

## THELMA LINCK'S HISTORY

I'm Thelma Linck, the youngest of the family. Today I've made resolution to write a history. When Barbara called and asked me to write a history I figured that I just didn't have any history. I thought I had no accomplishments, but after reflection I've decided that I do have. I'm very proud of my daughters and my grandchildren, part of my accomplishments. I am working hard to help to raise them.

Today I want to pay tribute to my brothers and sisters. Never knowing my father, I grew up depending on these brothers. It didn't take long for me to find out how I could get my spending money and I always seemed to have more than the other gals I went around with. Then my sister Cordie, she was the oldest one of the family, 20 years older than I, lived in part of our house for a while, then built a home on the same lot so we were raised together. I was the last of one family and the first of another because my oldest nephew was just one year younger than I. I have been informed by Bernice that at times I was quite bossy with them, that comes from being the oldest; the youngest, I was probably spoiled.

I want to mention my sister. I can't remember ever having a dress that my mother made (in those days they had to sew all of their clothes). She didn't like to sew but my sister made all my clothes. I was one of the best dressed gals because of it. I am very appreciative because their house was always my home.

My brothers were exceptionally good to me. I think I had some of the best brothers that ever came into this world. The oldest was Uncle Levi. I made my mother ask him if when she died, he would make a home for me. I'm telling you, I couldn't have been treated any more like his own daughter than his own. A lot of honor and praise also goes to his wife Ethel. She came into the family when I was only six years old. She seemed like a sister, and I always loved her. We never had any arguments. She was just super.

I lived with Uncle Len and Aunt Joan in Salt Lake. They were interested in everything I did. After I got married, they were still interested in how we were getting along. To sum it up, they were just super.

Of course Senor moved away to the Basin and I didn't get to see him so much when I was younger, but I was happy when Bill and I moved to the Basin.

Sometimes people thought we were a clannish family. I don't know if that was so, but if we were, it was a good way to be. We always enjoyed being together. We enjoyed any family thing that we could get drummed up.

Vern and I were the two youngest. I don't know what to say about you, Vern. You were always good to me and we didn't quarrel, (Vern says try not to be too honest, everyone laughed.)

Uncle Nel was really super. He was a little more serious than some of the rest in the family. Mother and I moved to Salt Lake when he went to college. We just moved there for two years. He was very helpful to me with my schoolwork. He encouraged me. I don't think I was ever a very good scholar. I went home in the Spring when I was in the eighth grade, as Mother had to go home to raise a garden. We went right after conference. I worried when I went home for fear that I wouldn't graduate from the eighth grade, so I went to the principal to show him my report card. I told him how worried I was. He said that with this report card you don't have to worry at all; you'll graduate right now. I felt real encouraged, but a lot of the credit goes to the teacher I had for those two years in Salt Lake.

I also want to pay tribute to all my sisters-in-law. You know they say we find our own kind. My super brothers picked out super wives. Every one of them have just been really, really good sisters-in-law.

I had a wonderful husband. Bill used to accuse me of being a docile Dane. This was true in the way our life was together. Bill was quick tempered. When an argument developed, I knew enough to back down. It didn't last long. Bill wouldn't apologize but he would certainly let me know in many ways that he was sorry. Some of the time I was wrong too. I'd get my say after the argument was all over. I guess that's why he called me the docile Dane.

I want to say a few words about the Danes. I want all you nieces and nephews to realize that you're 50% Danish descent. I want you to be proud of it. Tell your children on down the line that they still have a little Danish blood in them. Do you ever hear of the Danes causing any trouble in the world?

His name was Sern Boast. Now, that was probably his nickname. Everybody has one. I knew he had three or four wives. One day he appeared at our place after the death of one of these wives. I suspected his reason for coming. I don't think he ever courted any of the wives. He didn't have time. He would just ask them to get married. Boast wanted mother to do some sewing. Mother was always active in the Relief Society. I guess he thought that was a good excuse to talk to my mother. He hadn't any more than asked her to do the sewing until I spoke up that she was too busy. "She's got a big family, and she hasn't time for anything like that." Neldon was in the next room studying. I went and said to him, "Old Sern Boast is down here and I know why he has come. I don't like it." "Oh you're dreamin.' That's not the case, not the truth." I said, "Well, I think it is." I went back in to the room and got my broom and started to sweep. Mother told me after "I thought I would about die laughing when you got over by him. I thought you were going to knock him right off the chair."

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I went right on sweeping. They talked some more about the sewing he wanted done, and I spoke up and said, "Well now, listen, if she does sew for you, you don't need to come for it. I'll return it." Nel came out of the room afterward and we talked about it. Mother said, "Oh yes, that's what he had in mind. He approached me after one of his other wives had died." Then Nel was ready to go and do something about it.