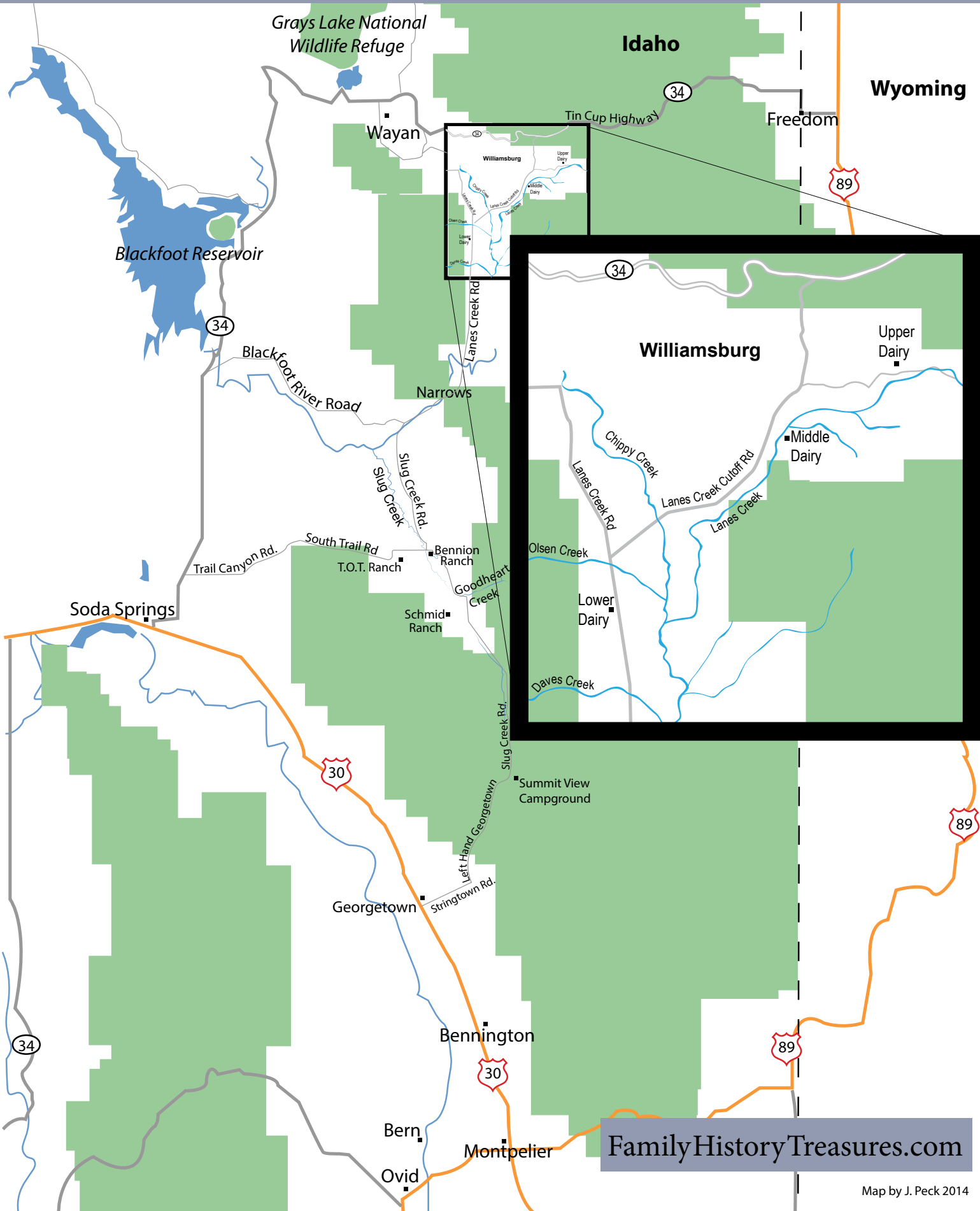


Williamsburg Remembered

by Dorothy Kunz Dearden



Williamsburg Remembered



*A Precious Family History
and
Special Memories
of my dear Uncle Dan*

by Dorothy K. Dearden

*edited by Joyce Lee Kunz "Joy" Peck
and Janet Sprouse Budge*

**Compiled by
Dorothy Kunz Dearden
from visits with
Dan and Ellen Kunz
& Merlyn Kunz Jensen
July 1997
at
Williamsburg, Idaho
Our ancestral home**

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**Dan Eugene Kunz
(1916-2001)**



Merilee Dearden - Dan Kunz - Dorothy K. Dearden - Ellen Kunz
Picture taken July 1997 in Pocatello, Idaho

Thank you so much Uncle Dan! I love you!

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John William “Johnny” Kunz IV
& Mary Schmid Wedding Photo



Family of John William “Johnny” Kunz IV and Mary Schmid probably taken in 1914 after the passing of baby Bernice Kunz

Top row left to right:

Rhoda Lavina Kunz [Clark] (1901-1976)
Rulon Seldon “Dude” Kunz (1903-1966)
John Schmid “John S.” Kunz (1899-1977)
Ireva Amilia “Dolly” Kunz [Mattson] (1904-1977)
Amy Matilda “Mamie” Kunz [Kunz] (1897-1980)

Bottom row:

John William “Johnny” Kunz IV (1869-1945)
Denzil Aroit Kunz (1909-1993)
Vera Evangeline Kunz [Pugmire Knutti] (1911-2001)
Delphin Karl Kunz (1907-1927)
Mary Schmid Kunz (1873-1920)

Family members not pictured:

Fiametta Mary Kunz (1895-1912)
Bernice Kunz (1913-1914)
Dan Eugene Kunz (1916-2001)
Melvin Kunz (1920-1920)

WILLIAMSBURG REMEMBERED

The following stories were transcribed from audio tapes recorded during my visits with Uncle Dan and Aunt Ellen Kunz on July 22 and July 29, 1997.
(Aunt Merlyn Kunz Jensen was also with us on the 29th.)

To Williamsburg Every Spring

Williamsburg is 60 miles north of Bern; and you know where Soda Springs is, it's 30 miles going through the mountains to Williamsburg. The way we used to go is we would trail cattle from up at Bloomington, and gather around 400 head of cattle, and in those days there would be 100 milk cows. Then we'd bring them up from Bloomington, Paris, and St. Charles to Bern.

While my father and one or two of us boys would be gathering them up, the rest of the family would be loading wagons pulled by horses. They would load everything that we owned in those wagons and buggies. Because we didn't have sleeping bags and them things in those days, the buggy would usually be full of—you'd have quilts, and heavy quilts, and canvases, and things like that. Then they'd load pigs in the wagons, and they'd have a cage in the bottom of the wagon and a cage on the top that was a net wire, and they'd put the chicken in there. We'd have about 5 to 6 wagons, 3 to 4 at the least—and then a buggy, and they'd start out.

The men would be trailing these cattle and we'd leave Bern early in the morning, and we'd trail them down along the railroad track toward Georgetown. We'd stop and go up Georgetown canyon. Up and around the turn there was a big corral, and down through the corral, there was a creek, so they'd have water. We'd get there about dusk, in the middle of May, and put the cattle in. Then the big job was unhooking horses, and making camp for the night, just out on the flat ground. We built a fire to cook on.

The next day, we'd go from that camp in Georgetown over the Georgetown Canyon Divide and drop down into Slug Creek, a little, very fertile valley, high mountains on each side, and narrow with a spring like a small river and a lot of willows along the sides, clear out. We'd trail along there out past where you come to Slug Creek.

Mary's Parents lived at Slug Creek

Now Slug Creek has a history point in it. That's where my grandparents, the Schmid family, my mother's father and mother, my Grandma and Grandpa Schmid, after they came from Switzerland, bought a ranch out there in Slug Creek, the Schmid Ranch. There's still parts of it there, after all these years. It's hard to recognize it now. Then we'd drive the cattle down to that area, the wagons and all in that area.

There is a long lane and if it wasn't snowing or raining, a couple of them would go tend the cattle and stop them so they would graze in that lane overnight. That's where we'd stay the second night. But, if it was snowing—there's a ranch with a big, big barn, it was the Bennion Ranch—they would let us put the cattle in a small field and then we could pull the wagons right in that big barn, and we'd sleep in the loft overnight. It wasn't fun. It was cold, a barn full of rats. Your father [DeVirl Alvin "Bud" Kunz (1918-1993)], he'd recognize it there.

But then the next day we would go up through the narrows out to Williamsburg area. That trip is just 60 miles, so we was traveling approximately 20 miles a day trailing the cattle, taking the wagons and that. I rode a horse all the time.

Johnny Kunz Family Made Cheese at Williamsburg from 1895-1927

We'd make cheese up there all summer. They did that from about 1895. My father and mother was married in 1894, and then just exactly a year and a day after they were married, their first child was born. They dairied out there until 1927. They were there only during the summer because during the winter the snow was way deep. There was only one I knew of that wintered out there. It was Ernest Jonely. He was a relative.

It's a big place; you won't believe when I show it to you, how big an area it was. What they did was homesteaded out there, all the kids, so they would accumulate a lot of land. They sold in 1927; prices was not good. After that, Leon Swensen, the man that bought it, didn't have enough cattle to stock the land, so he would hire. I don't remember receiving any money for it, but we did it—gathered up a bunch of cattle, maybe 200 to 300 head of cattle in that area, just cattle, no milk cows because he didn't dairy—and took them out there and trailed them. With that many cattle, Leon Swensen would then bring one or two herds of sheep in there, and that was all; for the most part on his land.

Bud trailed the cattle once in 1930

After we sold the ranch in 1927: One time, when Bud was having trouble with his asthma and couldn't work around his place he'd come and stay out to our place, and be with me. This one time was in the spring in the year. Leon Swensen would hire us—I think Bud only went one trip. Well, we left. (It was a big thing in his life as you'll see.) We trailed the cattle along the railroad tracks, and he was riding Old Seal. I borrowed a horse for me. As we went along the tracks, the train come along. The cattle had never seen a train, and they stampeded. This was really something to Bud. I'd had stampedes before. But of course, the cattle just broke up from the bunch and went up over the

hill, and you had to ride like crazy around and then bring them back and circle them back down. Well that was quite an experience for Bud. It was about 1930. I'd have been 16,— Bud about 12 to 14 years old. I was born in '16, Bud in '18.

We then went to Georgetown and trailed the cattle up to the corral, and put them in the corral, and rode back to Rhoda's place in Georgetown. She, of course, fed us and put us to bed, and got us up way early in the morning, fed us a big breakfast, and packed us a lunch. We had no nothing to take with us. What did they call it when missionaries go without? Without purse nor script. We had no food nor money either. But we then went up and rode with a big lunch tied in the back of our saddles, and we trailed the cattle, went up, let them out, and trailed them over the Georgetown canyon, and down. (You wonder how I can remember this, but it's quite a thing in your mind.) And we went down over the mountain, and it started raining; and it was cold, almost snow, and it just rained steadily all afternoon.

We got out to this Bennion ranch, and of course there wouldn't have been anything there, nothing to eat. We could have took them around to the Austin Ranch, another 4-5 miles, but at that time of day in a rainstorm, we was thankful to see a range rider. He let us two drowned rats put the cattle in the V-shaped pasture he had there and took us in. I don't recall what we had, but his cabin was cold, and we were cold. It's in the Blue Book of Bud's. We was cold, and he says he slept with Don Hunter, the rider. I always thought I slept with him, and Bud slept in the other place.

Anyhow, we shook like dogs, and laid there all night. It's a wonder we didn't die, but you thrive on things like this. He got us up the next morning, and gave us some kind of a breakfast. We left there with a little left-over lunch Rhoda gave us, and we then trailed

them on up to Williamsburg to Swensens, and stayed overnight at the old dairy. We then rode the horses back the next day clear back to Bern.

Cleaned the home before entering

In the Spring, when they would go out to the dairy, they couldn't just move in. During the winter, there were trappers that would go through the house, Ireva told me. They'd go through the river, and they'd take their horses in the house too. So, the house wasn't clean. My family couldn't unload immediately when they'd get there. They first had to go in and scrub the floors with lye water to clean it up so they could go in. Every spring they had to clean it all out.

You can't even imagine milking 100 to 110 cows. Then they'd cheese. We did that until I came here to Pocatello to go to school. The second year I went to school, Denzil rented the road from the Swensens out there, and I went home from school and helped him trail the cattle out to Williamsburg. Then I worked on the ranch at home during the summer, and I'd help trail the cattle back.

Cows to high elevations in Spring

The sweet grass makes better cheese

The reason why they didn't stay in Bern during the summer to dairy: Do you know the story about the Swiss people? They took their dairy cows where they make the best cheese. They still do. We saw them bring the cows off the hill in the Alps. During three months of their summer, they take them to the tops of the mountains because the grass is the right kind of grass to make the best cheese. They go there for the altitude. It's a different type of grass; you get a good full cream cheese. I could go on talking for an hour about it. The reason the original people went out to Williamsburg was because the Swiss people go up into the Alps for the summer 60 to 90 days a year. That's the only time they make cheese, because of the texture of the grass makes it a much better

cheese. When we went to Switzerland and went up on the Alps where they took us to see the place where they milked the cows, and made the cheese, why that cheese was so good. They go to a certain area up onto the Alps in a high area.

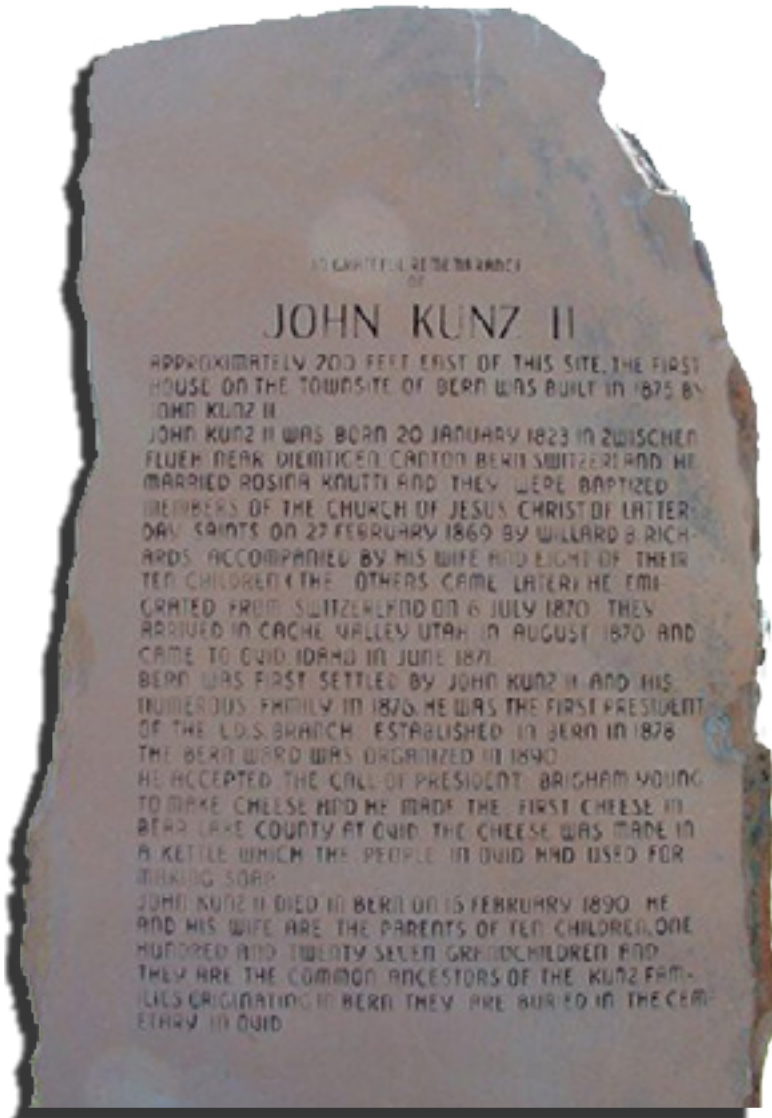
They don't make cheese the rest of the year. It's a high enough elevation, and lush grass. The milk from hay isn't as good for cheese. At the end of the milking season, they have a big celebration, and all the dairy farmers would trail the cows down in different types of dress designating what areas of Switzerland they were from. They take their 3 legged stool, and most of those cows have horns. They'd set that stool upside down and tie it onto the horns, and put flowers on it, and that's the way the cows come down off the Alps.

How we chose Williamsburg

We don't know how the family first found Williamsburg. There was Sam Kunz [1851-1927] who was a born trapper. He was a brother to my grandfather. He may have found the area while he was trapping, I truly don't know why they went to Williamsburg, other than that they heard it was like the higher ground like in Switzerland, good dairy country. The church leaders sent my Grandpa Kunz's father [John Kunz II (1823-1890)] to Bern, there's a plaque [monument] in Bern.

Kunz Family went to Bear Lake

After the Kunz family crossed the ocean, they landed in New York, and went to the Bear Lake area. There were trains to Ogden. My father was born in 1869, so it would have been in 1872 or '73 when they came. They were living in the Ovid area at that time. The story goes that Apostle Rich [1809-1883] was the one who came here. He had brought two or three milk cows behind their wagons. They saw a little boy out in the field holding on to a rope, and the other end of the rope was tied to a bull. The boy was holding the rope so the animal could graze. When Apostle Rich got to my grandfather, he said, "We just passed this



In Grateful Remembrance of John Kunz II Approximately 200 feet east of this site, the first house on the townsite of Bern was built in 1875 by John Kunz II. John Kunz II was born 20 January 1823 in Zwischenflueh near Diemtigen, Canton Bern, Switzerland. He married Rosina Knutti and they were baptized members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on 27 February 1869 by Willard B. Richards. Accompanied by his wife and eight of their ten children (the others came later) he emigrated from Switzerland on 6 July 1870. They arrived in Cache Valley, Utah in August 1870 and came to Ovid, Idaho in June 1871. Bern was first settled by John Kunz II and his numerous family in 1876. He was the first president of the LDS Branch established in Bern in 1878. The Bern Ward was organized in 1890. He accepted the call of President Brigham Young to make cheese and he made the first cheese in Bear Lake County at Ovid. The cheese was made in a kettle which the people in Ovid had used for making soap. JohnKunz II died in Bern on 16 February 1890. He and his wife are the parents of ten children, one hundred and twenty seven grandchildren and they are the common ancestors of the Kunz families originating in Bern. They are buried in the cemetery in Ovid.

down the road—who's child is that?" and he had to say, "He's mine". (It was Dan) And Apostle Rich chastised him and said it wasn't a good practice to tie a little boy at the end of the rope with a bull at the other end of the rope. Children had to work from the time they were little.

**Don't tie a little boy
at the end of the rope
with a bull
at the other end of the rope**

There are huckleberries. They'd make wine from them, and jam. But, not in our home. There were some that did, Aunt Annie and Uncle Will. We used to get chokecherries.

They homesteaded in Williamsburg. My grandfather, John Kunz III, and his brothers Robert [1862-1956], Sam [1851-1927], and David [1855-1916] all went up there and homesteaded. They didn't call it homesteading in those days, and I can't recall just what or how they did. But they'd go in and establish a plot of ground, and they were allowed a certain amount of land, (I don't know how many rods around that piece of land), and they'd own that piece of ground after they'd gone through a year. It was very easy to do that in those days, because it was wide open country out there. They all went out and they all took one of those things they put in the homestead. There's a Daves Canyon, where Dave was, and Sam went up where my father is. Grandpa, of course, went up on to the upper area, and that's where he plotted his plot. Dave was up there for quite a while because he established a saw mill.

Then one other brother went up to where the Middle Dairy is, maybe it was Sam up there. But the story goes that they got tired of it and Uncle Will [1865-1952] gave whoever had his plot (where the Middle Dairy was),

a saddle horse and a saddle, and traded that for his ground. My father then went to Sam, I think, by the Lower Dairy, and traded a saddle and horse for that piece of ground; and that's how they got it. Then Grandpa kept the Upper Dairy, and Uncle Will the Middle Dairy, and Uncle Johnny, my father, the Lower Dairy. Other homesteads were Alvin and Amy, John S., Rhoda and LeGrand. Rulon got a homestead in Bern.

Mom died when Dan was 3 years old

Mom [Mary Schmid Kunz (1873-1920)] died when I was 3½ years old, and I don't remember her at all. But I know my dad real well. I slept with him till I came down here to go to school in 1936. He died two to three years after we were married. Linda was Grandpa's "girlie."

- Aunt Vera is 86.
- I'll be 81 in a few days.
- Bernice was the baby that died between us.

These two babies that were buried up there, had names, there's a little marker. They were long before I was born.

Indians used to come through, and I was scared to death of them, yes. They used to come through in wagons, but they were very friendly. I wasn't a very big boy when we left out there, but I had experiences that a 20 year-old kid wouldn't do today. I went back and worked there in the summer.

Bud had asthma

Bud and I grew up together. We had a lot of things in common. It was hard for Bud because he couldn't milk, and do those things. He used to like to come to our place, and I can remember him sitting on those old chairs, sit backwards on them and lean his head over when he was having trouble with asthma. John S. herded sheep just east of the Williamsburg places up in Boulder Canyon up by Diamond Flat right next to Freedom, Wyoming. Just over the hill was Freedom. But it was up in real high, high country, and one summer, your dad moved John S.'s camp,

or was the second man up there all summer, in herding his sheep. John S. then got sick during the summer, and they sent me out to herd the sheep, and Bud was the camp jack. Well, we were pretty lonesome, and I was very lost because I had never herded sheep. I was worried to death that we would lose them, that we'd get in the wrong place. Bud done the cooking, and took care of the camp.

We were in these tents, not a sheep camp. The sheep camp was down a ways away down in the canyon. We then was out there; of course there was not communications. John said he would be back sometime. I think it was about a week later that Bud and I began to get real concerned. We would go down to the sheep camp because that is where he was supposed to meet us, and then I would go back home with whoever brought him. He would go back with Bud back to the sheep. Well, we went down there one or two or three days, and we didn't want to give up because he was surely coming. After we got the sheep shaded down in the morning then we'd ride down to where the camp was. We'd sit there, and of course, like young kids, we got hungry, and we'd hunt for food in the sheep camp. There was nothing in the camp other than strawberry jam, and you can imagine eating strawberry jam, and nothing else. It soon gets pretty sweet, and that's what we did. No bread, no nothing. We felt we had to eat it once we opened it.

**I still get "sweet from jam"
so I can't stand it.**

We'd wait there for John to come till we knew we darn well had to get back to the sheep. Then we'd go back and herd another day, until finally he'd come. I still get sweet from jam once in a while, so I can't stand it.

Sheep are the darnedest thing to herd. They just wander. Just ride a big herd, and

hope you've got them all. There were so many blacks in each herd, and when you'd bring them down a hill, a steep hill, as you'd circle them, and start to bed them down, you had to have them close to keep them from coyotes. I never knew if we had them all or not. But, we'd try to count the black, because we knew if we had all the black, we'd have all the whites. They follow each other very much so.

Cake with Shag Nasty

My father had hired a man to herd sheep. Denzil and I would go by his camp, and we was told to stop and see how he was doing, as we went up to Diamond Flat to check the cattle. So we stopped, and he was a "Shag Nasty"—a long beard (and it wasn't as clean as it could be), and everything, and so we stopped. Of course he was lonesome, and we wouldn't get off our horse. We was standing in front of the camp, and he was in the door talking to us, and he said, "Oh, I made a cake today, are you hungry?" And being the young 9 year-old boy, hungry, I said, "Yes!" And Denzil was kicking me trying to get me to be quiet. But we did get some of Shag Nasty's cake.

The Process of Making Cheese

This dairy that I took the doors off from, there was a deal over the top of a little spring that started up above it, about 100 yards above it. And ice cold, clear, good water. That run underneath the dairy, and of course you need cold water to cool milk. It run in to and under the milk, and the vats for the dairy was a very heavy wood frame. It was about 3 feet from the floor, and all the way underneath that was two layers of tin, I think. There was a place for two tubes. The outside was about two foot, and that was tin, and on a stand. Down the middle of that was another piece of tin, and run the full length of that vat. Maybe that's wrong. This tin was just one piece of tin, and it was fastened on - it laid across, inside of the wood frame. It was a tin vat. It was nailed on a frame. Then this shiny good tin that filled

that whole vat, was about two feet deep and long. They could just about reach over it when they would stir the curd.

But that milk - they'd milk at night, put that milk in there and then they'd run water into under that vat. The vat sit down in water, that metal, and they'd put the milk in it, and run cold water through that to cool the milk at night—not through the milk, but between the two vats. The water was piped through those wood pipes that would come into the side of the building and fill it full of cold water.

They'd get the morning milk, and strain it into the night's milk until they got that vat, milking 100 cows, almost full. In the morning to start the thing off, they'd have to build a fire in that round thing, and somehow or another there was ventilation so it would heat that water. They had to get it warm enough so the milk would get to a certain temperature and then at that time they would put what they called the rennet and the coloring in that milk, and stir it up with wood paddles. They could use that until the rennet would set the milk up, so the milk was like jello.

In the morning, after the milk had set up and got solid, they would cut the milk, taking the knives and carefully going along with the one knife one way, and then someone would come right behind, and cut the same area with the other knife, and that made the little squares of curd. They had two knives, wide, square, oblong, with wires going up through and on the other one, the wires went the other way to use for cutting the cheese. Your grandparents [Alvin (1888-1978) and Amy Kunz (1897-1980)] used that very same system for years after that. The knives and vats might be in the museum.

Back to the curd. They cut the cheese into curd, and it's got to be heated. It's like jello. They had to do it at a certain time after it was set, and get the proper coloring. After it began to firm up, they couldn't use wooden paddles in it because it would break it. The only thing

they could do was roll their sleeves up and get their arms in there very carefully and stir it and see that the little curds were all broken. That took a little while, and after that they would start to firm up. When it got to a certain stage, they would heat a rod of steel in the fire under there. They would take just a little bunch of curd about the size of your finger, that would stick together, and they would take that hot iron, and hold the cheese against that. It would melt - that's a cream cheese. It would melt and stretch just right. (You couldn't do that with the cheese you buy today)

**Get their arms in there and stir it
and see that the little curds
were all broken**

They knew just when it was through processing. I was too young to know, but I watched your grandma make cheese. They'd get it to that firm stage. And next to this big vat, they had another wooden vat with a board bottom in it. It was built up so there were little flats nailed across (1x1's). The exact size of that left a space where we would put a big piece of cheese cloth, and cover that whole thing, and dip those curds out of the big vat and pour them over on to this little vat on to those boards. We would drain the whey out of it, and stir it. Then they could use those little rakes to move them back and forth to drain them completely. They would have to put the salt in during the draining process. Then they would take the cheese and put it into the frames and fill it full of curds, and put the end of the cheese cloth over, and put the wood top that just fit over the press. (It was called a cheese press.) They'd put it under the press and slowly, slowly press it down tight and leave it there all over night. It was afternoon by the time it got to this. And they'd leave it in the presses.

They'd make big pieces and little pieces and leave them, and late at night tighten them down till they knew it was ready. They'd press it, and the next morning, it would be firm, and they'd haul them up the drying room, and set it on the shelves, and left there to age for months. (The presses were out in the old dairy in Williamsburg, I don't know where they are now. They would be priceless. The presses are around somewhere.)

After the cheese had sat on the shelves for 3 or 4 days or a week in the drying room, first of all they'd put a whole bunch of cheese wax, and melt it, put a fire under it in a boiler big enough to take wire strings and put around. Then they'd take those cheeses that had sat on the shelves, and dip them, put them in that wax. They'd be waxed all over the outside, and had to be turned as the cheese cured. It would

get gas in it. About once a week you'd have to take a darning needle and go in there and carefully let the gas out.

The Door Off the Lower Dairy

We have the door off the dairy in our garage. I know we weren't supposed to take it. When I was working at Block's all those many years, Dr. Kackley was a good man, and he thought the world of my father. Then Dr. Kackley died, and so did my father while I was working in Block's. Young Dr. Kackley came in to see the Block's, and I was introduced to him. He told me he had built a summer home up on Chippy Creek, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from where our old place was up to the north. He said, "I'm up in the pine trees," and I told him about that being home to me.

One year, I told him about the dairy and the doors on there with initials going back



The Door from the Lower Dairy with all the Family Members' Initials



Work Like Helen Bee Happy

to 1895. I said, "I would love to have those initials and he kinda laughed, and said, "Yeah, I bet you would!"

The next year, when he come in the store, he said, "Dan, I think you ought to just go take those doors." And I said, "Well, Dr. Kackley, I already have." We went out there one day, and pulled the sidings off the door, and we pulled the door, and tucked it in our suburban, and brought it back to Pocatello, and it's in the garage.

We got the old door out of the garage to look at it. That's an old door. My plan was to have it finished and then put it on a door downstairs.

- Here's your grandmothers initials - AMK.
 - HS Kunz [Hyrum Smith Kunz]. All the people that were working at the farm.
 - "Work Like Helen Bee Happy" This is different. Helen Bee was a girl they hired to milk cows out there.
 - JH Aug. 8, 1912.
 - Mine DK. Don't remember doing that.
- It was before they were married because these

are Ireva Kunz, and Rhoda Lavina.

- This is Delphin K. Kunz died in 1927.
- This is DA Kunz your dad.
- Rex was someone who worked for us.
- RUBE? MT? Tingey boys maybe. They'd come from Grays Lake on Saturday night on horses, girls and boys, and ride up through the mountains up to Freedom and dance and ride the horse back after and be sure they got back in time to milk.
- GK - George Knutti worked for us out there for years. BT? HZ? EL? 1922? 1932 is probably a rider from out there after we sold the place.
- VEK - Vera Evangeline Kunz.
- VES Verona E. Schmid. They would be about the same age.
- IK? Ireva?
- Rube in 37 was a rider out there.
- JSK my brother - this was his brand he made up here.

This is a very short door. Grandpa Kunz was a short man. What they had under this, you have to know that the dairy was built here,

and inside was the vat, and the stream run underneath.

In front of this door was a wooden platform, about 6x6 or bigger that was over the top of the stream, and as that whey run out of the curd, it was caught in buckets and carried out and put in barrels out in front of the dairy, and then fed to the pigs. And that was their diet. There was a building out there with harnesses in it, but it burned down, and we worried the same thing would happen to this door if we didn't get it.

There's also pipe. When Irena died, Mike brought me this drill which was used with a special long, extension bit. They could go straight in and drill the pipes for the dairy. He had so many different tools. That pipe they'd made out of logs, drilled a hole through to run water through the dairy.

Dan's First Pony

I'll tell you about my first horse. When I was 5 or 6 years old, my father went to gather the cattle like I told you in Paris. He was going down with the little black horse—you'd call it a Welsh pony now, but he was just a plain horse. The horse was so poor that my father told the man who was selling horses, "I haven't any money, but I'll bring you a young American this fall." (A young American is a small, small cheese.) The man said, "Well go ahead and take him." So he brought him home, and they found a little, small saddle, and that was my first horse. I'm not sure what happened to him.

My father then gave me a young horse. He always had a lot of horses. When they got to breaking her, she had the bad habit of going over backwards; they thought that would be too dangerous for me to ride, so they waited on letting me ride her.

Unbeknownst to me, there was a train load of Indian ponies came through Montpelier (and I don't know where their destination was). They came through Montpelier and word got out that if anybody had any kind of

horse, they could bring it over and trade their horse for one of these Indian ponies. So, my father took my little horse, and another one to Montpelier and come back with a black and white horse, and she was a pinto. She had one with what we used to call a glass eye, but one eye was white and the other one was a regular color. That was the horse that he gave me. And then there was a bay and white that he took over and gave to Alvin and Amy and their boys, and they had that horse for, oh goodness! They raised a colt and had him till I'm sure you had a ride on him.

Paint? That was it, that was the colt they raised. That was when we were still out in Williamsburg, so it would have had to have been 1925-26. That was when they got the original Paint, and I got my horse. The story of this pinto mare of mine, was that she was very showy, and she was really full of it when my brother started to breaking her. We got her going good when we moved out to Williamsburg. But I couldn't ride her because she wasn't broke yet. We took her out there and they started using her to fix the fences.

Dude Teased Newell

The hired man, Newell Clark decided because she was a good horse he would take her to the riding herd. They finished their day, and coming in he was riding her bareback. When they come in, Dude come ahead.

[Often] there were people that would come up there. My father and the girls would feed them, and then they'd watch milkings and so on. My father would have them up in the drying room to taste the cheese. They'd come up and fish on Lanes Creek.

[So, this one time,] there were 3 or 4 cars, and when Dude come ahead, he saw Newell riding down the road on the mare carrying a shovel and tools. So, when Newell came through the cars, Dude jumped out. Dude was a tease. Newell was very dedicated to his cars, because that was something that happened. The horse threw Newell off, and he was a very

good horseman and got his feelings hurt. He got very angry and said he was going to quit and went to the bunk house and was gonna head out. My father and Dude apologized. My father talked him in to staying. And that's the story of my little mare.

The only way I could get on her of course was using the string to pull myself up. I had to take her and ride her with the halter and go over by a fence post and tie her up and then I could pull myself up and on her and I rode her that way all summer. I'd bring cows in the morning, and be out in the horses in the afternoon. I'd take the cows out after the milking, and do the other chores, the calves and so on. I rode her all the time. She began to know that she'd been ridden, because I truly rode a lot, so my father, before he went to Soda to get supplies, said I should ride another horse and turn her out.

Poison Weed

There is one story before that. When they brought the sheep out that spring, we put them out on the meadow that night. They got into some poison weed, and lost $\frac{3}{4}$ of the herd. I went out that day to do something and I had a coat on because it was early in the morning and I wanted to take that coat off. Of course, I never got off that horse when I was away from home, but somehow when I tried to tie the coat behind me on the saddle, the coat fell, and I rode away from it. I knew I'd be in bad trouble if I came home without my coat, so I finally got off from her and picked up my coat and figured, well, I'd lead her home. When I got down, I dropped the rope to the ground. When I went back to her, the little old gal just stood there while I tried and pulled myself up, and that was the beginning of my then riding her too much.

Back to when my father told me to turn her out. She went with the band of horses, there were about 20-30-40 horses. They sent me out the next morning to pick up the horses and bring them back to the corral. I went out

this one morning. My father was gone. My mare wasn't there, and I knew I had to get the horses in. I took them in, and as soon as I got them corralled, I headed back out. Rode out onto what we called the Sand hill. I saw my pinto mare standing up on the knoll, with her head dropped down, so I drove her in. She had been poisoned with the poison weeds out there. She was the unlucky one. I brought her in and we doctored her all day long. She just wouldn't respond. My father wasn't there. He was the veterinarian. He wasn't a real vet, but he doctored the cows and animals of all the neighbors. He was just that kind of a guy. We'd give cows linseed oil or things that we knew how to. Give a horse medicine and a lot of times they'd run a tube down through their stomach.

The next morning, there was my little horse dead, and I was heartbroken.

There was my little horse dead.

Denzil said he would help me skin her, because pinto hides were worth a lot. So we went down and skinned her, and underneath her hide there was blood. You have to remember I was a little boy with no mother, and my big brothers and sisters would tease me. I'd always rode her with a big birch, that's a braided whip that I'd put it on my wrist to move her along. They told me that I'd whipped her so much that it caused that blood to be underneath her skin, and that broke my heart too. But it wasn't true. I shed many tears about that little horse. That was my first pony.

Bud rode their Paint for many years. His mother was a pinto mare. She would have been a couple years old in 1926 and a colt from her would have been old in 1960. Horses only lived about 20 years if everything went well. Your Grandma and Grandpa Kunz had a homestead up in Williamsburg. I'll show you where it was when we get there.

Polygamy/GJ Disappeared in the Fog

John [Kunz] the first stayed in Switzerland. John the second came here. My grandfather was John the third. John II and his wife are buried in Ovid. John III and his first wife, was buried there and so is Aunt Sophie, who was her sister who married John III and then raised those three children. She couldn't have children of her own. They were buried in Ovid because there was no Bern Cemetery there at that time.

Were the other 4 wives married to John at the same time? Some were married within days of each other. Why did Grandpa have polygamist wives? He was told to. When he came from Switzerland he was married to Magdalena and she died, and so he married Sophie. My father was about 3 years old. He [John Kunz III] and his brother [Gottfried Johann "GJ" Kunz (1853–1928)] started out [to the temple in Salt Lake] with two young ladies [Sophie and Magdalena Linder (1839 – 1920)] and part way the brother [GJ] chickened out, and the authorities told my grandfather to marry them both.

Johnny Kunz was a Good Horseman

[Click to hear Dan's voice](#)

My father, [John Kunz IV (1869-1945)], he was a very, very good horseman. He had a photographic memory. He would go and pick up 100 head of milk cows and a lot of them with calves and a couple hundred of the dry stock. All he'd take was a little tiny black book, and he'd write the person's name down and mention a marking on the animal. Then he'd take them out and daily milk them and summer them, and then he'd charge a dollar or two for the summer for the animals. He'd give them some of the cheese. After he'd come back in the fall he would take a look in his book, or maybe he didn't have to because he knew the people. He would be able to go and cut those cattle out and tell which was which and deliver them - he knew them. During the summer if anybody would come out there, why, he could

describe the animals to them, whether they had a white face or a white right front leg or markings like that, or a white tail. He had a memory that described a horse or anything like that.

He used to say that his word was his bond, his handshake. Just before the break, he borrowed money from the bank to buy a herd of sheep. They had foreclosed on so many of the sheepmen around because they were getting nothing for their wool or their lambs. My father went into the bank (they were getting close to him) and pled with them to give him a few more months. They finally relinquished and they said that they didn't have to do anything but take his word. He would come through or they would have his herd of sheep, and he came through. Paid them off. It meant so much to him, his word.

My father had a mustache most of his life, but I don't remember him with one. My mother was about 5'3", and he was 5'5". She was very small boned. He worked in the Mutual, and was the caller for the square dance. They'd run weekly dances held in the gym just below the Bern School. He was a little man, but he accomplished a lot. When he was born, he was a premature baby, and they'd put him on the oven door to keep him warm.

Tobacco

Everyone used tobacco. I don't know what grandpa [John Kunz III (1844-1918)] smoked. I knew he must have. When he was put in as bishop of Bern, he thought there were people more worthy than him, so he got on a horse and went to Paris and talked to Pres. Rich. Pres. Rich told him that when he reviewed this very carefully there was nobody more worthy and qualified than John Kunz; These other trivial things would be taken care of. I thought they were referring to the plug of chewing tobacco that would show when they wore their chaps, but it was Uncle August and Uncle Rob, that when I'd borrow his chaps, that you could see where that plug of tobacco had been.

Vera has one of the Prince Albert cans.

My dad smoked. Vera has one of the old Prince Albert cans. She also has his suspenders and a little knife. I have a pair of his glasses. They are priceless. They are quite strong. Dad could see good in the distance, but had a hard time reading up close. He had a large, wide nose, and a small head.



Glasses of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV

We also have Grandma's piano. It's older than Dan. Ireva played a little bit. Ireva had the piano, and they gave it to us so our kids could learn to play on it. It is downstairs. It was in the house in Bern. It's over 100 years old.

John Kunz III served a Mission back in Switzerland

John [Kunz III (1844-1918)] served a mission to Switzerland and left wives and children at home. None were married then. He was gone for 2 years, and they had to dairy out there without him.

This ring on my finger was given to me in 1932 by my sister, Vera [Kunz Pugmire Knutti]. She had just lost her husband. She was working in Montpelier in the little café, and she gave me this if I would quit smoking. It's inscribed inside. It's worn off, this was a big ring, and there was a lot of gold. But

inside you can still see "Vera To Dan, 1932". It just took me 20 years to quit. It's something. I would be so hard-headed, and I didn't wear it for several years, but I got it out several years ago, and I've worn it ever since.

My sisters, and my brothers, too, were all so good to me. I don't know what I would have been if they hadn't have all stood behind me, because I wasn't as obedient as I should be. I was the youngest living. One brother was buried with mother in 1920. I was 3½ when mother died, and this is what our Sunday School lesson was about, obedience to parents and family. I thought about the time when my mother died.

Diary of Robert Schmid Recorded the Death of Mary Schmid Kunz

Uncle Rob Schmid, her brother, has kept a diary since the time that he went on his mission. It's in the Church Archives. It's a whole book - volumes. Everything that went on in Bear Lake during those years. In that diary he told of how they sat with Mary on the night she was so bad until the next morning. The baby was born during the night, and died shortly after.

Mary Schmid Kunz had children 2 years apart until it got to Dan and Vera. Ireva said she had a child every other year and she had as many miscarriages as she had children. Poor lady, no wonder at 47 she said, "Enough!" And then think of moving your entire family in the Spring in wagons, not fancy trucks, out the 60 mile trip, and in the fall moving back. Mamie couldn't be there because she was pregnant, and my mother died from flu so she didn't dare to come. It was always a big heartache to Mamie that she couldn't be there. Amy Matilda couldn't go to the funerals of either of her parents. Her mother because of the flu epidemic, and Grandma was expecting Merlyn; and her Dad died the day that Mary Lynn was born, and Grandma had to go be with Merlyn.

This is the Obituary for Mary Schmid Kunz (1873-1920)

Mary Schmid Kunz - wife of John Kunz Jr. Died [7 February 1920] in her home of influenza pneumonia after giving birth to a baby which also died. Mrs. Kunz was the daughter of Karl A. and Anna Schmid. She was born April 11, 1873 in Switzerland and immigrated to Utah in 1883 with her sister Anna. She lived with John Norton and William B. Shepherd at Paris until her parents arrived. She was married to John Kunz Jr. April 11, 1895 in the Salt Lake Temple. She is the mother of 12 children, 3 of whom preceded her, the infant being buried at the same time. The following children survived: Amy Matilda, John S., Rhoda, Rulon, Ireva, Delphin K., Denzil, Vera, and Dan. She is survived by brothers and sisters: Mrs. Anna S. Kunz, Bishop Robert Schmid, Mrs. W.J. Thornton, and August Schmid. Feb. 10 funeral services in Bern church. Dedicatory prayer by R.V. [Reuel] Kunz.



Vera Evangeline Kunz [Pugmire Knutti] (1911-2001)
Foster Merlin Kunz (1916-1981)
Alvin Nephi Kunz (1888-1978)
Amy Matilda "Mamie" Kunz Kunz (1897-1980)
c 1917



Bernice Kunz
24 July 1913 to 21 November 1914

Before my mother died, they tell me that she had my sisters put me on her breast and then she told the girls to take care of me. And they did. And they assumed their responsibility just like they had been told to do.

I never lived with Mamie, but I had my meals every day that I went to school. I'd ride my horse from our place to their place or to the school. I'd go home with Foster and Bud to their home for lunch, and then when I went to high school, Mamie had my lunch and I'd get on the bus right in front of their place, and I always had my lunch. Then after everyone married and left, Father and I was batching; why, we had many, many meals there, and the last year, we'd have breakfast there.



*John Schmid Kunz passport photo.
He served a mission in Switzerland
from 1924-1926*

John S. was very quiet, very reserved, and when he said something, it usually amounted to something. He was very intelligent, very reserved. John S. was an electrician at Monsanto in Soda. During the war, he went to San Diego, and went into the shipyards there and learned to be an electrician. I never felt as close to John as I did to Rulon.

Bernice died from flu, diarrhea. Aunt Vera has the picture of Bernice in the flowers after she died. There's only one living picture of her.

Aunt Vera would also be at Williamsburg. She always had that deal where her toes would come down first, polio. She got that when she was about 7 years old. I don't think she ever milked like Ireva, and Mamie, and

the others, but she would be in the house to wash dishes, and do things like that. And the kids, I remember saying that she had the job of tending children. It was a hard life. We didn't realize. It was work, it was just part of life; we didn't know how hard it was. I don't remember my mother, but I can remember my sisters helping me with things. It was Ireva called me "Boog" or "Boogie". I was a Boogie Man. That I carried as long as she lived. I lived with them for 7 years while I went to school. I always wanted "Revey," and nobody else. They were so good to me, and looked out for me, when I should have my rear end kicked many times.

Through the Barbed Wire

There's the time that I was about 12 years old, my father brought home a new horse, and of course I had to go take something over to Mamie's and Alvin's, so I rode this new horse. I didn't put a saddle on it. I rode over the hill, and down over in front of the house, and they didn't come right out, so I sat there on the horse. In a minute, Mamie came trotting out of the house, and she had an apple in her hand. She took what I had, and gave me the apple. I didn't have a bridle on the horse, I had a hackamore, or a halter, and I started back.

The main thing was to eat that apple, so I just dropped the rope over his shoulders. I was used to riding, and I started eating my apple. Started out on a walk, that was fine with me, and then he finally got on a little trot. Then I don't know what started it, but he started to run, and I picked up the reins to slow him up, but he didn't slow. So we come down over the hill, you know the gate that goes up to the little house, and right next to that the lane that went up to Uncle Will's.

I tried to hold him straight, but he knew where he was going. And he missed our gate, and went up to Uncle Will's, and just as he turned, and went, I left him; I flew off the horse, and Denzil was standing on the porch

and saw us coming. He says I straightened out like a board, and you won't believe this, but I went between 2 barbed wires, stretched barbed wires, and I never even had a scratch, not my clothes tore or nothing. But I went between those wires. He said, "I just come off that horse, and straightened right out like that." My mom took care of me many times. Some of those times I knew she was watching over me.



The barbed wire fence in Bern through which Dan flew

I was baptized in Bear Lake, on the north shore. And Vera was baptized in Lanes Creek. Robert Kunz baptized her. Maybe my father didn't baptize her because he smoked. I don't know where the others were baptized. I was the youngest, and I remember my father and Uncle Parley took me up there and baptized me. I was eight years old. I wonder if it is written anywhere where they were baptized. There were some of them that were baptized possibly out in the Williamsburg area, those that had birthdays up there. They'd have to have been in a beaver dam.

Swimming in the Beaver Dam

Right below our house there was a beaver dam, and we'd go swim. Not so much swim, but we'd take our special horse, and start her

I flew off the horse. I went between 2 barbed wires.

across the beaver dam, and hold on to her tail, and she'd pull us across. It's by the Lower Dairy, and down south east, on Lanes Creek. That's quite a history.

Was I ever afraid of doing the things I did? There was no question. I had no fear of doing those jobs, I knew we could do it. I had never had any fear of the horse at all. I was never a bronc buster or anything like that. I always had control of the horse. Being thrown never bothered me at all; It's the mounting and dismounting a horse that's hard.

I never learned to ride a bicycle. I make an awful chop of trying to ride one. I've got two grandsons, that have both told me, "just let us know when you're ready, and we'll be here to help you get on."

I was born in Bern and my father was making cheese with the crew, and he got word sometime during the day by phone that I was born, and he had to help milk at night and saddled his horse at dusk and rode, not the road, but he cut through, I don't know where, through the mountains, hitting the road once in a while. He wouldn't make all those bends that we made. He rode through the night just to see me. I don't know if there was a doctor to deliver me. I believe it was a midwife. They didn't want to take my mother out to Williamsburg in August because she was so pregnant. Whether she went out with the move in May, and came back closer to her delivery time, I don't know. 81 years ago August first.

The house where I thought I was born was Becky [Sophia Rebecca Kunz (1892-1989)] Buhler's home in Bern; but I found out that when I was born, she wasn't married yet, so it would have had to have been up in the home where Orlando Kunz [1893-1970] lived. Right



Ella Kunz [Young Wilde] - Sophie Kunz [Bateman] - Blanche Kunz [Elledge] - Fiametta Kunz
1895-1977 1894-1969 1894-1974 1895-1912

Daughters of:

Robert & Caroline Will J. & Annie William & Mary Ann Johnny & Mary

Taken on April 1, 1911

in Bern. You go around the loop by Oneal's home and around, and you get to the top of the lane, and that's where Orlando or Reed Kunz lived. There is nobody around to ask. Uncle Robert Schmid's (he's my mother's brother) diary might have that information in it. It's in the Church archives. Born 8/1/16. My mother would have been at Mamie's. Bishop Robert Schmid: find and read his diaries. We can get copies of patriarchal blessings.

When I was about 8-9 years old, my father bought the second or third horse that I had, a little horse for me. He had a white spot on his leg. His name was Button. He had one bad habit. He'd go to leave the barn, and he would balk, and run, and go back to the barn.

My father asked where he balked, and then he said, "Okay, you go get him," He went out with a 2x4 pole, maybe not that big, and he said, "ride him up to where he balks, and I'll be up there waiting for you." As I came riding up, my father acted like he wasn't paying any attention to us, and the old horse stopped and started to turn, and at that second, my father came down with that thing between the ears, and it kinda dazed him. And the next step, my father handed me a stick about 2 feet long, and said, "Whenever he attempts to turn around or balk, just reach up and tap him between the ears." He never balked anymore. My father knew how to handle a horse. He was a great horse man.

One summer I was going to school in Pocatello, I came home, and I drove home from Pocatello and went over to Bern, and slept. I come down to help my father haul hay and do the hay. I only had a few days off. I went the next morning and I got up way, way early before he was up and about and got the team of horses, harnessed them, and I felt so sick. I was weak, and so just plain sick. I went out and hooked on the mower and made a couple of rounds around the patch when I finally, (and I had never been a good one to up-chuck), but it finally come, and I didn't know what was happening to me. I up-chucked clots of blood and even to the point (you can see how dumb, and how we lived) I picked up the clots of blood and set them on the mower tongue, and drove the team to the house and told my father. He didn't realize what was happening to me either. Your grandma had breakfast ready, and I couldn't eat, but they went ahead and ate breakfast. I went out and pumped the old pump and got cold water and splashed it on my face. After they all got through eating, Father took me into Montpelier to the doctor, and he said I was hemorrhaging bad. They took me down to Vera's place. They packed me in ice for 4 or 5 days, and it all quit, and at the end of the week, I got in my car and drove back to Pocatello. Kinda weird. It was an ulcer. I was about 22, just before I was married. I had been living hard, and working at the bank. I was maybe 23-24 years old. It is amazing that I survived that without medical treatment. They were so good to me, Vera and George. I was living with Ireva and Mike in Pocatello at the time.

Appendicitis

Fiametta, and Delphin, who died the winter after we sold Williamsburg, both died of a ruptured appendix. Delphin was the blonde one of the family. He was a very muscular, heavy fellow, very, very strong, and he and Denzil were very close in age, about 1½ years

apart, and where one went, the other went. Delphin and Denzil had gone into Ovid to bring a load of straw out, and when they come back, I can still remember they were very hungry. I don't remember if Delphin ate, but immediately after, he started getting sick. They took him to Montpelier and catch the train to Soda Springs, and there Dr. Kackley operated on him. My father watched the operation, and said when they operated on him there was peritonitis.

My father said as near as he could describe that it was colored like a rainbow trout, and it just boiled out. They had no penicillin or anything, so they sewed him up and he was a very strong, strong person, and he was

**They had no penicillin
They had nothing for pain.**



***Fiametta Kunz died at age 17 on Sept. 26, 1912
from a ruptured appendix.***

delirious, and they had to bind him to the bed, tie his arms, and Ireva and John and my father watched him go. They had nothing for pain or the surgery. They gave him gas for the surgery. He would call, "Dolly, Dolly!" (Ireva's nickname) He was about 20.

In our family it seems like any time we had sickness like Fiametta died, and Dude was operated on, and Billy Pugmire, Dude was sleeping in the sheep camp between the drying room and the house. One of the girls had a nightmare and screamed from the house and Dude, he was very protective and mindful of problems. He jumped out and had adhesions because of that for the rest of his life. I had problems in Williamsburg like that with stomach ache and I'd wake my father. All they had was castor oil or Epsom salts, and that's what they'd give me.

In Rhoda's home that was moved to the Lower Dairy, there is old furniture and an old wood box that they would put wood in. It looked forever old. We sold the place in 1927, and it was moved shortly thereafter. In 1928, that house was moved and the log house was taken down.

The old log house had one bedroom and a BIG kitchen. In the kitchen, one end was the cooking area, and it was just a board floor, and then along one wall was a table. As you come in the front door there was a wash place, a stand with a wash bowl on it, and no water, they carried their water. The wash bowl was made of granite. There was a pitcher sitting by the side to pour water in it so they could wash their face. The dining table set up so it was wide enough that there could be 2 people at each end, and along the side there could sit at least 8 on each side. I've seen that table full, practically every morning and every evening.

In one of her letters, it tells of Fiametta, who was older, and how she was a helper to my father and worked more with horses and cattle. Mamie had to stay in and do dishes, and cook, and so on.

You were given a responsibility, and you did it till you died. I was gonna tell you, too about the closeness in our family in comparison to Uncle Will's family. We lived right close together, and we dairied close together out in the summer, and then lived close in the winter. Aunt Annie knit our socks and mittens every year we'd have new warm mittens. She was so considerate of all of us. I guess it was because we had to depend on one another.

The love and the closeness is still held out throughout all our lives, and went out even to our families like your dad's family, Rhoda and LeGrand's kids and all down the line. That closeness is there. I guess we all felt responsible for one another and that's the only way they could live.

**We all felt responsible
for one another**

The responsibility my father had there of 9 living kids. When mother died, the baby was buried with her. And eight living home. The oldest one when mother died was 18. Ireva was 16. It wasn't too long after that, that Rhoda got married. She had a child in 1925. She probably got married in 1924. My father didn't remarry. I don't know why. I didn't realize the closeness that my mother and father must have and the dependency. But I learned more about that when I read the stories like [Bud and Foster's book](#). Foster asked each of us to write about our parents. He did have a lady friend at one time, but the children objected. I think he would have married her, but how cruel kids can be to their parents without even knowing it.

I graduated from high school in 1934, and stayed with my father one winter after that and then I went to school. I'd go 6 months out of the year to business college in Pocatello.

Day One: Trailing the Cattle Up Georgetown Canyon

Back to the story about trailing cattle up Georgetown Canyon. We brought the cows from straight west. You go up the brow of the hill and follow the road over the river and then along where I told you. There's a river that runs east along there and the railroad tracks. We'd come to what was called Prescadero, which was a railroad station, or stop. Then we'd come to Georgetown farther, and turn so we come out about where we turned in Georgetown.

Don Clark called me about a year and a half ago. He wanted to know how much traffic there was going out there, and was it a road that was used by people other than the families. He wanted to know how important the road was even today. So we sat down and wrote a 4-5 page description of coming up here. He was the county commissioner and he was able to put it through, so it's going to be a million dollar change in this area right here.

We will be coming to a turn up here and then we'll be going up the canyon. That will be rounded out so that the road will follow up and be a better incline, and will go clear up the way we are going to Slug Creek. Why was it called Slug Creek? I don't know if it was sluggish water, or what.

Bud's First Time Driving Cattle

I'll tell you first about the time that Bud and I drove the cattle out. I'd been out many, many times, but this was the first for him. We went up to Bloomington and picked up the cattle, and then we drove them to Bern. We stayed overnight there, then trailed them along the river and railroad track and come out where I showed you by the cemetery. then we trailed them down, and it was late in the afternoon when we got here (mouth of the Georgetown Canyon).

We drove the cattle up here along this very road, it wasn't as good as it is now, and made the turn, and drove them clear up to the corral

that I'll show you as we go by. We then had to ride our horses back to the old ranch back there, Rhoda and LeGrand's, and they put us up for the night. Then Rhoda fixed one of her famous lunches, and we tied a big deal in the back of our saddles. We'd spend the night there; then she'd get us up before daylight the next morning, and we had to ride back up here.

There was nothing up here, just one sheep ranch, Monks Sheep Ranch was up in here, and that's all that was up in there. This was a real, real narrow road where you had to turn out if there were two vehicles coming at one time. We did it all on horseback, and picked up the cattle. It's quite a ways, if you can imagine 2 young boys. Bud would have been 15-16. I'd have been 17-18. We were headed out without purse or script.

Trailing the cattle from Bern to Georgetown: On the way to Georgetown, there's a river, a good sized river. There was a road and the railroad tracks. We went straight from Bern, along the road, and the railroad tracks would join as you got down farther and took you almost straight to Georgetown. We'd come out up where the cemetery is.

**They would drive three to
four hundred head of cattle**

In the earlier days when we'd travel, they would drive 3 wagons, a buggy, and three to four hundred head of cattle, 20 head of horses, riding some. This was all undeveloped completely at that time. We would come and make camp up here, and strange thing, the water run through the corral so the animals could drink; The water clears up in a short time, so you could drink it, and that's the way you lived in those days. There were no houses up here at that time. We'd have to go across these streams.

Some of the things we did, kids today couldn't survive. They might, but they wouldn't have a knowledge.

Now we're going into Caribou National Forest. There is a flat place up here where we'd pull the wagons, and a corral across the road, I don't know if it will be there still. You can imagine riding a horse from down by the barn up to here to get started with the day.

**Some of the things we did,
kids today couldn't survive.**

Here we are. Just Bud and I were alone up here. The year before I had taken Alfred Kunz and trailed the herd out, just the two of us. We didn't have any wagons at that time. This is the spot where we'd make camp, and there's the corral. We'd let them out of that gate and let them out over the hill. It's unbelievable what two young boys could do. We didn't know what was going on. If you can imagine pulling about 5 wagons out on a little spot like that and

building a fire and throwing out quilts and lay down—You didn't have sleeping bags in those days.

First Night's Camp

We'd put three to four hundred head of cattle in this corral overnight. The year Bud and I came, we drove the cattle from Bern to here in one day. I believe it was a government corral at that time. I think we had two to three hundred when Bud and I came. In the older days when we camped here, we'd have 300 of dry stock, and 100 head of milk cows with calves.



Grassy area for first night's camp

*The same corral used
by the Kunz family
trailing cattle
on their way to
Williamsburg*



The cows didn't all belong to us. Dad would go to Paris and Bloomington, St. Charles, and Garden City, and pick them up. My father had about 20 cows of his own and maybe 50 to 60 to 100 of dry stuff of his own, but the rest was all gathered up and he'd take them up on consignment, and milk them, and make cheese, and then give them a percentage of the cheese in the fall. The profit was from the cheese, and he owned the ground and he would pasture those dry stuff out there. I don't think it was a very big charge to summer them. They weren't making very much money and it was very poor time, 1925-1929.

He'd take them up on consignment and milk them and make cheese and then give them a percentage of the cheese in the fall.

In those days, the whole family—my father, John, Rulon, Delphin, Denzil, and myself would go. The girls would bring the wagons. Your grandmother would drive a wagon. In the wagon they would put a lid on it. They'd load the pigs in one or two wagons underneath, and had a chicken grate that fit over the wagon with the chicken netting, and they'd haul them out that way; Of course one wagon was bedding. The girls would drive the wagon, and one buggy.

We did this around the middle of May. Many, many times, we'd come up and to get the wagons through, we'd have to shovel the snow to get them through. This was the end of the first day's ride.

Little Don Clark lost his mitten

Invariably, it would start raining or snowing. If you can imagine riding and trailing cattle in a rain or snow storm. When Denzil and I took Don Clark, he was just a little feller, and he rode with us and he remembers the trip. He lost a mitten. We

hunted all day, and guess where we found the mitten? We always had a jug of cookies when we'd take a wagon or buggy with us, and that was in our lunch wagon. Guess where we found the mitten at the end of the day? In the cookie jar!

We found the mitten at the end of the day in the cookie jar!

You wonder why these things were so prevalent in your lives—just because—I don't think you can imagine. We had a good life, I'm not saying it wasn't a good life, but it was so, would you say, primitive, that you can't imagine living the way we did. Sometimes we had hired girls and some hired men.

Start of the Second Day

This road was so narrow, trees knocked over that we'd have to move. There used to be a drift fence up on the top of Georgetown Canyon. It was just before the incline. It went across the road from up as far as it could go on the hill, and across the whole area. There was a gate where the road goes through. When you'd come up here with a herd of cattle, you didn't want to turn them over the hill until you got them bunched, that you knew that you had all the cattle.

When Bud and I brought them out, we started as usual, right up in through here. We'd bunch them up here at the top till we got them all together, and open up the drift fence and let them go on down. The drift fence was so the animals couldn't go back into the reserve rights. This was all reserve rights, and sheep grazed. In those days they'd move the sheep around enough that the sheep didn't graze the grass down too short.

They'd move the sheep around enough that the sheep didn't graze the grass down too short

Road block

Up through here would be almost impossible to pull wagons, and then the narrow, narrow strip to get 3 to 400 head of cattle. It was a long, long trip. I recall one day when my father was trailing cattle. I was just a little boy. We had the wagons head out ahead of the herd, and they got going, and my father knew something was wrong, so he sent me ahead to see what was wrong and why they were being held up. I come up and I rode a long ways for a 6 to 7 year-old boy, and I found the wagons and found they were shoveling snow and cutting trees down. When I got back and told my father, he said, "well how far is it?" and I remember telling him 7 to 8 miles, but it was only about a mile.

**I remember telling him 7 to 8 miles,
but it was only about a mile.**

Can you imagine the poor women moving twice a year? I don't know whether Foster came up here. We were born in 1916. I bet he came up here.

Second Day

This is all the second day along this stretch of ground. Alvin and Maime came out here many years. They had a homestead, and I'll show you where it was. They didn't come up here later on. This is a long ways to trail cattle from that corral. Now we are going across the drift fence. It's not there anymore. At the peak as we come over here, we are going down into toward Slug Creek.

Did they stay here in the winter? Yes, they did! You bet they did. They'd get their mail by Uncle Rob or Uncle August [Schmid]. They'd come in on snowshoes from Georgetown once or twice during the winter. They surely did, and when they'd come over here to the Schmid Ranch, oh, what a reunion they would have!



*The old road is still evident in different areas.
This one was right next to the new road where
the drift fence may have been originally.*

Now this road was different in those days. They'd keep the cows on the road and keep them away from the flats. They'd move them over by the willows. They are going to widen and straighten this road. We used to worry along this area if the cattle would break and want to go down into this swampy and nasty area. You wouldn't want your cattle down there, because you couldn't get them out of the middle. It was spongy and the cattle would try to break away. It was where a beaver dam was. You'd have a heck of a time getting the cattle around there. The calves would be tired and want to lay down. You had to just keep prodding them and keep the dogs working along the edge. You couldn't pass if someone came toward you.

That time of year, there was snow, and no cattle, there was nothing out here at all. Bud and I never saw anybody till it started to turn dark when we got down to where the Bennion Ranch was.

We had a lot of good horses. We'd ride some that weren't so good. The year that Bud went, he rode Old Seal, one my father had.

Dogs Moved Hungry Cows

This is where you'd come around and it was a tough spot to keep your cattle together, because the cows were hungry. They were

wanting to graze. We had good dogs—Old Queen. You couldn't let the cows stop or they'd brush up and you'd never get them out. We had to have a man riding along the side to keep them up on the road, and you had your dogs trained so they'd go around the herd.

Horsemen: Dude (Rulon) & John S.

One time, as we came through here, we stopped for lunch, and Dude (Rulon) had a horse that he was breaking. He took this horse and he got on and he started bucking. Dude was a good horseman. He bucked on down to the willows. We thought he was gonna be thrown or torn off his saddle, but he rode him through and then rode him all afternoon driving the cattle. He was a good horseman and the horses respected him. John was a good horseman, John S.

We thought he was gonna be thrown or torn off his saddle, but he rode him through and then rode him all afternoon driving the cattle.

There are beaver dams all along here. You could see deer and moose in Williamsburg, and elk, and bear.



Huge Beaver Dam on the way to Slug Creek



*Area where
the cows would rest
and the family stopped
for lunch
on the first day*

This is what used to be a swampy field. The cattle would get down to the creek, and there is a camp area where we'd have our lunch. We'd trail half a day to here. When we come to an opening, nice green grass not very far from the road, we'd let them graze. We'd let them graze for maybe an hour while we made lunch and ate. They'd go right down along the creek and graze. We're going down the mountain now. It was a long day, I'll tell you.

Lunch time was about 1 to 2:00. We'd put in six to seven hours to this area that has taken us just 20 minutes to drive. We'd circle the buggies and wagons just a little ways off the road.

**Lunch time was about 1 to 2:00.
We'd put in six to seven hours
to this area that has taken us
just 20 minutes to drive.**

Uncle August and Uncle Rob [Schmid] stayed up here over the winter, and Grandpa and Grandma Schmid.

The water in this stream was good water to drink. The girls would drive those wagons,

and milk 8-10 night and morning by hand. Fiametta was the best horseman or horse lady of all of them. They had big responsibilities driving the wagons with eggs, and supplies, and the wagon was loaded.

This is Slug Creek. The Ranch is off to the left and down a ways. My mother came out here when she came to America when she was 10, her and Aunt Annie, and Annie was 16. They sent them from Switzerland, Grandma and Grandpa Schmid. I guess they did that because they had lots of faith.

The Schmid and Kunzes didn't know each other in Switzerland. The girls were sent to work, and with what they could earn, they'd bring others here with that money.

My mother's sister and my father's brother married each other. William Kunz married Annie Schmid and Johnny Kunz married Mary Schmid. They didn't live at the Schmid Ranch. Karl Schmid set up a tailor shop in Paris. Karl was the father, and he was a tailor in Switzerland. Then two of the Schmid boys set up places in Montpelier. Then they proved up the ranch in Williamsburg.

You see how lush it is. Great grazing, and they are putting up hay here. This is a beautiful area.

**My mother's sister and my father's brother married each other.
William Kunz married Annie Schmid.
Johnny Kunz married Mary Schmid.**

Car Trouble

John S. was here when Rhoda and I came here and our car stopped. When we got up here by the Schmid Ranch, we sat there for a long time. We didn't know what to do. Finally I told Rhoda I'd walk across and borrow a horse at the Schmid Ranch. I stopped right here. We had an old car, and it quit. There was only one place on this narrow road. This field was full of bulls, and I debated whether I wanted to cross over there. I was about 16, and it wasn't owned by Schmid's then. I went down by the horses down to the place and I went to the door and knocked, and the man came to the door, and I told him my predicament, and he listened and said, "No I wouldn't let anyone take a horse and ruin it." I told him I lived around horses all my life, and I wouldn't hurt your horse. I told him my brother was herding sheep up here at Goodheart. He said, no, he wouldn't, so I walked back up back through the bulls and told Rhoda. LeGrand finally

came and found us. We just sat there all day. They were in Georgetown.

Schmid Ranch on Slug Creek

This is the Old Schmid Ranch where Grandpa and Grandma Schmid lived. About 1914 was when they lived out here for many years. They'd snowshoe into Georgetown once a month to get supplies and mail. They owned the whole valley. They weren't big ranchers, but had all this meadow ground from the willows to the foothills, this area about 300 acres probably.

**They'd snow shoe into
Georgetown once a month
to get supplies and mail.
They owned the whole valley.**

View of the Schmid ranch from the main road





Closer view of the remaining Schmid Ranch buildings



*Sign above the Schmid barn reads:
"Tourist Parking Only"*

Miracle for Anna Landert Schmid

This is a faith promoting story: Grandmother Schmid [1843-1911] was alone up here with a sick child, a very, very sick child. She didn't know what to do, because Grandpa was gone, so she said her prayers. A short time later, there was a knock on the door and there was an older gentleman. He wanted something to eat, and she told him to come in and she fed him, and told him about this sick baby. During the conversation, he indicated that he was a priesthood holder and he would give that baby a blessing if she wanted, and oh, she surely did! And so he blessed that baby, and they conversed a little, and then he left. After he was gone, she run to the door, to say

thank you or something, and he was no where to be seen, and no track in the snow. Nothing. She just figured one of the 3 Nephites had come to the rescue. The baby got well. It just gives me chills to think about it. The man rode off, and as I understood it, was heading out toward here. She could have seen that person. There weren't even tracks or any sign that anyone had been there.

Anna Landert Schmid was my Grandma here. In Switzerland, I saw where she was married and where my mother was christened

I think most of these buildings here at the ranch are new. They had to have a barn and a house. Maybe the picture will show the old buildings well.



*Goodheart Creek
where the family camped on their second night when the weather was good*

End of the second day trailing cattle

This is Goodheart Creek. When we used to bring the wagons, we would go across Goodheart Creek down here. There was a lane somebody had fenced, and we'd drive the cattle into there. We'd put up camp and end here, and send one or two boys to the other end of the herd, and make them graze in that lane all night. That was the end of the second day. But, not for Bud and I, just for the usual trip.

Right up the road is the lane where we would pull the cattle overnight. One man would stay there in shifts. They'd bed down and somebody would have to watch. They'd come back and sleep sometimes, and chance that the cows wouldn't move. We'd sleep on the ground. We'd put a piece of canvas down, and make your bed with heavy quilts.

When you are trailing cows with little calves, you didn't make as much progress. They'd get so tired that you'd have to load

them into a wagon, and haul three fourths of the calves, baby calves, they'd get so tired. That's why when you were trailing milk cows, we'd have to stop in this area. When we trailed dry stock like Bud and I, we'd trail them clear down to the narrows before we stopped.

**When you are trailing cows
with little calves,
you didn't make as much progress.
They'd get so tired that you'd
have to load them into a wagon.**

The second day the cows were tired. When we got to the Narrows it was much worse. It's a river, not a creek. The road wasn't wide enough for two cars to pass until just recently. They'd have to pull to a turn out.

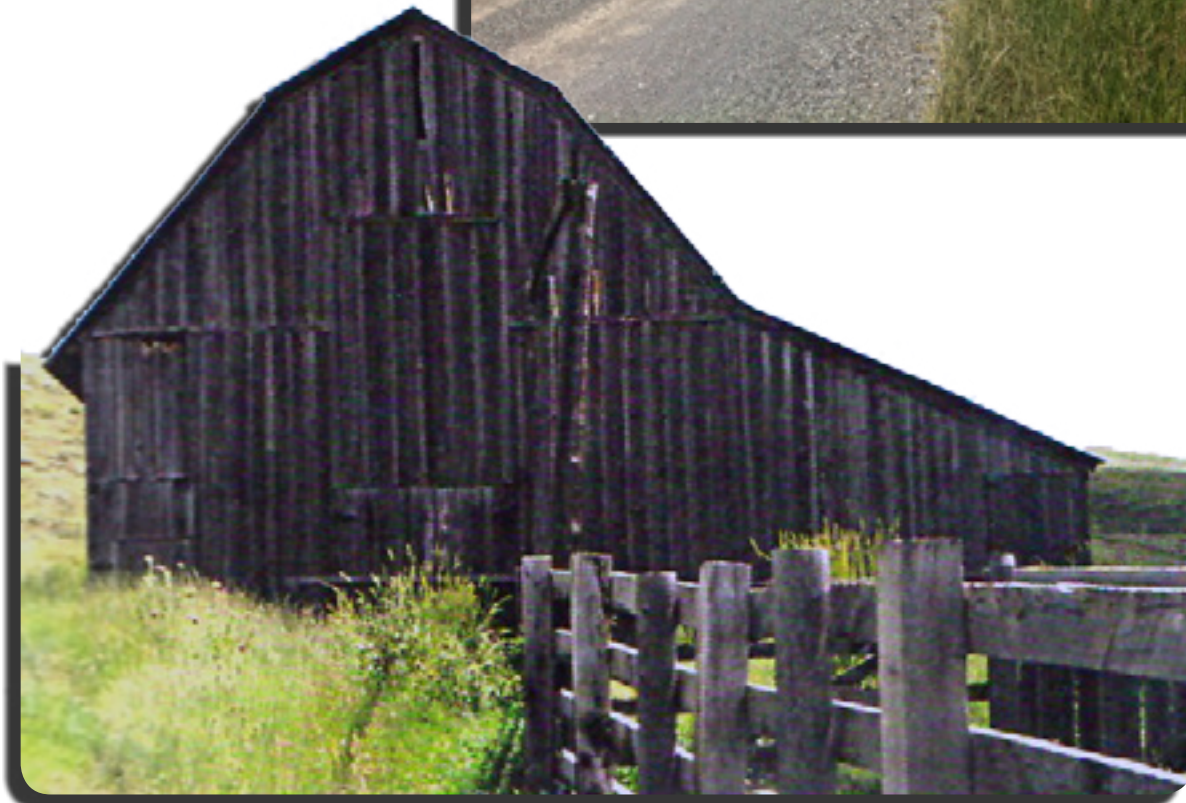
Optional End of Second Day Bennion Ranch

That building there is the Bennion Ranch. If it was storming, they would drive the wagons into that big barn, and then we'd have to sleep up in the hay loft, above. There was pack rats and oh, boy! When the girls were driving the wagons, they'd unhook the horses and take them out and make camp and we'd all

sleep in the loft. If it wasn't storming, the girls slept out on the ground, too. We didn't go into the barn because it was a comfortable place. It was shelter. Otherwise, we'd just sleep out on the grass. I would have been 11 when the old place was sold. 1927. I'll tell you some stories about what an 11 year-old boy would do. I was the fifth boy. They were all good responsible boys.

*Barn at
Bennion Ranch*

**There was pack rats
and oh, boy!**





Bennion Ranch

The roof held up with poles is the cabin in which Bud and Dan slept.

On the side, there where that little shed is, when Bud and I come along and it was raining, and we were wet to the bone, and there was a little V-shaped pasture right in here where the poles are, that's where Don Hunter, the range rider out here stayed, and we slept with him. He was out in this area for many years. We slept in that house. And it leaked and it was cold. Bud says he slept with Don. I thought I slept with Don. Maybe we both did. There weren't many beds in a little cabin like that - a kitchen and a bedroom. It just has a roof now, but it was a cabin. We had our bedding and everything in those wagons. It was tough going, I'll tell you. It's no wonder my mother died at 47 with her 12th child. I have a lot of letters that they wrote back then.

**Bud says he slept with Don.
I thought I slept with Don.
Maybe we both did.**

Goodheart was usually the end of the second day but if it was bad weather, they'd push them down to this barn to get out of the weather, instead of stopping at Goodheart. We'd cook in the barn and sleep on hay. The owners let us stay there.

There's a spring here. It comes right out of the ground, from the mountain. It's full of watercress. It is a natural spring. It could be a tributary into Slug Creek, farther down.



No longer owned by any relations

All this that was the Schmids' and all that was the Kunzes' isn't owned by any relatives now. Most of it was homesteaded. At Williamsburg, they go into a plot of ground, and they'd be allowed so many hundred yards all around. They didn't have to fence in those days; but when Mamie came, she had to fence and build a house and live in it for a certain amount of time. It's a shame we don't have any property here. The plot of ground that my father had along with the other homestead that was approved, is eye opening. There was so much land. They owned the whole valley.

Day Three Started here

This was all controlled by big cattle outfits, then we get down a ways and there is the T.O.T. ranch. From here was the beginning of day three. This was the T.O.T. Ranch. The year before Bud and I trailed the cattle out here, I took one of Alma Kunz's boys, Alfred, and we trailed the cattle, another stormy time, we took them up to the T.O.T. and corralled them up that night, and we had our meal with them and 20 cowboys and fencers working there. You just walked in and they'd feed us. This one time for breakfast, they had hard

boiled eggs that were creamed, and the first thing Alfred said was, "Ooo, I never..." and boy, I kicked him in the leg because I wanted him to be very quiet, and to be thankful that we was getting something, because our belly would have gotten awfully empty. We might have still had something left over from lunch, but not much. We come out here without purse or script, and relied on others.

**I kicked him in the leg because
I wanted him to be very quiet,
and to be thankful that we was
getting something,**

Occasionally the T.O.T. was the end of the second day, unless we had the calves with us. They did hay in those days, and this valley would just be full of cattle from the T.O.T. They had 20-30 riders. Some big cattle outfit or association owns it now. They had fences around their cattle. There's a lot of cattle around here now.



Way over there is the T.O.T. Ranch

Note from Joy:

If you are going to Williamsburg, don't drive towards this Ranch!

Turn right to stay on Slug Creek Road and continue north away from the T.O.T. Ranch.

Guess how I know.



Blackfoot River

*From Slug Creek Road,
turn right on Blackfork Road
to go to the Narrows.*

Blackfoot River

Here is the Blackfoot River! This was a bad river. It would wash the bridge out because it was so high. The Narrows are over by where the mountains come together. This was a mean river to get across. The railroad wasn't there back then. All these mountains were mined, phosphate mines. It was high enough in the spring that the horses would have to swim across when there was big winters. I think the Forest Service built and maintained that bridge.

Every time that we had ever come, it was a wood bridge. There were no houses here at that time. When we get down to the bottom here, we can look for the old bridge. There might be wreckage. We came across the river

and headed right into the Narrows. There are the remnants of the old bridge at the mouth of the Narrows. It is by the fence on the other side where the old road is. It used to wash out. We'd trail the cattle along the foothills, and this is the bridge right in there, the old wood pieces.

Over the river and on the other side is where we used to go and shoot squirrels. The road used to cut off and go toward the river the other way toward the Narrows. It was always a worry to get across the river in those days. It was usually a real narrow bridge. Sometimes, they'd have to ford the river, and sometimes it was so high that the horses would swim going across.



*Remains of the old bridge
on the Blackfoot River
just before
entering the Narrows.*

One time, my father tells this, that the wagon tipped over and the pigs got out, and they were worried that the pigs couldn't swim,

BUT PIGS CAN SWIM!

The Narrows

The Narrows were just the width of a wagon, it was a gravel road about the width of a span of four horses. You couldn't pass; and even when they had cars, they'd drive down and it was so narrow, you'd have to back up and find a wide spot so you could pass, even just recently. Think of this: Those willows right up against on both sides, and a road the width of four horses. You couldn't pass wagons. There were little turn offs, even when cars were coming through. This is what they call the Narrows. You can see there is only one hole through this whole thing. Mother Nature did it. Your grandma Maime knew all about this, bless her heart. The river was much higher in years gone by; but the last time we were out here, and honestly you couldn't believe, it was only 2 inches deep all across during the drought. It is so lush now. There's a lot of water rolling down it now. This is a beautiful road now.

This would be an awful place to trail the cattle. Can you imagine the girls driving those big wagons? We never lost cattle in the water. The calves would get off and lay in the willows. That was the job of the little boys like me and the dogs, Old Smokey & Queenie, to get them out of the willows. You'd have to have a couple of men across the back watching for the calves, and one riding the side and one man up on the lead to keep booting the leaders so they would go, and the other would follow, and not let them get too far ahead. Now you know why they call it the Narrows. There's just room for the road and the river. This made you learn to take responsibility. That doesn't seem like very long in a car, but try driving a wagon down.

**This would be an awful place
to trail the cattle.**

When we go through the Narrows we will come upon the Stocking Ranch, and as they used to say, from the "Head of the Narrows" to our home.

Looking down the Narrows





*Looking toward the Narrows
with the Blackfoot River in the foreground.
Dan traveled from home, through these Narrows,
and over 2 mountain ranges to find Rulon's sheep camp.*

8 year-old Dan to Rulon's Sheep Camp

My father sent me to Rulon's from our home with provisions. So I rode, as a young kid, without knowing where I was going—to the second range of mountains. Can you imagine sending a boy, 8 years old, on a horse to come down and stay overnight with Rulon? I didn't have an idea where Dry Valley was.

**My father wouldn't know
if I got there or not
till the next day
when I rode back.**

My father explained to me how to get there, and when he explained something, you remembered it, or else. I ended up on one of

those mountains up there. My father put me on a horse at Williamsburg and I rode there to Rulon's. A kinder man (my father) never lived. He'd give the shirt off his back, and he did, many times.

He told me to cross the bridge and then go to the second range of mountains, just ride around one to the right, until you see Rulon's sheep camp. I was only 8 years old and I had supplies on a horse, and I stayed overnight. My father wouldn't know if I got there or not till the next day when I rode back. Well, we just had faith and believed it would be okay, and we had to get supplies, and we couldn't spare milkers. Rulon was herding sheep. I had a pretty big package in the back behind my saddle, tied on. Little Johnny Kunz could tie a lot of things on the back of a saddle. He died when he was 76.



*The ranger station located at the “Head of the Narrows.”
On the other side of the hill, they’d set up camp.*

Later Camping Trips in this Canyon

There is a campground here we like to camp at. Maybe we can find a big tree. We’ve been coming up here now, Ellen and I for 55 years, and we’ve been camping up here lots of times. We brought tents, and trailers up here. The first time we came, the whole family came and spent 2-3 days up the canyon.

The story of Alligator Boot: Linda and Paul’s boy, (I have a picture of him) Rob, their youngest. He was about 4 then, and everybody wore cowboy boots and hats. Kent and Rick got Rob and put a hat and big boots on him, and took charcoal from the camp fire and smeared on a beard and mustache on him, and he said he was “Alligator Boot”. He posed for pictures, royally. It’s a lovely campground up here. There are always people up here now.

After the Narrows on the Third Day

We’re just coming out of the Narrows on the third day of the trailing. There is a little building over here on the right, the ranger station in the early days. It had the first phone

that you’d ever find. We camped right there. They wouldn’t allow you up on the other side. That’s the same darn building.

**It had a phone you’d wind.
It was even outside.
You’d turn the wheel
until you got the operator and
then you’d say your number.**

It had a phone you’d wind like this until you got Central and that was the first time you’d get any communication from Georgetown. The next one would be through Williamsburg. We’d use the phone. (Somebody would ride ahead if somebody was sick.) We never phoned when we trailed cattle out here. We never had need for it. It was even outside, if I remember right. You’d turn the wheel until you got the operator and then you’d say your number.



We'd let the cattle go up into the left area here, and we always came right over this hill with the cattle and wagons, and eat our breakfast over the hill. Down to the right was the Stocking Ranch. John R. Stocking. He rode a mule, and carried a shot gun, and if he caught anyone fishing down there, he'd shoot at them.

You'd hold the cattle in the lane there, and when it got daylight, you had to get started, so you'd bring them up the river and along here and cook your breakfast. And you were hungry, too! They'd make sourdough biscuits.

Transport & Preserve Eggs & Bacon

How do you think we'd haul eggs and things like that? You'd take a big bucket and put a layer of wheat in the bottom, and then a layer of eggs, and then just build it up until you had eggs all the way to the top, and they'd stay cool. One of the things I talked

about to Foster was I told him of how we'd store our bacon and hams. We didn't have refrigerators. We had nothing and we didn't have saran wrap. It was all cured and we'd slide the bacon into the wheat bin, and it'd keep it cool, and it wouldn't mold. We'd harvest ice in the winter to use after we got the ice box.

My mother would come out here. I have letters that she wrote to the kids of how she'd stay out here in the fall when Dad come in to bring the kids to school. She tells about feeding the horses, and she was probably pregnant, too, and she'd have to get out into the loft out there and get some wild hay.

Fishing

Now this was a real nice ranch in those days. See how that river turns over there. It is the best fishing in the world, and last year some fishermen found out about it, and the Fish and Game Department bought this whole



thing. Division of Wildlife Management. Right down there was the best fishing. We never took time to fish. We didn't have time. Diamond Creek is where we used to fish. The turn is up here close. We'd camp up there George and Vera brought us up and got us set up in there. George showed me how to fish in the creek. This was one of the Stocking's Ranches down there. It was called Stocking Range - it had another name that I can't remember.

From the time you got up, milked the cows, girls and men and all, and while that was going on there would be young people like Vera who would be in the house fixing breakfast. There would be maybe 10-12 visitors. Not just once in a while, but pretty well every day. Fishermen would come out there and stay the night, and my Father had to feed everyone who came through. People trailing cattle through, sheepmen, and he'd feed everybody. He'd bring in half a lamb.

At this fork in the road, where the sign indicates, we now go up toward Tin Cup Highway. I can't believe how far we trailed these cattle. All through this is cattle country. There was my granddad and his three brothers who were Rob, Big Sam, and David. I don't

think Chris came out here. That's who came out here. The little cabin over there is in the mouth of Browns Canyon.

If you ever rode up there during mosquito time you'd never forget, because when you came out of the canyon and started down and looked down at your horse, and if it was a black horse, it would then be gray, covered with mosquitoes. Course you'd have them on your body, too. We didn't have the killers then.

If it was a black horse, it would then be gray, covered with mosquitoes

(There's a golden eagle on the fence there.)

That cabin was the Ernest Jonely place. He was out here to winter out here, and made alcohol, whiskey, and sell it out. When I was a little tiny boy, they'd take me out to Ernest Jonely's place and give me eggnog, without the nog. He had quite a place. It seems like it was closer to my father's.

Ernest Jonely was out here to winter and made whiskey



*Corner gate where the Kunz property began.
Looking northeast across their property at Williamsburg.
The property extends north.*

Johnny Kunz's Property

Now, we go to Browns Canyon. As you come over the brow of the hill, there used to be a fence. Here is the gate. You can see what a big thing it was. Eight or ten miles from one end to the other, and then mountain to mountain. In lots of places it was a lot more than a mile across. Over this hill is where Rhoda homesteaded.

This is where my father's ground started, from this fence. He owned clear to the mountainside, over the whole valley. He owned right up the mouth of Brown Canyon from this mountain to that mountain. This is Lanes Creek down here. If you can imagine 32 years with his good daughters and sons come up and run that dairy out there.

**This is where
my father's ground started,
from this fence**

Sad part of it is, I heard him say, and I don't know how true it is, that he got 50 cents an

acre for this in 1927. It's about 2-3000 acres. There was Rhoda's homestead and your grandmother's homestead, John S.'s homestead was out by the sand hill, and then he bought an additional homestead, Daves Canyon. I could just cry that I don't have five acres out here. Unreal.

Family Member Initials in the Trees

Up in these trees, you could find every initial of our whole family. But I'm sure they're all gone now. Our kids did initials in these trees right here. On the other side here, down the hill, was Rhoda's homestead. She started it before she and LeGrand got married, but finished it afterwards. There's a D on the tree. I carved my initials in those trees. All of those trees had our initials on them. It would be on the bigger ones. I've helped kids up there and carved their initials. I'll bet those trees have Rhoda's initials on them, too. There's an R.K. He had the reserve right here and another one for sheep, but this was all cattle country, here. Lanes Creek in the other area over there was for fishing.

The road went closer to the hill before. Each homestead was a section, about 160 acres. Rhoda's cabin was moved over to the Lower Dairy. It was the one the Swensens moved and lived in.

Denzil and I, in the years he lived out there in Browns Canyon, herded cattle up in there, some long-horned purebred cattle. He had a bunch of them in there. One day we went up the canyon to look at some cows. And this one cow that had a calf, and the bag was in bad, bad shape, so we decided we'd better bring her down. We brought her out of the canyon and down, and see those lava rocks, as you come down those two bunches, then you come down and you ford Lanes Creek. We were gonna take her up home. We roped her and was leading her, and got across the creek, Denzil said, "We better rest these things for a minute." So we stopped in this little flat, and Denzil jumped off his horse, and with that the old cow started after him, and if I hadn't gotten in between him and her, why, he'd have got it.

Denzil shot a Bull Moose

In the fall of the year, we would gather the cattle the day before we started out, and try to get them down to here. They were clear up the other end and we'd get them together. Those up in there would go up over the mountain.

Denzil and I would come across the valley. It was then we saw a big moose going across. Denzil said, "Go and get my gun!" So I rode up to the house and got the gun and brought it back, and he followed it down in there. He got one shot and he said, "Oh, I missed it." Good thing, because what would we have done with it. But then the next morning when we come to move the cattle at daylight, that moose came out of the bushes, and over the hill, and he had one leg shot. So I thought, I'll ride up to the thing and get a good close look. And I got just so close and that moose turned, and I've never had a horse turn under me any faster.

The cows would stay down in the meadows. On one side of the road was Forest Reserve rights. They grazed sheep on it. We always said from one hill to the next was our land. It wasn't fenced till much later. They had to fence when they improved it. It is now owned by the Bear Lake Cattlemen's association.

Sawmill of David Kunz (1855-1916)

This is what we call Daves Canyon. Dave Kunz had a saw mill up there. Dave was the father of Uncle Dave Kunz [1880-1942]. It was run for many, many years. We used to could see it, but you can't now. This creek is still a pretty good creek.



*Daves Creek Trail
to Daves Canyon to
the Saw Mill of
Dave Kunz (1855-1916)*

*In the background is
the last hill just before
the Lower Dairy and
HOME!*



As you come over this hill, oh, that was a good looking hill to find when we was trailing out here. It's right over the hill to get to the Lower Dairy. We are there! We knew we were close to home when we saw this hill.

Alvin & Mamie's Homestead
Near the Lower Dairy

Alvin and Mamie's land was on this side of the house by the little spring. This was their

homestead. I thought it was closer to the house, but I bet this is it. It would have been back in here, not in the pines. They always stayed away from the pines. They hooked on to the spring for water. They used to bring Foster and Bud up here when they were little. I was only 3-4 years old about then, I just remember the cabin. That was 60 years ago, maybe 70. They didn't live here when I was



Left: The Creek which flowed from the Homestead of Alvin and Amy. Above: Their house was located just this side of the old road and the trees.

trailing cows. They would have built it close enough to that old road that they wouldn't have a problem getting up on to the old road. I remember this sagebrush. Many years this spring never run at all. The spring by the dairy darn near dried up during the year of the drought.

Alvin and Amy lived on their homestead only 3-4 years. They would have been, they must have been, going out there at the time of my mother's death. Probably around that time that they finally stopped. They were out there making cheese, and herding cattle. I can't remember Foster being out in Williamsburg. He would have been working with Alvin. It must have been only a couple of years that they stayed out there. Maybe Mamie proved up the homestead before they were married. They had to build up a house, a lot of times it was a small, small place. They had to have living equipment in it. They had to sleep in it, and didn't have to stay in it a lot. Your grandparents lived in it after they were married for a while.

The properties in Bern were not homesteaded. They were bought, I think. When Rich brought those original families into that area, they may have proved them. Dude had a homestead north of Bern.

The road was up farther and the house was closer to it. Johnny Kunz was glad to sell the land, and when you read those letters that my mother wrote, how she waited for somebody to bring mail, and fed the horse...

I think all my teachers knew that I didn't have a mother. How could they look at me and NOT know? I'm not saying that I wasn't taken good care of. I was. Very good care.

Orlando [Kunz]'s grandson and his wife are the caretakers of this Lower Dairy now. This is close to where our old log cabin house was. This is the cabin that was LeGrand and Rhoda's.

And There's The Old Lower Dairy

The old road went above the home, right along the mountain, by where those pine trees are. You can see the marks of it where the road went along above the dairy.

The Lower Dairy





John William "Johnny" Kunz IV & Mary Schmid Family
 Fall of 1913 at Williamsburg, Idaho

Back Row left to right

Hired man
 Amy Matilda "Mamie" Kunz [Kunz] (1897-1980)
 Hired girl
 Hired girl
 Johnny Kunz IV (1869-1945)
 Mary Schmid Kunz (1873-1920)
 holding Bernice Kunz (1913-1914)

Front row

Leslie Amasa Kunz (1910-1981)
 Vera Evangeline Kunz [Pugmire Knutti] (1911-2001)
 Denzil Aroit Kunz (1909-1993)
 Delphin Karl Kunz (1907-1927)
 Ireva Amilia "Dolly" Kunz [Mattson] (1904-1977)
 Rulon Seldon "Dude" Kunz (1903-1966)
 Rhoda Lavina Kunz [Clark] (1901-1976)
 John S. Kunz (1899-1977)



*Rear view of the home
at the Lower Dairy*



*The Drying Room
and Corral
at the Lower Dairy*



*The drying room
This was once the Chippy Creek Dance Hall
before Johnny Kunz moved it to the Lower Dairy*

The Drying Room at the Lower Dairy

That old building in the middle was the old one was the one on Chippy Creek. Now picture this drying room with a wood platform out about six feet, about as wide as the building. You can see the marks of it.. They'd wax the cheese right out front here. Our little log cabin wasn't nearly this big. It had a lot of sheep camps around it, and the bunk house back behind. I slept in a sheep camp a lot of the time. We can stop at the Middle Dairy. There is a rider there. If we go, I'll see if he'll let us go into the drying room where the cheese was stored, at the Lower Dairy, my old place—my father's old place.

This is the drying room. But in the back of the door, (it is a big, heavy, double ten inch boards nailed this way and other way, and finished), and on the inside of it is still a stamp that says: American Cheese manufactured and

sold by John Kunz Jr. I don't know if it's plain enough to photograph. The stamp is on the back of the door says: John Kunz Jr. - Idaho State Full Cream Cheese - Williamsburg, Idaho.



*Cheese Stamp reads:
"Idaho State
Full Cream Cheese
John Kunz Jr.
Williamsburg, Idaho*

This was a big building in those days. There were three double rows of cheese shelves and then right along here was a sales area. People would come. It was like a little counter, but you'd put a big cheese out and give them a pound of cheese, or a half pound. There were people coming all the time. We'd give them food, and a bed. You never left Johnny Kunz's without being fed. Meat, and Rösti and butter.

Sheep Dip

In the early days, this building was up Chippy Creek, and they had a sheep dip out in front this building and it had ladies from Soda Springs or Wayan. It isn't a very big dance hall. That's another story. In the early days, (it was in 1890's) all that was up there were sheep and men with sheep, and they needed a place to dance, and also for ladies. So these people, their names were Williams (they were the ones

that Williamsburg was then named after) built this place, this building. He had girls and a dance hall. It was a dance hall and girls. There were all the sheep men, and cattle men that trailed their cattle to the reserve rights, and went right by there. Williams made a sheep dip, and that was what started the whole thing. It became popular because the sheep men would all run their herds through the sheep dip.

That's how Williamsburg started. He built the sheep dip, and the dance hall. After that closed up, my father bought that building up on Chippy Creek, and moved it down, long before I was born. He moved the whole building down, and it's just a one room log place. Moved it down, and made the drying room out of it. That's what the drying room was.



Inside the drying room in 2012



The actual dairy at the Lower Dairy in 1997. It sat over a natural spring where the cheese was made. By 2012, the roof of the dairy had collapsed.

That's the dairy. (I have the door to it.) There is a story about that building. They'd cool the milk using the water from the spring. The water was piped down through quaking aspen posts about four inches around that they would cut in ten foot lengths, and my father had a long borer. He'd bore a hole, and as you see, there is a little oblong cut, see in that light spot there that the water would run piped out

as a cooling system under the vats of milk. That was the cooler during the summer. We'd put our things into it to stay cool. The old road went across right above where the head of the spring was. The corral runs right from the post, up to the hill, and took in the lower part of the spring so the animals could drink out of it.

Side view of the actual Dairy at the Lower Dairy in 1997. Notice the slits in the side of the building. The pipes were put through them.



Cows and their Calves

When they take the little calves away from the cows, there was this big corral, and above it was another little corral, that they called the office for the calves. We had on the other side of the dairy, another corral. The strippers was put up above, and the office was just a little trail where they had to go in and rope a cows foot and tie it to the post, and milk her and the calf pen was right in between. Now all the boys had a turn at this, but the one I remember is myself. They had 10 milkers out there and they had their cows. I had charge of the calf pen, and if your mother was up there, she'd holler, "Give me so and so" and I knew all the calves, and I'd kick the calf out and it would run up to her where she had a stick and she'd sit on her stool, and the calf would find its mother immediately, and she'd sit down on her stool, and get her bucket and the calf was sucking and she'd hit the calf like that with the stick to keep it away while she milked the cow.

But that calf, we'd have 50-60 calves, and 10 milkers and they knew them all. Then we'd put them down in the corral. They got to suck morning and night for that few minutes while the cows were being milked. I don't think they (the milkers) left milk. They took as much as they could, but the calves had grass and they had that shot of good milk both morning and night.

Cheese Process

The whey, after it was strained, was put in barrels out to the side here. There was a platform out over the creek. Then we'd feed the whey to the pigs in a trough out here.

After the cheese had the rennet and coloring and set up and was cut with knives both ways, then it was stirred very carefully, not with a stick, but with their hands, very, very carefully to break up the curds. Then they get to the place with an iron rod, and she'd put it underneath the vat into the heating area, to heat the rod (which was a knife sharpener made of steel) and test the cheese.



The cooler sits upside down in this photo

The Milk was Cooled

This wood that is long and in sections is the cooler. It was for the milk. It set right in the creek, above the dairy there, and the water run through it, that good, cold water, through the box, all around it. It would sit in water maybe up 4 inches.

There is a big press still in the dairy. They sit right next to the wall.

The pipes run into the dairy and hooked it so the vat would fill up just before milking at night, and it would stay cool all night. In the morning they would build a fire under the vat and it would heat that water, and the cheese was in process.

Indians at Pig Creek

This is what they call Pig Creek, where the willows are. When the Indians would come along in their wagons, they'd scare the heck out of me, but they were friendly to everybody. They'd come along the road, and my father would give them cheese, and meat, and whatever. They would camp over there by Pig Creek, just for a day or two, right over there by us.

Twin Quakies

Right up above where the road used to be, there were two twin quakies. Great big ones, but they were twins. That was kind of a mark for me as a little kid. There's a lot of initials on it. They're gone now, I think. There are quakies back there, and some big ones. The outhouse trail would've gone up toward the quakies.



These are the initials of George Knutti on the quakies above where the spring starts.

Our little log cabin sat behind where Rhoda's cabin is now. And behind it was what they call the bunk house, a little log cabin with two to three beds in it. Our house was even with the drying room, with just enough room between for a sheep camp.

(We had a glass of spring water and used the outhouse) That is good Williamsburg spring water. You can't find it anywhere else.

Quick Sand

You can see where the creek runs under the dairy, and circles down through this area. The ground formations go down here where the creek comes through. As you get down farther, the land is all mushy. The animals used to get stuck in what we called quick sand. We'd put the horses in the creek right here, and ride clear across the meadow here. The horses at first would bock, but we got them so they would gallop. There are rocks in the creek, but if they got off the creek, they'd be in mud.

If you got a bee sting, in certain spots there was mud that could be used as a poultice. This is Pig Creek, where the Indians camped.

*The old road above the Lower Dairy is still visible.
It ran near the quakies.*



Dan's Delicate Chippy Explanation

Now the government has put a road so you can ride up Chippy Creek, right up along the edge of the mountains in the pines. It's a good road, but it would take about 45 minutes to go up it. This is where Dr. Kackley built his home. It's now called Olsen Creek instead of Chippy Creek. Chippys were women they brought out for the dance hall, women of the world. They were people doing business.

John S. Kunz Homestead Location

We're going now to the Middle Dairy. I'd give a dollar to go out here to Grays someday, not today. On this turn here, (a fork in the road) to the left, about ¼ mile farther, is the end of John S.'s homestead. The road to Wayan is where the knoll is. About 2 city blocks on

the right, it's called Sand Hill. Just over that knoll is John S.'s cabin. He built up the land, and that was the end of John Kunz's land. But this is the route we'd take to Wayan to get the mail. It's just a dirt road. They wintered out here. Ireva and Dude were born here.

Mary Schmid - Midwife

My mother was a midwife. She was called by the church to be a midwife. You'll find in the story that Mamie told, I believe, that she used to assist Dr. Kackley around Bern.

[<http://goo.gl/nz9uvK> found on page 159].

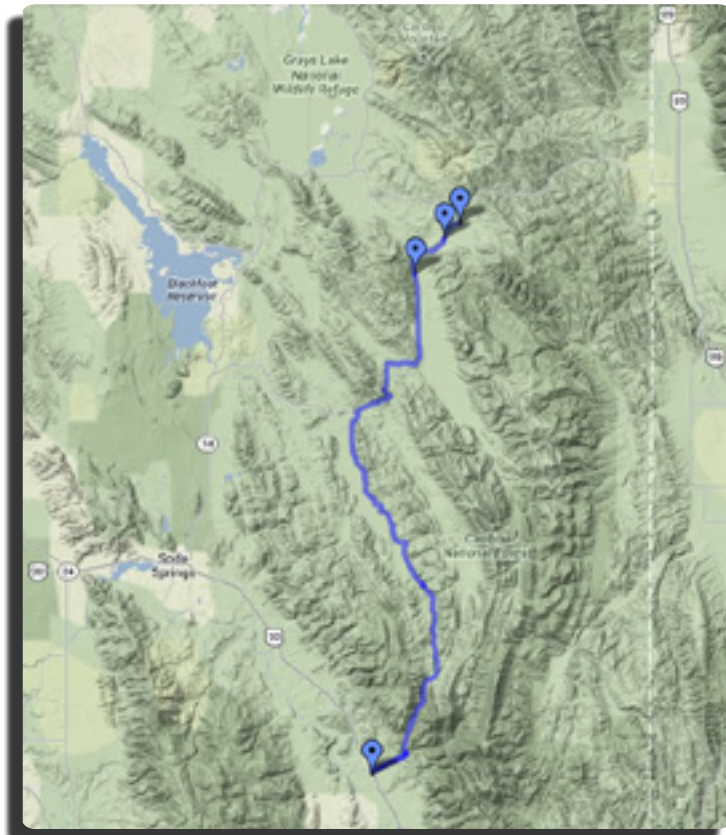
**My mother was called by
the church to be a midwife.**





Above: Blaine Kunz's old map of Williamsburg

Below: Google maps with Georgetown, Lower Dairy, Middle Dairy and Upper Dairy pinned.



Dan found a Baby Elk

This is where the little cabin was, there was a fairly nice home, Fowlers' place. There was a house and a barn. It was during that summer 1938, that Denzil and I was fencing up along the hill, I was going ahead, and he was riding a horse that wasn't broke good at all, and I was riding Old Seal, and as I was going up the hill, I was splicing the wires that was broke, and he was following, nailing with staples. I got up almost to the top of the hill, and I looked over through the fence, and I said, "oh, Denzil, there's a baby deer laying under the sagebrush." With that, he just came running. He said, "that's no deer, that's an elk" We couldn't see any cow around. We thought it was a deer at first, but it was a baby elk. He cut the fence wires, and took my horse, and went through and with that the little elk jumped up and started running down the hill. It was just a day or two old, really tiny, tiny, and so he got on his horse and started after him.

About that time, why out of the trees, right close was the mother elk. She came bouncing down after us, making that screaming noise that they make. And she didn't come any closer, and the baby elk ran down the hill and Denzil took my horse, and ran after it and chased it into the creek, (it was actually a beaver dam) and roped it. The cow elk then turned and left. If we'd have left that elk there, the mom would've come back for it, but we weren't that smart. We tied it down and said "this is too good to keep to ourselves" so he says, "go get Les and Joe and the boys at the Middle Dairy" so I rode up and told them about it, so they come back with the whole bunch.

They wanted a picture of it, so they said we have to get it on the other side of the creek. So I said I'd take the calf across the beaver dam on my horse. So, we tied it onto the saddle, on the front of the saddle, I'd carried many calves like that, and we were crossing over the water of the beaver dam, and when we got about 1/2 or

3/4 the way across, my horse got into mud and decided to sit down, and I slid off, and had to get it out of the water. It didn't slow us up. We had fun. They took a picture of it.

So there we were with this baby elk, and we didn't know what to do. We decided to keep the calf, and take it down to the Lower Dairy, and rope a cow from the wild cows and nurse it. We went down and got a cow and pulled her in the barn, and put the calf by her. Of course, they nurse like a colt does, instead of sucking like a calf does. The cow went wild, and we couldn't get the two of them together, no way.

About that time we went and looked and our horses had gotten out and were headed for the Narrows. Denzil said, "I've gotta go for them. You go call the folks and tell them. So I called George Knutti, and I knew if we got picked up by the rangers they'd put us in for disturbing wild life. I told him we needed staples by midnight. We couldn't say what really had happened because it was illegal for us to have this elk. The rangers would've done something.

Well he knew there was something wrong, and George came up before midnight from Bern with the staples, and took that baby elk back home to take care of it.

He put milk in a bucket and then would dip his hand in the milk and let the elk suck his fingers and drink, and then pushed her head into the bucket until she learned to lap up the milk.

**She got so tame,
she would follow George around.**

Then she started drinking 2 pails of milk a day, too much for George, so he took her to Pocatello and put her in the zoo, and she was there for 20 years. Every one of the kids thought that elk belonged to them. She had some babies during that time also.

Lane's Grave Dedication Confession

We're going down to Lanes Creek. There's a story to Lanes Creek, too. (*Uncle Dan didn't want to tell this story, but did anyway.*) General Lane was buried up by the Middle Dairy and on each side of him an Indian is buried. This is the story: Max [Eschler] and Glen (Louis Kunz's boy) and Les Kunz and I. I couldn't have been more than 10 or 11, Les would have been a year older and Max a year younger, and Glen about the same. 8-9-10-11 year-olds.

We decided as little boys, to see for ourselves if Lane and the Indians were there. So they exhumed them. We never took a thing. We heard that they buried lots of stuff with them and we didn't have anything else to do. We dug down carefully and got down to a board, it wasn't deep, about 2 ½ maybe 3 feet deep, and found the body. We didn't go down into the body part of it.

We carefully uncovered the skull and Max, a tease, he always had a black hat, I don't know where he got it. It wasn't in good shape, but when we got the skull out, he put that hat on it, and some comment was made, and to be

truthful, I was quite scared. Can you imagine a boy dedicating that grave? You can imagine what the dedication was. It would have been "Chief Rain In The Face" or something. I know we covered it back up carefully.

If my father had known... I never told him. He was a little guy, but I'll tell you... I didn't sleep a lot of nights, and I wouldn't have slept a lot more if my father had found out about it. We just took one skeleton head and Max put his hat on it, and asked one of us to dedicate the graves, and I think Max did it, he was about that screwy.

Ivy [Kunz Jensen] (1904-2000)] asked me about this just the other day. She thought Joe and one of the bigger boys was with us, but no, they weren't. She says they've now found another Indian grave there. There's 3 of them.

The first ranger station was right here between the lower and the middle dairies, right across this stream. Lane's grave is over there between the middle and Upper Dairy, on the top of the hill. He died in an Indian fight. General Lane was killed up there. That's why it's called Lanes Creek.



*Graves of J. W. Lane and three Indians buried next to him
Photo taken by Dan & Ellen Kunz*

Middle Dairy



*This is the area of the Middle Dairy.
The dairy was located on the east side of the creek, across from these buildings.*



That used to be Uncle Will's place. He made cheese, also, but was never as good a cheese maker as my folks. He didn't have near the land that my father had.

(Christin Jensen said the current owner's name is Lloyd.) He has the Middle Dairy property. It is Louie Eschler's homestead, on the east side of the creek. The Middle Dairy is on this side of the creek. It's gone now.

This is a picture of the Middle Dairy with Aunt Annie and I don't know who is holding the baby. Maybe Uncle Will. They had 10 kids.



Uncle Will's family in front of the Middle Dairy about 1907

Identification from left to right

was found in

*Willard R. Kunz's copy of "How the Gospel Came to the Kunz Family"
made available by Dianne Steckler Rasi-koskinen*

Amelia Eliza Eschler [Hart] (1884-1919)
Sylvia Magdalena Kunz [Kunz] (1892-1989)
Anna Schmid Kunz (1867-1944)
Anna Elizabeth "Libby" Kunz [Eschler] (1896-1985)
Ivy Kunz [Jensen] (1904-2000) (in front of Libby)
Sophia Olive Kunz [Bateman] (1894-1969)
unknown woman with hat
Lillian Victoria "Lilly" Eschler [Evans] (1887-1974)
Myrtle Kunz [Steckler] (1899-1981)
Willard Robert Kunz (1901-1982)
Carl Walter Seewer (1896-1981)
baby Joseph John "Joe" Kunz (1906-1950)
William J Kunz (1865-1952) holding Joe



*In the Distance,
the home of
John Kunz III
at the
Upper Dairy*

Upper Dairy

You can get to those little graves by going up here, but I wouldn't try to get there now. Lanes Creek is not a big creek. John Kunz came up here with all his wives. He had Aunt Grete, and one of the others and they had two babies buried up here. Uncle Will's dairy was right along here someplace, the old building here behind us. On the knoll where the fence is, is General Lane's grave and the Indians.

One of the first years that Grandpa Kunz and all of them was out here, they heard that there was going to be an Indian raid, so they vacated it and had to leave their dairy stock and everything for 2 or 3 days till them came in. It's a long house. He had six wives. There are places in the house where there are holes so they could put their guns out and fight the Indians.

This Upper Dairy was sold to the Quayle brothers from Wardboro. They had black Angus cattle, and we had trailed them out here for all the years that I can remember. Uncle Will, and Joe, and Les all trailed cattle.

This is Grandpa Kunz's place over there. This dairy belonged to John Jr's father, my Grandpa, John III. At the big gate, we used to be able to get down. Just this side on the little raise is where the babies are buried.

Aunt Lou was kind of uppity. Grandpa said to bring tin cups and things like that. But when they got out here, they found that one of them had brought her china. And he had to keep peace between his wives. Grandpa Kunz and them were having words over who brought the china and who brought the tin plates, and when he came in, he said, "Enough ladies," and he took the china and smashed it.

**"Enough ladies," and
he took the china and smashed it.**

Now this is the big gate with all the signs and locks. Private road, no trespassing. I've worked with the Forest Ranger for many years trying to prove that we should have access to those graves and to that place. I wrote many things about it, and we haven't got it.

Aunt Grete [Margaret Lauener Kunz (1866–1949)] was one of the post officers, the post man. I know it was her.

**Aunt Grete was one of the
post officers, the post man**



Above: East side of the Home of John Kunz III at the Upper Dairy

Below: West side of the same home



*Graves at the Upper Dairy of the children of John Kunz III and Margaret "Grete" Lauener Kunz
Lovina Hannah Kunz (1893-1899) and Melvin Kunz (1900-1901)*



George Lamar Shail (1937-2003)

We used to come out and clean that graveyard every year. George Shail come & brought his scout troop out here and fixed them up. This is the story about that: When I was a store manager at Block's, I called him because a guy had come in to cash a check. I called for police help, so George came. There was a door going in the front, and quite a long store, and a door out the back. I was right in the middle talking to the guy, entertaining him till the police would come. George come through the front door, and that guy saw him. He headed to the back door, and George run for him, and he went through the back door and threw the door back at him, and George hit it. George was a strong and well trained policeman. The door cut him and opened his arm, and when I first saw it, I've never seen a wound like that. It was just laying open, white and deep, and went clear up to here, and do you know why? Because that's where his garments were.

They gave him a blessing, and he was okay. I had no contact with him for several years, and then he found out that there were these graves. After Ellen and I went out there and patched the fence around it - there was sage brush growing around it. George Shail from Pocatello took his boy scout troop out there and they cleaned the sage brush off and hauled white rock, and put them around those graves, and painted the fence.

He got to worrying. He didn't know why he was attracted to go out there, so he went out there 2 or 3 times, and he called me up one day and said "I have a feeling that those graves were not dedicated." I said, "Yes George, I'm sure they were, my grandpa was a bishop, and I'm sure those graves, they made the caskets out of the shelves from the drying room, I'm sure that those graves were dedicated."

But he couldn't get it out of his mind. He wanted to find some more information about it. I go to tell him about it, and I told him I have a book that tells the history of my

grandfather on his mission in Switzerland, and I've read in it. (When grandpa and his brother Dave went on their mission, they went without purse or script. Somebody gave them \$5 and that is what they had to go on.)

So he said one time, "Could I borrow that book and read," so he started reading. He got to reading, and he came to me wild eyed and said, "My Grandfather filled a mission in Switzerland!" And lo' and behold he found that my great grandfather, John II had some kind of a real bad ailment that put him in bed for a long, long time. My father is John IV. John III was my grandfather. Anyhow, John Kunz II got very sick, and was in bed for a long time, and he couldn't get around at all, and it was just after they had accepted the gospel. The elders heard about it and went up to his place, and in those days, they didn't give them blessings. They used to baptize for a sickness. They did that. I didn't know that they did that. And they took him out and baptized him for it. And he miraculously got better, not immediately, but shortly after. And it tells how they took him out of the upstairs and down into it. Must have been a cold place to baptize and everything, but they did it and he then got better. He was already a member.

John Kunz III, his grandson, said, "I will listen to the missionaries, but I will smoke them out." But he was then converted, and baptized. (I need to get that book back from George Shail)

But this George Shail, you wonder why he was attracted out there, but it was his great grandfather who was filling a mission in Switzerland, and he was one of the missionaries that went to my great grandfather's home and baptized him. [George Shail's great grandfather, Jacob Flamm (1837-1913), was the President of the Swiss/German mission in 1877-1879 however the Kunz family was already in Idaho by this time.]

I thought this boy here would come unglued. He was very, very upset that this

man locked up the road so no one could get in. I have pictures showing the gate to the graves, and the graves. George Shail thought the graves weren't dedicated, but I'm sure they were. The graves were made from the shelves from the drying room. And they had to be dedicated. Grandfather would have had to have been the bishop when he was out here. He was for about 20 years in Bern.

In our research, we found there was a salt mine up in one of those canyons. That was one of things we tried to use to get into the locked up land that this person who came in from California and bought. He put the lock on the door. Caribou Springs Cattle Co. owns it. We'll ask and see if we can get in. You can come from the other side to get to the graves, but it was locked also.

We used to come up through here. It was the best sage hen area in the country. People from Utah would come up here and shoot, and yank the breasts out and throw the rest away, and we used to get so angry about that. You need a truck to get over there.

We used to bring the Quayle cattle out here. They were all black Angus, and they all had a wattle. It was in the front of the throat, and they'd cut a piece like your thumb to hang down as a marker. We used to have a slit in the left ear and an under slope in the right ear. And they were marked for life. That was easier than branding.

From here we can go to the cheese factory in Freedom at Thayne, Wyoming, or back through Soda Springs. We go up through Tin Cup, or back through Wayan and down. Tin Cup used to be a very rugged road. The highway is good now. We can then go back through Afton. We'll go buy cheese there. We'll go by Merlyn's ranch on the way home toward Montpelier. Another time we'll go through Wayan. There is only the store and there is a bird refuge there.

Denzil knew where my father and mother wintered out there. They actually wintered in

Wayan. Rulon and Irevia were born there, not in Grays Lake. It is up high in the mountains.

How Tin Cup Highway got its Name

There's history about Tin Cup. The Indians came and they wanted a drink of water, so they gave him a tin cup to get a drink, and that's how it got its name.

There's a little spring that comes out the side of the mountain by the old road. That's where the Tin Cup Creek comes into here. This was a very treacherous canyon in the old days. Hardly no road at all. This creek would get real full. It was quite a stream. You can see the cut it made in years past with a lot of water. I've heard them tell of how they did this with the graders. I'm sure Alvin was one of them that worked out here, for one dollar a day shortly after he was married. I think your dad, Bud, worked in Tin Cup when the road first went through there. It was John S., and Uncle August, and Alvin, and they went there and run a four-horse hoof, each one of them. They'd scrape and scoop the dirt, and slide it along and then with a big rope they would pull the thing, and when they'd move along, they'd dump, like the front-end loaders of today.

Over the mountain from Freedom is our dairy. They used to ride over the hill and go to dances in Freedom. The Lower Dairy is right straight over Nielson Canyon (where Old Shag Nasty was). We called him that because he was kind of a dirty sheep herder that had a long beard. We didn't call him that to his face.

As an eight to nine year-old boy with Denzil, we'd go over the hill to Diamond Flats where we'd herd cattle for Bill Hunter. There's a stream out of the mountains. That's where Bud was John S's sheep camp right over the hill. Up Nielson Canyon, straight up the hill where my father had a reserve right and had a herd of sheep up there. You go up a little farther to Diamond Flat to Boulder Canyon and that's where Bud tended the sheep camp for one summer when John S. got sick and I went up to herd sheep and be with Bud. We

were up there darn near a week. We had a lot of experiences up there. I didn't know anything about herding sheep. Bud was not happy herding sheep. I don't think anybody would have been.

We are in Freedom now. Half of this road is in Wyoming, and the other side is in Idaho. The Lower Dairy is behind this hill. There was a dancehall. Right over that to the left is where the Diamond Flat and Boulder Canyon was. Bud was the camp jack. We worried about the coyotes, and about losing sheep. Right in here was where the dance hall was, and the corner store. This is the curve to turn toward Afton. Remember the MT initials on the door? That's Melvin Tingey. They used to come from Grays Lake and go over the hill. He had quite a case on one of my sisters. He liked Rhoda. When we used to come here, the road wasn't good like it is now. I thought it was a long way. I guess I thought this was so far because I was a father with a bunch of little kids in the back of the car. "Are we there yet?" Right above, along the foothills, you can see an old road, the Oregon Trail, that my father used. I guess it was up by the Upper Dairy somewhere. You can see the markings in the ground still.

If we turned left here, we go to Jackson. We will turn right and go to Afton and on to Montpelier. It's been years since I've been to Jackson. All the Kunz property is on the other side of this mountain range. This is pretty country. Every time we came up here, we'd see a deer on the other side of the cheese factory.

When grandfather [John Kunz III] came from Switzerland, he brought a big pot with him. He knew how to make cheese already. They come over on a boat and it took them weeks to get here. In the fall of the year, they would take a wagon load of cheese to Blackfoot. I'm sure they'd bring a lot of cheese here, before the cheese factory was here.

Ellen's Memory of Rose Kunz Eschler

When I graduated from school, I spent a good part of the winter at [Rose Kunz Eschler

(1867-1944)] my grandma's house, washing, mopping, and things like that because she had ulcers on her legs. She would tell me stories. She told me about a little child who died crossing on the way over at sea. Grandma said she didn't know how long she'd have to live before she could forget seeing that. They buried that little soul at sea. She saw them wrap him in the shroud and then they had like a slide that they put him on and slid him off into the ocean. She remembered how the mama cried. She was about six years old then.

We used to watch them make the cheese here at the factory, but they don't do tours anymore. You could watch them bring the curd out. Swiss cheese doesn't get the coloring in it. The holes were made by the gas. The flavor was made by aging it longer. I don't know if there is any difference in the actual making of the Swiss cheese.

My father used to bring Grandpa to Lava. He was so sick with rheumatism or something like that. He'd bring him here for a weekend in 1916-18, and they'd sometimes stay for a week or two, and they'd go into what they called a Hot Mud Bath. I guess it was a great help to Grandpa. I've got letters he wrote to mother and the kids while he was staying with grandpa, and how they were cooking fish, and what they were doing, and I have letters she wrote to him. Reading those letters, turn these people into someone you know - her concern for her children, and husband, and others. Alvin and Mamie stayed real close to home, and didn't go many places.

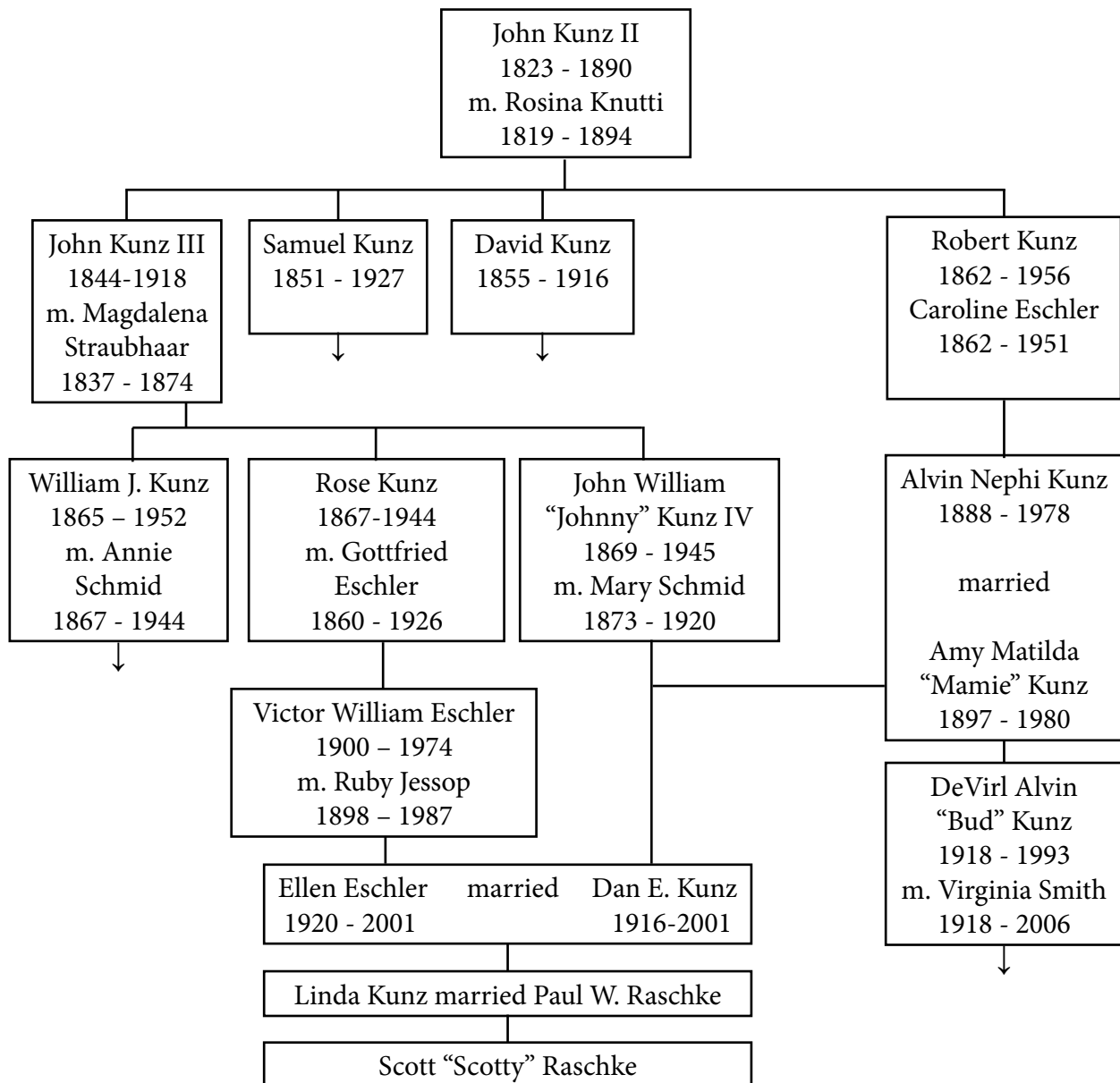
I have a picture of two saddles. One old saddle is LeGrand Clark's, and the other one was John's. John was left handed, and the strap that hooks on the swell on the right side that holds the lariat, well, it was on the left side. I did have them. I had this one repaired, and I took it to Georgetown, and gave it to Don, and I had it all greased up, and cleaned up, and he put it into his saddle room.

The oldest son was Will [William J. Kunz (1865-1952)] and the youngest of the first family was John [John William “Johnny” Kunz IV (1869-1915)]. Grandpa [John Kunz III (1844-1918)] and his brothers, Sam [Samuel Kunz (1851-1927)] and Dave [David Kunz (1855-1916)]. Robert Kunz [(1862-1951)] is the son of John [Kunz] II [(1823-1890)]. He’s my grandfather’s brother. Robert was the youngest. He [Robert Kunz] was the brother of the grandpa that lived here [John Kunz III]. Robert was Alvin’s dad [Alvin Nephi Kunz (1888-1978)]. The father of Ellen [Ellen

Eschler Kunz (1920-2001)] is Victor William Eschler (1900-1974). His mother is Aunt Rose [Rose Kunz Eschler (1867-1944)]. Aunt Rose Kunz Eschler, Ellen’s grandma, is the sister of Uncle Johnny, Dan’s father.

Scotty used to say, “You can’t do that. Your children will be misinformed!” We’re about the same relation that Alvin and Mamie were.

The land of Grandpa [John Kunz III (1844-1918)] went “pert near” over to Tin Cup. It’s not his land now. He sold this to the Quayles, and it would have been about 1916, when I was born, or a little before.



Dan's letter to the Forest Service

This letter contains information about how the Williamsburg land was used.

To the best of my knowledge, in the early 1890's, four Kunz brother's, immigrants from Switzerland, established squatter's rights on areas near Lanes Creek for the purpose of grazing dairy cattle and cheese making. The brothers were David, Samuel, William, and John Kunz III. David established his rights in the area now known as Daves Creek. Samuel located on a rich spring at what is now known as the Lower Dairy. William located north and west of the Lander Trail, now known as the Middle Dairy.

John III located north and east of William along the headwaters of Lanes Creek which later became Williamsburg and the Upper Dairy. John built a home and established a large cheese-making operation along Lanes Creek. He used the waters of Lanes Creek in the cooling and manufacturing process. He made American cheese from the milk, and he grazed beef cattle.

To the east, beyond John's dairy, were several other families whose only access was using the road from the Upper Dairy to their holdings. This road is essentially located in the same place as the road which now connects with the main road and the national forest along Lanes Creek.

This road was used to bring in equipment and supplies for the cattlemen, sheepmen, and others using the federal lands to the east of the Upper Dairy. Some of these men used the drying room at the dairy for storage of their perishable goods. The road was also used for hauling wood and timber from the forested areas and to haul the cheese to Soda Springs, Blackfoot, and Montpelier.

Others used the road for access to and from Freedom, Thayne, and Afton, Wyoming. This road was also used to haul mail to the Williamsburg Post Office (that was in the Upper Dairy) and by all those who collected

their mail at this office, as John Kunz III and wife Margaret had a post office in their home at the Upper Dairy.

John Kunz III and his family used this area until 1918 when he passed away. They also had a family burial plot adjacent to the home where two of his children are buried: Lovinia, who died Sept. 7, 1899 and Melvin, who died May 25, 1901. This cemetery was maintained and visited regularly by family members, Boy Scout troops, church groups and those interested in the area until the road was closed by the land owner. We would like to have access restored to those graves so we can maintain and visit these family graves. (The mother would have been Aunt Grete, I think)

In about 1896, John Kunz IV, son of John Kunz III, bought squatter's rights from Samuel Kunz who operated the Lower Dairy, and grazed dairy cattle on the land until he sold the land to the Swensen brothers. He also acquired the Daves Creek sawmill and other land in this area.

William J. Kunz, son of John Kunz III, purchased squatter's rights from William Kunz and operated the Middle Dairy until about 1930. Most of the land adjacent to the Caribou National Forest was sold to the Quayle family who had a large black Angus beef cattle operation.

For over 20 years after the Upper Dairy was sold to the Quayle brothers, John Kunz III and his family maintained supplies at the Upper Dairy, repaired fences, herded cattle, and took care of the ranch for them. I recall as a young man, going to and from the forest using the Lanes Creek road, along with friends and forest users, and working with my father to maintain and take care of the Quayle cattle and land.

I worked this area until about 1939. It is my urgent plea that access be made available in the Lanes Creek area for us, other relatives and friends and to the general public.

Thank you. Dan Kunz 1/12/94

From Mary Schmid Kunz in Bern

Dear John S., March 30, 1915

I thought I would just write a few lines to you this evening, and I hope they will find you well and feeling good. Did you get up there all right, and are you getting along all right? We are all well; Pa got home last night feeling fairly well, he had a little headache today, his stomach is a little out of order, but he has been working all day. Pa felt good to be home again. Grandpa is feeling pretty good today. Louis Eschler was out here this afternoon, and they hauled manure and chopped corn; and now this evening, Pa put a wild horse in the barn to feed them up and get them ready to break. Sophia is feeling fairly well, and all of Uncle Will's folk are well. Alvin and Mamie was out here last night for a while. There's not much news here in this Burg. It was cold and nasty all day yesterday, and today, too, part of the time.

Now dear John S, I hope you are feeling better and will content yourself and make the best of it. Stay with your school like a man, and you will feel much better at the end. You will have gained one point in life that you started at, and it won't be as hard for you the next time. You undertake to make an effort for anything; it's these little things now that we have to put up with that makes better men and women of us, although it looks a little hard at the time, so be patient, John S.

You have our prayers and best wishes for your success in life, and someday you will look back with pride on your school days. Be careful in your own life, for life is what we make it. Ask your Heavenly Father to help you, and you will soon see how much better you feel. Let us know when you are in need of anything or when you want a horse sent up. The children all send hellos to you. Also Pa joins me in this letter and wishes to be remembered to you. Now be good and don't be lonesome. God bless you from your loving mother and all. Write when you have time.

From Paul Scherbel to Brent Kunz

Dear Brent,

On 12 Aug., 1997, I was with the Oregon-California Trail Association, along the Lander Cut-Off and was stopped at Lane's Grave at the Middle Dairy Ranch. A carload of your kinfolk stopped by and were wondering what was going on. There were 44 cars and near 100 people in our group. I talked mostly with an elderly gentleman who said he was 65 years old; I didn't get his first name, but his last was Kunz. He told us about the dairy farms and the history of the area and the involvement of the Kunz family. ... was given to me in seeing to concern the problem with R.S.2477. It was thought that you might not have seen it. Are you involved with the R.S.2477 controversy? It was all extra interesting to me due to our friendship. Nice to know famous people.
Paul N. Scherbel 307-276-3347

From Brent Kunz to Paul Scherbel

Re: access to Williamsburg area

To Paul Scherbel: Box 4296

Big Piney - Marbleton, Wyoming 83113

Dear Paul, Sept. 25, 1997

Thank you for your letter of Sept. 15, 1997. I was pleased to hear about your experience with the Lander Cut-Off. As you may know, Jermy Wight is a close friend of mine. I have walked the Stump Creek portion of the Lander Cut-Off and have driven portions of the trail. If you don't have a copy of Jermy's book on Lander's trail, let me know, and I will see that you get one. I don't know whom you may have talked with about the Middle Dairy; however, the memorandum that was prepared by Dan Kunz I have previously received. Uncle Dan is my Dad's youngest brother. I am a direct descendant of the early homesteaders. After World War II, none of my uncles and aunts were interested in the dairy and the family sold to the Quayle family. In retrospect, that was a mistake. I am embarrassed to say that I do not know what R.S.2477 is. Obviously I am

not involved with this. What is it, and should I be involved? Thank you for sharing the information with me. You are a great friend and I appreciate your contribution to the state of Wyoming. Best Regards, I am sincerely,
Hathaway, Beight & Kunz

Brent R. Kunz 25151 Avenue Suite 500 PO
BOX 1208 Cheyenne, Wyoming, 82003-1208
307-634-7723

Dan's depiction of Samuel Kunz Sr.

He was the good Samuel. There was one who was a trapper and was a go around. He was young Sammy. This good Samuel became a patriarch. He is the man that gave me my patriarchal blessing, and I was only 6 months old at the time. There's a lot of things that are not exact that have turned out very similar.

This is the brother to John Kunz III, and to William. And also a brother to Dave, who had the saw mill. The Kunzes in the Tetons are from Samuel.

Letters from Wayan

We have letters from my grandpa to my parents when they were living in Wayan, telling them how to tell if they have smallpox or chicken pox. He told them how to treat them. They were a young family, just Rulon and Irena born in Wayan. They wintered out there in Wayan. They run the dairy, but didn't come to Bern for 2 or 3 years. They would have been living in Wayan with 6 children.

The place now is a little store; looks like a home. It was the post office and store, and they lived right there. It's right where the two roads meet. If you go left on the main road you go past Hooper Springs into Soda. But further north along the road is Grays Lake and the bird refuge. It is the marshy area, and another huge recreational lake. There have been Bigfoot tracks through there.

**Grays Lake . . .
There have been Bigfoot
tracks through there**

John Kunz I & daughter Rosie Morrell

We have a picture of Rosie Morrell. She was crippled. They couldn't do anything for her. My great grandfather walked with her up over the hill to where the faith healers (missionaries) were that they had heard about in Switzerland. They must have stayed several days. She was cured of her problem and he listened to the missionaries. Apparently he invited them to come over where they were, so they had a meeting at their home. (She's buried in Logan. She came to this country and married Morrell. She had a twin.) There was a bunch of people in the area that was going to get rid of those missionaries, and my great grandfather [JK2] was one of them. So, my great great granddad [JK1], he opened the upper part of the door to talk to my great grandfather [JK2] and said, "John, what are you doing here?" so they were going to come in, and he told them to disband, and they did. "John go home."

Magdalena [Straubhaar, the wife of JK3], had been listening to the missionaries. They arranged for John, my grandfather [JK3], to come to a meeting and he said, "I'll go, but I'll take my pipe and smoke them out!" and he went with full intent, but came away feeling differently. Magdalena was baptized before he was, but they were both baptized.

John Kunz II said he'd be baptized if he didn't have to go to America. But he did. It was Dan's great great grandpa [JK1] who died in Switzerland when Will was just a little boy. Meniggrund is a farming area on the side of the hill, and they had to come down into Dientigen to bury him, and they sat Will on the casket and carried him down the hill to the cemetery on top of the casket. That was John the first [JKI].

Jakob Kunz returned with a message

Jakob Kunz II (1774-1841), the father of John Kunz I, was the one who, when lying in state, there was no way to preserve the body, and it was a warm part of the year, and his

wife sat with the body to keep the cats and others away, and while she was sitting with her deceased husband, his voice came to her very clearly: “The true church is not on the earth at this time, but it will come and our posterity will know when it comes.” From that one person, all of these Kunzes joined.

The father of Johannes Kunz I was Jakob Kunz. Together, Jakob Kunz and his second wife Susanna Weissmueller wondered if the true gospel of Jesus Christ would ever be restored to the earth. They agreed that whichever one died first would return and inform the remaining partner of the truth.

Upon Jakob Kunz’s death in 1841, Susanna stayed by his coffin to receive his message. After three days, Susanna exclaimed, “Ach, är chunnt doch nit,” which is to say “Pshaw! He’s evidently not coming after all.” Then Susanna heard the voice of her deceased husband saying that, indeed, the true gospel was on the earth and that their posterity would accept it.

This treasured experience was shared with Johannes Kunz I who, in turn, shared it with his descendants. It continues to touch our hearts today.

From [“The Swiss Background of the Family of John Kunz I”](#) by Paul-Anthon Nielson located on pages 12-13 of “The Kunz Family” book by Phillip Kunz or on pages 21-22 of the subsequent pdf.

Fred Eschler, Ellen’s grandfather

Aunt Ellen has a picture of Fred Eschler from Will and Annie’s things. It is Ellen’s grandfather and Rose Kunz Eschler’s husband. They are her grandparents. Ellen was only 5 when he died. He had a stroke and was paralyzed and was in either a bed or wheelchair. The bed was in the front room. On sunny days, he would be in the driveway and watch the kids. She remembers playing around him. He was in white. Aunt Ellen doesn’t know if it was pajamas or a blanket, and he always wore a hat. In the picture he’s holding on to an umbrella, has a chain which probably has a watch on it. He’s holding a briefcase.

American Kunzes toured Switzerland with guide Paul-Anthon Nielson

The bell from Switzerland is in the Montpellier museum. Uncle George carried the big bell all the way from Switzerland. The Swiss

people, overnight, had that bell cast for us. It’s got wide leather on it. They did that all. They were such influential people over there that they wanted to make us a big cowbell. We went up on the Alps for supper and danced and sang and yodeled. There were 36 of us. Going around the corners on the hills, we felt like we were hanging out over the edge, and had to back up a lot to make the corners. They had us for a lunch; we ate at the motel, and they were so impressed with what we had, that they arranged this bell for us for the next night. They left that lunch we were attending and went to the people and had them cast this great big bell—they’d never made one that big before—and had it inscribed and everything, and gave it to us just before we left.

There are lots of Kunzes left in Switzerland. Some stayed in Switzerland, one group went to America, another went to Russia, there are royalty there. Some of them are just beginning to filter back. We were told not to make inquiries there because they had some family still in Russia, and they didn’t want to have any problems with them. They joined in the festivities with us there.

Paul Nielson arranged wonderful things. We went into Bern to the State House, where their Legislature met and we met the chancellor, Martin Josi. His mother was a Russian Kunz. He greeted us, and met with us, and had guides for us to go the houses of Parliament. He presented each couple with a book about Switzerland that they give only to visiting government dignitaries from other countries, and he autographed it for us. He arranged at a tea room for all of us to go there for refreshments.

We also went to the place where they issue permission for emigration. There was the forms, under glass, made especially for us—a display of the forms that John III had filled out. It had their name, race, height, eyes, hair, etc., all there, and their signatures on that. We have pictures of that. It was in the Archives. He had two big long tables for us to look at

about the Kunzes. Paul's been there for quite a while; he has dual citizenship. We went to the original Kunz home in Diemtigen. The area is not for sale. There were too many foreigners buying land in Switzerland. We were allowed in the home. Kunzes are still living there—in the place where my father was born—the old smoke kitchen, we have pictures of it. Maybe slides. Going to make a video of the slides.

Fun stories about Dan and Ellen

I was vice-president of the Rodeo Association. I rode in parades for more than ten years. My 81st birthday is August 1. I'd love to hang around for another 81. It would be scary to stick around for the second coming.

This last year, I have wondered if we are closer than we think, with all the things that have been happening. It's been 100 years since the Blackfoot Idaho Falls flood, and all of these things, floods that have been happening through the nation, and the world. And hurricanes and tornadoes up here, in Rigby. It tore up right at the edge of the flood area two to three weeks ago, then dropped down, and knocked big trees down, pulled them right out of the ground.

There's a picture I have that shows John's Marian and Patty on the front steps of Bud's home. They got together, I guess quite a few times, and they weren't as affluent or get around as much as we do now. John S. and Marge were married at the time.

When we were first married, Ira Kunz came to our place in Ogden, and so did Bud and Virginia; and Patty came to visit us during war time in that "beautiful" apartment. It was war time and we were thankful for anything we could get. To get to our apartment, you had to walk through the basement, and across, and the people in the house had strung a clothesline through it and you had to walk under the wet diapers, and past the furnaces to get to our apartment, but it was okay, because we had a place. We got married in 1942.

In the garage in Pocatello: A lot of these things we have here have been here like this 300 to 400 candles for centerpieces; This is our depression mentality, we cannot throw anything away. There is a bar, a grill. Your dad was a good one. This has done me a lot of good. It's been fun for me!

Our business for 17 years was the wedding chapel. We built that in 1974. At that time there wasn't anything like that around here. But somebody did buy an old church and converted it. It was competitive, and it was hard work; but we did it, and we had a good name. And we still get calls from people wondering if we do a little of this now and then. We tell them we don't. Dan says that when you get to be $\frac{3}{4}$ of a century old, you can retire. So we sold it to a Born-Again church group first. They sold it about two years ago to the Methodists, and they're awful good neighbors. We did weddings there and served dinners. We found talents between us that we didn't know we had. We did beautiful floral work.

Dan said, "Of course, I was the bookkeeper and the dishwasher." And Ellen replied: "Oh, we were ALL dishwashers. Linda and I did the cakes and that kind of stuff, and then we all worked. We catered out in the churches as well as there."

We were doing good, but didn't have the best control of ourselves. We thought we had to have the best looking place, and bought an awful lot of equipment that we could have done without, and tied up a lot of money.

Oh, we had backdrops of different kinds, lots of centerpieces, silk and fresh flowers. But when we sold the place, they wanted it immediately, and they were moving their stuff in while we were trying to get out of there.

We just sold the rod iron arch. It was white and you'd put green garland and flowers on it and make it really pretty. A woman in our ward wanted to buy it for her daughters wedding so we got rid of it.

We had aprons and garters, and knives to cut the cake. There was a little shop in town that bought all those things from us.

This cemetery just off the freeway is where Denzil and Ireva Kunz are buried. We have lots there right next to them.

Going over Lava one year, there was an awful snowstorm, a blizzard, and we were coming across this pass (east of Lava). We come up the other side and coming down we got confused and pulled off on one of these run away truck lanes. We couldn't see anything and we sunk down into that clear up to the middle of the tires. Finally a truck slowed up and hollered, "I can't stop, but do you want me to call a wrecker?" By the time the wrecker got back, I'd got out and pushed back and forth until I got us out of it.

This road is a real cut off to get us to Montpelier. It used to go through Bancroft, and it was an awful trip, and long. This road used to be treacherous, and it was gravel.

Canola and Chesterfield Pioneer Town

The fields along here are canola. It's used for making canola oil. It looks like weeds when it is beginning to grow, then it matures and looks a little like wheat and is brown-gold.

Chesterfield is a pioneer town they are restoring. There's a missionary couple there supervising the work. This is where the seed potatoes are grown. They worry about blight, and too much rain this year. It causes the potatoes to rot. There's two little towns over here, Grace and Thatcher. My brothers, John and Denzil started a café and hotel there.

Property

When we bought our piece of ground, we bought a horse. It was at the time, just before we decided to move there, I had a bad time with my nerves; Mr. Block was just like a father to me in so many ways and he knew I was having problems, and he said, "You better come play golf. I'll teach you how to play golf." And I knew I'd get out there and it would be the most trying thing in the world for me to

play golf, because I always felt that I had to be responsible for myself and everybody around me, and I knew it would have just been a worry to me.

A friend of ours, the agricultural agent, (we lived by him about 5-6 years before) had kept in contact, and when he heard I was having troubles, he said, "Dan, you've got to get out and get some animals." So we went up Pocatello Creek, and found a place, but it didn't materialize, and then we found the place where we are now, and we bought 3½ acres of ground for \$3000. We had lived in the ward with the fellow that had been building, and Ellen fell madly in love with their home, and we got to talking to him, and he said he'd build our home for us.

When I bought the ground, it was 150 foot frontage. He come out with us and he looked at the ground, and asked where we were going to set our house. And I said, "Right in the middle of this 150 foot frontage." He said, "Danny, I'd think about that if I were you. Someday, that ground is gonna be so valuable, you'll wish you'd set it to one side or the other. You'll want to sell that strip or build another home." We did. We set it on the side, and it wasn't quite a few years that we started looking for a place to lose some money, so we built the wedding chapel, and we did all of that. Built it and lost money. It was a real challenge.

When we first moved out there, we was very poor, and we scrimped on everything. We bought a cow, and I'd milk her in the morning before I went to work, and I'd come home and milk her. I was always a good, clean milker and had that much foam (several inches) on the top of the buckets all the time. In fact, till one old cow run the bucket over. The kids would go down with me and hold her tail, and then I'd sit there and I'd tell them, "See that cloud up there? That's just like the pudding out of Williamsburg," or "Can't you see that barn? You can see the top of the barn, and this over here is a load of hay," and

so on and things like that. I'd entertain them that way. It was a good learning experience for me and the kids. I'd milk this cow; a and we sold milk, 50 cents a gallon, and it would have cream on it just like the stamp said on the door. We raised rabbits, sheep, steers. We didn't have lots of things, but we sure had a variety. Our kids were 4-H-ers.

A friend told me, "You've gotta have a horse, and I think I know where we can get you one." There is this little mare, owned by a man by the name of Harold Reeney. He said, "And if you'll promise not to abuse her, or sell her, we'll sell her for \$50." Course \$50 was like a mountain of money at that time, but each one of our kids learned to ride her. Her name was Raccoon. She was spotted, part Appaloosa, not a true one. She was a good horse, a smart horse. She'd balk at them and I'd take her to the end of the road and back, and then they could ride her again.

I also helped remodel the store four or five times, and went to the new building—I was the manager; and so it was my responsibility to take my employees out once a week as it was being built, and get their suggestions, and show them where everything was. I had quite a lot of responsibility there so when we decided to build ourselves, it was a challenge, and it was rewarding to see that we could accomplish those things. We then bought a little piece of ground from Sister Whittaker who had a trailer house on it.

We have a flag at our place. The first part of July of this year, we come home from the store and Ellen says, "Let's go put this out," and I said okay. We got the ropes to hook it on; I was trying to untwist the ropes, and I got looking back and flipped over backwards; I was flat on my back. I had no control at all. Then I couldn't get up, and Ellen was trying to help me up. A neighbor came along and saw us and helped me up, and I then got the flag up. You just don't believe that it could ever happen to you. I used to run up those steps at

the store. The first year that we had the store, it opened August first. I'd worked all night the night before, and all the employees were there, and Ellen had made a cake. I worked until the latter part of November, and I got feeling so bad, and I had bad color, and I'd never had a bad heart. Finally Ellen insisted I go to the doctor, and they took me right to the hospital.

We have a tape from on our mission in San Diego about the Logan Temple and the things that happened while it was being built. I'll let you listen to it. We have relatives that got lumber and things for the Logan Temple. I have a faith promoting story on tape at home.

It was nice visiting with Ron and Christin. Christin's mother used to come in to Block's and shop, and she'd come with her and I'd wait on them, I remember that. The Nielsens were lovely, lovely folks.

Georgetown Speed Trap

Georgetown is famous for the speed limit. So don't go fast through it or you'll get a ticket. The police are always waiting at the bottom of the hill. Slow down to 35 MPH. That's how they pay their wages.

Clark Ranch

The old Clark ranch is the big red barn on the west side of the street. It's where Don lived and Grandpa Clark, Aunt Rhoda. Don and Ellen took over the ranch.

Ellen and I have been married 55 years in December. I was a counselor in the bishopric for four years and served a mission in San Diego for 18 months.

Aunt Ellen's Bypass

We rushed her right into surgery. They had another patient scheduled, but they put Ellen right in. The team was prepped and standing ready. The doctor said that the heart machine usually wasn't there, but it was and then there were the people that were all scrubbed and ready to go. But when then brought her in, her whole arm was black and blue clear up around the top, and to her neck.

The doctor said he didn't know why everything was so prepared for her, but there must be something for Ellen left yet to do. Maybe the mission. She was glad there was something left to do. There are all those grandchildren and great grandchildren, too.

Farming in Bern, Idaho

The only type of farming we did in Bern was dry farming. We relied on the rain. Would we plant crops and then leave them and go to Williamsburg and then come back to harvest later? If it was a late spring, we'd leave somebody to finish the planting of wheat, barley, and alfalfa, primarily wheat and alfalfa. As you look down over the cemetery south is where our land was. Uncle Will's barn is dilapidated now, about a block up the lane from our place. The farm, the ground just south of the cemetery, was owned by my father and that was one of the fields that Bud talks about in his book.

My father taught me about harnessing my horses, milking the cows, and getting out in the field to plow with a one way plow. With a two-way plow you plow up one way turning this way and then you turn around, put the other plate down then turn up that way. And we'd use three horses to plow.

Dorothy asked: Do you mean that every time you wanted to turn, you'd have to get out and turn it?

The handles—one handle was on one side of you and one on the other side. There's a plow like thing behind. A plow on one side would throw the soil one way, and as you got to the end of the row, you'd just raise that out of the ground and then turn the horses and drop it down as you put your one horse in that furrow. And that's how you stay straight. You'd have the other two up on the dirt.

You learn how to do it. On that piece of ground, Bud helped haul rocks up there. Every year there were a lot of rocks that would plow up. We would haul them over at the end of the field. I know there must be a small

mountain of rocks at the end of that plowed field. It would be on the south end of the field that is directly south of the cemetery. Above Uncle Will's house between the hill and his house is where I plowed all summer and Bud talks about doing it.

By the time we milked the cows, and harnessed the three head of horses, I'd plow until lunch time and unhitch them and water them and feed them and go back up and plow some more until dusk. Then we'd have to go up above in the field and drive the cows down, and feed the pigs, and the chickens. I hope I'm not too boring. These things mean something to me, but I don't know if they mean much to anyone else.

Dorothy said: "They mean as much to me, I don't know if they mean more to me, but because I don't know these stories, they are precious. Right now, there is only you that has those memories—and there's nobody else around that has that knowledge that you have."

Denzil Kunz died in 1993

When your dad died, I wasn't feeling good, and Denzil [1909-1993] took sick the night before. We went and saw Denzil and left about 10 pm and then about 6 am Sue [Manning] called. As we got dressed to go, knowing he'd died, I realized that something was wrong, and I was hemorrhaging. We went to the hospital, and didn't get to see him until the day he was buried, and I saw him in the casket. I was so weak. They wouldn't let me out of the hospital, and I was supposed to go right home, white as a sheet, but I went to the cemetery, and then went home. I bled down so bad. I said, "I cannot let them bury him without my being there!" Bud [my grandson] and Kent [my son] helped me into the car at the hospital, and went to the church so I could see Denzil. It stormed like crazy. I didn't know if we should go out in the storm, but I knew I had to do it. The mortician was so good and took care of me. We then came home and went to bed.

Your dad was a little upset when we stayed in Bern there a little while ago, that things were not as kept up as he'd like them to be. He showed us where the keys were and how to turn everything on.

Dan and Ellen's Mission

Nobody could have been better than Bud to us when we were on our mission. When we were filling out our papers to go, he said, "be sure and write that you want to go to San Diego to the Visitors Center." But of course, we didn't. We just sent them in, and said we'd go where we were asked. So when we got the call, I can remember right where I was standing, and I went right to the phone and said, "Bud, what did you do? He said, "I haven't done anything, only say my prayers."

We was in the mission field in 1983 to '84. Bud sure acted like he enjoyed having us there. That was just as faith-promoting as a lot of these other things we've talked about. He was alone and he'd come there to go to that funeral in Salt Lake, and as we were walking out after the funeral, I can still hear him chuckle, and tell us to put a footnote on the papers telling them we want to come to the visitors center in San Diego.

When we got to San Diego Mission Headquarters, they treated us royally. Virginia was so good to us. The first night in our apartment, they came and she'd made a big pot of soup for us. Oh, was it very welcome and so delicious. They had us at their home, and I've got a lot of pictures of it. Any time any of our family would come, they'd go and swim in the pool, (we couldn't get in the water), but they'd treat us so good, us and all our kids, cook for us, sent treats with us. That closet just inside the door, he'd dip into the Price Club stuff and give us boxes of nuts, and candy bars, and licorice, and fill our hands full of things... Every time. He'd come into the mission office.

He fed everyone like Grandpa Kunz did. He took us to the best places to eat. The day we left to go home, they went with us as far

as Escondido, and took us out to eat a lovely, lovely meal. Then he gave us a 50 dollar bill and said, "Don't try to drive clear home. Go as far as you want to and get a motel." So we did. Honest to Heaven there's nobody like him. And so proud of his family. And that Thanksgiving dinner he had us to, with the garage turned into a club house. That was a really fun time. He took us up to his office and showed us his trophies and tapes he had from work, and the things on the wall. Oh, we could talk forever. I wondered if they were all still there. (They are, and even more).

Tithing

Bud talked to us about tithing. He said if a person would pay his tithing, the Lord would open a way for you to make the right investments. He'd had an opportunity to go in with something big, and he felt that he just had to make a trip somewhere, and had he taken a little more time, the Lord would have opened the way for him to make a large amount of money.

We then told him our poorer way of doing things; it was right after I quit smoking; we were in a tight budget like we'd always been. We'd got behind on our tithing. We just had the feeling that we should pay our tithing even if we had to borrow it. I went to the bank and borrowed enough to bring our tithing up, which was about \$1000. We always got our bonus right after the first of the year.

Well at the end of the year, we paid our tithing. When our bonus day come along, Meldine, my superior, brought in the list of checks I was supposed to make out. I was the accountant then. I knew, or I felt, that we were going to be all right, and have enough to pay our tithing and that loan off. When he brought the list late in the evening, I took a look down, and he said, "Make the checks out tonight, so that we can have them for our bonus party the next day." So I made them out, but I sweat blood all that night, because my bonus was not there. So, sick as a pup, I

went in early the next day to finish up getting things ready, and Mel came in the door, and said, “Danny, I made a mistake and there’s 3 checks you’re gonna have to write over.” He gave me the one, and said “Yours, I don’t know how I done it, but your bonus is \$1000 more.” Exactly what we needed for the bank. And we’ve paid tithing ever since. President Anderson said, “Maybe you think you can’t afford to pay tithing, but you can’t afford NOT to pay tithing. The Lord doesn’t need what you give Him, but you need what He’ll do for you.”

Bud took us to the mission office. We come in there to his home, and stayed over night, and then he took us down, led us down to the mission office, and dropped us off. A couple of days after, I got started knowing, learning what I was supposed to do. We went to church Sunday, and I don’t know why I was introduced to this man as the new secretary to the mission and President Winder.

He said, “Ya know, I don’t know really how or what your feelings are, but I had a son who worked in the mission office. Now remember, don’t begin to worry about where that money is going to that you’re writing those checks to in there. Don’t begin to wonder at all. Just do what they say. Don’t worry that they’re spending too much money. Things like that—and don’t let it get your testimony of the waste, and so on.” I tell you when you go into those places, you’ll wonder where the bottom of the barrel is.

We were at the mission office until we got an apartment. We served in the mission office the whole time. We were assigned to two different wards, and to the marines every Sunday. You could only see the marines on Sunday. The AP’s of the mission and Ellen and I for 1½ years, would go down and have Sacramento Meeting with the recruits. They were there for 11 weeks. We’d just run on to the first baptism we had where I baptized a black boy. People were kind to me. In the

marine swimming pool, there are no steps that come out of it. It’s real deep on one end and up to my chest on the other. The men have to pull themselves out. Well, how do they get an old boy down in there? One of them went down in, and I crawled over the edge, and down, and then they partially lifted me out of there. But, I was in a lot better shape than now. They baptized in the pool. They had the baptismal services right on the edge of the pool. Had to make arrangements, and clear the use of the pool. There were a lot of faith promoting things that happened there on that base.

We went out on a year’s mission, and one morning after we’d been out about six months, and your dad was in the office a day before,—he came a lot of days—I was at my desk, and Pres. Winder came and stood behind me, and asked Ellen, Sis. Kunz, to come in. He said, “Is there any way that we can get you to extend your mission another six months so you’ll be out a year and a half? We need you, and we don’t know what we’re going to do if you can’t extend.” So we said we’d call our kids and talk to our kids. So we called them and they said, “If that’s what you want to do, then, yes, by all means, yes!” So we stayed another 6 months.

Bud brought us to Merlyn’s home one time. I think that’s the only time we’ve ever been here. It was not too long after they built the home. Merlyn would come to clean our house, my father and I, when we were batching out there. They’d come and make beds, and work, and clean house. Believe me, her mother would tell her what to do, and how to do it, and she would do it.

At the end of the war, your dad devised a way to refuel airplanes in the air. That was his brainstorm. He was working for the Navy at the time, and it was war time. But he never said a lot about that. We told him that we were dumbfounded at the things he’d done. He ought to let the world know what he did.

Bobby Clark

It was in Soda Springs where Bobby Clark got gassed, Don Clark's boy. He was 18-19 (1975) when it happened. He got paralyzed and couldn't talk. He's been going to school. He was accepted to Law School at UCLA. He was working for Beckers in Soda Springs, and they had these big tanks full of gas that would come in, and they were up on the tank with gas masks on, and they'd open them and check them, and his gas mask wasn't working. They brought him down here to St. Anthony's Hospital in Pocatello. He laid in there and they couldn't do much. (Tape 6, Side A) I was visiting him once and I said, "Bobby, if you know what I'm talking about, squeeze my hand," and I swear that he did. I told him that I had a horse named Lady that was just two years old, and I wanted him to break that horse for me.

It was a freak accident. When he was on top of the gas tank, he opened it, and because his mask wasn't working, he passed out. Ordinarily a person would fall back, but he fell forward right over the opening. They called his uncle from California who is Russell's boy, John, and he came up. There was nothing there to help him. When they first brought him down, the monitor was flat lined, but when you'd talk to him, there would be waves on it. They finally said, "Forget him, put him away somewhere." And his little bride said, "No!" Finally one evening, they took Sherry to Irev's, and he talked to her very frankly. The folks didn't want her to stay; she was only about 18. She said, "No, I had an experience when I was little; I know what he's going through. I will stick with him."

And bless her sweet little heart, I saw her scoop the slobber off his face, and now he talks to her, and she can interpret what he says. John said, "Sherry, have you ever taken care of a baby, because that's what you're looking at when you look at your husband. Only, he's grown up, and you're taking care of a baby.

You kids have only been married 6 weeks. Nobody, absolutely nobody, would blame you if you said, 'I can't face this,'" and she just came right off the chair, and said, "If another person says that to me, I'm gonna hit them!" Sweet Sherry. She was in it to stay.

He was a good kid, and could hear what was going on around him. We decided there would be a fast, it took in everybody, even your dad, and had that fast. We went into his room, and he interpreted it wrong, thought we'd all come to say goodbye. He'd heard all those doctors saying he was a vegetable. He cried, like a wounded animal. You've never heard noises like that. His mother and dad calmed him down. Don asked me to be voice. Don took Bobby's hand and said, "We're here because we love you. The whole family has fasted and prayed for you and we've come here to be with you and pray." He held him, and Bobby calmed down, and then Don asked me to be the voice and give the blessing.

After that John said, "Don't put him away anywhere. Take him to Salt Lake." And they worked with him, and he graduated this year from Utah State. They've had two children, and we had the opportunity of going with them to the temple to be sealed. The only word I've ever heard him say was when his brothers carried him around the altar toward Sherry, and when the person officiating asked for it, he looked at Sherry, and I don't know where the words came from, but he said, "Yes" as plain as plain could be. Everybody in the room wept. Chills are going up and down my back right now!

This has been such a wonderful day, and so nice, and these people we're with have been so good. We get to know you, even you, Merlyn, I haven't known for the last 40 years. It's about time we got acquainted

**Stories told by Merlyn Kunz Jensen (1920-2011)
on the trip to Williamsburg in July 1997
with Dan & Ellen Kunz, Ron & Christin Jensen,
Dorothy, Camille, & Merilee Dearden**

Bud's Education

At Utah State they would milk cows up there, and make butter, and all those things. That's where Bud could buy that buttermilk for 1 cent a big glass; "It was a big glass," he said. He could drink buttermilk every day. He drank buttermilk, and he told me that maintained his life, and of course mother would send the food. She would send meat and bacon, cheese, eggs, bread, and send it for 1 cent a pound in the mail to Bud and Foster. I helped package that food. I was there. And that's how those kids ate when they were in school. They didn't have any money to buy any food. There was no money.

In order for them to get into school in the fall, oft times they would have to go over to Charlie and John Schmid and borrow \$125 for their tuition. Then Dad would have to sell a cow, one of the good milking cows so those boys could go to school.

Mother was really, really pushed to see that Bud got an education. She would say this all the time: "Bud has got to go to school. Because he has asthma there is no way that he can work, and work out in the fields or anything, but he has got to get to school." I heard her say that many, many times. She was much more persistent in seeing that he had an education than anyone.

Uncle Bob the barber

Robert H. Kunz [1886-1955] was the barber. He cut our hair all our lives. He was a kind of miser old guy—buried his money, didn't ever spend a dime, walked slowly so he wouldn't wear the clothes out. When the bank went broke, he had his money hid. Dad lost

all of ours—about 200 or 300 dollars. That is all he had. Dad and each one of us kids had a little savings in the bank, and the bank went broke.

How Laura Jackson met Kenny Kunz

Aunt Laura and I were roommates. We were in nurses training together. That's how she and Kenny met—at the LDS hospital, and affiliated with the University of Utah.

Mamie Kunz at Williamsburg

When Bud was three weeks old, my mother took him and Foster (who was about two) to Williamsburg in a buggy with a horse. I think she had a driver, and she hung on the side of that buggy with one arm, holding on tight to Bud with the other—so long, and it was such a rough ride, that her one arm was black and blue.

As a young girl, mother left Williamsburg alone, a young girl with cheese, and she came upon some Indians. Sometimes they were mean, sometimes not, and she was very nice to them and gave them cheese. They helped her cross the river, and she was okay because she'd been nice to them.

Silver Dollar from Johnny Kunz

Can I tell you a story? When I was about six to seven years old, mother and dad brought me out here. Everyone was milking. I remember Uncle Denzil (I was born in 1920), and I was looking through the slats in the gate, and grandpa was milking there on his stool, and he said, "Come here, girlie." I was scared to death of the cows, but I went and he reached in his pocket and gave me a silver dollar. That was a lot of money back then.

Recollections

The narrow path once worn bare of grass by frequent trips between the house and barnyard was green with new spring growth. Rust on the old latch made the gate difficult to open. As I struggled to unhook it, a gust of wind caught the heavy wood; and flying open, it mingled with the bellowing of cows and their calves. Walking toward the barn, the noise grew louder. A horse whinnied and pigs grunted noisily as they rolled in the mud. Around one corner of the chicken coop, through the misty haze of morning, came a little green tractor with two small children driving and a bent, white-haired man with sparkling blue eyes in faded overalls standing on the back bar. The children were laughing and shouting as they stopped the tractor. All three climbed off and headed for the milking shed. I quietly followed. Pulling up his milking stool, the old man sat down by the biggest cow. "Come, come, Fanny, time to milk." His strong, wrinkled hands were nimble as the milk gushed into the bucket. "Oh Grandpa!" cried the younger girl, "Let me try!" She took his place next to Fanny and tried with all her might to make the milk flow... but was unsuccessful. Her grandfather put his hands around her tiny ones and guided the motions. She squealed with delight as the milk splashed into the bucket.

Smiling, I turned and walked out of the shed. I gazed up at the weather-worn barn, a gigantic building, symbol of the country farmer. It was full of hay, forty feet high, a good supply of winter feed for the animals. Past the barn was a trough for the horse and cows, fed by the constant trickle of an artesian well. I walked over and splashed some water on my face. It was icy cold, and the shock brought me back into today. The sun was hot, the air, clear. The breeze was blowing, and the gate creaked as it swayed back and forth. All around me in dead silence—the chicken coop, the cow shed, and the pig sty were empty. Small whirlwinds of dust traveled across the deserted corral. The tractor stood idle in one corner of the old farmyard. Controlling a lump in my throat, I latched the gate. "I never could milk that cow as well as Grandpa."

Dorothy Kunz Dearden
October 1997



*Johnny Kunz farm
south of the cemetery
in Bern*



*The barnyard behind
Johnny Kunz's home
in Bern.*



*Uncle Will's
west of Grandpa Johnny's
in Bern*



<i>Thelma</i>	<i>Drucilla</i>	<i>Vera</i>	<i>Verona</i>	<i>Emma</i>	<i>Lucile</i>
<i>Eschler</i>	<i>Kunz</i>	<i>Kunz</i>	<i>Schmid</i>	<i>Steadman</i>	<i>Steadman</i>
<i>Foster</i>				<i>Ivy</i>	<i>Verda</i>
<i>Kunz</i>				<i>Steadman</i>	<i>Eschler</i>
	<i>Bud</i>	<i>Glen</i>	<i>Max</i>	<i>Velma</i>	
	<i>Kunz</i>	<i>Kunz</i>	<i>Eschler</i>	<i>Steadman</i>	

Children in front of a Sheep Camp at Williamsburg in 1919

Standing: Left to Right

Thelma Eschler [Banks] (1914-1995)
Foster Merlen Kunz (1916-1981)
Drusilla Kunz [Savage] (1913-2005)
Vera Evangeline Kunz [Pugmire Knutti] (1911-2001)
Verona Emma Schmid [Hayes] (1913-1993)
Emma May Steadman [Burgon] (1913-2006)
Ivy Edna Steadman [Andrus Smith] (1914-2000)
Lucile Fay Steadman [Whitney] (1917-2013)
Verda Eschler (1915-2005)

Seated

DeVirl Alvin "Bud" Kunz (1918-1993)
Glen Willis Kunz (1918-2000)
Max John Eschler (1918-2009)
Velma Luree Steadman [Hutchings] (1919-1983)



*Williamsburg Lower Dairy about 1914
Left to right Identification by DeVirl A. "Bud" Kunz*

Rhoda Lavina Kunz [Clark] (1901-1976)

Ivy Kunz [Jensen] (1904-2000)

Ireva Amilia "Dolly" Kunz [Mattson] (1904-1977)

Rulon Seldon "Dude" Kunz (1903-1966)

Joseph John "Joe" Kunz (1906-1950)

Delphin Karl Kunz (1907-1927)

Denzil Aroit Kunz (1909-1993)

Vera Evangeline Kunz [Pugmire Knutti] (1911-2001)

Leslie Amasa Kunz (1910-1981)



Johnny Kunz IV on Old Seal



Johnny Kunz IV



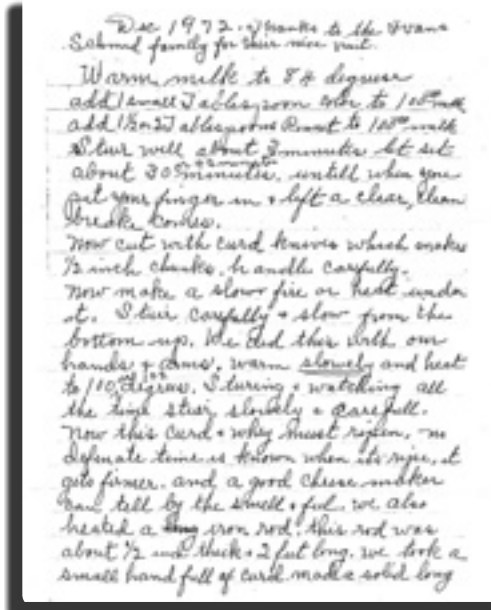
Appendix A

Directions for Making Cheese

Written by Amy Matilda "Mamie" Kunz Kunz (1897-1980)

Sent to Ivins Schmid. Shared by Phillip Kunz

Phillip Kunz sent me the following wonderful pages of directions for making cheese that my grandmother wrote to Ivins Schmid. These pages felt like they came straight from heaven. Thank you to Phillip, Ivins and of course, my sweet Grandma Amy for these treasures. I love you all. Joy



Dec 1972. Thanks to the Ivins Schmid family for their nice visit.

Warm milk to 84 degrees

Add 1 small Tablespoon color to 100# milk

Add 1 1/2 or 2 Tablespoons Rennet to 100# milk

Stir well about 3 minutes. Let set

about 30 or 40 minutes. Until when you put your finger in & left a clear, clean break comes.

Now cut with curd knives which makes 1/2 inch chunks. Handle carefully.

Now make a slow fire or heat under

it. Stir carefully & slow from the

bottom up. We did this with out

hands & arms. Warm slowly and heat

to 100 or 102 degrees. Stiring & watching all the time Stir slowly & careful.

Now this curd & whey must ripen, no definate time is known when its ripe. It

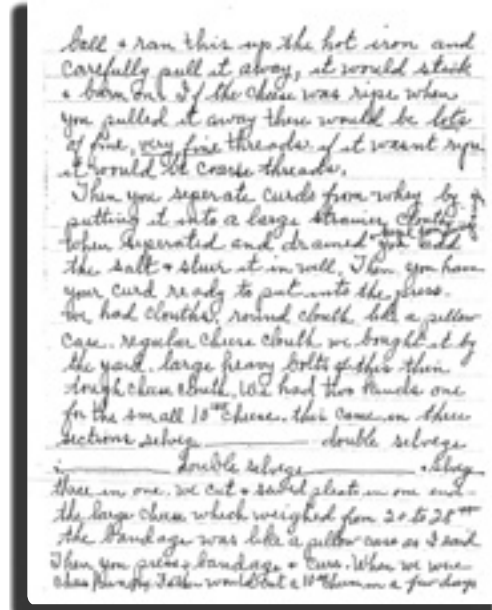
gets firmer. And a good cheese maker

can tell by the smell & feel. We also

heated a iron rod. This rod was

about 1/2 inch thick & 2 feet long. We took a

small hand full of curd. Made a solid long



ball & ran this up the hot iron and carefully pull it away, it would stick & burn on. If the cheese was ripe when you pulled it away, there would be lots of fine, very fine threads. If it wasn't ripe it would be coarse threads.

Then you separate curds from whey by putting it into a large strainer cloth.

When separated and drained & kept from lumping, you add

the salt & stir it in well. Then you have your curd ready to put into the press-

We had cloths, round cloth like a pillow

case. Regular cheese cloth. We bought it by

the yard. Large heavy bolts of this thin

tough cheese cloth. We had two kinds. One

for the small 10# cheese. This came in three

sections, selvage _____ double selvage

_____ double selvage _____ & selvage

three in one. We cut & sewed pleats in one end -

The large cheese which weighed from 20 to 28 #

the bandage we take a pillow case as I said

Then you press & bandage & cure. When we were

cheese hungry, Father would cut a 10# cheese in a few days.

Appendix B

From the Journal of Bishop Robert Schmid of Bern, Idaho

28 July 1930

Bobbie and I went to the father and sons outing on the Georgetown-Slug Creek Divide. We left about 6 p.m. with Able and Dean, David J. and his two boys, Ira and Twayne, Brother Barlow and his two boys, Ralph and Kimber.

I got a tent of Charlie Schmid's and we took a lot of provisions out with us, and a treat for all, candy, peanuts, and watermelon. Nellie cooked us three fine spring chickens, so we fared most wonderfully fine.

There were 212 out this evening in camp. We had a fine program. There were 11 out from here. Lowell Kunz was out also.

Georgetown had the most out today, 57. They were given the privilege to name the camp. They asked me to help them find a name. They chose a committee of three, Bishop W. W. Clark [Wilford Woodruff Clark (1886-1972)], Ed. Munk, and myself. The bishop suggested Summit View, to which we both agreed. So the camp is known as Summit View. They said that since I had traveled that road perhaps more than anyone else, they wanted me to have some say in it.

From the writings of Willard R. Kunz shared by Dianne Rasi-Koskinen

“Do you Remember” that as soon as school was out our thoughts and activities turned toward moving to Williamsburg for the summer. To us younger ones, it seemed to be an outing, with camping out and horse-back riding, etc. But to the more mature ones of the family it was serious business. To pack up bedding, food, and clothing as well as other things to set up housekeeping for the summer. One wagon was usually loaded with pigs and chickens. Others were loaded with trunks and boxes, etc. The White-top buggy usually carried the food and other smaller items, and room for passengers. About a hundred head of cows with their calves were trailed down the west side of the valley to Georgetown, and up Georgetown canyon to the “Big Spring.” This was one of the beautiful camp sites on our trip, where good food and plenty of bedding, with the quiet and peaceful surroundings of the canyon, were enjoyed by everyone after a hard day's work. The next day was spent in reaching the Grandfather Schmid Ranch on Slug Creek, where we were greeted by him and his family, who had spent the winter on the ranch and were as happy as we were for the reunion. It took two more full days to reach Williamsburg or “the Dairy,” as we called it.

Appendix C: John Kunz III Family Reunion—Summer 1942



In front of the home of Rose Kunz Eschler (1867-1944) in Ogden next to her store that she ran with her son, John Gottfried Eschler (1889-1974).

Rulon Reed
Brough
(1923-2007)

Paul Joseph
Nielson
(1902-1994)

George Stephen
Smith
(1896-1963)

Victor William
Eschler
(1900-1974)

Franklin Reed
Brough
(1894-1965)

Sarah Beth
Eschler
(1923-2003)

Abel Chester
Kunz
(1896-1989)

John Gottfried
Eschler
(1889-1974)

Lula Kunz
Nielson
(1910-1988)

Ethel
Brough
(1926-1974)

Ruby Jessop
Eschler
(1898-1987)

Heber Christian
Kunz
(1898-1966)

Parley Peter
Kunz
(1894-1983)

Hilda Irene
Stoor Kunz
(1900-1985)

Hedwig Hazel
Kunz Smith
(1896-1956)

Della Beatrice
Eschler Brough
(1897-1975)

Ellen Eschler
[Kunz]
(1920-2001)

Lucy Mae
Kunz Hansen
(1898-1957)

Thelma Julia
Dansie Peterson
(b. 1929)

Melvin Jessop
Eschler
(1929-1999)

Lois Eschler
[Martin]
(b. 1933)

Vera Eschler
[Eccles]
(1931-2010)

Rose Eschler
[Hall]
(b. 1928)

Agnes Ruth
Kunz Dansie
(1890-1967)

William John
Kunz
(1865-1952)

Anna Schmid
Kunz
(1867-1944)

John "Johnny"
Kunz IV
(1869-1945)

Rose Kunz
Eschler
(1867-1944)

The home of Rose Kunz Eschler (1867-1944) on 3241 Grant Avenue in Ogden, Utah.

To the right and attached to the house is a little neighborhood general store that was run by Rose and her son John Gottfried Eschler (1889-1974).

Front row, left to right: Lois Eschler [Martin] (b. 1933), Vera Eschler [Eccles] (1931-2010), and Rose Eschler [Hall] (b. 1928), daughters of Victor and Ruby Jessop Eschler; Agnes Ruth Kunz Dansie (1890-1967); William John Kunz (1865-1952); Anna Schmid Kunz (1867-1944), wife of William J. Kunz; John "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945); and Rose Kunz Eschler (1867-1944).

Middle row, left to right: Ruby Jessop Eschler (1898-1987), wife of Victor Eschler; Heber Christian Kunz (1898-1966); Parley Peter Kunz (1894-1983); Hilda Irene Stoor Kunz (1900-1985), wife of Parley P. Kunz; Hedwig Hazel Kunz Smith (1896-1956); Della Beatrice Eschler Brough (1897-1975), daughter of Rose Kunz Eschler; Ellen Eschler [Kunz] (1920-2001), daughter of Victor and Ruby Jessop Eschler; Lucy Mae Kunz Hansen (1898-1957); Thelma Julia Dansie [Peterson] (b. 1929), daughter of Alma Haleman and Agnes Ruth Kunz Dansie; Melvin Jessop Eschler (1929-1999), son of Victor and Ruby Jessop Eschler; Ethel Brough (1926-1974), daughter of Reed and Della Eschler Brough.

Back row, left to right: George Stephen Smith (1896-1963), husband of Hazel Kunz Smith; Victor William Eschler (1900-1974), son of Rose Kunz Eschler; Franklin Reed Brough (1894-1965), husband of Della Eschler Brough; Sarah Beth Eschler (1923-2003), daughter of Victor and Ruby Jessop Eschler; Abel Chester Kunz (1896-1989); John Gottfried Eschler (1889-1974), son of Rose Kunz Eschler; Rulon Reed Brough (1923-2007), son of Reed and Della Eschler Brough; Lula Kunz Nielson (1910-1988); Paul Joseph Nielson (1902-1994), husband of Lula Kunz Nielson.



Descendants of Johnny Kunz gather in 2012 for a family reunion at Gravel Creek Campground near Wayan, Idaho. (Photo by Donna Kurz)

'Hallmark of a family'

◆ Immigrants leave valley legacy.

From the editor: The story of American immigration is a story about families. These accounts, passed down through journals and oral histories, relate how fathers, mothers, children, sometimes entire branches of families, left countries of origin to settle new lands. Many sought religious freedom, some fled civil chaos, others dreamed of prosperity. What is often not told is what one radio personality called "the rest of the story."

From first to last, the Star Valley Independent will feature such stories of faith and fortitude that make up the fabric of our communities in Wyoming and the surrounding region. This week, the first of a two-part series introduces such features.

By Julie Dochowder Neuge

In the early 1900s, a man affectionately nicknamed "Johnny" by his family and neighbors used to ride his horse through the mountains west of Freedom checking on his dairy herd. In his pocket, he carried a little black book and a pencil. Scribbled in that little book were meticulous notes — the individual colors and markings of each animal in the herd. Coming upon a particular cow, he would recognize it. Over time, according to oral histories passed down for more than a century, he didn't need to refer to that notebook. He could identify a cow on sight.

Johnny Kunz, also known as John Kunz IV, knew if it was one of his or a cow another farmer was lending to the herd of the Williamsburg Dairies in neighboring Bear Lake Valley. This "blending" of herds wasn't new to Johnny. Neither was caring for that which belonged to his neighbor. He learned it from his father, and his father's father — from generations of Kunz dairymen in their native Switzerland.

"That's how dairying has been going on in Switzerland for the last 500 to 600 years," said Paul Arthurs Nielson, a Kunz family historian. "These dairy herders would collect cows and look out for them in the summer and then in the fall, the cheese [processed from the milk of the herd] would be distributed."

For local history buffs, the story of the



John Williams Kunz and Mary Schmid Kunz stand with some of their 12 children at the family dairy in Williamsburg, Idaho, in 1913. John William, back right, is known lovingly as Johnny to his descendants. Mary, his wife, standing right, died a few years after this photo was taken. The man standing left is an unknown farm hand. Brent Kunz's father, Rulon, is the sixth child from the left in front. Joy Peck's grandmother, "Mama," is standing in back wearing a hat. (Photo Courtesy of Kunz Family)

Williamsburg Dairies, some 16 miles west of Freedom over Idaho-24 West, began when the first Kunz immigrated to Utah in 1870 and was sent by Mormon leaders to settle the Bear Lake Valley. But not so to a Kunz. Sit down with any one of them, and they will talk of little Swiss hamlets with names like Dornstigen and Zwischenfluh.

To write about this family and their legacy, the Independent met last month with Brent R. Kunz at his Cheyenne law firm. There, on a computer program called Google Hangout, Kunz spoke "face to face" with cousins Joy Peck, a great-granddaughter of John IV living in San Diego, Calif., and Nielson, who was born in Ogden, Utah, but now lives near Bern, Switzerland. Nielson is a cousin descended through John Kunz III, one of the original Kunz immigrants.

Throughout the morning, they shared stories of faith and courage. And they spoke of a family loving one another and their neighbors.

"We have a duty and an obligation to our family. We have a duty and obligation to our community and they work together. They're compatible," said Brent Kunz, a grandson of Johnny. "It's as simple as what Christ taught, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

To these cousins and myriad like them spread throughout the region, state boundaries don't determine neighbors. "The hallmark of the family is everybody in Altos, Star Valley and Soda Springs [in Idaho's Caribou County] was welcomed by the Kunz family," Brent Kunz added. "When you came to the family, you always had a home. You always had something warm to eat and a warm place to sleep and they took care of people."

"There is a special love with the family that I think stems from the fact that they all came over approximately at the same time. They came to a virtual wilderness and homesteaded and made things work."

Many Kunz locally are descendants of those



The drying room for cheese at the lower Williamsburg dairy is part of what is known to Star Valley residents as "The Dairies" west of Freedom. (Photo Courtesy of Denise Kunz)



A farmer in the hamlet of Schwanden takes a horse and buggy in Diemtigen Valley, the area where the Kunz family dairy farmed for generations and from where ancestors emigrated to the United States and the Bear Lake Valley. (Photo by Kyle Kunz)



Brent R. Kunz discusses family history with a cousin, Paul-Anthon Nielson of Bern, Switzerland, while on Google Hangout. Nielson is known widely among family circles as a master genealogist who can easily read handwritten parish records. (SVI Photo/Julie Dockstader Hoopel)

to get to [Elder] Ulrich Buehler. ... His daughter was healed and they were baptized and then they went back home."

Soon, John II and his wife were baptized, among other family members. For a time, said Nielson, "it caused a big split in the family."

Finally, in 1803, John II and his wife were baptized - but he stipulated, "I don't want to emigrate," Nielson related. "Shortly thereafter he was the first of all the clan to emigrate with his wife and eight children."

The first Kunz families to Bear Lake Valley, Brent Kunz related, "saved their money and sent the money to the other family members [to] come over. We had a cousin who worked in the mines [in Michay, Utah] and saved his money and sent it to the family."

The new immigrants settled Bern, on the northern end of the valley. Once again, they were dairymen and cheese makers, homesteading on three portions known as the Upper Dairy, the Middle Dairy and the Lower Dairy.

Here in the Caribou Mountains, the hillsides were not so emerald green as the Alps, but the climate was similar - especially the winters. And that's where the Kunz clan displayed their innate staying power. To them, freezing temperatures and drifting mounds of snow were reminiscent of the "harsh, severe winters in the Diemtigen Valley," Nielson said. "They just continued as old family tradition."

"I can remember my mom telling me how as a little girl growing up in Bern, she thought it was so fun to walk down to the school because they could walk on top of the fence posts that were barely looking out from the deep snow."

Another constant presence in this harsh climate was illness and death. Of the 12 children of Johnny and Mary Kunz, eight lived to old age. Two died in infancy. One family photo shows 1-year-old Bernice lying in a white gown for burial. And two children died before their 20s of appendicitis.

Then, in 1920, tragedy struck. Mary died after

losing a baby boy. Heartsick, Johnny, with the help of oldest daughters "Mamie" and Rhoda, "raised the family by himself," Brent Kunz said. "It was a community effort. Everybody just took care of everybody."

"That legacy of caring for each other, be related, "extends from generation to generation."

And no more so than now as cousins like Peck and Brent Kunz often travel to Switzerland for family history research, where Nielson hosts them in his home near the site of the original Kunz dairies. That unity shows every few years, during the Kunz reunions held at a campground in the Caribou Mountains near the old dairies in Bear Lake Valley, now in private ownership. For Brent Kunz, Nielson and Peck, those reunions during adolescence fueled a lifelong passion for family history.

"That's why it's become such a passionate thing for so many of us," Nielson said. "There were and still probably are some graves of the little babies who died out there. There are still the old cabins."

Brent recalled, "As a young boy, we'd go over to Bern. There's a little cemetery on the hill that was isolated. We'd go up and clean up the gravestones and decorate for Memorial Day. Aunt Mamie [Johnny's then-oldest surviving daughter] and Uncle Alvin would host a dinner and activities."

Such reunions have fostered massive family record-keeping. Since the age of social media, family records have evolved from the published histories by Phillip Kunz, affectionately nicknamed the "red book," and others, including one by Peck's father, DeVil Kunz, to several Facebook sites. There are also the family contributions to the LDS Church's FamilySearch.org.

"The social media is a very effective way to keep stories together and to communicate with one another," Brent Kunz added.

All of this is a long way from 1888 when Nielson wrote the introduction to the "red book" in Switzerland. With no e-mail yet and no fax machines in the surrounding hamlets, Nielson went to the train station and used a teletypewriter to transmit to a basement teletype machine at BYU in Provo, Utah.

Today, he is using digital media to annotate the missionary diaries of John II and David Kunz, who returned to their homeland from 1884 to 1886. Nielson is the one to pursue such complicated work. He speaks English, Swiss-German, High German and some French and holds degrees in genealogy and library science from BYU and a licentiate degree in Swiss history from the University of Bern.

"Paul can read all those parish records," Peck said. "He can read it like we can read typewritten stuff. He will say, 'Why can't they see this?' I will say, 'It looks like chicken scratch.'"

But the legacy is paying off. Nielson spoke joyfully of a 12-year-old grandson who was "looking forward to a former seminary building [being] turned into a genealogy research center so teenagers in their state can use FamilySearch. He can hardly wait to get started."

Today, there are tens of thousands of descendants of John Kunz I in America, spread from Wyoming across the continent. He never emigrated, but among his posterity in this land there have been or are nurses, lawyers, engineers, farmers, genealogists, one even helped recover a lost nuclear bomb from the ocean floor. Another was legal counsel to a U.S. Secretary of the Interior.

Brent Kunz said it best: "[Our family legacy] gives me the courage to stay the course. When challenges come, I think about what my family accomplished and how they were able to stick to it."

Perhaps they all remember a man named Johnny riding his horse in the mountains above Freedom, jotting notes in a little black book.

• Part two of this series will run in the next edition of the Star Valley Independent. Some information for this feature was taken from the July 1975 Essay.

Appendix E
Links to Family History Treasures

Title, Authors and Description	Link	QR Code
Robert Kunz Autobiography	http://goo.gl/kiOvJA	
Oneal Rudger Kunz Autobiography and Biography	http://goo.gl/7PZFPG	
John Kunz II descendants by Phillip R. Kunz Includes the descendants through 1985	http://goo.gl/NO6bIA	
The Gospel to the Kunz Family Willard Kunz's copy Compiler is presently unknown	http://goo.gl/sC2iiM	
Morris Kunz journal	http://goo.gl/lpXhRU	

Title, Authors and Description	Link	QR Code
Willard Brigham Richards by Barbara Eriksen Cromar	http://goo.gl/EIjOxj	
History of Bern	http://goo.gl/v44My3	
1978 European Tour by George Kunz	http://goo.gl/abIHuK	
Kunz Provided by Dianne Rosi-koskinen Compiler is currently unknown.	http://goo.gl/Pfj0hv	
Robert Kunz & Caroline Eschler by DeVirl Alvin "Bud" Kunz	http://goo.gl/pbHx6C	

Title, Authors and Description	Link	QR Code
<p>Mary Schmid and Johnny Kunz by DeVirl Alvin "Bud" Kunz</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/nz9uvK</p>	
<p>Ardys Kunz "Ardie" Raddatz Compiled by Joyce Lee Kunz "Joy" Peck</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/gtclx0</p>	
<p>Pease and Plenty by Dianne Steckler Rasi-Koskinen</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/dN2YE0</p>	
<p>The Memoirs of DeVirl Alvin "Bud" Kunz Transcribed by Dorothy Kunz Dearden These were handwritten and found in a journal in 1994, a year after his death.</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/zyFLxi</p>	
<p>John Uhlich Stucki Journal</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/HpmZRa</p>	

Title, Authors and Description	Link	QR Code
<p>John Kunz III Mission Journal by John Kunz III. Prepared by Phillip R. Kunz</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/rdgPqc</p>	
<p>Autobiography of Alice Elinor Schmid Perkins Gortcinsky (1925-2014)</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/iToHrK</p>	
<p>Karl August Schmid Autobiography</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/aS32rK</p>	
<p>Frederick W. Lander and the Lander Trail by Jermy Benton Wight</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/oY8Bxg</p>	
<p>Williamsburg Remembered by Dorothy Kunz Dearden Edited by Joyce Lee Kunz "Joy" Peck and Janet Sprouse Budge</p>	<p>http://goo.gl/MKUmLf</p>	

Title, Authors and Description	Link	QR Code
Cross-country Ski, Snowshoe & Backcountry Trails of Southeast Idaho Information about Lane's life.	http://goo.gl/kccm5u	
Family History Treasures by Joyce Lee Kunz "Joy" Peck	FamilyHistoryTreasures.com or http://goo.gl/ESwodp	
The Zemp Connection: Ruetihus in Escholzmatt, Lucern, Switzerland by Joyce Lee Kunz "Joy" Peck	http://goo.gl/uXGPdK	

Appendix F

Biographical and Geographical Summaries

B

Bee, Helena Ann Flamm "Helen" (1897-1941).
Daughter of John Daniel Flamm (1873-1938)
and Frances Yates Rigby (1875-1939). Wife
of Stearns Philander Bee (1880-1963). Helen
worked at Williamsburg milking cows.

Block's Inc, Pocatello's Largest Exclusive Store For Men

Block, Nate (1884-1978). President of Block's Inc.
Born in Poland. Died in California. Buried in
Idaho. Husband of Sophie Kline Block. (1895-
1980).

Blue Book of Bud's. "Mary Schmid Kunz and John
William Kunz IV Family Tribute" by DeVirl A.
"Bud" Kunz. A collection of memories about the
members of the Mary Schmid and Johnny Kunz
family. Many members of the family contributed
articles. My copy of the book is green. It is
another treasure filled with information about
our ancestors. <http://goo.gl/nz9uvK>

C

Clark, Bob D. "Bobby" (b. 1954). Son of Clark, Don
(b. 1926) and Ellen Passey. Husband of Sherry
Thomas. Tragically injured in a gassing accident
at Monsanto shortly after his marriage. Even
though he was paralyzed, he has gone on to
get a law degree and he and Sherry are happily
married with three children.

Clark, Donald C. "Don" (b. 1926). Son of Legrand
Clark (1903-1988) and Rhoda Lavina Kunz
(1901-1976). Husband of Ellen Passey.

Clark, Legrand (1903-1988). Son of Wilford Woodruff
Clark (1863-1956) and Pamela Dunn (1863-
1933). Husband of Rhoda Lavina Kunz (1901-
1976).

Clark, Newell (1896-1932). Son of Charles Rich Clark
(1861-1933) and Mary Emma Woolley (1862-
1928). Husband of Meta Margaret Wunderli
(1899-1985). Drowned at age 35 after riding a
horse into Bear River.

Clark, Sherry Thomas. Wife of Bobby Clark (b. 1954).

D

Dearden Brady, Camille. Daughter of John Fay
Dearden and Dorothy Kunz (b. 1952).

Dearden Benware, Merilee. Daughter of John Fay
Dearden and Dorothy Kunz (b. 1952).

E

Eschler, Fred (1890-1957). Son of Friedrich Eschler
(1869-1939) and Wilhemina Amanda "Minnie"
Schultz (b. 1864). Husband of Jennie Loraine
Parks (1896-1943).

Eschler Kunz, Ellen (1920-2001). Daughter of Victor
William Eschler (1900-1974) and Ruby Jessop
(1898-1987). Wife of Dan Eugene Kunz (1916-
2001).

Eschler, Louis Moroni "Louie" (1894-1971). Son of
Johannes Eschler (1835-1909) and Magdalena
Berger (1866-1945). Husband of Anna Elizabeth
"Libby" Kunz (1896-1985)

Eschler, Max John (1918-2009). Son of Louis Moroni
Eschler (1894-1971) and Anna Elizabeth "Libby"
Kunz (1896-1985). Husband of Katherine D.
Johnson (1920-2004).

J

Jackson Kunz, Laura. Daughter of Samuel Andrew
Jackson (1885-1968) and Annie Iretta Woolley
(1887-1970). Wife of Kenneth Keith Kunz (b.
1922).

Jaussi, Dr. Chancellor who worked at the State
Legislative house in Bern, Switzerland. Met
with the Kunz tour in 1984.

Jensen Matthews, Mary Lynn (b. 1945). Daughter of
Grant W. Jensen (1918-1995) and Merlyn Kunz
(1920-2011). Wife of Kelly King Matthews (b.
1944).

Jensen, Ronald Grant "Ron" (b. 1943). Son of Grant
W. Jensen (1918-1995) and Merlyn Kunz (1920-
2011). Husband of Christin Nielsen (b. 1946).

Jonely, Ernest Adolph (1880-1966). Son of Arnold Jonely (b. 1838) and Elizabeth Truebel (b. 1839). Foster son of John Kunz III (1844-1918) and Sophie Straubhaar (1846-1893). Sophie adopted Ernest from the Jonely family in an attempt to help him recover from malnutrition. The recently immigrated Jonely family was struggling for survival. Sophie died when Ernest was only 13 years old. As a 20-year-old, Ernest was living with his birth parents in Montpelier as shown on the 1900 Census. As a 39 year old on the 1920 Census, he was single, owning a stock farm in Wayan, Caribou, Idaho. In 1930 census, Ernest was shown as single, a gold miner in Stanley, Custer, Idaho.

K

- Kackley, Dr. Ellis (1871-1943). Son of Samuel Kackley (b. 1831) and Elizabeth Niseronger (1835-1898). Husband of Ida Sarver (1872-1930). Born in Ohio or Tennessee. Worked as a physician in Bannock and Caribou Counties for many years and died in 1943 in Soda Springs, Idaho.
- Knutti, George (1912-1978). Son of John Knutti (1869-1946) and Rosina Grosjean (1879-1984). Husband of Vera Evangeline Kunz Pugmire (1911-2001).
- Kunz, Alfred (1920-1944). Son of Alma Alvin Kunz (1889-1960) and Ethel Vivian Pope (1890-1954). Killed in World War II.
- Kunz, Alma Alvin (1889-1960). Son of Christian Kunz (1846) and Eliza Buehler (1850-1919). Husband of Ethel Vivian Pope (1890-1954).
- Kunz, Alvin Nephi (1888-1978). Son of Robert Kunz (1862-1956) and Caroline Eschler (1862-1929). Husband of Amy Matilda "Mamie" Kunz (1897-1980).
- Kunz, Amy Matilda "Mamie" Kunz (1897-1980). Daughter of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Wife of Alvin Nephi Kunz (1888-1978). Born in Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho, and died in Montpelier, Bear Lake, Idaho.
- Kunz, Bernice (1913-1914). Daughter of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920).
- Kunz, Brent Rulon (b. 1943). Son of Rulon Seldon Kunz (1903-1966) and Helen Hanson (1919-2000). Husband of April Dawn Brimmer (b. 1954) and Melanie.
- Kunz, Bud "Dan's grandson." Son of Kent Kunz (b. 1950) and Kitty Hill. Husband of Charel.
- Kunz, Christian "Chris" (1846-1931). Son of John Kunz II (1823-1890) and Rosina Knutti (1819-1894). Husband of two sisters: Eliza Buehler (1850-1919) and Caroline Buehler (1857-1947).
- Kunz, David "Dave" (1855-1916). Son of John Kunz II (1823-1890) and Rosina Knutti (1819-1894). Husband of Louise Maria Jacob (1857-1936) and Maren Sophie Nielsen (1869-1908). Served a mission to Switzerland and Germany 1884-1886. Had a saw mill up Daves Creek in Williamsburg.
- Kunz, David J. "Dave" (1880-1942). Son of David Kunz (1855-1916) and Louise Maria Jacob (1857-1936). Husband of Emma Caroline Kunz (1883-1951).
- Kunz, Dan Eugene (1916-2001). Son of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Husband of Ellen Eschler (1920-2001).
- Kunz, Delphin Karl (1907-1927). Son of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Died at age 19 of a ruptured appendix.
- Kunz, Denzil Aroit (1909-1993). Son of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Husband of Verda Rasmussen (1928-1997).
- Kunz, DeVirl A. "Bud" (1918-2003). Son of Alvin Nephi Kunz (1888-1978) and Amy Matilda "Mamie" Kunz (1897-1980). Husband of Virginia Smith (1919-2006).
- Kunz Dearden, Dorothy (b. 1952). Daughter of DeVirl A. "Bud" Kunz (1918-1993) and Virginia Smith (1919-2006). Wife of John Fay Dearden.
- Kunz, Emma Caroline Kunz (1883-1951). Daughter of Robert Kunz (1862-1956) and Caroline Eschler (1862-1929). Wife of David Kunz (1880-1942).

Kunz, Fiametta (1895-1912). Daughter of John William “Johnny” Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Died of a ruptured appendix at age 17. She was a fine horsewoman.

Kunz, Foster Merlen (1916-1981). Son of Alvin Nephi Kunz (1888-1978) and Amy Matilda “Mamie” Kunz (1897-1980). Husband of Helena Millard (1919-2010).

Kunz, George Sidney (1905-1981). Son of John Kunz III (1844-1918) and Margaret “Grete” Lauener (1866-1949). Husband of Edith Bills (1911-2002). Occupation: Photographer.

Kunz, Glen Willis (1918-2000), son of Orlando Louis Kunz (1890-1988) and Sylvia Magdalena Kunz (1892-1989). Husband of Dorothy Marie Murphy (b. 1925), Marjorie Wood and Sherry Wheat (b. 1943).

Kunz, Gottfried Johann “GJ” (1853-1928). Son of John Kunz II (1823-1890) and Rosina Knutti (1819-1894). As a miner, he provided the majority of the funds for the immigration of his grandmother and the family of his brother, John Kunz III. The following description is from Paul-Anthon Nielson: “Uncle G.J. never married. Several of my uncles—who were his nephews—told me that he was engaged to marry Magdalena Linder (1839-1920), who was some 13 years his senior. In the spring of 1874, my grandfather, John Kunz III (1844-1918), became a widower upon the death of his first wife, Magdalena Straubhaar (1837-1874), who was nearly seven years his senior. Her passing left three little children motherless: a 7-year old daughter and two boys, ages 9 and not quite 5. By fall, John III had proposed to Sophia Straubhaar (1846-1893), a younger sister of his first wife. In October 1874 they set out for Salt Lake City to be married in the old Endowment House. Uncle G.J. and his fiancée, Magdalena Linder, traveled with them and also intended to be married in the Endowment House. Enroute to Salt Lake City, they stopped over night (apparently while still in Idaho, perhaps somewhere in Oneida County). The next morning they realized that G.J. was not only missing, but gone. The remaining party (allegedly only the three others) went on to Salt Lake City, where John and Sophia were married on 26 October 1874 in the Endowment House in a ceremony performed by Elder Daniel Hanmer Wells (1814-1891). Elder Hanmer was

called to be second counselor to Brigham Young in the First Presidency but he never served in the Council of the Twelve Apostles. When Brigham Young died, Elder Wells was sustained as “Counselor” to the Twelve Apostles. After counseling with Elder Wells, John III married Magdalena Linder exactly one week later. (It was allegedly at least a few years before anyone in the family saw or heard from Uncle G.J.) While John Kunz III was serving as a missionary in Switzerland and Germany (1884-86), Elder Wells toured the mission and spoke at a conference of the Saints. Grandfather John III remarked in his mission journal on that day that he particularly recalled the good counsel and advice he had received many years earlier from Elder Wells.”

Kunz, Hyrum Smith “HS” (1891-1975). Son of David Kunz (1855-1916) and Louise Maria Jacob (1857-1936). Husband of Leah Anna Jacobsen (1857-1936).

Kunz, Irena Amelia “Revey or Dolly” (1904-1977). Daughter of John William “Johnny” Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Wife of Merrill Wilford “Mike” Mattson (1901-1993).

Kunz, Ira Ray (1917-1978). Son of David J. Kunz (1880-1942) and Emma Caroline Kunz (1883-1951). Husband of Susanna Wyler (1914-2002).

Kunz Jensen, Ivy (1904-2000). Daughter of William John Kunz (1865-1952) and Anna Schmid (1867-1944). Wife of Alfred Ona Jensen (1907-1980). Born in Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho, and died in Ovid, Bear Lake, Idaho.

Kunz, Jakob II (1774-1841). Husband of Margaretha Klossner (1779-1818) and Susanna Weissmueller Weissmueller Zum Brunn Kunz (1785-1846). After his death, he told his wife Susanna that the gospel was restored and their posterity would accept it.

Kunz, Joseph John “Joe” (1906-1950). Son of William J. Kunz (1865-1952) and Anna “Annie” Schmid (1867-1956). Husband of Ethel Poulsen (1910-1989).

Kunz, Johannes “John I” (1803-1871). Son of Jakob Kunz II (1774-1841) and Margaretha Klossner (1779-1818). Husband of Rosina Katharina Klossner (1802-1883).

- Kunz, John II (born Johannes) (1823-1890). Son of John Kunz I (1803-1871) and Rosina Katharina Klossner (1802-1883). Husband of Rosina Knutti (1819-1894) and Catharina Zemp (1837-1911). Emigrated to America in 1870. Settled Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho, in 1876.
- Kunz, John III (born Johannes) (1844-1918). Son of John Kunz II (1823-1890) and Rosina Knutti (1819-1894). Husband of six wives: Magdalena Straubhaar (1837-1874), Sophia Straubhaar (1846-1893), Magdalena Linder (1839-1920), Louise Weibel (1865-1939), Margaret Lauener (1866-1949) and Elizabeth Boss (1867-1900). Emigrated to America in 1873. Served a mission to Switzerland and Germany from 1884-1886.
- Kunz, John IV "Johnny" (born Johannes William) (1869-1945). Son of John Kunz III (1844-1918) and Magdalena Straubhaar (1837-1874). Husband of Mary Schmid (1873-1920).
- Kunz, John Schmid (1899-1977). Son of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Husband of Marjorie Buckland Telford (1909-1985).
- Kunz Peck, Joyce Lee "Joy" (b. 1956). Daughter of DeVirl A. "Bud" Kunz (1918-1993) and Virginia Smith (1919-2006). Wife of Gary Dale Peck (b. 1956).
- Kunz, Kenneth "Kenny" (1922-2012). Son of Alvin Nephi Kunz (1888-1978) and Amy Matilda "Mamie" Kunz (1897-1980). Husband of Laura Jackson (b. 1922).
- Kunz, Kent (b. 1950). Son of Dan Eugene Kunz (1916-2001) and Ellen Eschler (1920-2001). Husband of Kitty Hill.
- Kunz, Leslie Amasa "Les" (1910-1981). Son of William J. Kunz (1865-1952) and Anna "Annie" Schmid (1867-1956). Husband of Lillian Poulsen (1906-1977) and Florence B. Reigh (1915-1998).
- Kunz Raschke, Linda (b. 1942). Daughter of Dan and Ellen Kunz. Wife of Paul W. Raschke (b. 1939)
- Kunz, Lovina Hannah (1893-1899). Daughter of John Kunz III (1844-1918) and Margaret "Grete" Lauener (1866-1949). Lovina died at age six in Williamsburg. She is buried in the family burial plot adjacent to the home at the Upper Dairy.
- Kunz, Melvin (1900-1901). Son of John Kunz III (1844-1918) and Margaret "Grete" Lauener (1866-1949). Melvin died at Williamsburg and is buried in the family burial plot adjacent to the home at the Upper Dairy
- Kunz, Melvin (1920-1920). Infant son of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Melvin died the day he was born. His mother, Mary, was sick with influenza epidemic at the time of Melvin's delivery. Mary died the day after giving birth to Melvin.
- Kunz Jensen, Merlyn (1920-2011). Daughter of Alvin Nephi Kunz (1888-1978) and Amy Matilda "Mamie" Kunz (1897-1980). Wife of Grant W. Jensen (1918-1995).
- Kunz, Oneal Rudger (1901-1983). Son of Robert Kunz (1862-1956) and Caroline Eschler (1862-1929). Husband of Eliza Aseneth Bacon (1904-1982).
- Kunz, Orlando Louis "Louis" (1890-1988). Son of Robert Kunz (1862-1956) and Caroline Eschler (1862-1929). Husband of Sylvia Magdalena Kunz (1892-1989).
- Kunz, Orlando Nephi (1893-1970). Son of David Kunz (1855-1916) and Louise Maria Jacob (1857-1936). Husband of Anna Marie Stoor (1902-1973).
- Kunz, Parley Peter (1894-1983). Son of John Kunz III (1844-1918) and Elizabeth Boss (1867-1900). Husband of Hilda Irene Stoor (1900-1985).
- Kunz McKeon, Patricia "Patty" (b. 1942). Daughter of DeVirl A. "Bud" Kunz (1918-1993) and Virginia Smith (1919-2006). Wife of Howard Phillip "Buck" McKeon.
- Kunz, Reed Walter (1908-1996). Son of David Kunz (1855-1916) and Maren Sophie Nielsen (1869-1908). Husband of Edith Poulsen (1908-1998).
- Kunz, Reuel Victor "R.V." (1892-1966). Son of William Kunz (1860-1905) and Mary Ann Roberts (1866-1944). Husband of Irene Humphreys (1899-1989).
- Kunz, Rhoda Lavina (1901-1976). Daughter of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Wife of Legrand Clark (1903-1988).

Kunz, Rick. Son of Dan Eugene Kunz (1916-2001) and Ellen Eschler (1920-2001).

Kunz, Robert (1862-1956). Son of John Kunz II (1823-1890) and Rosina Knutti (1819-1894). Husband of Caroline Eschler (1862-1929) and Louise Weibel (1865-1939).

Kunz, Robert Henry "Bob" (1886-1955), the barber. Son of Robert Kunz (1862-1956) and Caroline Eschler (1862-1929). Husband of Martha Kunz (1892-1982). Robert Henry Kunz and Martha Kunz were not related to each other.

Kunz Eschler, Rosina Katharina "Rose" (1867-1944). Daughter of John Kunz III (1844-1918) and Magdalena Straubhaar (1837-1874). Wife of Gottfried Eschler (1860-1926).

Kunz Morrell, Rosina "Rosie or Rosa" (1836-1913). Twin daughter of John Kunz I (1803-1871) and Rosina Katharina Klossner (1802-1883). Wife of Thomas Morrell (1816-1885). Twin of Katharina Kunz Roberts (1836-1907).

Kunz, Rulon Seldon "Dude" (1903-1966). Son of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Husband of Helen Hanson (1919-2000).

Kunz, Samuel "Young Sammy" Jr. (1874-1945) trapper.

Kunz, Samuel "Big Sam" Sr. (1851-1927). Son of John Kunz II (1823-1890) and Rosina Knutti (1819-1894). Husband of both Elizabeth "Aizie" Haenni (1840-1940) and Louisa Karlen (1853-1901).

Kunz Bateman, Sophia Olive "Sophie" (1894-1969). Daughter of William John Kunz "Wm. J." (1865-1952) and Anna "Annie" Schmid (1867-1944). Wife of Alberto Wilbur Bateman (1888-1941).

Kunz Buhler, Sophia Rebecca "Becky" (1892-1989). Daughter of David Kunz (1855-1916) and Maren Sophie Nielsen (1869-1908). Wife of David Buhler (1888-1956).

Kunz Rodriguez Manning, Sue (b. 1948). Daughter of Denzil Aroit Kunz (1909-1993) and Verda Rasmussen (1928-1997). Wife of Mr. Rodriguez and Denny Manning.

Kunz Pugmire Knutti, Vera Evangeline (1911-2001). Daughter of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945) and Mary Schmid (1873-1920). Wife of David Clifford "Billy" Pugmire (1907-1932) and George Knutti (1912-1978).

Kunz, William "Will" (1860-1905). Son of John Kunz II (1823-1890) and Rosina Knutti (1819-1894). Husband of Elise Eschler (1864-1884) and Mary Ann Roberts (1866-1944). Born in Switzerland and died in Pocatello, Bannock, Idaho. Immigrated to America in 1870 with his parents and siblings.

Kunz, William John "Wm. J." (1865-1952). Son of John Kunz III (1844-1918) and Magdalena Straubhaar (1837-1874). Husband of Anna "Annie" Schmid (1867-1944). Born in Switzerland and died in Montpelier, Idaho.

L

Lander Cut-Off of the Oregon Trail - Beginning in 1843, emigrants traveled across the continent along the Oregon Trail. Increased traffic during the 1850's resulted in the first government road construction project in the west. The 345 mile Central Division of the Pacific Wagon Road went from South Pass, Wyoming, to City of Rocks, Idaho, a geologic formation, which marked the Division's western boundary. Frederick W. Lander supervised construction for the U. S. Department of the Interior. The 256 mile section of the road leading from South Pass to Fort Hall, Idaho, is known as the Lander Cut-off. The cut-off traversed this Salt River Valley for 21 miles and parallels Highway 89 through this area. The new route afforded water, wood, and forage for emigrants and their stock.

Between 1858 and 1912, it provided travelers with a new, shorter route to Oregon and California, saving wagon trains seven days.

Landert Schmid, Anna, "Mother" (1843-1911). Daughter of Hans Jacob Landert (1808-1871) and Anna Baur (1813-1869). Wife of Karl August Schmid (1837-1913). Mother of Charles, Annie, William, Mary, Robert, Emma, August and Joseph Schmid. Born in Zurich, Switzerland and died 4 July 1911 in Slug Creek, Caribou, Idaho. Immigrated to America in 1886.

Lane, J.W. (d. 1859). Inaccurately referred to as "General Lane" by Dan Kunz.
The marker identifying Lane's Grave reads:
The Grave of J. W. Lane,
an Emigrant on The Lander Trail,
A Cutoff of The Oregon Trail.
Died July 18, 1859.

Peter Harsted, in his authoritative work, "Constructing the Lander Trail," quoted Joel Barnett, one of the emigrants accompanying Mr. Lane:
"Two or three days after we had layed over, we came to another little valley and camped, and at this camp, Mr. Lane passed away. This cast a great sadness over the camp as he was a fine old man and it was a sad procession that marched up to that grave. We marked it as best we could by putting up a rather flat stone on which we put his name. This was the first grave we had made since leaving home. We named this camp Lane's Valley."
<http://www.isu.edu/outdoor/seidaho.htm>

Lauener Kunz, Margaret "Grete" (1866-1949).
Daughter of Christian Lauener (1816-1887) and Margaritha Gertsch (1820-1883). Wife of John Kunz III (1844-1918).

M

Mattson, Merrill Wilford "Mike" (1901-1993). Son of John Algren Mattson (1861-1924) and Christina Transtrum (1859-1933). Husband of Ireva Amelia Kunz (1904-1997).

Meldine Dan Kunz's supervisor at Block's.

Meniggrund—The location of "Schwand," the old family home of Johannes Kunz I, also known as "Blattenschwand," because of its location "auf der Blatten" in the hamlet of Oeyen above Zwischenflueh in the Diemtigen Valley. (Description from Paul-Anthon Nielson)

N

Nielson Jensen, Christin (b. 1946). Wife of Ronald Grant Jensen (b. 1943).

Nielson, Paul-Anthon (1945). Son of Paul Joseph Nielson (1902-1994) and Lula Kunz (1910-1988). Spouse of Margaret Hill (b. 1946) and Kurt Wuethrich (b. 1945). Occupation: Historian and Genealogist. Resident of Erlenbach im Simmental, Bern, Switzerland.

Norton, John (1850-1932). Husband of Angelina Emma Shepherd (1850-1940). Brother-in-law of William Budge Shepherd (1854-1945).

P

Passey Clark, Ellen (b. 1927). Daughter of Newell Beck Passey (1902-1972) and Mary Olive Smith (1903-1979). Wife of Don C. Clark. (b. 1926).

Pugmire, David Clifford "Billy" (1907-1932). Son of David N Pugmire (1870-1950) and Jacobina Brighamina "Mina" Esterholdt (1880-1965). Husband of Vera Evangeline Kunz Pugmire [Knutti] (1911-2001). He died of appendicitis.

R

Raschke, Paul W. (b. 1939). Husband of Linda Kunz.

Raschke, Rob "Alligator Boot." Youngest son of Paul Raschke and Linda Kunz.

Raschke, Scott "Scotty." Son of Paul Raschke and Linda Kunz.

Roberts Kunz, Mary Ann (1866-1944). Daughter of Christopher Roberts (1838-1909) and Catherine Roberts (1839-1874). Wife of William "Will" Kunz (1860-1905).

S

Scherbel, Paul Nelson (b. 1917).
<http://goo.gl/EcXMy3>

Schmid Kunz, Anna "Annie" (1867-1944). Daughter of Karl August Schmid (1837-1913) and Anna Landert (1843-1911). Wife of William J. Kunz (1865-1952). Immigrated to America in 1883.

Schmid, August (1884-1946). Son of Karl August Schmid (1837-1913) and Anna Landert (1843-1911). Husband of Julia Esther Kunz (1893-1919). Born in Switzerland and died in Georgetown, Bear Lake, Idaho. Immigrated to America in 1886.

Schmid, Charles August "Charlie" (1893-1966) Son of Charles Schmid (1864-1909) and Eliza von Allmen (1869-1948).

Schmid, Karl "Charles" (1864-1909). Son of Karl August Schmid (1837-1913) and Anna Landert (1843-1911). Born in Switzerland and died in Montpelier, Idaho. Immigrated to America without any family members in 1885.

Schmid Thornton, Emma (1880-1958). Daughter of Karl August Schmid (1837-1913) and Anna Landert (1843-1911).

Schmid, John Henry (1901-1980). Son of Charles (born Karl) Schmid (1864-1909) & Eliza von Allmen (1869-1948). Husband of Gladys Merrill (1906-1994).

Schmid, Joseph (1887-1887). Son of Karl August Schmid (1837-1913) and Anna Landert (1843-1911).

Schmid, Karl August "Father" (1837-1913). Son of Heinrich Schmid (1810-1873) and Cleophia Eberhart (1809-1853) of Switzerland. Husband of Anna Landert (1843-1911). Born in Switzerland and died in Slug Creek, Caribou, Idaho. Immigrated to America in 1886. Tailor by profession.

Schmid Kunz, Mary (1873-1920). Daughter of Karl August Schmid (1837-1913) and Anna Landert (1843-1911). Wife of John William "Johnny" Kunz IV (1869-1945). Born in Switzerland and died in Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho, during the terrible influenza epidemic. Immigrated in 1883 with her older sister Annie.

Schmid, Robert (1875-1961). Son of Karl August Schmid (1837-1913) and Anna Landert (1843-1911). Husband of Conra Anna Shumway (1882-1921) and Nellie Parker (1896-1967). Born in Switzerland and died in Bern, Bear Lake, Idaho. Immigrated to America in 1886. Served a mission in Switzerland from 1914-1916. Served as Bishop of Bern Ward in Idaho. Kept journals for 40 years.

Schmid, Verona Emma (1913-1993). Daughter of August Schmid (1884-1946) and Julia Esther Kunz (1893-1919). Wife of William Earl Hayes (1909-1993).

Seewer, Carl Walter (1896-1981). Son of Christian Seewer (1858-1944) and Anna Nydegger (1867-1944). Born in Thun, Bern, Switzerland. Immigrated to America in 1906. Pictured and identified in a Kunz photo at the Middle Dairy in Williamsburg about 1907. Died in 1981 in Montpelier, Idaho.

Shag Nasty. Lived in Nielson Canyon. Hired by Johnny Kunz to watch the sheep. Denzil and Dan visited him on their way to check cattle at Diamond Flat. Because of his long dirty beard, they called him Shag Nasty, but never to his face. He wanted to talk and he offered the boys cake. Denzil didn't like the idea, but Dan was hungry and they did have cake.

Shail, George Henry (1904-1954). Son of James Shail (1875-1930) and Jane S. Flamm (1881-1938). Husband of Grace Estella Poulsen (1910-1974). Occupation: Policeman, Boy Scout Leader.

Sheep dip. In the 1890's, there were only sheep men and cattle men that trailed their cattle on their way to their reserve rights through the area that came to be known as Williamsburg. As a business, people named Williams made a sheep dip for animals and a dance hall for men. While the animals would run through the sheep dip, the men would socialize. Williamsburg was named after the people who started the business.

Shepherd, William Budge (1854-1945). Son of William Shepherd (1831-1898) and Mary Ann Tracey (1831-1911). Husband of Emily Mary Phipp (1854-1945).

Sherry See Sherry Thomas Clark

Steadman

Emma May Steadman Burgon (1913-2006), Ivy Edna Steadman Andrus Smith (1914-2000), Lucile Fay Steadman Whitney (1917-2013) and Velma Luree Steadman Hutchings (1919-1983) were the children of Charles Edwin Steadman (1885-1955) and Edith May Price Steadman (1889-1984). Charles was the brother of Leonard Rueben Steadman (1895-1960). Leonard owned 3000 sheep that were herded by John S. Kunz. One year, DeVirl A. "Bud" Kunz was "camp Jack" for John S. as he herded Leonard Steadman's sheep.

Stocking, John Rueben (1871-1938). Son of Ensign Israel Stocking (1836-1883) and Elizabeth Ellen Arnold (1847-1889). Husband of Georgianna R. Wright (1872-1933) and after Georgianna's death, husband of her sister, Lois C. Wright (1876-1956), whose husband had recently passed away.

Swensen, Leon Joseph (1897-1983). Son of Joseph Swensen (1867-1931) and Regena Christensen (1869-1923). Husband of Hazel Leona Telford Swensen (1902-1993). Hazel is the sister of Marjorie Buckland Telford Kunz (1909-1985). Marjorie was the wife of John S. Kunz (1899-1977). Leon and John S. were brothers-in-law.

T

Thornton, Jasper William "W.J." (1878-1957). Son of Jasper Thornton (1832-1911) and Sarah Elizabeth Dunn (1836-1918). Husband of Emma Schmid (1880-1958).

Tingey, Melvin (1902-1978). Son of Perrigrine Tingey (1867-1936) and Hattie May Riddle (1873-1956). Husband of Bessie Ruth Singley (1907-2005).

W

Weissmueller Weissmueller Zum Brunn Kunz, Susanna (1785-1846). Wife of David Weissmueller IV (1774-1819), Johannes Zum Brunn III (1769-1836) and Jakob Kunz II (1774-1841).

Wight, Jermy Benton (b. 1926). Avid Lander Trail enthusiast. Author of "Frederick W. Lander and the Lander Trail."

Appendix G

Johnny Kunz & Mary Schmid Family Reunion
4 August 2012
Gravel Creek Campground at Williamsburg, Idaho



Photographed by Cydney Storey Kunz (wife of Dennis) and identified by Renee Kunz Wuska

Back row left to right

Christian Lloyd (12—son of Sherida Lloyd), Melanie Lasater Kunz, Marianne Kunz Shanor, Katharine Kunz Wilkinson, Brent Rulon Kunz, Don Clark, Ellen Clark, Robert Raschke, Kitty Hill Kunz, Derek Raschke (son of Scotty), Paul Raschke, Scotty Raschke

Third row

Annelei Lloyd (8—daughter of Sherida sitting at the table), Sherida Kunz Lloyd holding Gilbert Lloyd (3). (Sherida is the daughter of Chris Kunz), Natalie Renee Dimick (11—granddaughter of Renee Wuska standing by her dad), Michael Dimick (son of Renee), Renee Kunz Wuska, Annie Kunz Dixon (daughter of Kent), Jaycee Dixon (daughter of Annie Dixon), Melissa Raschke (wife of Robert), Meghan Raschke (15), Hannah Raschke (15)

Second row

Ron Jensen, Milan Kunz, Mike Burden, Ivan Burden, Kathryn Mattson Burden, Sue Manning, Louisa Sue Lloyd (4 months—sitting on Sue Manning's lap), Linda Raschke, Kent Kunz holding Eve Dixon (16 months)

Front row

Dennis Kunz, Denzil Lloyd (10), Tanyen Thomas (11—grandson of Dennis), Elerie Lloyd (6), Cosette Thomas (7—granddaughter of Dennis)

Not pictured: Mia Raschke (8), Candice and Carlie (13)

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