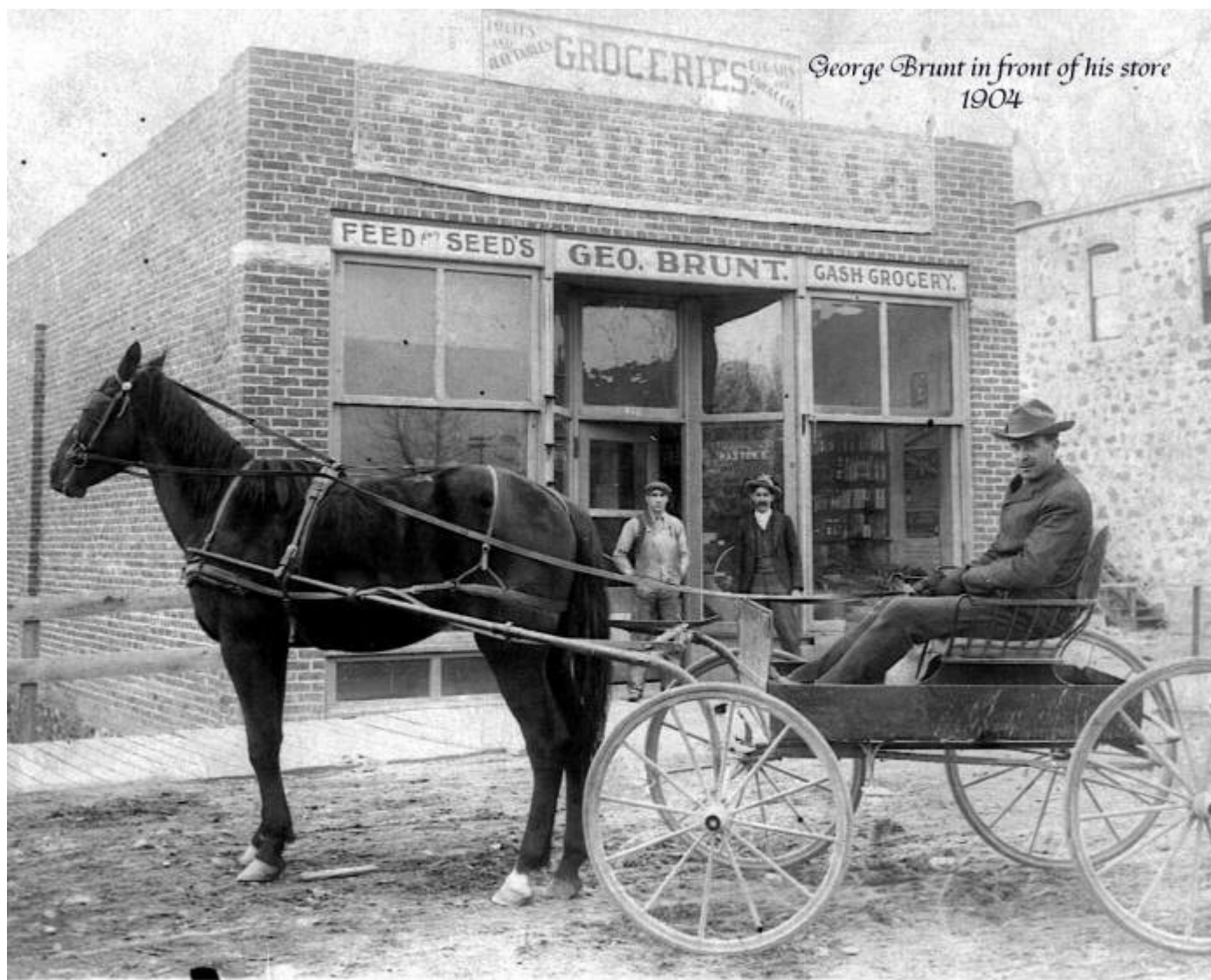
My Family Life



I married Clara Jane Rasicot on May 4, 1903 at the home of her parents in Anaconda, Montana. The following day on May 5th, we left for Salt Lake City and arrived there on the morning of the 6th. We went immediately to the temple and the temple ceremony was performed. We were gone on our honeymoon, spending it in Salt Lake and Odgen for about a week.

I had rented the Dr. Shoemaker house on South Capital Ave and also bought the furnishings from Dr. Shoemaker. As it was ready for us to move in, we went there immediately upon our arrival and started housekeeping. We lived in this home about 14 months and it was in this house that our first child, Opal, was born.

In the summer of 1904, I built a house (four rooms) on the lot adjoining my mother's home at 1055 Canal Ave. We added to this house from time to time as our family increased until we had five rooms downstairs and three upstairs.



*George Brunt in front of his store
1904*