



## A Collection of Family History

*A Special Tribute to  
George S. and Edith Bills  
Kunz*

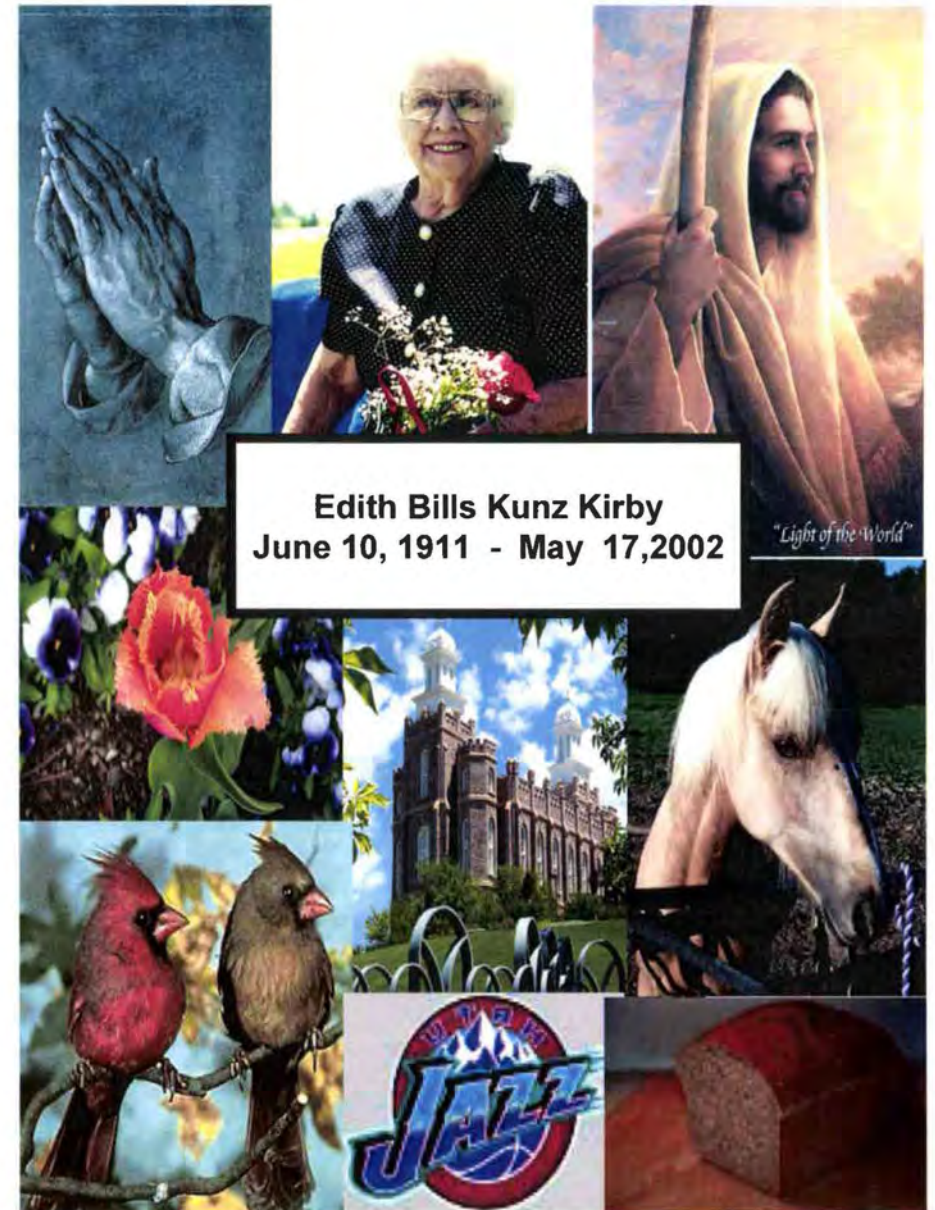
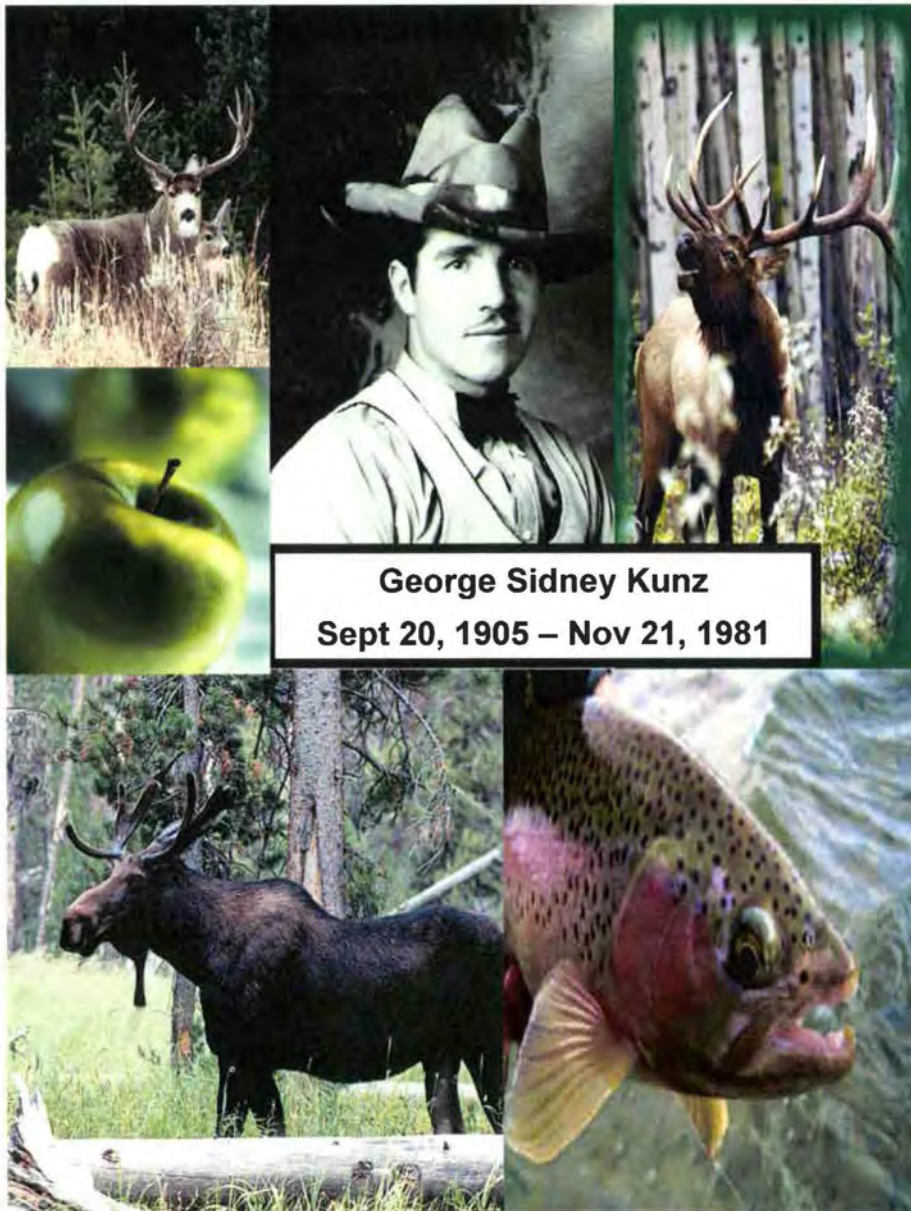


June 10, 1911 — May 17, 2002



Sept 21, 1905 — Nov 21, 1981





*Photo Collages Created by Rachael Ann Williams – Great Granddaughter  
 June 2005*

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*"Remember **who** you are."  
Mufasa from the Lion King*

## Forward

The descendents, relatives and friends of George Sidney Kunz and Edith (Edyth) Bills Kunz are pleased to share the memories of these two pioneers. These two individuals were strong leaders of their family and they loved their family very much. Grandpa George Kunz left this mortal existence some 23 years ago on November 21, 1981 at the age of 76 and Grandma Edith Kunz left this mortal existence only four years ago on May 17, 2002 at the age of almost 91.

They left their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren many wonderful memories for those who knew them. As 2005 is the 100<sup>th</sup> year, since the birth of Grandpa George, his family decided to have a family reunion to honor these two pioneers. We asked descendents, relatives and friends to share some of their favorite memories of these two with us in a written format. We are so extremely grateful to each of you who took the time to reflect on them and their lives and share your memories with us.

We chose this format because we wanted to preserve this "memory history" for those grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren who perhaps did not know them in this mortal existence. We also felt that it is very important to preserve this history for future generations yet to come who can be influenced by the lives of these two stalwart individuals. As members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Grandpa and Grandma understood the importance of preserving family history.

We have been encouraged "to begin to unlock the knowledge of who you really are by learning more about your forebears. They were very real, living people with problems, hopes, and dreams like we have today. The virtues they had may be our virtues, their strengths our strengths, and in a way their challenges could be our challenges. Some of their traits may be our traits (President James E. Faust)."

The Church believes that families are eternal and if we are faithful to the covenants and promises we have made that we will once again have the opportunity to live with our families in the eternities. This is our desire and purpose, in turning our hearts to our fathers and mothers who have gone on before.

*"The Family: A Proclamation to the World,"....."In the premortal realm, spirit sons and daughters knew and worshiped God as their Eternal Father and accepted His plan by which His children could obtain a physical body and gain earthly experience to progress toward perfection and ultimately realize his or her divine destiny as an heir of eternal life. The divine plan of happiness enables family relationships to be perpetuated beyond the grave. Sacred ordinances and covenants available in holy temples make it possible for individuals to return to the presence of God and for families to be united eternally".* *This proclamation was read by President Gordon B. Hinckley as part of his message at the General Relief Society Meeting held September 23, 1995 in Salt Lake City, Utah.*

It is our privilege to present this collection of family history. Grandpa George understood the importance of our heritage and he worked tirelessly to preserve it. To that end, he would be proud of his son Roger for his vision and desire to accumulate these memories. We also owe a deep sense of gratitude to Ann Williams (granddaughter) for her untiring efforts to collect, type, and assemble the memories and photo's contained in this book. Thanks to all who have shared and may we always remember...

25 June 2005



## Dedication

September 20, 2005 marks the 100<sup>th</sup> birthday of George Sidney Kunz. This Memory Book is dedicated to his memory and to memory of his loving wife, Edith Bills Kunz Kirby.

George Sidney Kunz and Edith Bills Kunz were God-fearing individuals who shaped their daily lives by striving to adhere to principles of honesty, service and hard work. They both had a strong personal conviction of the divinity of God and of His Son Jesus Christ.

Grandpa George was never ashamed to share that knowledge with others. He loved the outdoors and all the creations of this earth. He prayed with and for his family and his posterity. When there was work to be done, he did it. He had weaknesses and trials like all of us but his desires were to preserve his heritage, passing on to his children and all generations his love for life and his testimony of truth. He was continually gathering information about his ancestors and sharing those findings with family and loved ones.

May all who read its pages find enjoyment from the memories, photographs, histories and love contained herein. May the lives of George and Edith and their examples be talked about and handed down from one generation to another and so influence many generations until we meet them again.

25 June 2005

### **A Short Life Sketch of George Sidney Kunz**

Adapted from his own writings contained in  
*A History of John Kunz III and Margaret Lauener Kunz and  
their Posterity*

I, George Sidney Kunz was born in a log house up at the entrance of Bear Hollow, just north of the Bern Cemetery on the 20 September 1905. My parents were John Kunz III and Margaret Lauener. I was the eighth of ten children. My grandfather, John Kunz II, came to America from Berne, Switzerland in 1875 and helped found and build the town of Bern, Idaho. Bern is named after the canton of Berne, Switzerland. My mother showered us children with love and I had a happy childhood. Her lot was hard as father died in 1918. We all had chores to do and I was just 12 years old. I was taught early in my life that I was expected to do them right and thereby had responsibilities to do. At 15 or 16 I was expected to do a man's job, one among them was pitching hay alongside my three older brothers. One chore I really enjoyed was driving cows and herding calves.

I graduated from Montpelier High School in 1925. That summer I worked at the ice house plant to earn money for college. I attended Brigham Young University. I enjoyed school, taking auto mechanics. I

fondly remember my vocal music class and singing in the Christmas Cantata in the tabernacle in Provo that year.

I worked in a bakery from 4 to 6 a.m. frying doughnuts, maple bars, and other pastry for additional income. I also tended a furnace for a place to sleep. And sleep I did, right next to the furnace. During this time I became acquainted with Harold Buchanan, a photographer. He was a good friend to me. Through him I became interest in photography and learned the business which I would work at for 46 years.

In 1928, I met Edith Bills of Rigby, Idaho. We were married in the Logan LDS temple by President Joseph Shepherd. Together we had seven lovely children. They are good children and I am proud of them. I am proud of our grandchildren.

I love the Lord and I hope that I can die in the harness. I have had many experiences in the Church and served in many positions. At 75, I am serving as Executive Secretary of the Bern Ward, High Priest first assistant, teacher of the High Priests Quorum. I am the ward magazine representative, a home teacher, and I love to go to the temple. I treasure the many wonderful experiences I've had. The Lord has been merciful to me, answering my prayers many times. Miracles have been performed in my behalf and in the behalf of my loved ones. I know and appreciate, more than all the money in the world, the testimony I have of the truth of the Gospel and that God lives. It is my hope and prayer that each of my posterity will realize the things I know are true and that everyone might know I speak the truth. I'm not afraid to die knowing these things are true. I am actually looking forward to "that great and dreadful day"— great for those who are living the gospel – a most dreadful day for those who are not.



John Kunz III



Margaret Lauener





John Kunz II



Rosina Knutti and  
John Kunz II

**My Life Story in Part  
By**

**Edith Bills Kunz**

*Written April 1971*

*Typed from hand-written account by Ann Williams, April 5, 2005*

I remember so little of my childhood before I was six. One thing stands out, my mother's love for Ethel and I. She drove a little one horse blacktop buggy one mile below Rigby to get us some new hats. They had to be dyed in those days or left white. All I remember was the color of the trim a bright mustard yellow.

I know now how she must have labored well into the night after the Saturday night baths for six of us in a round tin tub so that we twins would look just right for church on that Easter Sunday as she stood on the porch and waved to us.

How through the years I have felt cheated of my mother's love. Many times even after I was married I cried alone, for my mother, especially when I faced motherhood. I think seeing my friends with their mothers made me even lonelier away from my own sisters.

I know now this great relationship I missed with my mother as I have become both a mother and a grandmother. I remember when Alven Scholes came to take my mother to the hospital at Rexburg in his model T ford. A big smile on her face saying to be good children. As she drove out of sight, the tears flowed freely. Little did we dream our dear mother would never return to her home, her husband and family. That night we were taken in a covered sleigh to her bedside at Aunt Hattie and Uncle Arthur Bate's home. She did not know us as she was in a coma. They tried in vain to bring her out of her coma. Just once did she seem to rally when father took her hands in his and rubbed them and said: "Mae, your babies, the twins are here," did her eye lids flutter. She died that December night, the 18<sup>th</sup> in 1918. Everyone cried and cried so Ethel and I cried. I am sure now we did not realize or even comprehend the sorrow and tormented thoughts that passed through my father's mind as he faced the task of raising six children without their mother.

I have been told by those who loved and knew her how neat and tidy she was with herself and her home. You could eat off her floors as they were scrubbed so clean and white with lye. She was so fast with her left hand most people got in her way. On one occasion, Ethel and I felt the wrath of that left hand as she switched our bare legs with a little green willow all the way home and made us crawl back under the fence where we had come through a dog hole. We had been told not to leave the yard or go near the canal and we had done both. The high waters were raging, taking out bridges and she didn't want one of us to be hurt or lost. My father must have been so proud of her. They had many good times together. Both were so full of life.

Daddy faced the task bravely of raising us. Thelma had to step into mother's shoes at 15 years of age. This must have been very hard for her to cook, wash, and iron for all of us in her early years. Pleasing daddy wasn't easy. He had a wife who had spoiled him. How she must have cried her little heart out many times for her own mother. Daddy loved us and we knew love one to another. We were taught obedience and learned that early. Daddy's word was law. How ever we had many happy hours together with his banjo and harmonica. All I have to do is close my eyes and listen and I can hear Red Wing, Little Peg Joe, and Quadroon. I could fill pages if I could only remember all the songs he sang for us. He played the banjo until his fingers were sore. Oh how we enjoyed those times together.

It was my own free will and choice if I wanted to go to church. I don't ever remember being told I had to go. This was somewhere to go as I grew older and was a happy for the chance to be with playmates. I attended religion classes even if I had to walk. I was not to work if there were church meetings to attend. How I loved Sister Hulse. She was so gentle and sweet.

Our daddy took us to things like a circus on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration. We were all fairly fleet of foot. I remember once of Ethel and I running all alone because no one would race, afraid to be the loser!

As I think back to my childhood to teen years to motherhood to grandmother, they have not always been easy. I've worked hard throughout most of my life for my family and for others. I feel that I am a lucky person to have such a special twin sister to share my joys and sorrows. I love my brothers and sisters so very much.

They tell me that I was always watching out for Ethel's welfare and now bless her she shares more than her half with me. So kindness begets kindness. I love my twin sister very deeply. It's hard to express my feelings I have. I worked with daddy on the farm when the boys went to work for wages. We all helped but my chores were outside. How I tried not to be afraid when father called me in the night to go make a change with the water. All I had to do was pull a canvas dam. But to take a lantern, bridle the



pony and ride to the top of the field alone was frightening. I had to go through a wash with trees and a bird or an owl always had to hoot or fly and scare my horse. My little heart nearly left me but I'd never say I was afraid. I would now though! But I can go out in the dark at night and not be afraid.

I helped daddy one summer on the old Lee place when he had another attack of ulcers and was not well enough to shovel and do hard work. He would tell me where to build the cross dykes and how I would shovel and shovel piling sod and mud until he told me that was high enough. To this day I carry the handicap of a hand that has to have constant care because of all the mud and water I was in that summer. My hand split open in almost every crease of my fingers and the lines of my right hand it took months to heal these cracks. It was very painful. These dykes were built to force water on high places on the grain and peas. How I struggles with a six time Jackson for to make it go in the right place in a load of hay or grain. I was real happy when daddy gave up farming! It's not my choice of living. I hate the odor!

Three experiences stand out but maybe this because we have talked about them. When sissy and I were small still waiting for Santa to come, mother was with us, daddy had gone to get the horses and sleigh. Mother sent us to watch for him while the quick purchase was made. A lady opened the door and my finger slipped in the opening as the heavy door closed. I must have let out a terrible screech because in seconds I had a good sized ring of spectators, my mother, store clerk and people there shopping. I was rushed across the street to the doctor's office with a badly mashed finger, my fourth finger on my right hand. Guess who fainted, not me. Ethel did! Then the time Ethel was hurt, her foot cut so bad in the peas with the mowing machine. Daddy tied the lines or reins around his neck and would walk behind the mower to keep the peas rolling as they were cut. He just glanced up as he saw Ethel and he hollered to the team to stop but the outside section had cut her foot already. Daddy rushed to her and dropped to his knees and said: "My God honey. Are you hurt?" She said no but when he lifted her up, blood was streaming. He said for me to go get help. He placed his fingers over the cut and I started running. But daddy thinking unhooked one of the horses and brought her in just as fast as a big work horse could run. Again our dear neighbor Alvin Scholes came to the rescue with his Model T. Next morning when they were fixing Ethel's foot, guess who fainted? Me! She had many stitches and it was so ragged. She has suffered many hours because of that accident. Dad was so upset about it. Just like all parents would take the hurt away if they could. I can still smell the camphophenque.

My school years bring happy memories. I had loads of fun as well as hardships. Yes, I can still smile as I remember the stolen kisses and handclasps. As my old mind takes a spin and I think of all the ones I liked special. I must have been like Jesus. I loved them all. Some a little more special than others. We often exchanged our mode of travel to and from school. Sometimes we would make the younger kids ride the horse and we would ride in the buggy or they would ride the horse with us, turns were taken. Some of the nonsense we use to pull. Gee it was fun at the time. But by the time we came in eye range of the Frank Smith corner, everything was as it should be. We played evenings when daddy would let us. All the kids in the half mile were Scholes, Billses, Ormands, and Smiths, we played Run My Sheepie Run. This was great to be chosen on the same side as your special friend. This game could go for a long time.

Ethel and I went to Clark District six of our school years, two years we went to the Rigby School. We walked sometimes when we lived close enough. We walked sometimes when we lived close enough. We rode a horse or drove a buggy when there were more than two of us. We picked up Glen Clark, a little crippled boy one winter and gave him a ride. He was such a nice kid. Sometimes we had to be strapped in a horse blanket to keep from freezing while we rode 2 1/2 miles to school. I remember when daddy took us in the sleigh and how the horse lunged and floundered their eyes and faces, covered with little ice sickles and frost as we peaked out from heavy quilts and heated rocks. Dear daddy standing up in the

awful cold his face red from the cold. He beat his hands and arms to keep them from freezing. I'd sure love a ride with those sleigh bells today.

We got ideas about crawling under the school house. We got so we took matches. Somebody snitched because the teacher DeLas Zobell said no more of that and we also lost some recess time for our exploring with matches.

Calvin Clark dunked my hair braids in his ink well and I stood up and whacked him with my geography book. I lost recess for that too! Gee I must have been bad because once I led my cousin Elsie Finn up and down the isle by her hair until Jay Wilson the teacher came to see what all the noise was about. She wouldn't stay out of the cloak room while we planned a peanut bust. We both got punished for that. I graduated with a 97 and 3/4 point average from the eighth grade. I started high school but it was not fun without Ethel. She was working to earn money so I quit school and went to flipping peas. This was more fun than going to school to become a doctor I decided.

When we lived out by the old sugar beet factory near Rigby we had a little burro, donkey that we drove on a two wheeled cart that Daddy had fixed for us and we used to take rides. Sometimes we would pick up the Hayes kids who lived down the road from us. If he didn't go fast enough we would poke him under the tail with a stick. This always made him pick up speed. Does anyone remember Bessie Hayes?

Its such fun to remember. I could fill books. What fun it is now to see your old school friends. Oh, how I loved to play soft ball! Somebody hadn't better decide to play catcher if I decided first. That was where the best player belonged, or so I thought, not realizing it takes a team to win a ball game.

We went with many boys when we were out on our own. Daddy was very strict on this issue and sometimes not very understanding. Two boys we went with were twins, Lennis and Leonard Sharp. They were from Thornton, Idaho. They looked as much alike as Ethel and I did. A lot of the people didn't know if there was one or two of us.

In the early fall of 1927, I went to work for Ted and Ann Elsworth, taking care of their home and washing, and tending an adorable pair of twin girls, Jean and Joan. They were my two little charges. How I learned to love them. It was through having their pictures taken at the Kunz Studio that I first met George.

I only knew him six weeks when this guy asked me to come up to Bern with him. I had to ask my father if it would be alright. Somehow, my mother's sister, Aunt Sadie Finn heard about it. I suspect Elsie told her. Apparently I had opened my mouth just a little too wide and it had gotten back to my father about my going. He said if Ethel could go with us, it would be okay. One rebuttal stands out. He can't be a very bad boy if he is keeping his sister on a mission! Their answer how did I know that he didn't have a wife or girl friend in every stop!

It was February and lots of snow. The roads were not plowed like they are today. George had a little green roadster. I believe we pushed it half the way to Bern. We got stuck on the Georgetown divide and several times coming to Bern. It was on this trip that George asked me to marry him. Daddy had to be called because I was only sixteen years old. I had no wedding gown and no temple clothes, nothing only the clothes I had brought. We were at Mae's and Able's. She had just made a beautiful quilt and said we could have it if we got married.



What confusion I caused for my father. D.C. Kunz talked with daddy and made all the arrangements. Now my father did not go to church but he went to my Bishop and got a recommend for me to go to the temple and mailed it to me at Logan. Aunt Nellie Schmid loaned me her temple clothes, bless her memory for it. We left for Logan by train.

What courage I must have had. My love for this man was deep. We were married February 29, 1928. One of the temple officials called a taxi so we could catch the train to come back to Bear Lake. How very happy and inspired we were.

I was not prepared for the many sacrifices one had to make in marriage. But I was not helpless and tried with all my 16 years of experience to do that which was expected of me as a wife.

We had no honeymoon but went straight back to Rigby where George opened his shop again and I learned the darkroom work and how to wait on customers.

Our first little son, Douglas Ray, was born at my sister Birdies's home. She was so good to me. He was born after many hours of labor on December 7, 1928. He weighted 6 lbs and such a handsome baby so resembling his father with dark hair and eyes. But we were only privileged to keep him one month and 22 days. He had acute pneumonia and he was gone in twelve hours. He died January 30, 1929. What a sad trip we had bringing our little baby back to Bern for burial. I was bitter, heart sick and discouraged. George said it was the will of the Lord. I didn't see it this way and there my family would have ended if it hadn't been for George's encouragement.



Edyth & Douglas Ray

Six lovely children followed, coming into our lives to bless us and bring us happiness. I love my children with every fiber of my power to love. My Betty Jo came to us after Douglas. She seemed to make my heartache disappear. George left me alone with her in Bern for three months before she was born on January 16, 1930.

Ethel and I had baby daughters just two days apart. What a happy experience! On October 15, 1931, Barbara was born, just 22 months after Betty Jo. Maxine was born on October 17<sup>th</sup>.

The spring of 1933, George, me and our two little girls, pulled out of Bern to travel 45 miles to Cokeville, Wyoming. It was ten miles south of Cokeville when we arrived at the Olsen ranch. I worked by George's side, taking my girls with me to play while we built levies across some of the fields. I never seemed to tire and endurance was endless. I gathered pet lambs each evening from herds that were in a five mile range. We fed them by trough because we couldn't do it with bottles because it took too long. We were furnished cheese, flour and potatoes. I swear I never saw so much good Bern cheese eaten in all my life in one month. We sold the lambs that fall and bought a car.

During haying season I cooked for 19 hay men for 75 cents a day, washing on the board for my little girls, George and myself. The water had to be pack to the house. It was during this time that Barbara was so badly burned by neglect. A lady set some hot frosting out by their sand pile we had made for them.

I was also pregnant with Gary. I had such a rough time trying to fry bacon and eggs for 19 men. George would peel me two oranges and I would lie still while I eat them to try to keep my stomach from raging. We both worked hard but found happiness being together.

George had to leave me that fall with the two little girls and expecting another baby. He was gone for weeks at a time. It was hard alone but everyone was good to me. I was so lonesome for my brothers and sisters and my father. Gary was born on March 4, 1934 at his Uncle John and Aunt Ethel's home. The love we shared with our small children was precious. We had a problem getting a doctor and Mr. Stork almost won the race. I worked with George off and on throughout the years in the studio. We worked long hard hours. Much of the time I was alone. I had hired girls in the home. That was not good! I enjoyed my children and loved to play with them. I took pride in seeing that they were clean and their hair combed in ringlets. Gary was a loveably happy baby and grew up to be a quite soft spoken person. In November 1936, Gary came down with pneumonia. He was very sick. We had him almost well when our lovely little Gereldene was born the day after Thanksgiving on November 27, 1936. Life was not always so pleasant because we spent much time apart, George and I. George always seemed to accomplish that which he set out to do and he has a way of holding reign to have the things he wants to accomplish.

After buying a home in Nounan and moving it to Montpelier, we had it plastered which made a nice home. Kent was born on July 11<sup>th</sup>, 1940 in this home. He was a dainty dark haired loveable child. But was oh so fussy!

We moved to Idaho Falls in 1941. I was very happy to be with my brothers and sisters again. We went to visit them and just being able to talk with them when I needed to was a wonderful feeling. This was a short stay because in 1942 the war broke out and we were forced to sell everything and come back to Bern or go into a defense area. George said no to the defense area.

I do not like country life or the farm but I am here. It looks like to die here but I still hate every inch of it. We moved in March in cold snow and from a furnace heated home to a home with nine feet ceiling, with plaster off the walls and a pot bellied stove, a cold big home. It took years and many thousand of dollars to fix it up and make it livable. We *still* have a big old home. No comment!

Roger was born on March 13, 1944. It was snowing and blowing like mad. He was born very shortly after we reached the hospital. Such a love at 9 lbs 12 oz. of joy, brown eyed and medium dark hair. We all enjoyed him very much. Betty had some teen age feelings but learned very soon to love this soft cuddly baby. She disliked my having another baby.

I have enjoyed my family. I have had heartaches when they had heartaches. I've tried to be understanding, laughed and played with them as children and as adults. I feel that they were blessed with very strong bodies and good health and have been taught right from wrong. It's up to each individual to do with his life as he wants. I love my 14 grandchildren and hope and pray that their parents will know from them the joy I have gained from my own six children and their wonderful companions. I feel that I have lived and been loved by my children. I am ready to go anytime and hope this completes my life's history.





Gerry, Gary, Barbara, Betty Jo, Roger  
Aunt Ethel, Grandma and Kent

**Edith Bills Kunz**

*Retyped by  
R. L. Kunz (April 4, 2005)*

I, Edith Bills Kunz, was born on the 10<sup>th</sup> of June 1911. My twin sister Ethel joined me ten minutes following my arrival, each of us weighing in at eight pounds apiece. It apparently had little effect upon our mother's physical condition as she watched our father; Royal Bills play a victorious baseball game only a few hours before our birth. Mother was a small lady of 5' 2". Her name was Ellen Mae Bills. Upon their arrival home from the baseball game, father had to go back to town for the doctor. Even though he ran the horse both ways, Mr. Stork almost beat him.

We were welcomed by two sisters, Birdie and Thelma, and by two brothers, Clyde and Jeff. Ethel and I were the babies and I am told we were the pride and joy of our mother's life.

My mother passed away at the age of 32, in 1919. I was 7 ½ years of age, leaving the six of us in my father's care. He raised us with love but was very stern. I did not ask what when I was called. I could always curl up on my daddy's lap as he always had time to love us. We were raised with music, dancing,



competitive games, and many hours of fund in our home together. Father played the organ and the banjo. We enjoyed many hours together.

I attended Clark, Jefferson Co. for six of my grade school years. I went to Rigby for the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> grades. In my 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades, my twin sister and I rode a horse four miles to school. In the winter, father would snap a horse blanket around us to keep us from freezing. I only have in my keeping five certificates for being neither absent nor tardy. I went to Religion Class and later to Primary, Sunday School, and Mutual, riding either a horse or in a buggy for 2 ½ miles. Sometimes we walked. I was never forced to go to church but had free agency. I love to go and especially enjoyed Beehive work. I loved my leader, Sister Essie McNiel. I had every childhood disease as I grew up.

I married George Sidney Kunz on February 29, 1928 in the Logan, Utah Temple. He has been a wonderful husband and father to our seven children. God blessed us with four sons and three daughters. Our eldest son, Douglas Ray, died at the age of one month three weeks. Betty Jo, Barbara Ann, Geraldine, Gary George, Ronald Kent, and Roger Lee are all strong and healthy.



George & Edith Kunz

I have worked since I was 18 years old in one capacity or another. I have served in the Church beginning as Beekeeper in the Clark Ward, then as a primary teacher in the Bern Ward. I have been a Sunday School Teacher, Relief Society Counselor, Relief Society Teacher, Visiting Teacher, and Work Director. I can only remember of short periods of time that I haven't worked in one organization or another for 32 years. *(Based on this reference I assume Mother wrote this history in about her about her 48 or 49 year – inserted by R.L. Kunz)*

I was on the Primary Stake Board for 10 years and served in the Trekker and Guide programs under Pearl Davis Michaelson for three years and with Sister Mable Rex. I was released in 1958.

I have worked in the M.I.A. for over 27 years in one capacity or another. I have been President, 1<sup>st</sup> Counselor, 2<sup>nd</sup> Counselor, Secretary, Drama Director, Beehive Leader, and Mia Maid Teacher in the M.I.A. I have loved working with the young people.

I feel that my life has been full of opportunities. I am certain it has made me a better mother and wife. I have known great sorrow but I have also known great joy, love and appreciation. I have known hard work but enjoyed it just the same. My greatest joy comes from doing for others, to serve those who need to be cared for. I love to hunt, fish, and ride horses. I hope that I shall never grow too old to dance (1959).

Since 1959 I have serve as President of the Primary and also as a teacher in the Primary. I have also served as a Visiting Teacher and Visiting Teacher Message Leader in the Relief Society.



Edith Bills Kunz



Edith & Ethel



Edith Bills Kunz



George Sidney Kunz







George & Edith Kunz



George & Edith Kunz Family

Journal entries from George Sidney Kunz's Journal ~  
Volume from March 1980 through September 1981

**MARCH 13, 1980** The Kunz group was presented a beautiful engraved brass bell in memory of our visit from our relatives in Diemtigen and as the start of a Bern Museum, which has been done in the old Bern school house in June 1979 and we had quite a number of visitors both local friends and relatives and over 50 Swiss people, non-members of the church but we had some choice experiences and visits and have received some very nice letters from some, plus gifts for the museum and believe we have planted some good seeds for the future, plus gave out 10 Book of Mormons. Have done a lot of work on improving the cemetery and thank all of the many contributions from relatives and friends of some who are buried there and will as we go along write in the journal our progress as there are still legal problems to overcome which I hope and pray will not delay the project or even cause its failure. I want to testify at this time that I have received a lot of answers to prayers and inspiration on how to proceed when at times everything seemed hopeless and I'm sure many are wondering why it isn't progressing faster than it is so in 1980 it will be done if these problems can be solved.

**MARCH 13** Enjoy the hunts with Roger for his elk and Gary, John and all of you, especially my wife. You know I'm not always telling her but my love for her is above all else even if sometimes she don't believe it.

**MARCH 26** I started taking pictures in 1925, fifty five years ago and Lula has worked in them for many years. It's the end of an era and still it's a little sad but makes us both realize we are fast approaching that time when we will be called home back to that existence where we began as sons and daughters of God and there meet that good father and mother who tried so hard to instill in us high ideals and aspirations and to do that what was right regardless of effort or cost. In the end we are the winners and certainly not those that compromise and shrink their duty. If only I could instill that in all my posterity I could die much happier. I realize in the formative years of the lives of my children I didn't always put first things first for that I am sorry but I so love and appreciate the many, many good qualities you each have and the good you have done. Just remember all of you, true happiness only comes in loving your God and fellow men, not with things of the world. I've been reading the April 1980 issue of the Ensign. I so wish each one of you would read, no study it. It is worth more than all the money in the world if all would follow the counsel and advice, not one article but every one. I plan on reading it again. I marked a few places yesterday and today as I read them.



**Royal Bills**  
**Father of Edith Bills Kunz Kirby**  
*A brief sketch of his life*

Royal Bills was born December 21, 1879, in South Jordan, Utah. His parents, Alexander and Emily Beckstead Bills had 13 children. Five brothers and eight sisters preceded him in death.

Royals' father was a sheep herder. At the tender age of twelve years, because Royal was very responsible, he was out herding sheep alone, while his father tended other flocks. He knew something about hot summers and cold winters as he cared for the sheep.

Royal had six years of formal education but learned much from 'the school of life', 'the book of hard knocks', 'the book of experience' and also 'the book of loving and caring. All of this contributed to his wisdom.

At the age of 21 years of age Royal fell in love with Ellen May Jeffs. They were married December 20, 1901 and moved to Idaho the following year. Royal continued working with the sheep until the birth of his first child and then took up farming, settling in Clark, ID. They had six children born to them, two sons and four daughters: Thelma, Clyde, Birdie, Jeff, and twin daughters, Edith and Ethel.

At thirty-three years of age, Ellen May was dead. Thelma was fifteen, Clyde was thirteen, Birdie was eleven, and the little twins were seven years of age. Royal embarked on the long road of raising six children without their mother. It was not easy for him nor was it easy for the children.





Royal was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and held the office of a teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood. Although he did not participate actively on Sundays in church affairs, he was closely aligned with its many functions. He helped with girl's camp, as auctioneer for gatherings, playing the banjo and ward dances and entertainment, giving back any money he collected outside the ward for playing back to the Clark ward to help buy a piano and a furnace for the ward house. He spent many hours visiting the sick and consoling bereaved families. He was a good Christian.

Oh how he loved good music! He fashioned his first banjo from a sheep skin stretched across a clock frame with a neck of chock cherry wood. He loved to play the mouth harp.

Royal knew and loved good horses. He spent many hours breaking them and was known for his beautiful well matched teams. Many times these same horses pulled a wagon with a coffin resting therein to a cemetery for burial. He was very wise when it came to the raising and care of horses.



Royal was a real sportsman and played actively, especially baseball. He was captain of the Clark baseball team for many years, playing first base position.

Royal was among the early settlers and helped construct canal systems in the area. He was a water master and helped build roads before the big equipment was made available.

He served on the Clark district school board and was a member of the Stake Old Folks Committee for many years.

Later in his life, he married Olive Duke from Bennington, Idaho but that marriage was terminated in divorce. They remained good friends.

After the children were all married he returned to working with the sheep. At seventy seven years of age, Royal continued to drive his car, cooked and went fishing. He would often share his fishing catch with his friends at the Carson Rest Home, which was to become his home for seven and a half years following a cerebral hemorrhage on July 26, 1959. This condition claimed both his speech and movement on his right side.

On February 16, 1965, Royal passed away at eighty five years of age from a massive cerebral hemorrhage while at the rest home in Rigby, Idaho.

(Source of Information Life Sketch Obituary given by Maxine Schmid)



John Bills with his daughter, Edith

### **Memories of My Trip to Switzerland**

**By**

**George Sidney Kunz**

*(Taken from his original manuscript from the Kunz European tour 1978)*

My trip to Switzerland has been the fulfillment of the dream of my life. I never expected it to come true. Looking at the ancestral homes by picture only hasn't been nearly as impressive as seeing them in person. We don't thank God nearly enough for our blessings which are so abundant. Seeing their humble homes, I felt that a great warmth and love was always there. What a thrill it was to stand in Grandfather's home and to see a picture of my own father still hanging on the wall.



The country side is so beautiful and green. The yards are well kept with wood stacked neatly by each home. My love and gratitude for my ancestors has increased. Why do we, who have an abundance of luxury, complain so, seeing how others here have to work so very hard for their existence? What do our own homes look like? Could we do anything to make them more beautiful?

The warmth and friendliness shown by our Swiss relatives here was so impressive. The Kunz Reunion here was choice. My mother has always said: "We have memories so we can have roses in December." I will treasure these memories made here always. To have experienced this trip with my wonderful and dear relatives has been so choice. None of it would have been possible if not for our sweet Paul Nielsen, whose wealth of knowledge and genealogy and his ability to explain things in a picturesque way made our trip so exciting. I will be eternally grateful to Paul, Margaret and their family for their unselfishness in making this trip so wonderful and full of precious memories.

I am so overwhelmed by this beautiful bell that was presented to us by our Swiss relatives here. Another great blessing was Paul sharing his knowledge of our progenitors and all the family that made these experiences so meaningful. The more I think about it the more I'm overcome and don't know where to stop. There was the association with all you good people. I love you all. May you always remember the precious things we have both seen and heard. Let's teach our children and their children the Kunz heritage and history, the sacrifices our forbearers went through to make life for us free and comfortable and so choice. Let's share our experiences with others.

George Sidney Kunz



Zwischenflu





Gundlischwand



George Kunz Holding  
Swiss Flag



George Kunz in front of  
Bern Switzerland LDS  
Temple







John Kunz Home in Switzerland

### **Memories of Douglas Ray Kunz**

**By his parents, George Sidney and Edith Bills Kunz**

*Adapted from the history of John Kunz III and Margaret Lauener Kunz,*

*Compiled by George Sidney Kunz*

Douglas Ray was born December 7, 1928 at Rigby, Idaho at the home of my sister, Birdie Keller. The love, comfort and compassion she shared with me, her seventeen year old baby sister, in those long hours of childhood are memories that I cherish. She had set up a bed in her front room so she could take care of me for ten days that extended for three weeks before she would let me go on my way. Those home deliveries brought some problems. The dear old doctor worked so faithful to bring our son into the world alive.

We as his parents were so happy. Douglas was small, weighing six lbs four ounces at birth with dark hair, blue eyes, and grew to become a dimpled, chubby baby.

At this time, we were living and operating a Photo Studio under the bank on Main Street in Rigby, Idaho. Our life seemed so full and happy with this sweet spirit which had blessed our home, little realizing that our joy and happiness was soon to be crushed.

Edith had taken Douglas for a check up on Saturday and Dr. Gavin said he was so perfect, but growing too fast. He told her to give him more water. Tuesday evening, he seemed to have a cold or congestion and Edith again consulted the Doctor. He certified our thinking that Douglas had some congestion and would like to look at him in the morning. Because of a problem he had, Douglas's spirit had left his body before midnight and went back to his Heavenly Father whose presence he had left just fifty-three days before. Before he died, we called in the elders and he was administered to. Edith fed him and put him down early and at his next feeding time he was limp and did not respond. Then I got the doctor again but he gave us little hope and Douglas soon passed away. The doctor said he had acute double pneumonia.

Thelma came to help and comfort us – we were grateful for her. The sorrow in our lives seemed more than we could bear and as we made arrangements for his funeral and burial in Bern, Idaho, our hearts were broken. The trip to Montpelier, Idaho seemed endless. Ethel, Edith's twin sister, came with us to aid and comfort us. Abel met us with a team and sleigh that made crunching sounds as they went up and down over the drifts of high snow. With our heavy broken hearts, we were taken into Abel and Mae's home where we so graciously received kind love, warm food, and a comfortable place to rest. Edith's father was with us and many other dear family and friends.

It was very hard for Edith at her young and tender years to accept and understand why we were asked to go through this trial and I received strength and assurance that we would understand. I did my best to comfort Edith. It seemed so cruel to her. She even felt she did not want any more children but our Heavenly Father's peace comforted us- He helped heal our broken hearts and today we are so grateful for our six precious souls we were able to bring into the world and prepare bodies for their sweet spirits. We realize and pray that we may all live that when our time comes we may all be reunited as a family with Douglas and every one of our posterity which our Savior made possible by His atoning sacrifice and by our individual repentance in this life.





Douglas Ray Kunz

“And I also beheld that all children who die before they arrive at the years of accountability, are saved in the celestial kingdom of heaven.”  
Joseph Smith – D.H.C 2:380-381

**Memories of My Father and Mother**

**By**

**Betty Jo Kunz Hyman**

*(Taken from her original manuscript dated July, 1998)*

Being the first born to survive, it was only natural that I was the trial child so Mom and Dad could see how to raise my other remaining siblings. I wasn't a docile child and gave my parents both much joy as well as anguish. Who wants to play the piano when my cousins Margene and Lola have come to visit me! The Schmid children would come to play and drag out all my toys, but they wouldn't help me clean up. I learned to sit on my toy box when I saw them coming and put a stop to that nonsense.

Every day my mother combed my hair with rows of ringlets so I could be pretty. She dressed my sister Ba (Barbara) and I alike, probably because she wanted twins, and Ba swears to this day she had to wear my hand me downs. I had a spirit of my own which I inherited from my Dad and did it my way whenever I could get away with it. In spite of my temper, stubbornness and willful personality, I grew up to spend seventeen years with my loving brothers and sisters. Ba was my buddy as we were only eighteen months apart in age. She used to be passive as a child and got into trouble constantly trying to protect me from Dad.

Now mind you, I did nothing immoral or illegal but I loved to be part of what I saw as the “smart set.” This required one to hang out with a Kit Kat and around the school after school was out for the day. For some reason I always missed the bus and had to walk the five miles home to Bern. I would sing and dream as I walked. I used to think I was a movie star. Dad wanted me home to help Mom and to

do my chores but because the bus wouldn't wait five minutes until I finished up my social activities I ended up with many a red behind and punishment galore. Talk about being grounded!

Once I wrote an excuse to Principal Winters excusing myself for the day and signed Mom's name to it. He called me into the office and rapped my hands so hard with a ruler that the memory still lingers with me to this day. I didn't do that again but it was worth the French fries and the forbidden coke at the Burgoyne Café.

I learned to cook, clean, and care for others from my loving busy Mom. I got the opportunity to play Mommy when both Kent and Roger were born. Sticking Roger with the diaper pin was an accident; "Honest, Rog!" Just because I thought my parents had enough children and at my age it was embarrassing that your parents still did that kind of thing. As for Kent and his dog Penny and all the dog hairs in his blanket, well I can't bear dogs to this day. Every week I had to shake out all that dog hair and wash the bedding. I was your slave Bro!

Climbing up to the attic and exploring the contents was always an adventure and ever so much fun. As kids we loved the forbidden year food supply. Our favorites were the black olives placed on our fingers, jello sprinkled on our tongues, and taking precious sugar to make homemade candy. Years after I moved to California, I received word that Mother had found all her missing post and pans in the cold air returns on the floor furnace in the girl's bedroom. We would hear Dad and Mom come home as we were eating out of the pans, we would quickly shove them into the furnace air returns. As for the cherry chocolates that Dad found missing out of his drawer, would someone please confess so I can rest in peace. I took that licking and many more as Dad would line us up along the wall and threaten to start with the baby if some didn't confess to whatever the crime of the moment was.

The ice cream trips to Ogden were great as we loved the Paramount treats. I did "filch" a few from the locked locker, as I knew where they hid the key. Dad could not figure out where they were going.

I hated plucking those smelly chickens on Saturdays, sitting around the wash tub out behind the grainery. It helped to support us but I didn't understand that as a young one. I hated the smell of the barnyard and made a sweet deal with Mom that allowed me to do the cooking, cleaning and baby sitting if I could just stay in the house. It wasn't the best deal that I have ever made but I did learn how to be a good cook and homemaker. It shaped my future in the restaurant industry and allowed me to support myself and my two boys most of the time. Thanks to all of you who helped me during my rough times.

As a teenager I loved to dance. Mom would load us up in the car each weekend and take us to the Fish Haven summer dances. You had to go back home with her or you could never go again. All the cousins would go with us. As well as the dancing, I liked the cute boys there. The boys from Ovid were our favorites as they strummed guitars and sang, wore cowboy boots and drove trucks. Dad didn't agree with my choices but he did like Orvil Alleman and so I was allowed to go out with him, "Ugh!" Oh well, it did get me to the dances so I could then dance with the boys from Ovid. Sometimes I marvel that Mom and Dad let me live through my teenage years.

I was an avid reader and would take a flashlight to bed with me, hide under the covers with the lights out. Gary would be my lookout as he was my roommate in those days. Sometimes when all the kids were asleep, Mom would eat tamales. She would let me stay up and share sometimes. Oh it was good with ketchup! We used to get Mom to lie down and rest and then I would tell the kids to help me clean



and do the dishes so Mom would think little "Fairies" had been there. Do you know how many years she let us live with that illusion?! We thought we had her fooled, but she is one smart Mom.

Christmas was always special at our home. Our parents made sure we all had something under the tree. Dad would go up to the hills and cut down the tree and Mommy would decorate it. She made it so beautiful. At the age of 12, they let me help with Santa for the little ones they discovered that I knew that secret. Gerry was the cutest, quietest little girl in the world. Can you imagine how surprised I was when I came home on vacation from California and found my little sister married, with children, and a very commanding figure! That quiet shy child who ready funny books in the corner was gone. When I had my heart surgery it was Gereldene, or 'Nurse Ratchet' as I called her, that was my salvation as she tended me and my wounds.

I am so grateful for my life. They tell a story about Barbara locking the door between the kitchen and the front room and then me loosing my temper and kicking in the door panel. I don't remember doing it and I would appreciate some verification on that from you experts. (NOTE: - It was verified at a past reunion since this account was initially presented, that such was the case, that those who were witnesses of the event say BJ did indeed kick the panel in!) I do remember that I had a date and all my brothers and sisters poked their heads through that hole in the door and yelled: "Don't forget to get married!" My parents didn't fix the door for years. I think there was a lesson in it for someone. The memories of my Dad coming home from his photo shoots with a treat of bologna and Wonder Bread will always remain in my mind. We children lived for those moments and he never forgot our treat.

I loved to debate life and the gospel with my Dad. He was my mentor but I wasn't easy on him. I wanted answers to everything and I wanted proof. He would read to me for hours and show me in the scriptures where it said this and that and I would say, "How do *you* know it's true?" He would bear his testimony to me and left me with no doubt that what he had said was true. I am grateful for my heritage and thankful for my great family and sorry for any hurt that I have brought to any one of you. I love you with all my heart and soul.



## Memories of My Mom and Dad

By

Barbara Ann Kunz Otteson

(Taken from her original memories submitted July 1998)

One doesn't realize how many memories one has until you sit down and attempt to organize your thoughts as I am now doing. Memories are a comfort and a part of one's life throughout eternity. They don't leave or change with the passing of time.

I have many fond memories of growing up with my brothers and sisters. BJ and I were only eighteen months apart and we had a great deal of fun and adventures together. Much of what you might have heard is of course a bit tainted as we really didn't go looking for trouble. Truth is, it just found us! I remember playing the piano and BJ singing with high hopes of landing a singing career and pushing Judy Garland aside but for the benefit of mankind, Judy made it big and BJ found her rewards in other areas. I had to wear BJ's hand me downs but I suppose in reality it was just that mother dressed us alike. We took tap dance lessons. BJ was light on her feet and did very well while my own feet would always move in opposite directions at the same time. School seemed to come as natural for BJ as breathing while I had to study my fool head off. I remember one time my Dad struggling so hard to try to teach me the time's tables and with his and BJ's help and patience, I eventually learned them to perfection and still know them today.

When we lived in Idaho Falls, BJ and I slept in the basement bedroom. In the room next to ours was a large table with flour stored underneath it. On the legs of the table pie plates were mounted to them to keep the mice from getting into the flour. At night we would shiver in bed as we heard the clang of tiny little feet hitting the pie plates. To keep our minds off of this however, BJ would push me out the window and then she would climb out herself. We would walk down to the payphone and call a cab. For the remainder of the evening we would ride all around Idaho Falls! Sometimes we would take a detour and go to a movie. Dad would contribute to the cab fare at his own unknowing donation! We had so much fun on those adventures and then would quietly slip back into our beds, falling fast asleep. The mice didn't keep us awake after all.

I remember growing up in Bern, Idaho with my family and living by Grandma Margaret. Grandma lived in a two bedroom log house with wooden floors. She used to scrub the floors with lye making them so clean you could eat off of them. She baked and always had on hand raisin filled cookies that she stored in empty lard buckets. I remember her always being neat and tidy with her hair up in a bun. I remember when she passed away. Her physical remains were in our home overnight before her funeral. I loved her so much.

I remember times with Aunt Lula and Uncle Paul and their family. Aunt Lula was ill quite a bit and wasn't able to go far from her home. We as a family would go down to Ogden, Utah to see them. It was always a fun time.

Our family moved to Montpelier, Idaho where our parents bought a photo studio. One experience I remember was when I was six years of age. Mom sent me to the Hoff's for milk. It was my first day of school and I had on my new dress. I started out down the walk with all the excitement I could muster to with the milk. I forgot about the hole in the sidewalk. I hit that hole and fell down, breaking the glass bottle of milk. My leg was cut with a deep gash. I was taken to the doctors where they put



clamps and a bandage on my leg. I tore my new dress in several places but Mom packed me into school so I could be there for the first day.

Mom and Dad worked countless hours in the studio. We had hired girls to care for us. One day we lost Gerry and finally found her outside the house in a large empty cardboard box. She was sound asleep. We were all very frightened when we couldn't find her but she was safe and asleep. She had no idea about our plight. Now that I think of it, Gerry was hiding from us! She would take her Patsy Walker funny books and sit behind the door and read. She told me once that she did that to stay out of trouble. Gerry got car sick when we traveled and she ate lots of saltine crackers with her head hanging out the window of the car so she could get fresh air. I especially remember our trip through Logan canyon and the winding road. Gerry always tried to keep her wits about her.

We went to Bear Lake often as a family and also to the hot springs. I remember our berry picking trips and spending the day either in the huckleberry or raspberry patch. BJ and I also went to pick strawberries in Georgetown and also to Grandma Tingey's in Utah to pick cherries, apricots, and peaches during the summer.

I have many great memories of going to Aunt Ethel and Uncle John's. Maxine and I were buddies and had such great fun together. Our mothers were twins and Maxine and I were born one day apart from each other so we thought that was close to being twins. We used to pick peas and potatoes together. She was the best at it and it took all I could muster to keep up with her. Uncle John had the biggest razor strap this side of the Mississippi River, let me tell you and none of us liked it much! One day after picking peas we all went down by the orchard to take a swim. I slipped on a rock and as I was going to catch myself, I reached up and grabbed hold of the electric fence. I couldn't move of course. Uncle John was plowing the field near by and came running and got me off the fence. It was truly an 'electrifying' experience and one I will always remember.

I love to ride horses. We had one horse by the name of Abraham. A horse with an attitude would be correct in describing him in today's terminology. He gave me many a thrilling ride for sure. One time I was riding him by the school house and Mrs. Stone's dog "snuck out" and barked and off we all went! Abraham took off on a dead run and didn't stop until we reached Johnny's place. I was scared to death. Another time I went over to see him took him some grain in a bucket. He put his nose down, snorted and proceeded to pick up my stomach in his teeth, leaving his chomper imprint on my little belly.



Gerry, Kent, Gary & Barbara



Gary was the peacemaker and the kind sweet brother, much as he is today. He never liked to quarrel and had a tender heart. He and I milked cows together and fed them. We did the chores before we left for school in the mornings. BJ did the inside work. No wonder she is such turned into such a good cook! I remember all the deer hunts and the fun we had as family and friends. I remember my father's love for going out and walking the hills, his love for hunting, and his love for being with family and loved ones.

There are countless memories of family reunions with cousins, aunts, uncles, and my own brothers and sisters. That reminds me, cousins are great aren't they! On one occasion BJ and our older cousins left one night to go to an activity together. They left *me and the younger cousins at home*. We so wanted to go with them but were told that we were too little. Off they went. They had put several watermelons in the water trough so they would be nice and cold for a treat after they got back home. Naomi, Elva and I suddenly had a great idea. We took the watermelons and cut off the ends of each melon, scooped all the insides out, and had a great party all to ourselves. We taped the ends back onto the melons and put them back into the water trough. There they waited for BJ and company to return. We younger ones went to bed with full bellies that night.

I remember the night we moved from Idaho Falls to Bern and the snow was so deep and it was way below zero. The gold fish were frozen solid. I loved Bern and the many memories there. I learned to wash dishes alongside BJ. One time we were hurrying to get them all washed and we didn't clean them very well. Our haste did not pay off however as Mom emptied all the cupboards and we had to wash all of them – we took our time after that.

I could go on and on forever but will close the memory sheet in my mind at this time. I hope I will always have memories to treasure and will be able to make new memories. This family reunion and getting together with my most cherished loves ones, coming from both near and far, having the opportunity to renew relationships is priceless.



Barbara





**Grandpa George Kunz and Grandma Edyth Kunz**  
**By**  
**Gary George Kunz, son**

I remember that Dad was not always the best driver in the world; he liked to take his share out of the middle of the road when he drove. One year he had just got a new green Dodge truck, just before hunting season. On the first morning of deer hunting we were going out North and by the cattle guard he tipped it over on its side into a wash. He also tipped Don Otteson and the gun case out into the wash. We were able to tip it back up and we were on our way. The dents he put in the truck remained with the truck until its dying day.

Another time Dad went off into a snow bank on the Bern road and tipped the truck, yet again on its side so Charles Kunz hooked a chain on and got him out and he went on his way. Those dents also remained with the truck until its dying day.

Uncle Able built a fence out North and Ivan's and Gary contracted to put the dancers in. We put 2 dancers between the posts. Dad could see that we were not going to make any money the way we were doing it so he helped us and taught us to cut the dancers smaller and how to put them in so we could make some money.



I remember my Dad did not like to fish!!! If you believe this you will believe anything.

One day my Dad went over to Salt River, Wyoming and got his limit. The next day I went with him and we got our limits. There were 2 guys from Salt Lake who pulled out a card of dare devils each took  $\frac{1}{2}$  of them and then they took a big drink of whiskey and said we will not keep anything under 2 lbs. After they got 2 or 3 fish I walked over to talk to them and they said they had fished in that spot on the opening of the season for the past 10 years.

Dad talked Dale Kunz and I into going fishing one day on the Blackfoot river. It was a beautiful day and we got our limits in a short time; however we did not see any other fishermen. We talked about it on the way home. After we got home Dad looked in the fishing regulations and found out that the season did not open until one week later. When Dad told Dale about he about had a fit, that he had broken the law.



Dad was out fishing on the Blackfoot river. Pete Horning, was the game warden. He had been watching Dad for a long time. Dad had forgotten his license at home. So he quickly cut off his hook. So when Pete came up to Dad and wanted to see the fishing license, Dad said, "I'm not fishing!" Pete responded, "You have your line in the water." Dad said, "I don't have a hook on it. I'm just practicing."

Another time Dad was out on the Blackfoot River he saw Pete coming, but Pete did not have his boots on, but Dad did so he crossed the river and started to go down the river. Pete jumped in the water and waded across the river and took off running after Dad. He finally caught up with Dad and wanted to see his license. Everything was O.K with the license. Pete asked how come you got up and crossed the river like that. My dad said I'm just moving to another spot. One day while I was fishing with Dad on the Salt River it started raining. There were some rock cliffs above us so I climbed up to the rocks and got out of the rain. Dad just put his collar up around his neck and kept on fishing and he got a lot of fish that day.

One year I had some yearling's calves across the street from the folk's house. One day I was sitting on the fence, and I sat there for a long time and my dad saw me so he came up and asked if something was wrong. I said, "I think I am short one yearling." After a few minutes, Dad convinced me I was not. Well, come to find out when Orlando Kunz came by with his cattle in the fall one of mine got with his and he fed it all winter. In the spring, when he got ready to take them out to the summer pasture Orlando called and said he had a yearling up at his place that belonged to us so Dad and I went and got it. That time Dad was wrong and I was right.

One year LaGrand Clark had 3,000 bails of hay to get in and needed some help so Dad and Gary went out to help. There were enough guys at the stack to stack the bails and enough to run the tractors. So Dad and I went to the field to load the bails. I was on one side and Dad on the other side. We started at 7 a.m. and worked until about 3 p.m., just stopping once to eat a little watermelon. Dad loaded 1,500 bales and I loaded 1,500 bales. I thought if that old man can load like that I will keep up with him, but it just about killed me.

One spring Dad told me to go down across the meadow rather than to go around. I decided to go straight across in the jeep. I put it in 4-wheel drive then put the pedal to the medal. I got  $\frac{3}{4}$  the way across before the jeep sunk in and got stuck. So I walked home told Dad what had happened. We gathered up all the chains and cable we could find and went pulled it out. He said: "You must have been really going fast to get that far across".

Dad would often come to my room to see if I was home. He would flip on the light really quick and then turn it off, to see if I was there. Of course it would always wake me up so he would always think of something for me to do or ask me about.

When I went through a Gerber Baby Food plant, they gave me a packet to take home and in the packet there was a sign that said "SHHH BABY SLEEPING". So I told Dad when the sign was turned up I'm at home asleep, if it's the other way then I'm not home.





One more thing about Dad and deer hunting. He was shooting at a deer and got hit in the mouth with his scope and Dr. Gene Wray was with us. He had his surgical kit and stitched Dad's lip up. But that did not stop him from deer hunting the rest of the day. We hunted north from the "Fairy" with me on the North end of the hill and him down below me. I did not see anybody for a long time when finally a man from Georgetown came by. I asked him if he had seen any other deer hunters and he said yes. I saw an old man who had stitches in his lip and I knew that it was Dad.

### **My Dear Mother – Edyth**

One day Mother was moping the floor and I goosed her in the ribs on both sides she sung the mop around and hit him square in the face and said don't ever do that again and may that be a lesson to you.

I remember one day Roger made me mad, I can't remember what it was about now. I told Mother that I was going to kick the stuffing out of him. She said you go right ahead and do that and when you get through I'll kick the stuffing out of you. I knew I would never need to chase Roger very far because he always tripped over his own feet, but I decided I better not do that.

Dad was out on the road taking pictures when mother got a call that we had one of our steers in Bloomington. Dad did not know that he was out this steer that fall so mother told me if I would go and get the steer that I could have it. When Dad come home Mother told him that she had given it to me.

We had a cow that had calved and she was really mean. We locked her up with her calf in the shed out by the barn that had 2 doors, a single door and a double door. One person would go to the double doors and get the cows attention and the other person went to the single door and would slip a bucket of water in so she could have a drink. I decided to do it by myself one time. I put the bucket in and before I could get the door shut the cow came after me and went out the door and down the road. I got the horse and brought her back. Mother was standing by the corner of the lane and was going to head her back into the barn. The cow looked at mother and took right after her. Mother put one hand on the fence and hoped over like there was nothing to it.

Uncle John Butikofer had Dad buy him a horse. Dad had to go out on the road so mother talked him into letting me load the horse and take it to Idaho Falls. Mom said if you want to you can stay two days. I though that was real cool.

Uncle Parley, Uncle Able and Dad went over to Pegram, and rounded up some wild horses. Dad came home with a white horse. He got on it to break it and the horse reared up and went over backwards. It bruised Dad up a little. And he said he was not going to put up with that. Dad told mother to take the horse over and sell it to the rodeo. We loaded the horse and took it over and they took the horse. And they named it "The Rich Widow".

Mother liked to go fishing. One day I took her up to Montpelier reservoir. It was a cold day. She had her gloves on and caught a fish. I told her not to take her gloves off that I would put the worm on her line and in the mean time I caught a fish. The next fish I caught broke my line. I knew the fish could not be that big so I looked at the eye on the end of the pole and it was bent and was cutting my line. By this time Mother had gotten another one. I again said don't take your gloves off. I put the worm on her

line and I had one on while I was I was doing that. I picked up my pole and started to work on my fish and she got another one. Mother caught eleven that day and I only got one. It was because she always had one on her pole.

We often went up to Little Valley and we always got our limits. She was always happy when I asked her to go with me. She would always pack a little treat. We always had fun.

Mom liked to go deer hunting. She always had a certain hill that she would go on. She always seemed to get her deer early in the morning. One time we were deer hunting down in the foothills near Nounan. Dad told her where to get out and watch the bottom of this draw. Dad and I were going to walk down. We scared a deer down and it crossed the field, but there were some cattle in the field so she had to wait until the deer got into the road so she would not shot a cow. She shot the deer right on the crossroads. Dad said you should have dropped it on the main road.

Mom liked to can fruit and all kinds of other things, they always had a basement full of good things. Sometimes when we came in to have lunch we just got a bottle of fruit and ate it along with good homemade bread. We always had plenty to eat and a roof over our heads. One thing about Mom and Dad they always taught us how to work-- THANKS MOM AND DAD.



Gary, Grandma and Kent



### Thank You God

Thank you for pretending not to notice that one of your Angels is missing and for guiding her to me. You must have known how much I would need her, so You turned Your head for a minute and allowed her to slip away to me. Sometimes I wonder what special name you had for her.

I call her Mom! To think of not having her with me is unbelievable, I don't know what I would have done without her all of these years. She has loved me without reservation whether I deserved to be loved or not. Willingly and happily she has fed me, clothed me, taught me, encouraged me, and inspired me. With her own special wand of gentleness she has reprimanded me. A bit of heavens own blue reflects in her eyes. Her eyes reflect hope and love for me and my family. She has tried to install that love in all of us.

She's not the least afraid of work with constant scrubbing, polishing, painting and fixing. She has made every house we lived in a beautiful home. When I'm confused she sets me straight. She knows what matters and what doesn't and when to hold on and when to let go. You have given her an endless supply of love. She gives love away freely and yet even before I am aware I have a need for it, she is making plans and working to supply it.

You gave her great patience. She is the best listener that I have met as she always listens with understanding and compassion. She always seems to turn a calamity into some kind of success. She urges me to carry my own load in life. She is always close by if I stumble under the burden. She hurts if I hurt. She cries if I cry and she will not be happy until she sees a smile on my face once more.

Although she taught me to pray, she has invoked Your richest blessing upon me. Thank the other Angles for filling in for her while she is away. I know it hasn't been easy. Her shoes would be hard to fill. She has to be one of Your greatest miracles God, and I want to thank You for lending me Mom to me.

*(This is a poem that Gary G. Kunz provided to have read to his mother Edyth Kunz Kirby, at the George and Edyth Kunz family reunion held July 12, 1997. )*

**My Father, George Sidney Kunz & My Mother, Edith Bills Kunz**  
**By**  
**Gereldene Kunz Bennion Longenbohn**

My father was always on the go, whether it was work, fishing, playing cards, or visiting with the people of Bern, Idaho. He never neglected his church duties or responsibilities with his callings. Dad always sat up on the stand in church. He kept an eye on us kids. He would look at you with this certain look and you got the message.

Dad took pictures and would sometimes let me help him develop them. He did the developing in the basement of our family home. It was fun to help. He taught me good values, even though I rebelled at times. I loved my father very much. He taught me to work and to always honor the church. That took

me so many years to learn unfortunately. We went to church every Sunday when I was growing up, no questions asked.

Dad was often gone from Monday until Friday night taking pictures. I could hardly wait until Friday! He would come home with a loaf of bakery bread and some good bologna, maybe some cheese, fig newtons or ginger snaps. Boy that all tasted so good and to me it was really the best treat in the world.

I loved going hunting with family members and friends that came up to Bern for the yearly deer hunt. My dad could run up and down those hills. I wish my grandchildren and great-grandchildren could have known him. He always let you know right from wrong. He wasn't afraid to let you know how he felt about certain things and what you should be doing with your life. I really didn't appreciate my father until he was gone. I at least have my memories and the values that he worked so hard to teach me over the years.

My mother and father were really the best parents that any child could ask for. They were very strict. Mom would always save our discipline until Dad came home on Friday.

I was my mother's side kick. She and I would have bushel after bushel of fruit to put up. We would be canning and Daddy would come in and ask Mom if she wanted to go fishing and they were gone. I would finish up the canning. I loved to mix bread now but not as a child so much. When Mom was gone with Dad he would tell me before they left that we needed bread. I would cry but do it anyway. I would tell my Dad when I got my own kids I would never make them make bread. Ironically, through my adult life it has been a blessing to take my freshly baked bread to neighbors and others and just visit and get to know them.

I learned how to work when I was growing up at home. I used to help milk the cows and do other chores. My Dad was always on the go and Mom was always trying to keep up with laundry and see that Dad had clean clothes to wear. I remember Dad having a hat that he had worn until the shape was not too becoming and Mom was after him to get a new one. She was always mending and making sure there were no holes in his clothing. Mom always kept Dad's temple clothes cleaned and pressed in the suitcase for him. Dad went to the temple often.

I see now that I always took my Mom's side during disagreements between the two of them and there was a barrier somewhat between Dad and me. My Mom was full of life and we had a great time together. I would drop everything to go to my Mom if she called or needed me.

Halloween was a favorite time for my Mom. My Mom could create any costume you wanted for Halloween. I remember her making costumes for many people over the years. She loved Halloween throughout her life.

I remember an experience when I was 40 and was tending bar at the Trail café up in Soda Springs. I didn't want Dad to know because I knew he would be disappointed and it would hurt him. Mom told him that I waited tables which I did do as well. One time Dad came by to see me. One of my co-workers came back and told me that my Dad was out front. I came out to the dinning room and met him. We sat and talked. He left and I went back to work. I don't think he was dumb enough not to have known. He was a good sport and loved me no matter what I did.

My father instilled in me to trust the Lord. I do have a testimony of the Gospel and no one can take that away from me. I wish my children would listen to me and not be like I was with my father and



mother but would learn now what took me so long to realize, that the teachings of my father were true then and are true now! I didn't teach my children when they were young and I am sure I will have to answer for not teaching them as children.

I remember when Dad was getting ready to go to Salt Lake for open heart surgery. He told me: "Gereldene, I guess you know if the Lord wants me no doctor can keep me here." I told him yes, I knew that. He said that your mother and brothers and sisters want me to go have this surgery and I owe it to my children to try. I looked him in the eye and said: "Dad, you do not have to go if you don't want to." He replied that he would go and if it was his time to go he will go home to his Father in Heaven. I told him I didn't want any part of the surgery. I told him that I loved him and that he needed to do what he felt best. I didn't drive down for his surgery. I called later in the day to check on how it had gone. I talked with Dad on the phone and he said it didn't sound good. I reassured him as the doctor had told the family that he had made it through the surgery okay. The next day I got a call telling me Dad was now in critical condition. Roger called me and offered me a ride down to see dad. I met Roger in McCammon and we drove down. The rest is history.

My parents are both gone now along with my two sisters, Betty Jo and Barbara. Oh how I miss them. I love my parents and my brothers and sisters. Thank you for loving me.



Barbara, Gerry and Betty Jo

## **Thoughts and Reflections of My Mother, Edyth Bills Kunz Kirby**

**By**  
**R. Kent Kunz**  
*(April 2005)*

Perhaps this might sound a bit unusual, but I always considered my mother as one of my best friends. I knew that if I shared a secret with mom, it would always remain a secret. I can remember when I was going to high school; I had a very active busy life. Back in those days there was no such things as cell phones, text messaging, sending pictures, etc.; we had to keep in touch by a party line telephone. That meant three or four families would use the same line. It was a usual occurrence to pick up the phone and one of your neighbors two or three blocks away was talking to someone on your line. Well I trusted my mom so much with my personal affairs and life, my friends would call and talk to mom and make social plans for me with her. All of my friends growing up loved my mother. They found out just like I had always known that she could be trusted with any information and it would go to only the correct source it was supposed to go to. I really think my mom was like having my own personal social coordinator and advisor.

It would be a gross understatement to say that my mother spoiled me, however, for all that spoiling, I doubt ever a son loved a mother any more than I loved my mother. I remember when I was just six or seven years old, mom would load me in the car to go to Laketown to pick raspberries. She knew that I loved fresh raspberries more than probably any other thing on earth. Well she would give me some quart jars and tell me to go pick raspberries knowing full well that I would go start eating those fresh raspberries right off the vine until I literally made myself sick. She never did seem to mind that I only ended up picking two or three quarts for the entire day. There was nothing like those Bear Lake raspberries. Now another one of the fresh fruit picking trips I got to go on was not nearly as fun but I still enjoyed being with mom when she picked fresh huckleberries. Now to pick a gallon of huckleberries in a three or four hour period was a real feat. Mom could pick those huckleberries one by one by one and she never seemed to tire. Sometimes she would take Renee Kunz, Aunt Hilda, Aunt Mamie, or others from the Bern ward and of course someone who picked just as fast as mom was her twin sister, our Aunt Ethel Butikofer. As I write this, it is interesting to note that Aunt Ethel's husband John, just celebrated last year his 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. He was just a year older than dad, but he is still with us and spry, witty, and sharp as ever. Anyway, picking huckleberries was a very slow and tedious process, but all of that would be forgotten when a day or two later, you could get a piece of mom's fresh huckleberry pie. And another delightful treat was to have fresh huckleberry delight which mom could make to melt in your mouth.

Thinking back of mom and growing up out in Bern, I was for sure a "mamma's boy." I loved being around my mom so much that I would always volunteer to clean the house or do the dishes. Dad was not the neatest person on the planet so it was always quite a chore for mom to pick up after dad. Lots of times when she would be exhausted from all her other duties and chores, I would volunteer to mop the floors, vacuum, dust, or do the mountains of dirty dishes. This did not necessarily get me out of doing my outside chores, but it did not matter, I just remember that I wanted to do anything to show my mother how much I loved her and I guess for that she really spoiled me rotten all the rest of her life. I can not remember a time when Barbie, the kids and I would come to visit her that she would not have a pint or a few pints of fresh frozen raspberry jam for me. When she got older and could not pick berries anymore, she still would see that I had fresh raspberries whenever we came to visit. For all that she did for me and our family I always wanted to do something extra special for her. It goes without



saying that Barbie and all of our kids loved mom to death so nothing was too good for Grandma Kunz. I remember one year when things were going very good for us, we were able to buy mom a mink coat for Christmas. She was so proud of that coat and after she passed away, my sister Gerry had a lady she knew make little teddy bears for all of us out of mom's mink coat as a special remembrance of her. Because she was so proud and would normally not accept help outright, I always tried to get her to give me a few dollars and I told her I would invest it for her. By doing this Barbie and I were able to give her extra money to live on especially after dad passed on. If she would have ever thought it was a gift, she would have never taken it so we just made very sure that Grandma Kunz's investments made huge returns for her. It was just another way to show my great love and admiration for my mother and to in some small way help her for all that she had always done for me and my brothers and sisters.

When we were little and growing up, mom used to work in the photography business with dad. Back in those days, she would retouch the negatives and then by hand oil paint colored photos. I remember watching her and to see her sometimes take hours just to do one picture but she always wanted the job to be as perfect as she could make it. Watching her retouch the negatives was another



very tedious and delicate procedure. The negative would be placed on a glass surface with a bright light under it and then all the lights would be off. Her job was to find the blemishes on people's faces and then retouch them out so their skin on the finished pictures looked nice and smooth. She could make some of those people who had major skin problems look really good. I think lots of those people were really surprised how mom could retouch them up to look so good. She was always so conscientious when she did photo work for dad.

Believe it or not, mom used to love to fish and hunt and she was very good at both. She was probably a better hunter than fisherman, but she could always keep up at both. Mom was a crack shot and could shoot with the best of us. I remember she had her very own personal gun was a 250-3000. It was not that high of caliber gun, but in her hands it was deadly if she was hunting. I can remember seeing her out north of Bern one morning during hunting season make a beautiful shot from 250 yards on a nice big buck deer. Because we lived on the farm and we could sell the beef cattle, our meat sources much of the time during the winter months was deer, antelope, and elk meat. There was probably no one who could cook a deer steak and make it taste better than mom. She had an old black skillet that she would get all fired up red hot and then she would throw those deer steaks in the pan and in a few minutes you had a deer steak that would melt in your mouth. I could never eat someone else's deer



steaks because they were not even remotely as good as the way mother cooked them. Another thing which she could cook to perfection was freshly caught trout. Because we all loved to fish, we seemed to be able to have trout at least once or twice a week during the fishing season. She just had a special knack of the way she floured and then cooked those trout in hot butter that would just be food "fit for a king." Once again she was so good at cooking trout I could never eat trout unless it was cooked by my mom. My sweetheart Barbie tried once just to do something special for me but we only tried it one time and decided to leave the cooking of trout to mom.

Both mom and dad really loved their grand kids. I remember how good they were to all the grandchildren but can remember some special times our kids had with their grandma & grandpa. I remember one year when the twins were about three or four years old, mom and dad took them over to Montpelier to watch the parade during the rodeo week. They were so proud of the twins and especially mom because of her being a twin. She always felt she had a special bond with the twins. I just saw a picture with mom and dad with the twins at the Montpelier fair. I also remember how both dad and mom would let little Kenny sit on Uncle Gary's horse out in the front yard. They were always so kind, patient, and loving with the grandchildren.



Edith – "The Garage on Opening Day"

Mother had to have nerves of steel, the patience of Job, the stamina of marathon runner, and the loving nature of mother Teresa. Between Gary, Roger, and myself, I think she spent half of her time at the doctor's office or the hospital. Both Gary and Roger had accidents that they were both lucky to live though and I remember mom sitting for hours upon hours at the hospital tending and taking care of them. I also remember one time when she was so loving and good to me after an accident. I was about six or seven years old and I had gone up to Uncle Heber Kunz's to watch John, Thiel, and Lyman work with this little bay colt that I really loved. I had been and seen the colt many times before. Because I loved the colt so much, they nicknamed the colt "Icky Kent" after me (I am not sure where they got the icky from but I guess they thought I was icky). Anyway John was leading the colt and I walked around behind the colt and that is the last thing I remember. When I woke up, I was in Dr. Rich's office in Montpelier with my mother holding me tenderly in her arms. I of course was frightened but mom calmed me down and then told me what happened. As I walked back around the colt, it kicked both feet back and one of the horses hooves caught me on my right cheek, splitting it open and knocking me unconscious for a considerable period of time. I still carry that scar today on my right cheek but as usual mom was there to make it all better.

Another time Roger, Gary, and I were out in front of the Bern house playing and horsing around. Gary was running and I think his foot hit a hole and he fell and broke his leg. Well off goes mom to Dr. Rich's for another accident victim----I think she spent more time there at the hospital than at home. Another time I was driving the truck by the granary down below the Bern house and I needed to go someplace and Roger was supposed to go with me. Well I thought he was moving too slow so I started to leave him and he ran to catch the truck and jump in. Well he slipped and I ran over his foot with the



truck and broke a bone in his foot. Mom had another visit to get a cast on Roger's foot. Mom got the call one day from one of my football coaches in high school that I had just broken my hip in football practice and could she please rush to the hospital to care for me. Three different times she had to take me in for casts for three different broken wrists. Another time when I was quite young I was riding our horse with Harriett Kunz down by the lane by our house. As we got to the bridge, my horse shied away threw me off and broke my left arm so it was another trip to the hospital for another cast. She had to have a constitution of iron not to have a nervous breakdown with just us three boys and that is not even talking about what Betty, Barbara, and Gerry put her through.

Mother was certainly not above punishing us kids when we did something wrong. I remember the most humiliating thing she would do when you were caught "red handed" doing something you were not supposed to do, she would make you sit down and think about it for a while. She used to have a little stool in the kitchen and if you were ever asked to sit on that, you knew you were in big trouble. Next she would tell you to go outside and cut a branch off the willow tree out in front of the house so she could give you a spanking. I always looked for the very smallest willow branch not realizing until much later that because of it's flexibility, it would sting far worse than a larger branch. Once she had the willow, you were then invited to lie over the top of her lap. She would then tell you that "this was going to hurt her far more than it would you." I don't know whether I ever really got that part because it was my behind that was getting a spanking. In retrospect, the drama leading up to the spanking was far worse than the actual spanking that mom would mete out. After it was over she would take you in her arms, give you a big love, and cuddle you until you felt better. Knowing how good and kind mom was, I am sure that it did hurt her more to have to punish her kids than it ever hurt us. Mom was always firm but fair while dad was far quicker to pull the trigger, grab the switch, mete out the punishment and ask questions later. Sometimes later he would then find out he made an error on who should have got the spanking in the first place but it was already too late. I also can't remember dad saying "this is going to hurt me more than it will you" because the switch in dad's hands really did sting for a few minutes and I am absolutely certain it did not hurt him as much as it did us kids.. The great thing about dad is if he made a mistake at least he would tell you he was sorry. I don't know how many of Roger and Gary's spankings I got but there were quite a few because both of them were pretty sneaky and clever to see I got in trouble and not them. They never had near as much success with mom trying to blame me because I always got more than a "fair shake" when it involved mom. They probably got some of the spankings I deserved from mom.

Both Mom and Dad knew most every person in the whole Bear Lake Valley and many of those people were their friends. It would be impossible to go anyplace with either one of them without them seeing old friends. Mom had some very special friends during her life, her twin sister Ethel of course being her best friend. I remember mom used to be very good friends with Helen Buhler who lived down in lower Bern. Helen was one of those people who did not have a lot of friends as she was a little different than some of the other ladies in Bern. Because mom was so non-judgmental, Helen used to come and visit us a lot and mom would also go to lower Bern to visit her. I always liked it when Helen came because she always brought her son Gary with her who was one of my best friends and when we were little our moms would let us play together for hours. Renee Kunz was another special friend who mom could rely on without question and Renee could do the same with mom. Another good friend was my Aunt Vera Knutti who lived in Montpelier. Also out in Bern some of her good friends were Wanda Kunz, Norine Kunz, Hilda Kunz, Aunt Nellie Schmid as well as others.



When I was very young, probably five or six, I somehow got out of mothers sight one lunchtime during hunting season. Deer hunting season was a big affair at our place because everyone would meet there before they went out North to hunt. Anyway, while mom was preparing lunch for everyone, I went out and got in the back seat of one of the cars. The reason I was interested in getting into the back seat is because I had seen someone put their gun back there. Even though we were taught at a very early age not to touch or play with guns, I started to play with the gun. While I was playing with the gun all of a sudden there was an enormous explosion and the back window of the car was blown into a thousand pieces with some of them falling back in the seat by me. Of course mother thought I had either killed myself or someone else and she came rushing to the car. I was expecting a major whipping for what I had just done, but my mother just took me in her arms and held me and loved me. I do remember mom really cussing someone out for leaving a shell in the chamber of their gun which was an absolute no-no if you hunted with George & Edyth Kunz.



Edyth & A Two-Point

Another thing I remember my mother used to love to do with lots of other women in the Bern Ward was to make quilts at quilting bees. Mom used to set up the quilting frames in our living room and then six or seven other ladies would come to our house and stitch the entire quilt together in just one afternoon. They made some truly beautiful quilts which were then given to someone getting married or just to help someone out with a nice new quilt or for their own use. Quilting was a real art form and mom was very good at it. I remember that we always used to love quilting bees as little kids because we could go underneath the quilting frames and play for hours while the women worked. She was also very good at crocheting and knitting. I remember when our twins Tiffany and Tyler were born, mom shows up at our home in Clovis California with two of the most beautiful pink and blue knitted Afghans. Both Tiffany and Tyler and then later Kenny received these special Afghans from their grandma. They became so attached to grandma's afghans that you could never take them anyplace without them. Even when they started to get very worn with holes in them as they got older, they still would not go without them. So mom being the great grandmother she was sees that two more identical Afghans were made for the twins. She could always make any of her grandchildren feel very special by the way she treated them.

Mom was a very hard worker all her life and I remember times she would have to stay up until 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning just to get things done. Having six children during a time when she did not have a lot of the modern conveniences was a very heavy workload. One of the things she used to do was give all of us a bath on Saturday nights so we would be nice and clean at least one day a week. I remember she used to get an old steel washtub, set it up in the kitchen, then fire up the wood burning stove to heat water in pots and tea kettles. Each of us kids would get a bath and if you were second or third in line for your bath, the water could start to get real cold. I do not think there was a happier person in the world than my mother when we finally got a bathroom with a tub, sink, and toilet because it relived her



of so much work on Saturday nights just so we would be nice and clean for church on Sunday. Another modern appliance that made a great deal of difference for mom was when she finally got an electric washer. Up until that time I remember she used to use an old washboard and the same tub that we got bathed in to wash our clothes. She would rub those clothes up and down on that wash board until they were nice and clean. I remember she even used to make her own soap; it was made with lye and took many many hours for her to make just one batch of homemade soap by boiling it along with lard. All the clothes were then taken below the Bern house and put on the clothes line to dry. Mother was a very proud woman and would not ask for help to do her work. It became so much easier for her when Betty, Barbara, and Gerry got old enough where they could do a lot of the housework and help mom with the washing. They were all such good girls and helped mom a great deal with her heavy load of work.

I mentioned before the quilting bees that the ladies used to have, well one or two of those quilts ended up on my bed. It was a big deal and the quilts had to last us virtually a lifetime. Well I had a little black and white terrier dog whose name was Penny. I will never forget when mom brought that dog home for me. Penny was so little that she had him in her coat pocket and then at just the right moment she pulled him out and gave him to me. To say I was excited to have my own little dog would be an understatement. From the time I first got him, mom and dad let him sleep with me. There was only one little problem with Penny, when Penny would get cold during those cold Bear Lake winters, rather than coming up to the top of the bed and crawling under those hand made quilts, he would chew a hole in the quilt and crawl in by my feet that way to keep warm. The first time he chewed a hole in one of those quilts mother was horrified. But Penny did not like using the same entrance each time so he would chew a new hole. Mom told me that those quilts had to last me until I was grown up but she did not make me get rid of my beloved little dog. She had such a soft spot; she just let him keep chewing holes in the quilts and blankets. It was quite embarrassing sometimes when someone would come into the boy's room and see the quilts on my bed with 15 or 20 holes chewed through them but they stayed on my bed until I went away to college.

By the way I slept on a top bunk and my brother Gary slept on a bottom bunk. I remember lots of times Gary would be out with his friends real late and mom or dad would try to sometimes have mercy on him to let him get just a little more sleep but they would come in and wake me trying to do it quietly. However Penny was very protective and if mom or dad just patted me on the shoulder, Penny would come roaring up out of the covers barking like crazy. I remember one time dad got bit real good by Penny on his index finger and it bled quite a bit. After that he was always much more careful in the way he would wake me and would keep his distance away from my bed or use a broom handle to wake me.



Mom was always fiercely supportive of her kids and she was not one you would want to tangle with if she thought her kids were right. I know that each one of us had a big hole in our hearts when we finally lost her a few years back. I personally loved my mother more than words could ever express and I think only now that she is on the other side of the veil between life and death can she really understand how very much she meant to me and how much I truly loved my mother.

**Thoughts and Reflections of My Father George Sidney Kunz**

**By**

**R. Kent Kunz**

*April 2005*

When I think of both my father and mother, I think of the attributes, qualities, ideals, and moral principles they tried to teach me as well as my brothers & sisters as we were growing up. I will first of all try to list the attributes that I remember my father tried to teach me and then try to relate some experiences that occurred in my life that would perhaps demonstrate that ideal, quality, or moral principal. Faith, Tithing, Integrity, Hard Work, Word of Wisdom, Sound Financial Management, Being Practical, and Missionary Work.

I remember one time dad and I had gone fishing over at Giraffe Creek just over the Idaho border in Wyoming. As I recall, we got a late start and were fishing in the evening. In order to get back to the Idaho side of the border so we could fish legally, we had to walk two or three miles. As was normally the case, fly fishing was very good in early evening and I lost total track of where dad was fishing. I think I caught my limit of fish just as it was getting dusk. I looked around and could not see dad anyplace so I assumed he was already back at the truck at the mouth of Giraffe Creek. I hiked the two or three miles back to the truck and got back to the truck just as it started to get very dark. When I got there dad was nowhere to be found. I started to holler for him but nothing but silence. After I had been to the truck about a half hour my mind started to imagine all the things that could have happened to him. Maybe he slipped and fell in a beaver dam and I knew he was a very poor weak swimmer, maybe he was attacked by a bear, and maybe he had lost his footing, stumbled, fell and broke his leg or back. After 45 minutes I was in absolute panic. It was then that I remembered that as a child my parents had taught me that if we are ever in trouble and if I had the faith and would ask God for help he would help me. I went over and knelt by a bush and fervently prayed that my dad would be o.k. and would return safely. I had no sooner got off my knees when I heard the brush crackle way up the trail. Again I called for dad and this time that feeling of peace came over me as he called back to me out of the darkness of the night. I silently said a prayer of thanks that my prayer had been answered. When I asked dad why he was so very late, he said he had walked further up the stream and had run into a great beaver dam where the fishing was fantastic and he had just lost track of time and as it was dark when he started back, he had to go much slower to keep from falling. This was certainly not the only time dad lost track of time while on a stream fishing. Oh how he loved to fish.

I remember so well my very first financial management lesson that involved both mother and dad. As best I recall on of dad's cows died giving birth to a calf (male). Because it did not have a mother, dad told me I could have the calf if I would hand feed it and take care of it. I was very excited to have my very own calf and so I tended and took very special care of it. I named the steer "Blackie" because it



was black like an Angus bull. Because I hand fed it and took care of it all the time, it became like a pet. Well when Blackie weighted about 700 pounds or so, dad came to me with a business proposition. I was probably only seven years old at the time. Dad told me that he would trade me a small little heifer calf for Blackie. Well the heifer calf was only one third the size of Blackie so I thought dad was trying to take advantage of me and off I went crying great big crocodile tears to me mother. I told her I thought dad was not being fair with me with his business proposition. Well mom sat me down on her knee and said something like this; son right now you have a nice big steer calf but if you make the trade with your dad, the little heifer calf will grow up and will have another calf and then you will have two. She said if both of them would have another heifer calf you would end up with four. Well explained in those terms, I took dad up on his business proposition and by the time I graduated from high school, I had more milk cows than my dad and I was able to put myself though college with the money I made from my herd. Of course dad knew all along what would happen as he was a very astute business person and was great at adding figures in his head. I always wanted to be able to figure out things and come up with numbers just like my dad. When it came to numbers, his mind was razor sharp and he was normally two steps ahead of anyone else.

One lesson my dad taught me was to always be where I was supposed to be and especially if it had anything to do with my church responsibilities. Dad always took his church callings and responsibilities very seriously and he expected his children to have that same dedication and desire. Well one beautiful spring day, myself, Gary Buhler, Wilfred Bienz, and Richard Galloway decided we wanted to go out and enjoy the beautiful weather rather than go to Primary as we were supposed to do. I can not believe we were so stupid that we thought we would not get caught ditching primary class because with four of us gone it only left Richard Kunz, Harriet Kunz, and Emma Lou Schmid. I am not exactly sure how dad got wind that his son had decided to ditch primary, but as we were walking down though the field below the old Bern school house, I see a cloud of dust as dad comes roaring toward us in the pick-up truck. I am not sure how many times I got swatted while I was running along side of the truck with a long switch, but it was lots of them. Well I ran as fast as my legs would carry me straight back to the Church House bawling my eyes out. Of course at his insistence and direction I had to stand up in front of the whole class and tell them and my teacher how sorry I was and that it would never happen again. I can promise you I never ever had the thought cross my mind again to skip one of my church meetings. Dad just expected you to be at your absolute best when it had anything to do with church and church responsibilities.

One trait which I think all of George & Edith Kunz's children had without question was fiery tempers. Under the right circumstances any one of us or mom and dad could "loose their cool." I think Gerry, Roger, and Gary had the best control of their tempers followed by Barbara and then there was BJ & then myself. So many countless times I would loose my temper and would be severely scolded by mom and dad. I remember during a stretch of about two years I broke my wrists three times. One time in a temper fit, I broke my wrist when I hit one of the cows. The second time was actually legitimate because I fell off of Wendell Kunz's grain truck. But it was the last one which involved my greatest acting performance in front of my dad. I was out in the barn north of our house milking the cows. I had just gotten comfortable on the stool and was milking away when the cow swatted me right in the face with her s---y tail. I jumped up off that stool, cocked my arm and let it fly right into the cow's soft spot between her ribs and hip bone. The only problem was she moved slightly before impact and I smashed into her rib. I knew immediately that I had broken my wrist for the third time but I also knew I would be in very serious trouble with my dad because I had lost my temper and caused the accident. I had to come up with a plan quickly and so I came out of the barn and saw dad trying to put some sheep into the pasture below the barn. Without a minutes hesitation I took off running at full speed after those sheep even though the pain in my wrist was killing me. I made sure I was in full sight of

dad and then I faked a fall to the ground. I lay on the ground groaning and moaning and dad walks up to me and asked me what was wrong. I told him---I think I broke my wrist again. He took me to the doctor and I got a cast and I do not believe to his dying day I ever told him the truth as I was so embarrassed over what I had done.

I do not remember specifically but I assume that dad took all of his children one time or another on one of his picture taking trips to one of the high schools in Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming. I remember one time he let me go with him to take pictures at Marsh Valley High School. You had to see Dad in action to really appreciate the knack he had in making kids get pleasant expressions on their faces so they would look nice in their school pictures. He could tell some of the lamest jokes you could imagine to get those kids to crack a smile or tell them to think about their boyfriend or girlfriend and he would click that camera at just the right moment to get great pictures. I always thought it was great to go with him because I got to look at every cute girl in the entire school as they came to get their pictures taken. Dad had a real special ability to capture just the right moment or right expression when he took pictures. Most of us still love to take pictures because of what we saw our dad do and all of us wanted to be just like him and tried to be as good as he was. I think Roger is the only one that really has the knack except I did get some really great pictures in Africa. I am sure that Gerry takes the most pictures and Gary has never taken a whole lot of pictures that I have seen. Maybe he has a bunch stashed away that are really good.

One of the things which I always remember my dad telling me and the others in the family that "our word was our bond." He tried to teach us that no matter what the personal sacrifice to us personally if we had given our word or promised to do something then we absolutely had to do it. I remember times when I was so totally exhausted during football season that I would have given anything to sleep just an extra hour or so but I had given my word that I would be ready to go move pipe at 4:30 a.m. with Wendell Kunz and Don Sorenson and I would just go do it. If ever I started to have any doubts or questions, dad would sit me down and talk to me and tell me how important in life it was to keep our word and to do what we have said we would do. This quality taught to me so forcefully by my father would come to great benefit in my business life. Bankers, bonding and insurance companies knew that if I gave my word on something that it would be done as agreed. Millions of dollars of business was done by myself and my partners on a promise and a handshake. From the time I was just a little boy, I could never remember my dad breaking a promise or not doing what he told someone he would do for them. It did not matter how much it was an inconvenience to him, he just always did what he said. I remember when they were building the Bern Ward chapel and I knew that dad had committed a sizable sum to help pay for the building. Even though there were some tough times, the thought did not even cross his mind to not honor that commitment. Everyone in the entire Bear Lake Valley knew that if George Kunz gave you his word it was as "good as gold."

Perhaps one of the greatest principles that both dad and mom taught to us children was to pay an honest tithing. I remember that tithing on anything I received was to be paid. It is the first thing I can ever remember being taught about the principles of the gospel. When I was very little, I remember dad giving me a dime, a nickel and five pennies. He would then show me that one of those pennies belonged to the lord and taught me how to put it in a tithing envelope and give it to the bishop. Because mom and dad taught me to pay tithing from the time I was very little, I grew up wanting and loving being able to pay my tithing. I always considered it to be my privilege to pay something back to the Lord for his blessings to me. I will forever be grateful for this great lesson I learned as a little boy because even to this day, the first payment I always make when I receive money is a check for tithing. I attribute the financial success that I had the major part of my life to living the law of tithing.



I always knew growing up that my parents always gave an honest tithing and probably a little bit extra just for good measure.

I also remember that every year the Bern LDS Ward where we lived would have a welfare calf. This calf would be raised and then sold in the fall and the money would go into the welfare fund. Of course in the Bern Idaho Ward, there was never any need for welfare funds because if for any reason someone needed a lift or help, all of the members of the ward would pitch in to help and provide them with whatever they needed. Many times dad would leave our work and take his tractor or other equipment to go help one of the other ward members who needed some help. I of course do not know this for a fact, but I would dare bet that during the time that I grew up, not one person in the Bern Ward for those 18 years ever received one penny of welfare funds. None the less, every year they had a welfare calf. I always remember that dad would volunteer to donate the calf. The interesting thing would be that never would he take one of the smaller calves, he would always pick out the biggest best, and fattest animal to donate. Then he would raise and we would care for this animal with the utmost of care and concern. Dad's first concern would be to make sure the welfare calf was taken care of first and then our animals would follow. He was extremely generous when it came to giving to the poor and the needy. He considered it a privilege to be able to help with anything dealing with giving to those in need especially through the church.

To say that George Kunz was a hard worker would be a serious understatement. I remember many times when Gary, Roger, and I would try and work dad into the ground hauling hay but you could just never quite keep up with him. I can remember one time when we were hauling the alp alpha hay from the Peterson place. It was the first crop and the bales were very close together. Roger was only eight or nine at the time so he drove the truck. Gary was on one side and I was on the other and dad was on the hay rack stacking. We so wanted to just bury dad so that he would have to holler to Roger to stop the truck. The faster Gary and I loaded the faster dad seemed to be able to stack the bales. His shirt and straw hat would be wringing wet with sweat but as hard as we tried we could not load them fast enough to make him have Roger stop the truck. It was the same if you tried to out walk him when you were fishing or hunting, he just had that ability to keep going and going when everyone else would slow down or quit. Dad just did not have any "quit" in him and although I always thought us boys were very hard workers, great fisherman, great hunters, you could not out work, out fish or out hunt George Sidney Kunz. I saw a lot of people try but I never saw anyone who had dad's stamina.

Dad did not really have any vices but as close as he came to having a vice would have to have been playing cards. He used to love to play a game called "Rook." Dad probably got into more trouble with mom for his rook games than for any other single thing. Along about 8:00 or 9:00 at night and as long as he did not have any church responsibilities, he would go out and jump in the old green truck and head up to Orlando Kunz's for a hot game of rook. His three main accomplices were my Uncle Parley Kunz, Orlando Kunz, my uncle Able Kunz sometimes with others thrown in. Now I am talking about a "hot rook" game not just lasting until 10:00 or 11:00 p.m. at night but until 1:00, 2:00 or even 3:00 a.m. in the morning. I remember watching some of their games and if dad had a really good hand and knew he was going to take every trick, he would throw the card down on the table so hard that you could hear it snap. Then he would just keep throwing down cards as fast as he could because he knew he had the winning hand and each card would make a snapping sound. Oh how he did love to play Rook and he was great at counting and remembering all the cards that had been played. He had a great memory and was excellent at doing figures in his head. I always felt that was one of the good traits that he passed on to me was being able to remember and add numbers in my head. By the way, if you ever thought you were going to get to sleep in an extra 10 or 15 minutes in the morning because he was

out playing cards until 2:00 a.m., just forget about it. He would in all likelihood just to prove his point that he was not tired, wake you up 10 minutes early and stand there until you jumped out of bed.

Both dad and mom really tried to keep the whole family healthy while we were growing up but I sometimes wondered about some of the things they had us take. I don't remember exactly when we got on this particular remedy, but I remember it like it was yesterday. Dad would go either to Logan or Ogden and come home with gallon bottles of an extract made from kelp from the ocean. Every day you had to take a swig of kelp extract and to say it made you pucker would be an understatement. For 10 or 15 minutes afterward, the inside of your mouth felt like it was numb. Another one of dad's remedies was to take a spoonful of cayenne pepper every day. This was supposed to be very soothing to your stomach. I also remember he got hold of a book and decided that he could analyze what ever was wrong with you by touching and then pressing different spots on the very bottom of your feet. We used to have such a great time having him tell us what was wrong with us. He would press on a certain spot and if it really hurt, you would wince with pain and then dad would say or you have a problem with your stomach. Then he would touch another spot and if it really hurt he would say oh that means you have a problem with your lungs. I remember Barbie & I used to laugh ourselves silly because more times than not, he would be able to tell you what was wrong with you. Of course those of you, who knew dad, know that he had a great distrust for doctors and would only go to a doctor if he was in dire condition and I mean dire. I can only think of one or two times that he ever went to the doctor in the 18 years I was at home. One of those was when he nearly cut his foot off with an ax when we were building a bridge for the cows to cross the slew below the Johnny place in Bern. He had on rubber fishing boots and the ax cut so deeply into his foot that I thought he was going to bleed to death before he got help.

Dad was a very finicky eater and would only eat certain types of foods. If anyone would have ever taken away his bread and cheese, he probably would have died of starvation. I remember mom used to bake for him and us whole wheat bread that was made from whole wheat flour that was stone ground just before she made a batch of bread. Dad used to love to get a loaf of bread and put a big hunk of cheese on top and he was happy as a clam. He also used to love to put some of mom's homemade jam on a piece of bread and then maybe eat a dish of canned pears or peaches. There were very few things that he would eat and almost every vegetable was disgusting to him. However he would eat bottled beets—I never could understand why he disliked so many vegetables. He did like to eat raw turnips or radishes out of the garden but a leaf of lettuce would never pass over his lips. He loved to plant a garden and would always plant potatoes. I remember one fall when the potato plants had already frozen in the garden down below the Bern house. I have never seen two people have so much fun looking for potatoes as dad did in showing Barbie how potatoes grew in the ground. Each time he would dig up a bunch of potatoes, she would scream like they just hit gold and dad would giggle and laugh and then go find more potatoes. He did love to do special things with Barbie.

This particular story about dad is very well known to many family members so others may tell this story but because it involved me. I was going to Montpelier High School at the time and of course had a very active social life. This particular event happened I believe on a Tuesday because as I remember the Bern Ward Relief Society sisters met on Tuesday. Mom was in charge of the refreshments on this particular Tuesday and she had put the watermelons in a large tub and filled it with ice so they would be nice and cold for the sisters to eat. She then had dad put the watermelons in the trunk of the car and parked the car in front of the church and went in for her Relief Society meeting. Unknown to me was the fact that watermelons were in the trunk and so I had some pressing social engagement in Montpelier so I jumped in the car and headed for town. In those days cars were never locked and you always left the keys in the ignition in case some one else needed to drive the car. Well when it got



time for those Relief Society sisters to have there nice cold watermelon refreshments that mom was providing, she goes out in front of the church and low and behold her car is gone. She immediately gets in touch with dad who at the time was in garments and wearing only a bathrobe and slippers. He runs out of the house jumps in the old green truck and heads for Montpelier to find Kent with moms nice cold watermelons tucked in the trunk of the car. He drives like a bat out of h - - - to Montpelier because he knows mom needs her melons to feed the sisters. Well he gets part way down the main street of Montpelier and the old green truck quits right in the middle of the street. Here he is in this situation with only carpet slippers, a robe, his garments and his straw hat. He has no choice but to get out of the truck lift the hood and start trying to fix the truck. I was told later that seeing dad in that situation in that attire was truly a site to behold because dads garments were most of the time slightly longer than his robe. However in the meantime, Kent not having any clue as to what is going on takes care of his social affairs and heads back to Bern, takes the car back and parks it in exactly the same spot in front of the church and walks on home. Mom goes out in front of the church and sees her car, goes and gets her now very cold watermelons and the sisters of the Bern Ward Relief Society have wonderful refreshments although they be a half hour later than planned. She assumes that dad had found Kent and made him hustle home with the car. Unknown to her is the fact that her husband is standing in the middle of main street in Montpelier in his underwear, a pair of carpet slippers with no socks and a robe which barely went down past the middle of his thighs and his old straw hat. I do not recall if one of the punishments of those days was to get grounded, but if it was I was probably grounded for at least three months.

I now wanted to share some of dad's special thoughts that he expressed in a letter dated July 6, 1980 from Bern Idaho. I evidently made a copy of a letter dad wrote for our family letter which we used to send back and forth in a chain fashion. When you got the chain letter back you took out your old letter, read all the new letters from all the family member and then wrote a new letter and sent it on to the next family member in the chain. Anyway I though some of the things dad said in this letter really expressed the way he thought and felt and what he believed to be of most importance to his children and grandchildren.

Quoting from his letter; "Dear loved ones that means every one of you. I love you all and you are all in my thoughts many, many times. I pray for you, I think how could I help them, how could I help them overcome some problems they are having. But in the end, each one of us must make our choice on which way we solve the problem. Each of us comes to a crossroad must decide which path we will take and of course if it's the right choice, we feel good and our heart is glad. If it's not right, our feelings are different. But isn't it wonderful that we don't have to continue on that road; we can turn around and get on the right road. I like this quotation which says "I would rather be one step from hell going away from it than 1,000 miles away going toward it." In another part of the letter he says the following; "I testify to all of you, I know that wickedness never was nor never will bring happiness. I realize we live in the world but we must not be of the world. We know better and we are and should be a light unto others and by our example others will want to become as se are. The last two weeks I have been sick and I felt that if the time had come for me to leave this earth, I was ready; there are some things I wanted to do its true, but I'm not afraid of death. I have a testimony and know there are many things when compared to death, that death is sweet compared to that and I thought if we could only realize what influence we have on others and set them a good example and do our duty, keep ourselves clean, pure and undefiled and know the great joy of knowing we are doing our part that we promised to do .....I will promise you, that if you began to look for the good in others, be they neighbors, family, fellow workers, or people who have positions in the church, our whole life and attitude will change. Love will enter our hearts and it will change our feelings from bitterness and fault finding to joy and love. Remember that love can unlock doors that all the hammering, coercing,

or strength in the world cannot open.....Associate with good people, environment does a lot to shape and mould our lives no matter how strong we thing we are. Work out your problems as families; counsel, love, and support each other and do what is right.....I want to commend all of you of the things you expressed in your letters. Tears come to my eyes; you are good people and deep down every one of you want to do right. I especially want to thank all the grandchildren when we see and hear your desires, your aims, it makes us feel good and we know we have not failed. May God bless you; I send my love to all, Dad.

Dad was my pillar, my rock, the person when I needed someone to guide me, he was there. I did not always listen especially when I was younger, but with each passing year, I wanted so much to emulate those great qualities that my father possessed. He was truly a great man in my eyes and I could never have asked for a better example to guide me along life's paths. When he passed away, I felt a great void because my spiritual giant was no longer there to guide me. On this the 100<sup>th</sup> year anniversary of his birth, I pay tribute and honor to someone who had a tremendous influence on the way I have tried to live my own life. If only I could live 50% as well as my dad lived, I know that my life here on this earth would be extremely successful. Happy Birthday Dad!!!!!!



Kent, Gary and Roger Kunz



**Memories of George Sidney Kunz and Edyth Bills Kunz**  
**By**  
**Roger L. Kunz (son)**

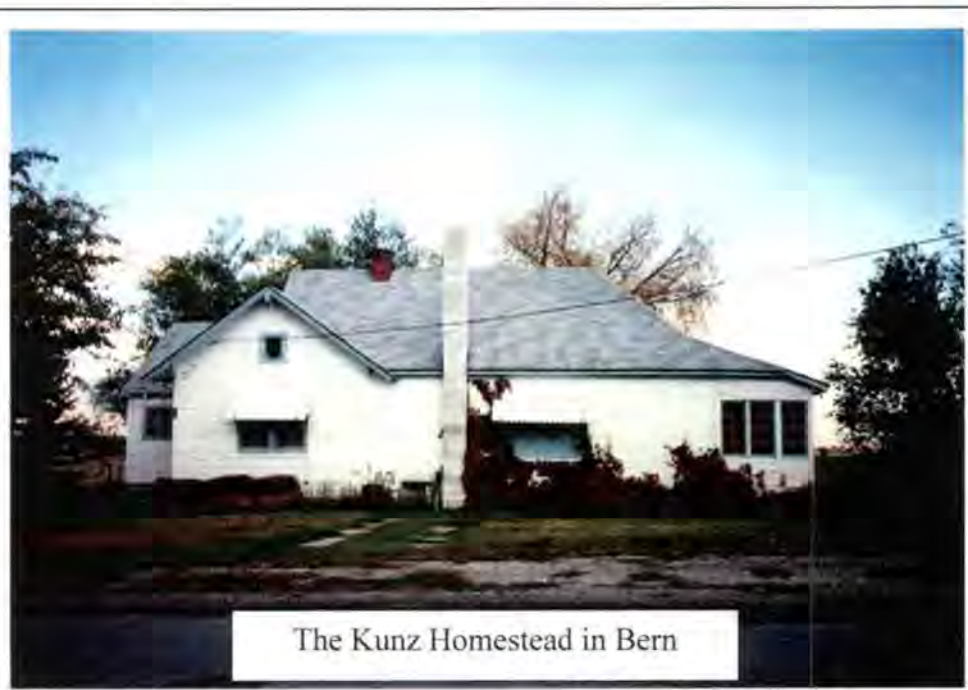
April 3, 2005

Today was general conference for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and one of the speakers talked about those who have gone on before and our responsibility to them. Therefore, I feel that I must start my memories project today. As 2005 is the 100th year since the birth of my father, George Sidney Kunz, we (Kent, Ann & I) have decided that we would have a family celebration to honor both of our parents/ grandparents. We have asked our immediate family to write down their memories and Ann will compile them into a memory book, which we will share at the celebration that is to be held on June 25, 2005. I will not complete this project in one day but will add to it over the next few weeks.

As I think back in time about the memories of my parents my mind is flooded with so many good things. I think that my format for these memories will be to remember both of my parents and write about as many things that I remember about both of them. I write these things for their posterity so that they may know of my parents and how we were raised as an LDS family in Bern, Idaho as per my memories.

My earliest memories are about living in Bern was with them on the farm. Dad and Mom also operated a photography business out of our home. The home was an older home that they bought. It sat on a corner lot with three other lots surrounding it separated by the streets of Bern. My memories of the home were it was full of love, hard work, and honest effort by all those that lived there. It also had lots of good food. In my early years a coal/wood-burning stove in the kitchen provided the heat. We heated the water for our baths in a reservoir in the stove until we got central heat and a water heater. Mother would cook and bake on the old stove. She made homemade bread and baked many other good items on that old stove. It was all so very good to eat and those tastes are still a precious memory of mine. Once in a while the stove would be too hot for the bread and it would burn. We were taught the principles of thriftiness as the burnt portion of the bread would be trimmed off and the remaining bread would be utilized to feed the family. The burnt portions of the bread would put in a large pot of water and boiled to make a drink. It did not taste very good to me and seemed bitter but the family seemed to enjoy it with a bit of cream and sugar. Later in my teen years my parents purchased a wheat grinder and ground their own wheat into flour so that Mom could make bread. Mom would bake whole wheat bread at least two to three times a week. Dad loved this bread and cheese (that probably comes from his heritage). His family came to the Bear Lake Valley on assignment from Brigham Young to help settle the area and here they made cheese from which they sustained life and made their livelihood. I will attach a copy of a letter dated September 24, 1915 from President Joseph F. Smith to my Grandfather, John Kunz II who was serving as Bishop at that time regarding cheese provided to President Smith from Grandpa Kunz.

I remember that all the boys slept in one room and the girls slept in another room in our home in Bern. I do not remember a lot about my oldest sister, Betty Jo living at home as she got married in my early years. She was a special sister who passed away early this year on January 6, 2005. I had the opportunity to conduct her funeral services and was honored to speak a few words to the family at her services. We



The Kunz Homestead in Bern

were much closer than you would expect, as she and I would often talk about the important things of this life. She allowed me to utilize the story of her reactivation back into the church for various talks that I gave to leadership meetings in my Stake. It was a wonderful story about never giving up on anyone no matter the circumstances. Her life was full of challenges but she was a strong individual that I loved very much. I look forward to the day when I can put my arms around her again and give her a love and tell her how much I have missed her.

I remember both Barbara and Geraldine living at home in Bern along with Gary, Kent, and me. We were sometimes left alone when our parents would travel. Barbara and Gerry would cook for us boys. We often ate bacon, bread, onions and tomatoes made into stew when our parents were away. It was good but it seemed we ate it a little too often. I remember Barbara getting married to Wilber "Red" Watson and leaving home. Unfortunately, that marriage did not work out. As part of that marriage she gave birth to Ann. Off and on Ann lived with my mom and dad as her mother's circumstances warranted that through out the early years of her life. I remember Barbara marrying Don Otteson and moving to Pocatello to make their home. Barbara loved to ride horses and participated in many rodeo queen contests. She was very graceful and was a natural on a horse. Don was a special man who I love very much. He was called home early in his life and was really missed by the members of his family. I remember when Gerry married Roy Mervin Bennion and they lived in the old William Jay Kunz home south of Bern. That home was located on the old homestead and farm owned by Dad just south of Bern. Mervin worked at Monsanto in Soda Springs. Mervin was a special quiet man who worked hard and loved horses. He was also called home early in his life and was tremendously missed by his family. I remember going hunting with both Mervin and Don many times – they learned a lot about hunting from my dad.

Gerry and Barbara would sometimes make fudge when our parents were away. The fudge took precious sugar that at times was in short supply so it was made without permission of our parents. If our parents would come home before the fudge was consumed the pans would often be put in the cold air return vent in the girls bedroom to make sure that our parents did know what happened to the sugar. I think they probably knew but let us get away with it anyway. One day Barbara and Gerry or Gary (not sure which one) got into a small dispute and one panel in the door from the kitchen into the living



rooms was broken out. My dad taught us all a lesson when he did not replace the door until both of sisters had moved out of the home. We would often line up and peek through the broken panel and inspect potential suitors that would come calling on our sisters. Barbara unexpectedly left the mortal existence on May 24, 2003. She was a lot of glue that helped to hold this family together. She remembered everyone's birthday and I always got a birthday card on my birthday and other special occasions. For the last two years I have missed her and the spirit she brought to this family. She was one who had many challenges in this life but she had a good heart and helped many and she will be judged on the contributions she made and the life she lived.

Our parents taught us all the principles of hard work. We all worked hard on the farm and with the photography business. Dad always got up early in morning and would get out and get his work done. He taught me that if you get up early and get your work done then you would find time for you family and recreation. My dad loved to fish and hunt. We were raised on the fruits of this love as we ate lots of fish, venison and elk in our early years. He was very good at both fishing and hunting. My favorite places to go fishing with my dad were Elk Valley and the head of Montpelier Creek. Here he taught me how to fly fish at an early age. I was elated if I would catch one fish while he would always have his bamboo creel full. Dad, in his later years learned the art of smoking fish and making jerky from the venison and elk meat. He used an old fridge as his smoker and would make treats for many in the Bear Lake Valley. I have tried numerous times over the years to duplicate his jerky recipe but without much success. Dad often would make a mess with this process and Mother would remind him that it was his responsibility to clean up after him-self. Here she taught me the important principle of cleanliness and that it is always important to cleanup whenever we a make a mess in our lives.

I remember two experiences when I was a young boy about Dad hunting and fishing. One was when Dad went salmon fishing. He caught a large salmon and we have a picture of Kent and I holding that salmon that appears to be almost as big as me (a print of the picture hangs on the wall in my den). The other experience was when Dad took the old small jeep to Elk Valley for a hunt with Gary, Delmar Kunz, Mountain Kunz, and Paul Kunz. When they came home late that night Dad had killed a bull elk, a large four point buck deer and two bears. All the game was tied to the old jeep as they pulled into the yard and believe me it was quite a site. I was certain that no one in the entire world was a better hunter than my dad. He always seemed to know where to go to find fish and or game. I marveled as a young man that when we would go hunting he would send me to a point and tell me what to do and more often than not I would see lots of game. When we fished in Elk Valley he would walk miles down the creek to fish his favorite beaver dams and spots. I killed my first deer in Elk Valley with my dad. He had me in the middle of the grove on a trail when a large four-point buck broke back through us as we walked together in a line through the aspen grove. The buck almost ran over me as it came down the trail right at me. I just had to point, without a lot of aiming and pull the trigger. It was a very special day to be successful on a hunting trip with my dad.

Mom and Dad have many hunting experiences with family and friends though out the years in the hills north of Bern. Family and friends would come to our home the night before the season would open and sleep in our home or in their campers or trailers and the next morning before day-break we would all go to the mountains and hunt. Mother loved to hunt with her sisters and their families. She was a good shot and often got her deer. She had an old deer rifle with a buckhorn site that she handled with ease and efficiency. She had a special spot on the east side of the mountain where she and Aunt Ethel would sit in wait for the "wily" buckskin. Part of the hunting experience was the lunch and food shared by all at the cattle guard sitting on the ranch property in the Bern hills. If it was not in Mom's lunch you could find it in Aunt Ethel's or Aunt Thelma's. And if they did not have what you liked you could to June's or Sharon's lunch box and find a treat. There were some real treats served in those

lunches. At the end of opening day it always seemed that many of the tags were filled with venison from the Bern hills. We have many photos of them hanging from the old pine pole ceiling in Mom and Dad's garage in Bern.

Dad went with Judy and I to hunt moose in Wyoming in 1975 as Judy had a moose permit. We camped about 20 miles east of Cokeville and used horses to get back into the mountains. After a little work Judy was successful in getting a large moose that was about 10 miles from our camp. After the kill we loaded the moose on two of the horses and started out of the mountains. Dad led the horses and carried the guns and I carried the moose head on my back and Judy rode the other horse out. That was a tough day as the terrain and trail was steep and rocky as we packed out. Dad would have been near 70 years old then but he did not complain once - he just put his shoulder to the wheel and did what needed to be done. That is how I remember him, you had to be at your very best to out work him until the last couple of years of his life. He could out walk most men who were many years his junior in the mountains during a hunt.

I remember another experience about work where Leland Kunz, Dad and I contracted to pickup and stack some 15,000 bales of hay near Border, Wyoming. We used Leland's yellow "Moline" tractor that was nick named "Big Harry" and a wooden slip to pick up the bales. Leland would drive the tractor in 5<sup>th</sup> gear drag the slip close to the bales and Dad or I would reach out with a hay hook and hook the bales onto the slip. The one that was not hooking the bales would stack them on the slip. When the slip was full of bales we would go to the stack and using a small hay elevator we would unload and stack the bales. Boy, did we work during those eight hours in the field each day. We only had eight hours because both families were also milking cow herds back in Bern. We started on Monday and by Saturday we were done with the project. Each day we would take about 30 minutes for a short lunch break. I was only about 18 years old then and I thought I could do almost anything but Dad and Leland taught me how to really work efficiently in those six short days.

I have an older brother who I did not know here on this earth. He died within a month or so after his birth. His name was Douglas Ray and even though I did not know him here on this earth my beliefs are that I knew him before I came to this earth and will be with him again someday along with the rest of my family. I have often thought of what a special young man he must be to only have to come to earth for such a short time. I truly look forward to the day when he will teach me in eternities about what I must know. I do not know why but those thoughts often come to my mind.

I remember Gary, Kent and I had many opportunities where Dad had us work together. We worked on the farm tilling the ground and harvesting crops like hay, wheat, and barley. We also had to milk cows and manage a small cow calf operation. We learned to operate farm equipment to complete these tasks. Dad taught us carefully to operate this equipment and then he would expect us to complete our work. Dad could not afford new equipment so we usually operated used equipment on the farm. As I recall the only piece of new equipment we ever had was a new hay baler (John Deere). We were taught much about life from this farming and cattle ranch operation.

I remember as a young boy Gary getting hurt while operating an old bull rake that was powered by a team on horses. For some reason, of which I do not know, the team had a run away and Gary fell off the seat and was very seriously injured by the rake and being dragged by the run away horses. The family was very concerned and a priesthood blessing was given and in the end he was healed. I also remember that Kent was kicked in the face by a horse. Once again a very serious injury but the power of the priesthood was again called upon and he was healed and made whole.



One day Dad gave the three boys the task do cleaning the barn and yards on the lots in Bern, as he would be out of town. It was springtime and we were to load the manure into a wagon. It was an older wagon that was called a dump board wagon. The floor of the wagon was made up of planks with handles on both ends. The sides of the wagon were removable and secured by a chain around the middle of the wagon. The side would be removed when we reached the field where we were to dump the wagon. One person would get on each end of the planks on the bottom of the wagon. We would slide and move them till the contents of wagon would fall to the earth beneath the wagon. Gary would drive the model A John Deere tractor and pull the wagon with Kent and I sitting on removable board seat across the front sideboards of the wagon.

We had hauled a few loads that day when on one trip I became careless and was throwing pieces of manure into the air to see if I could get them to land on back of the load. Just after we passed the hill going south out of Bern I fell off the wagon. Both tires on the loaded wagon ran over my head and body. I remember that it seemed as if my head was asleep and tingling as Gary and Kent rushed to my aid. They were unhooking the tractor to take me back home on the tractor when Alma Kunz came by in his old green Chevy coup. He loaded us all into his car and drove us to our home. They carried me into the house where Mom was wall papering the north end of the living room. She took me into her arms and tried to stop the bleeding from my head and legs. She asked Alma to drive us to the hospital in Montpelier. It seemed like such a long trip. We arrived at the hospital and after an exam and x-rays it was learned that I had over 35 skull fractures. The back of my head was split wide open. I also had serious cuts on one of my legs. Mom did not leave me. As I was later told it did not look very good for me to survive as my head swelled up and there was tremendous pressure within my skull. It felt like my head was going to explode. Mom was always at my side. She became my nurse. Finally after a few days my Aunt Ethel Butikofer and Maxine Butikofer Schmid came to Montpelier and gave Mom some relief. Shortly after the accident, when things looked rather grim for me, Dad gave me a priesthood blessing where he promised me that I would be fully healed from this accident. Once again the blessings of the priesthood were realized in our family.

Dad would take pictures of weddings and families and my mother would retouch the negatives. Dad and Mom would make prints and if ordered by the customer Mom would hand oil color the pictures which were put on special brown paper as this was before we had color film. Dad would travel to schools and take pictures and then the schools would organize them into yearbooks. He traveled most of southeastern Idaho during those years. Aunt Lula (Dad's sister) did part of the process in Ogden for many years where she and her family would make the pictures that Dad had taken. After she started to slow down the basement of the house in Bern is where the pictures were then developed and made. Dad also made the front end of the garage in Bern in to a picture studio. I remember working with both Mom and Dad for many hours where we made pictures together. Here once again I was taught at their knee's the principles of work and how to do a job right the first time.

Dad also taught me how to work on the farm. He had all of his children work and complete chores on the farm. He taught us all that each day we had things to do. We were up each morning to milk the cows and feed the animals. We raised chickens, pigs, sheep, and cattle, which were either sold or were used to provide for the family. We all had experiences in learning how to tend these animals and birds. After I had learned to milk the cows by hand (I think when I was about 13 years old) Dad bought a "Surge" milking system. That was a wonderful addition to the family. One person would milk the entire herd of dairy cows in just over one to two hours. In the summer months we would move the cows to the Johnny place where we would pasture them on grass below the road and milk the cows in the old barn using the new milking system. Dad would let us do all the milking as soon as were

physically able to complete all the tasks. He taught us responsibility and once again a solid work ethic. After Gary and Kent moved out it left me to do all the chores.

Dad taught his boy's about how to make and handle money. He gave each of us a heifer calf early in our lives. When the calf matured and had baby calves we each built a small herd of dairy cows or would have a bull calf to sell once a year. We soon had milk to sell to the creamery. Dad allowed us to each open our own account with the milk company. The milk was kept in separate cans as the cows were milked. Then every two weeks we would receive a milk check from the sale of the milk. The person milking had to know the cows in the herd (of course Dad and Mom had the most) so that you knew which can the milk went in. Although these checks were not big we learned about money, tithing and how to save. He taught me an important principle when he taught me to first pay the Lord his 10% and then pay yourself 10% (which he called savings). He told me that if I would follow that model all of my life that I would always have a little something set aside when I needed it in my life. It has been a model that has work good for Judy and me in our lives. Dad and Mom always paid their tithing first and here he taught me by example. He was always first to volunteer his hands or machinery to work to help a neighbor in need or do a project for the church farm.



Grandpa George, Roger, Kent & Gary Kunz

Mom and Dad always had a few cattle on the farm. We had both dairy cattle and stock cattle. As part of the stock cows (cow/calf operation) the Bern Ward had an idea of how to raise funds for their building and other ward assessments. Those ward members that could were to give the ward a heifer calf. Then as these heifers matured and had calves of their own they could be sold in the fall and the proceeds would go to the ward. My Mom and Dad participated in activity. The animal that they gave



the ward turned out to be small in size. Consequently the calves born to the ward cow were often small in fall when we marketing the calf crop. As the calves from Dad and Mom's herd were sold each fall Dad would always select the biggest one from his herd and would say that it belong to the ward. He was once again teaching me a wonderful and valuable lesson on how to act with our tithes and offerings.

Those who knew Mom knew that she know how to work. She was a mother, wife, and business partner who worked very hard to support, teach and sustain her family. She would can fruit and vegetables in their season. She canned apricots, peaches, pears, cherries, beans, peas, apples, huckleberries and raspberries. She taught me how to pluck and clean chickens for our use. She could do almost anything and I do not ever remember her losing her patience with us as long as we were doing our very best to complete our assignments. She would get after us a bit once in while if she thought we were "sluffing off" on our work assignments. She would often take cooking jobs to cook for work groups such as cattle round-ups and spring sheep camps. She would usually be gone for one to two weeks at time to complete these assignments. She cooked for many years for Dr. Spencer Hess and his crew at his sheep ranch during the spring shearing and lamb docking.

She was special lady who was blessed with a multitude of talents. She could always dance up a storm and was known for giving wonderful readings at various family and ward functions. These could either be serious or humorous in nature. She loved to dance with Dad and they often led ward activities in square or round dancing. She believed in discipline if we did something wrong. I remember more than once when I had done something serious that I should not have done, she would ask me to cut a switch from the willow tree in the side yard beside the house. She would then tell me that this was going to hurt her more than me. She would be me a few gentle switches on my rear side with the willow to remind me to not make the same mistake twice. She was full of love for her children. She did not criticize us and only offered encouragement when we needed it. As a young man I participated in high school sports. Although she did not always understand football she was at every game and acted as a cheerleader for the team.



I would like to share an experience from early in my youth. Mom along with her two sisters (Thelma and Ethel) and their families were going to the mountains around Nounan to pick huckleberries one day when I was about seven years old. The younger children were required to pick a one-gallon bucket of berries. One of my cousins (to go unnamed) and I got the bright idea to fill the gallon bucket up  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the way with dirt and then pick the berries. We would only have to pick  $\frac{1}{2}$  as many berries and then we could play. Well, Mom and her sisters soon discovered our deceit when they dumped our berries into their large containers for storage. These three wise sisters may have been aided by the fact that we finished way too early. Caught we were and we received our punishment. We now had to pick another complete gallon, which made us pick  $1 \frac{1}{2}$  gallons for the day. It consumed most of the day and we did not have time to play with the other kinds on the mountain. We were not yelled at but only punished with love and taught a valuable lesson on how to complete an assignment given and not cut corners.



Religion was an important part of my parents' lives. They both had testimonies of the truthfulness of the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I know they were not perfect but I also know that they were very good people with strong beliefs and convictions. Dad enjoyed doing temple work at the Logan temple. He would often go early in the morning to attend sessions with other people from the Bern Ward. My parents taught us all to pray. We always had family prayer with them. Each family member was called on to say prayer when it was their turn as we knelt each night. I know that Mom and Dad believed in the atonement of the Savior. I heard them bear witness of that numerous times through out their lives. I am grateful that they were sealed for time and eternity in the Logan Temple and that if I live my life as they taught me that I will have the opportunity to be with my family and them someday in the eternities.

Dad believed in family history. A few months before his death on November 21, 1981 he came to me, in Pocatello, with a project he had been working on for months. He had worked and completed with the help of others a history of Bern, Idaho and on his family. You can get a better glimpse of his drive to complete this project with the words I spoke at his funeral (a copy of those remarks are included in this memory book). He worked hard in the latter years of his life to establish a Bern Museum that honored the early settlers of Bern. He helped organize trips to Bern, Switzerland with various members of the Kunz family later in his life where they toured and gained a greater appreciation of their ancestors. Dad put in many hours of work to improve the Bern Cemetery and to bring water to it so that grass could be planted and the sagebrush could be removed.

I remember that as a young boy, Mom and Dad would often take me with them to Ogden to visit my Uncle Paul and Aunt Lula Nielson. Aunt Lula helped Dad and Mom with the picture business. They had a special relationship and I never heard them say a cross word to each other. They would often be under tight deadlines to get the pictures out and back to customers. Mom, Dad, and Aunt Lula taught me that families can work together in love and cooperation. My dad and mom loved this younger sister very much and they helped support her on her church service mission early in their marriage when they did not have a lot of means. We can all learn a lot about this wonderful example of sacrifice that they showed us.

Dad and Mom were not big on going to the Doctor's as I remember them. They tried to treat themselves and family when and if we were sick. They took vitamins and ate a lot of whole wheat bread to keep them healthily. I remember that as young boy I was having trouble with my legs because I was growing too fast and Mom and Dad would take me to Ogden to visit Dr. Clouse (sp) who was like a chiropractor or nature physician. Dad and Mom would both take treatments from him when they went to Ogden. We would stay with Uncle Paul and Aunt Lula in Ogden. On each visit I would get to play with Paul and Kirk.

I remember my Grandpa Bills, late in his life, when he lived with us in Bern for a period of time when I was a young boy. It was great to have him in our home as he played the banjo. It was really neat to watch him pick that banjo and play a harmonica at the same time. He used a metal piece around this neck that would hold the harmonica in his mouth, as he would play the banjo with his hands. He could pick out some real toe tapping tunes. I remember when he passed away that it was a sad day in my mom's life. She really loved her dad.

I remember my Grandma Kunz was in my mom and dad's home many times in the first few years of my life. My mother was so very kind to her. Grandma made wonderful ginger cookies that were filled with a raisin filling. She stored them in a gallon can with a lid and when you went to her little log house about a block away from my parents home she would always give me a cookie and a big love. I



remember her passing and her viewing in the front room of my parent's home. My mother and other Bern Ward Relief Society sisters helped with preparing her for her final burial. Mom and Dad taught me a very valuable lesson as they honored their parents all of the days of their lives.

In the fall of 1962, I was loading my belongings into my 1956 Chevy as I was preparing to attend Idaho State University on a football scholarship, when I looked out the kitchen window and notice a large cattle truck backed up to the loading chute out by the barn. They were soon loading all of my mom and dad's milk cows into the truck. I was very concerned that Mom and Dad would not be able to make it without the income from the dairy. I asked Dad, "What are you doing?" He responded in a wise and thoughtful manner and told me he was selling the cows. He then taught me another valuable lesson when he said, "You don't think that I had those milk cows for me do you?" We never had milk cows on the farm again.

After my dad's passing, Mom was very sad and upset. We all become very concerned for her and her welfare. About two years after Dad's death she met and dated Frank W. Kirby and they were later married. They kept the home in Bern but she basically moved to Pocatello into Frank's home. They were very good to each other in the later years of their lives. They served and LDS mission together to Missouri when they were in their mid-70's. Frank passed away about two years before Mom and she was very lonely those last days of her life. I enjoyed having her in Pocatello the last few years of her life. I tried to follow the example she set for me. Gerry and I were with her when she left this mortal existence on May 17, 2002. She left a large hole in my life, but she lived a good live and I am proud of her for the good mother that she was to my family. I look forward to the day when I will be able to give her a big love when she greets me on the other side.

I close out these memories with my testimony that these two wonderful people provided a great heritage to all of this family that is wonderful and significant. We owe them a great deal of gratitude for the sacrifices they made and the hard they engaged in as they raised and taught their family. We all probably have a little work to do to order our lives so that we can be with them both someday.



**Grandpa George and Grandma Edith Kunz**

**By**

**Barbara Jean Creasy Kunz**

The year I met Grandpa Kunz and Grandma Kunz was 1975. Kent & I went to his sister Gerry's house for Thanksgiving dinner. That is where I first met the whole George & Edith Kunz family. While we were in Soda Springs during that weekend it snowed and snowed and so we were all snowed in together for an extra day and Aunt Gerry's and Uncle Mervin's. Being from California I had never really been around snow that much so for me it was so much fun. I remember we built snowmen out in the back yard and that was a new experience for someone who grew up where it never snows.

During that first trip in 1975, Kent & I flew into the Salt Lake Airport. Grandpa and Grandma Kunz picked us up to drive us up to Soda Springs. For the next three hours I was just sure George was going to kill us because he would drive right smack down the middle of the road with the yellow line right in the center of the car. My knuckles were white from holding on so tight because he would wait until the car coming from the opposite direction was just about to us before he would move over into his lane. Kent told me not to worry about it because that was the way his dad had driven all his life, he for some reason just loved driving right down the center of the road.

I have to tell you that Grandpa Kunz from the first time we met was always extra special to me. I remember every summer when we would take the kids and go to visit Kent's folks; Grandpa always had something fun and special for just me to do. He would always figure out something that he thought that just I would enjoy and then he would make plans for me to do it. He would have Grandma Kunz baby sit the twins and Kenny and then off we would go for that special fun thing. Kent was not allowed to go either so he would have to go do something else. I remember one year when he took just me up to Bear Lake to go fishing out on the lake. He and I had a great time and he made sure that I always caught fish. One time we went fishing up in the Teton basin of Idaho up by Driggs where one of his cousins lived and had a farm. I think it was either Arnold or Clarence Kunz and they had a private stream where they had planted a bunch of trout. Grandpa Kunz had made special arrangements so that I was the only one allowed to fish in this very private fishing stream. You could sneak up beside the stream and look in the fishing hole and actually see the trout. I was so excited I could hardly stand it because these were really big ones. Grandpa Kunz helped me get my pole all set up and then he showed me how to sneak up to the stream. I really did know that much about fishing and he helped me cast out the line. The bait no sooner hit the water when all of a sudden a great big fish grabbed on and started to take all my line. I was so excited that I didn't know what to do so I held the pole way up high and started to back pedal away from that stream as fast as my legs would move me. Well when Grandpa saw this along with Kent and Clarence and Arnold, they all started to laugh so hard I thought they would wet their pants. After that fishing experience I guess those Kunz boys up in Teton had so much fun watching me catch fish, they said I could come back and fish in their private pond anytime I wanted.

I also remember that while we up there in the Teton Basin and Grandpa was driving down that same road where the Kunz boys had their private fishing stream. Anyway all of a sudden Grandpa Kunz pulls over to the side of the road, gets out and wades out and gathers in all these green leaves that were growing on top of the water. When he got back in the car he told me that was one of the very special places he had found to pick fresh water cress. When we got home he washed it all up in a large pan and then put some butter on a piece of Grandma Kunz's homemade bread, put a bunch of this water



cress on top, put some salt on it and handed it to me to eat. At first I thought he was crazy but after I first tasted it, I really liked the water cress and even though it was a very strange looking sandwich, it was very tasty and good. All I can tell you is that Grandpa Kunz was more than extra special to me.

One day when we were alone fishing, Grandpa Kunz told me that under the circumstances (with Kent's divorce) that I could have not liked you, but I do like you. So after that I really became Grandpa Kunz's pet and he always treated me so special. I always loved to be around him because he was so much fun and because I felt special because that is the way he made me feel and the way he treated me.

When he passed away, it did break my heart because I so loved Kent's dad George Sidney Kunz. He was always and will always hold a very special place in my heart because he was a special person in my life.

One of the things I will always remember about him is that he would always tell a story about someone or something and it always had a great moral about the point he was trying to make. I think he knew more stories and could remember more jokes that anyone I ever knew and could somehow make them fit right into the conversation you were having with him at the time. He was also a great lesson man and an excellent speaker, I always loved to listen to him because he made it interesting.

I loved Grandpa Kunz very much. When he passed away so suddenly, I was absolutely devastated because I felt I had lost someone very important in my life. He had always treated me as being important and worthwhile and for that I will always have a special place in my heart for him.

PS Grandpa Kunz always made sure I caught the biggest fish.

**Memories of George and Edith Kunz**  
**By**  
**Judy W. Kunz**

My first memory of Roger's Mom was my mom telling me about one of her readings that she gave at a Stake Primary meeting. Little did I know of the impact she would later have on my life.

She always cooked yummy meals. She baked whole wheat bread every other day. She made my children cinnamon rolls, which is a favorite of theirs. Troy always teases me that my grandkids think that I make Twinkies.

She always packed great lunches for us to go hunting. Eating was my favorite part of the family hunts. She would cook breakfast for everyone who showed up to go hunting and believe me it was a large group.

She shared recipes with me although they never turned out the same as when she made them. She taught me how to can peaches, apples, applesauce and pickles. She tried to teach me how to patch and mend but it was much better if I just could talk her into doing it. I have tried to make her bread recipe but I do not have much success. I just do the Rhoades method and don't worry about it anymore.

I am grateful that she was such a great influence on Roger. He is a good husband, father and grandfather. He learned to work hard and has provided a great life for us. I am glad that he had parents that taught him to seek after the things that matter in this life.

My first memory of Roger's Dad was when he took my high school pictures at his studio in the garage in Bern. I am not a real picture person and he made the experience not so bad. He also took our wedding pictures and many others of our family from then on.

It was always fun to go hunting and camping with him. It was a little scary to be in the back of his truck while he was hunting as he had the habit of looking for whatever we were hunting for instead of watching the road.

I used to give him a bad time about trying to feed my babies cheese and whole wheat bread. I only fed them what the Doctor told me to and according to the Doctor's now it is amazing they all survived because everything I did was basically wrong.

He used to come and visit us and after the kids had gone to school we would sit at the kitchen table and just talk. He had a story to fit every situation and was really fun to visit with.

He was fun to play cards with and as long as you weren't next in line to him in a game of runs and bunches you were OK. He could remember every card that was played and you did not plan on getting a discard because he would beat you to it.

He helped us finish our basement when we lived in Green River. We had a good time working with him and we learned a lot.

He was always good to our kids and I am sorry that they did not get to spend more time with him. I tease Roger that I am sure he's so much like his Dad. I sometimes think I am living with George, Jr. I am grateful to him that he taught Roger the values and work ethic that he has. Roger has taught our children the same. They all have that same drive and are teaching their children the things that are important in this life.

**To My Dearest Grandparents, George and Edith Kunz**

**By**

**George Arthur Scott Mazy**

Often in life, you don't realize the affect people have had on your life until you get a little bit older. I suppose it's appropriate that I'm writing this now. Just very recently, on January 06, 2005, the loss of my mother and your dear daughter, Betty Jo, has had a profound affect upon my life. I look at life a bit differently now and the memories of you have a direct correlation with my Mom.

I spent quite a few summer and winter vacations at your place and also at your children's homes, my aunts and uncles. As I state earlier, you realize things, sometimes, later in life. You were laying down a foundation for me of the importance of family, of establishing a good work ethic, developing character, and good morals and values. It wasn't an easy thing to do with me because like every child



growing up, I was rebellious and I was your grandchild from Los Angeles, a far cry from the ranch in Bern, Soda Springs, or Pocatello. With me you had the proverbial "Double Whammy."

Grandpa, you were stern with me, but in such a loving way. I completely respect you. Even on the day I decided not to show up for work because I wanted to play with my friends and ride my favorite horse "Candy." I worked with you often doing a number of chores and we had a schedule. It needed to be followed and there was no room for absence due to play. A death in the family, 'maybe.' In a stern and disciplined manner, you took me out back and explained to me the responsibilities of work.

After your explanation, I understood for the time being until I decided to use the house next door to yours for pitching practice. My cousin Mark was my associate that day. I loved baseball and one of my dreams was to become a professional pitcher in the major leagues. I pride myself on my accuracy and speed. I took out, with my Cousin Mark's help, *every* window in the place and was quite proud and satisfied at the end of my workout! When you caught wind of my escapades, you once again took me out back, along with Mark, and explained to me the importance of respecting one's property.

Those were the only two explanations I needed in the back of the house. I still don't like taking branches off trees. Your further teachings were much less painful but yet so extremely profound. You were laying a foundation of a strong belief in God that I didn't even realize you were doing it. It was just your manner of life and the man you were.

It wasn't until Mom passed away that the effects of your teachings and your daughter's strong beliefs took firm hold and has allowed me the opportunity to experience the true presence of God. Thanks Grandpa!

What about the day we were working in one of the fields loading bales of hay into your truck. You used to carry white plastic jugs in the front, one was gas and one was water. It was a hot day that day. As I rushed to the truck to quench my thirst, it didn't take long to realize that I had gulped down the wrong jug! I panicked. You calmed me down and drove me immediately into town, "Montpelier," directly to the A & W root beer stand. You opened my eyes to your knowledge of how the body works and what you do to dilute the ingestion of the wrong jug. I didn't know that root beer floats work their way down your internal system and coat your stomach and eventually work their way through, thereby eliminating the foreign substance. It took three root beer floats to be exact. You were teaching me the responsibility of paying attention to my surroundings.

I used to love going to the John Deere store, lot, showroom, or whatever you'd want to call it. I just loved looking at brand new tractors. I didn't know what we ever went there for. Do you remember when you took me fishing and tried to teach me how to fly fish? You were so good at that. I remember being so impressed by your ability to stand out in the middle of a stream or river and do what you did. You wore those big giant rubber waders and you had that basket on your hip that you'd throw the fish in that you would catch. You patiently tried to teach me this fine art, but alas, I was much more adapt standing on the shore and casting my line into the water, sitting and eating sandwiches that Grandma had made. Oh yea, I got a bite every now and then but it was so beautiful where you took me. You were teaching me to appreciate the beauty in life. To sit and simply take in what you see, where you sit, what God has created. I realize these lessons and teachings now. As I grow older, I may come to realize them even more. Your daughter's strong and unwavering belief in God, also taught by you, has been passed down to me and I thank you for that Grandpa. I'll do my best to pass it on to my children as well.

Grandma, during times with Grandpa, through all the teachings and lessons that he was working on with me, I would come home at the end of working with Grandpa, or fishing or whatever we were doing and you were ALWAYS there! It was always so comforting to run in the house yelling, "Grandma, guess what we did?" or "look how many fish we caught!" Even in Grandpa's hard lessons on life, you were there for me. Not to appease me but to further his teachings and explain to me, in only a way a Grandma can, that either what I did was wrong or that is what your Grandpa is trying to tell you. You were a true team. I didn't see it then but I do now. You were showing me how a husband and wife can work together to teach their children about the ways of life. The two completely different approaches that come together as one.

I always loved how you called me "Scotty." How you always asked me if I was putting away a little something for my future, investing for my retirement. I didn't realize that you were a financial planner as well. Grandma, where on earth did you learn how to make the BEST strawberry jam I've ever tasted? Oh! I know now, its not of this earth! Your trout and eggs breakfasts were the way to start your day. I loved how you used to try to hide the liver under a pile of ketchup. Sorry Grandma, that one never worked but you tried. You were always looking out for my best interests. You are probably the most loving person I've ever met in my life. Even when you decided to dress me up like a girl for the town parade. I've got pictures! Your daughter learned well from you and she missed you and Grandpa sooooo much. Thank you for passing down to her what she gave to me.



Scott and Grandma

To have Grandparents like George and Edith Kunz is a rarity. It was an honor to have these two people in my life. I thank God for allowing me to be a part of theirs.

Much LOVE to you all,  
Scott "HOLLYWOOD" Mazy



## **Memories of Grandpa George Kunz**

**By  
Jack Thorne**

To best describe my memories of my Grandfather, I must tell of the summer that I spent in Idaho with Grandma and Grandpa in 1976 when I was 8 years old. I never really knew much of the family before that summer.

When I arrived on the plane from LAX to Salt Lake (there was no closer airport at the time), Grandpa greeted me, put my bags in the car and drove me straight to a Kunz family reunion that was happening in Salt Lake. I remember being in shock over the number of people who were related to me that I never even knew existed. After that, Grandpa and I drove home to Grandma in Bern, where I was to spend the next six weeks. Now mind you, I am a lifetime native of Southern California, primarily the Los Angeles area. So, you can imagine the culture shock I first experienced being in Idaho. I had never seen such beauty in my young life. I remember the hills that seemed to roll on forever through Bern and Montpelier, and of course the gorgeous mountains in the distance. Everywhere you looked was a land that was made by God, and God only. To a native of Los Angeles, it is a sight that is nothing short of magical.

From day one, Grandpa taught me the importance of family, spirituality, faith, respect, hard work, and how to appreciate life's simple pleasures. He opened up a whole new world to me. I mean, here I was this little L.A. city kid, being taught how to do things like hunting, fishing, waking up at four in the morning to dig for worms to go fishing, bailing hay, milking cows, riding calves, building those wacky barbed-wire fences with the wooden posts (I hated that), trapping gophers, and finally, last but not least, killing and skinning chickens (I don't think I ever mentally recovered from that one). In all seriousness, Grandpa taught me the value of hard work and a sense of accomplishment that comes from a job well done. I remember him showing me how to make that beef jerky and smoked whitefish that only he could make (after I went back home, I think I bugged him to send me jerky and smoked fish so much, it probably drove him nuts).

Through all of my travels with him that summer, Grandpa would teach me the gospel. In addition to faithfully attending church every Sunday, he would sit with me and teach me all about God, the Father and Jesus Christ, his Son and our Savior. And though I was too young to truly understand the importance of it at the time, I appreciate it so much now. It has given me a strong foundation of faith and security and has given me strength to face the hard times in life and to be strong for my loved ones, especially my daughter Marisa. In addition to the spiritual teachings Grandpa gave me, he also taught me the importance of genealogy. You cannot truly know yourself, if you don't know who and where you came from. Needless to say, I was overwhelmed by the Kunz family history and pedigree. The family tree that Grandpa had compiled stretched back for hundreds of years. He would tell me: "Jack, if you went to Switzerland, you'd find that it goes back for over a thousand years." A thousand years?? I don't think I've ever met anyone around here who knows even a fraction of that much family history. I was so impressed that while we were driving in the car, I would drill Grandpa on names and dates for hours. I probably made him crazy doing it, but he never complained once. He just kept on pouring out names and dates like one of those million-dollar champions on Jeopardy! To this day I

have a talent for remembering names and dates and I'm sure that it came directly from him. I know he did it because he loved it so much. I met so many relatives that summer, many of whom I still know and love to this day, I feel a great comfort knowing that there are so many good people in this world with the same blood in their veins as mine.

I went home after the end of that summer forever changed, and thanks to Grandpa, ultimately for the better. He was the first man that I not only loved, but truly respected. (And if you didn't want to respect him voluntarily, he had very persuasive methods of bringing you around).

In closing, I will say that Grandpa taught me what kind of man I've always wanted to become. A man whose faith in God and Christ is unshakeable. A man who won't give up until the job is done to his expectations. A man who is widely respected in his community. A man who will do anything to protect and provide for his family. And finally, a man who is loved by his family as much as he loves them. I love you Grandpa. Thank you for all you taught me.



Rachael, Scott, Ann, Jason, Jack & Marisa

**Memories of My Beloved Grandparents,  
George Sidney Kunz and Edith Bills Kunz-Kirby  
By  
Ann Louise Otteson Williams**

The priceless blessing associated with memories is that they don't rust or fall apart like many material things I own. I can turn to them for comfort, call upon them in times of sadness and joy, or simply reflect upon how that person or event helped shape my life.

My memories of my grandfather George are intertwined with his ability to teach me when I didn't always recognize that I was actually *being* taught. He shared countless stories and each with a moral to them. I can hear him in my head saying: "That reminds me of something I read recently..." He loved reading the scriptures and the Reader's Digest. I remember going into his bedroom on assignment from Grandma to gather up his dirty coveralls so she could get them washed. Part of my 'job description' would be to empty out all of his pockets. I wasn't big on the strands of straw or leaves but the nickels, dimes, quarters and pennies were a good find. Grandma said that whatever



money found in the pockets belonged to the wash women. I also found pink mints and hard horehound candies. Not my favorites.

When I would put clean garments away in the dresser after Grandma had washed and folded them, I would hold my breath hoping that the rubber lizard looking reptile that was in that dresser would not show up in the drawer I was in at the time! Once in a while it did though. Grandma was always after Grandpa to clean his glasses. They were usually dirty but he would say he could see just fine out of them. I would clean them for him and also Grandma's while I was at it.

One of my favorite memories was riding with Grandpa in his old green truck. My favorite drive was out north to see the deer and check on the cows. In the autumn we would go to see the leaves – I still love leaves in autumn. In the winter months Grandpa oft times put a piece of cardboard on the windshield to keep the frost off. Unfortunately, the cardboard had a tendency to freeze directly to the windshield. No problem! Grandpa would simply roll down the driver's side window and hang his head out so he could see the road. He always had a 'Plan B' or a backup plan if you will when it came to figuring out situations and challenges.

My Grandparents taught me about my path and how to find my way in life. I had the blessing of living with them for the first six years of my life and visited as often as I could after that. There is a scripture that teaches if you train up a child in the ways of the Lord when they are old they will not depart from it. Grandpa taught me the gospel and why it is essential to not just my eternal salvation but to my everyday peace and happiness. Sometimes it was by quiet, simple means, while other times it echoed loudly in my head and heart.

When I was a young girl, Grandpa taught me specifics about direction. One time in particular he and I were in the garage up in Bern attempting to move a mattress into the house. When we came to points on how best to maneuver the mattress around corners, Grandpa simply stated to either go east, west, north or south with it, whichever way warranted the direction. In my mind I had no idea which way east or north were but realized that west and south were obviously opposites! Why didn't he just say right or left? It did prepare me for other lessons later on. I learned direction is essential and knowing where you are going is crucial. Take driving in Salt Lake City for example. People who are not familiar with how the streets are set up find it very confusing to find such addresses as 106<sup>th</sup> South and 3948 West. I eventually learned from Grandpa's persistence that east was towards the mountains. The rest is simple. I realized later that it wasn't just simple directions per say he was trying to teach me but rather he was teaching me to think for myself and to act upon knowledge and truth.

Grandpa taught me how to trust by teaching me how to drive a truck. When I first began this venture, I could barely see over the steering wheel. Grandpa would put the truck in four-wheel drive so that it would barely creep along thus giving Grandpa, Uncle Roger, Uncle Kent, Uncle Gary or whoever was bucking bales time to pick up the bales of hay and throw them either on the hay wagon or in the back of the truck. Despite my pleadings of being afraid that I would either run into a barrow pit or off the side of the field and roll the truck, Grandpa assured me that I was fine, that he would make sure that didn't happen. It was okay as long as the end of the row was a ways away from the truck but when the row grew shorter I became frightened. Right before I was to meet my fear head on, the truck door flew open and Grandpa jumped in just in time to turn the wheel and save me. As I grew older, I eventually could do the turning myself but every so often I would cry out that I wasn't going to make the turn and just in time there Grandpa was to help me.

Grandpa taught me that trials and tribulations are a part of life, that no one can escape them. I learned that opposition in all things is necessary in order for us to learn to make decisions, choosing good or evil. No one is exempt from trials and its how we respond to them that makes a difference. I remember as a brand new missionary writing home to Grandpa about my struggles with learning the German language during my stay at the Language Training Mission. I tried to explain to him that I felt like my prayers weren't getting through, that the language was so difficult and I was so frustrated. Within a few days a letter came back from Grandpa. He talked to me about faith and patience and trusting the promises that came with my calling. Grandpa reminded me of the intense struggles that the Prophet Joseph Smith had while in prison for crimes he did not commit. He told me to read D & C 121 and ponder that section, to try to understand that this trial with the language was for my learning and good, that one day I would be able to speak and understand the language as second nature. I found after several months in the mission field the German language did come to me just as Grandpa had promised it would. I observed that I didn't have many of the trials that other missionaries were having. It helped me to understand that each one of us have different trials and tests to teach and mold us. Grandpa and Grandma wrote to me every week I served in the mission field.

Grandpa taught me about love and service to others. When I stayed with Grandpa and Grandma during the summer months I would oft times accompany Grandpa as he went to visit the widows or widowers of Bern. He would oft times take a fresh loaf of whole wheat bread which either he or Grandma had just baked. I remember the little wheat grinder on the back porch where they would grind their own wheat. Grandpa took time to go to each home and visit. This art of visiting with people is so rare in our current culture. We have definitely lost something of great value unfortunately, along with handwritten notes and letters. Grandpa would ask them about their health, their families and would see if they had needs that he could help with. I learned that going out and doing things for others showed them your love and concern for them. My Grandmother had this characteristic down to the true form of love which is charity or the pure love of Jesus Christ. She had this ability to recognize unmet needs and to respond to them. That is one of her many gifts.

My Grandmother taught me about showing respect to others – over and over I might add. As a young girl, she would often remind me to always acknowledge people when I was in their presence – say hello and look them in the eye. That was big – look at them when you spoke and speak so they could understand you. NEVER talk back nor speak disrespectful towards them. She told me to walk straight and hold my head up and don't slouch my shoulders.

I talked with my Grandmother about everything in my life, good and bad. Never once did she criticize me nor did I ever feel her love for me diminish to any lesser degree. I felt SAFE with her, always. We talked for hours about all kinds of things or events, it didn't matter. When I married, I wrote her letters each week. When she passed away, my mother gave me a large Tupperware container filled with my letters to grandma as she kept each one. I noticed that she had written notes in the margin in most of them. I spoke with her on the telephone but I always sensed she loved my letters and visits more.

My favorite thing to do in the winter was sleigh riding. I would invite five or six of my friends over for a sleigh ride. Grandma would let us hook up our sleds with ropes in a straight line and then tie the lead rope onto the bumper of Grandpa's truck. She would take us down the lane and around the bend by Helene's. I always asked for the last sled. This way I could ride all over the road, into the barrow pit and up again. It was SO fun. Afterwards, Grandma made her scrumptious caramel popcorn and hot chocolate. I still to this day haven't found anything this fun.



I remember the day that my mother called to tell me that Grandma had blacked out and fell at her home in Pocatello. At the time I was pregnant with Rachael. I hung up the phone and went on a long walk with my dog. Phill was at work at the time I got the phone call. I pleaded with the Lord to let her stay here on this earth because I needed her to help me raise my daughter. At times it was more than pleading with Him. I said a few times that He didn't need her as much as I did right then and to let her stay! I repented of that 'direct approach' later when I had calmed down! The doctors were able to install a pacemaker for her. She and Rachael developed a choice relationship during the years that they had together here. My daughter's life is richer thanks to her relationship with her Great-grandmother. This I know to be true and more importantly, Rachael has her own memories of her. Being able to share this wonderful woman with my own daughter has been a rich blessing for me.

As a young girl grandma and I would spend time a great deal of time together, sometimes traveling in the car and visiting. I accompanied her on several trips to go raspberry picking in the early mornings. On my first picking, I remember feeling so proud to have picked enough berries to fill up my quart bottle and taking it to her for her approval, only to have her gently tap the bottom of the bottle and watch the berries sink to the halfway mark, knowing I had more work to do. One day as we were coming home through Logan canyon we noticed a truck ahead of us full of freshly picked peas. Lucky for us, the load wasn't covered and peas were flying off the truck and onto the road. There was no traffic so Grandma simply pulled over and gave me a brown paper shopping bag. She and I began to pick up peas from off the road and put them in the bag. When we were finished, we had almost a full bag of peas to eat and eat them we did until we both had belly aches. We also loved to eat pickled pigs feet together along with pork rinds. This was not junk food but a true delicacy.

I went on a temple trip with Grandma and Grandpa shortly before I left on my mission. We first went to the Idaho Falls temple, next the Logan temple and finally the Ogden temple. It was a very choice experience for me. At the completion of my mission, Grandpa, Grandma and my Mom came over to Germany to pick me up. It was during this time frame that I was able to show them the cities that I had worked in and several of the people that I had taught the gospel to. We were able to spend time in Switzerland and that was so amazing to see where my ancestors came from. Cousin Paul arranged a reunion with the Kunz relatives. I don't know that I have ever seen Grandpa happier as he met many Kunz relatives in attendance that day. They were very kind to us. Cousin Paul was so wonderful to take us places. I remember Grandpa and Grandma dancing together at one gathering. He was pretty smooth on his feet! Grandpa and I were able to attend a session in the Swiss temple during our stay. It was the beginning of future trips to Switzerland for those Kunz relatives here in the United States.

Grandpa taught me about honoring family and ancestors gone before. He worked countless hours compiling books on the history of Bern, Idaho and on John Kunz III. He was driven to get them finished. He had suffered a couple heart attacks, perhaps more than I was aware of. His health was not the best then but he kept going. I helped him sort pages and worked by his side until I was too tired and went to bed only to see him continue on. He got the books finished. He worked feverishly to get the cemetery project completed. As a young girl we use to spend hours at the Bern cemetery, cleaning off sagebrush, pulling weeds and putting down white rocks to beautiful and honor those of our posterity buried there. Today, the Bern cemetery is covered with plush green grass and has access to water. My Grandpa passed away before the project was completed but I am certain he is very pleased with it. Grandpa kept a personal journal. I remember him writing down notes on gum wrappers, pieces of paper or on the chalk board.

I remember Grandpa working in the fields all day on a tractor. Grandma and I would prepare lunch for him and take it to him. She would freeze gallon water jugs half full and would go down to the locker

and fill them up with water. I remember riding on the tractor with him once in a while but doing that all day would seem very tiring. It wasn't the fancy big outfits that one sees today in the fields.

Grandma took me to Bear Lake on occasion. She took the truck and camper and plenty of food. I remember she was an excellent swimmer. I didn't swim out as far as she did when I was younger. I would watch her from knee deep waters. I later took swimming lessons at the hot pools. I rode the bus with other children who took lessons there as well. A couple years ago Rachael and I stopped by to see what had become of the hot pools. The original pool had been closed off. It was now simply a memory. I remember other gatherings at the lake and the fun we had. I went with my uncles out in the boat once to watch them water ski. At the time I thought they were very brave but now I wonder..!

My Grandma made the best apple pie ever. One year for my birthday I requested one of her apple pies for my 'cake' and I got it - amazing crust, yummy! When I was little and Grandma was making homemade pies, she would take the left over pie crust, rolled it out flat, cut it into strips, sprinkled cinnamon and sugar on it and then baked it for me. I loved it.

I played in Grandpa's barn by the hours. What an amazing place! I watched them bring in the cows to milk and then put them back out in the barn. When the cows weren't available, I would pretend to milk them anyway. I felt very experienced as a dairy farmer. The upstairs in the barn was the best place to play unless there was hay stacked up. One time we practiced jumping out onto the ground until someone ended up getting hurt. Grandma's dish towels didn't provide much of a lift unfortunately.

I went fishing a few times with Grandpa and Grandma. I didn't like cleaning them. There was a water pump on the front lawn that Grandpa used and seeing the heads on the grass was not a pretty sight. I loved the smoked fish that Grandpa did in his homemade smoker fridge. I miss that still at Christmas. He would give us each a bag and I would hoard mine. I miss eating the fish that Grandma would fry. Could my Grandma cook fish? Oh yes! Her trout tasted so yummy that they melted in your mouth. She was that way with anything that she cooked. Many people could not cook deer, antelope and elk but Grandma had it down to a science. I would still prefer eating deer to beef anytime. I didn't actually go on the deer hunts. A couple years when I was in my teens I stayed at the house and washed cars and then collected a few bucks from the folks when they got back. I rode out north to scope out the deer with Grandpa many times. He could spot them in most unusual places. He loved being outside and he loved hunting. I have heard so many stories about his endurance and his hunting skills. I have seen the result of the hunts hanging in the garage. It was a fun time for so many of our family and friends.

I remember picking water cress up by Driggs and eating tons of it. I moved pipe in the summer one year with the Kunz's in Driggs. It was hard work. It helped me get in shape to play softball though. Grandpa and Grandma liked to travel and spend time visiting. Family was of the utmost importance to my Grandparents. They would come to our house when I was young and spend Christmas with us. It made my holiday so much richer. I waited patiently for them to arrive at our house. For me it was more exciting to see and spend the holidays with them than to see what Santa had brought me. I remember getting birthday cards in the mail and having a couple dollar bills tucked safely inside or Grandma's hand stuffing gas money in my pants pocket when I got ready to drive back home.

Reunions and family gatherings were of utmost importance to Grandpa. He took such joy in being with his family. He wanted us to be happy and to stay in touch with one another. It was easier back when I was young growing up as most of us were closer distance wise than we are today. He told me



to always remember those that have gone before me, to do temple work and teach future generations about these truths. I have shared much with my daughter about my heritage and those in her family line. We have made several trips to Bern ID and have read the histories together that Grandpa published. She wants to go to Switzerland someday. In school she has done reports on Switzerland. She looks at pictures on the internet of that beautiful country and keeps that dream alive. I hope you do have that great opportunity one day Rachael.

I don't have a memory of this myself but Grandma and Grandpa both told me about it. Apparently Grandpa had some axle grease sitting down at my level as a young child which I found and proceeded to rub across my new playsuit and in my clean hair. I asked Grandma if I got a spanking and she replied: "No, I simply took your little hand and marched out to where your Grandfather was working and showed him your creation. He asked where I had gotten into grease and he was sure he didn't have any grease in the garage!" They both had a good laugh out of it and then Grandma took me into the house and cleaned me up – again. I do have a photo that Grandpa took. He took many photos of me growing up. I believe that is where I get my love for taking pictures.

I remember Grandpa's photo studio, his darkroom and chemicals downstairs where he developed and sorted pictures, his huge paper cutter, the ringer on the wall to get him to come upstairs when we needed him, helping him sort small black and white photos of school children, Grandma painting pictures with tubes of paint and q-tips, and her retouching negatives. I am often reminded now of all their countless hours of work in their photo business when I download my digital prints onto my computer, send them across the world via e-mail or just simply print them out with my color printer. It takes seconds. Imagine my grandpa with a digital camera! Or what about a computer!! He would no doubt so enjoy these electronic advancements we enjoy today. He could do family history research at home, preparing temple names and typing up histories of family members. Do we really appreciate these blessings we now have? I hope so.

Grandpa was an avid active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He lived what he believed in. He was strict but fair. Was he perfect? No, he wasn't but it was his desire to be like his Savior and to bring others to Christ. When he was being wheeled up for heart surgery, I heard him asking his nurse how she would feel if she knew she could be with her family forever. The night before Grandpa passed away he and I had a conversation I will never forget. Even now as I write about it tears are close to the surface. He asked me to please pray for him that night. I told him I always prayed for him. He reached for my hand and pulled me close to him and said: "Tonight I need your prayers especially so." I assured him that I would remember him. The next morning he had passed on to the other side of the veil. I didn't want to go over to the hospital because I knew he wouldn't be there but I did. I went into his room and walked over to his bed. His body was still with all the tubes and apparatus scattered around his bed. I gently picked up his hand, that hard working hand that served so many so well and understood hard work. I suddenly felt a peace come over me and sensed a marvelous reunion with family and friends beyond the veil. I know that I will see him again if I am faithful.

I spent time with Grandma on Mother's Day in the hospital shortly before her passing. There were many of our family there. I also traveled up to spend a few days with her shortly before she departed from this earth. I sat next to her hospital bed. We sang some of her favorite songs, the majority of them being primary songs until she grew weary. I would hold her hand and every so often she would gently pat my hand. When I gently kissed her cheek that same day, I sensed that would be the last time I would see her in this mortal life. She asked me if I needed anything and I replied that I had everything I need – her love and treasured memories of all the times we had shared throughout my life.

I am so very grateful for these two amazing grandparents and all the time I was able to spend with both of them, for all my memories.



**Memories of Grandma Kunz**  
**By**  
**Phillip Williams**

I remember driving up to Pocatello and going to visit Grandma and Grandpa Frank. I have always loved talking with older people as they have so many great stories to share and much wisdom. Grandpa Frank and I enjoyed many long conversations during our visits. I helped him with a few little projects around the house. Grandma always made me feel at home and very loved and cared about. She was always concerned as to how my job was going and what I was doing at my work. She was thrilled when I told her that I was able to build the mirror frames for the Celestial room in the St. Louis LDS Temple and also build most of the alters that are in the Mount Timpanogos temple. Grandpa and Grandma served their mission in Missouri. Annie and I were able to see them when we drove back to Nauvoo on our honeymoon in 1987. It was fun to see them there and to see what they were doing. Grandma loved the red cardinals that were in Missouri. When she came back from her mission, I made a cardinal out of wood and painted it red so she could hang in her large tree in their front yard. Grandma loved flowers and appreciated the beauties of this earth. She always saw to it that we had food to take back with us on our return trip home. She always offered us some of her chocolate covered mint ice bars.



I never had the opportunity to meet Grandpa George but have heard a great deal about him, especially from Annie. He was obviously an incredible person. The fact that he loved to hunt and fish speaks highly of him in my book as I love to do both myself! I can only imagine what a great time I would have had hunting up in the Bern hills with him and other family members. Things have changed so much here in Utah regarding hunting that I don't enjoy it that much anymore. Mark keeps telling me that I need to come up and hunt in Idaho and I tell him when I get rich and can afford an out of state permit I sure will!

I sure miss Grandma since her parting. Seems like Annie has had several choice people pass away the past few years that were family members or her close friends and its never easy. Grandma lived a great full life. She made a difference in anyone's life that she had influence over. I am certain of that because of the difference she made in mine.



**Memories of My Grandparents  
By  
Mark Don Otteson**

Memories of my Grandpa ~ It was early one morning and Grandpa and I were headed out in the green ford 4 x 4 highway truck to go out to the Olsen place to do some baling. We were at Paul's place when he stopped the truck in the middle of the road. Grandpa used the *whole road* when he drove. It was at that moment that he announced, "I need you to learn to drive this truck so you can bring it back after you get goin' a baling and then drive down below Johnny's there and get to goin' rakin."

He slid out of the truck with the truck still rolling in neutral, door wide open saying, "Slide over here and I'll show you how to use this clutch!" No big deal right?! Well, take into consideration I was seven years old at the time and this was a lot different than the John Deer M tractor out in the field.

There were people driving on this road and going both directions! I was scared to death with tears running down my cheeks. Grandpa having nothing to do with my objections, I slid over on the seat.

I took a half standing, half bent posture as he stood outside the pickup and held my foot on the clutch. "Put 'er in first gear for now and I'll help you with the clutch, you can feel it grab in your foot and you can hear when you shift." Okay, I thought but don't you need to see *where* you are going?! I had one half of my rear end on the front edge of the seat, the other half of me is under the dash pushing and stretching with all of my might to keep the clutch to the floor, while my other leg is half bent to keep the proper amount of gas going, both arms holding onto the steering wheel, looking like I am dangling from a tree limb, holding myself up to keep from falling in a pile on the floor board!

Nest thing I hear was Grandpa saying to me, "You can do this!" I turned my head from looking up from under the dashboard in total disbelief. *What?* This man apparently thinks I was a contortionist in my past life! "Here," he said as he takes three old copies of the Church News and an old chore coat and made me a booster seat. "When you get done shifting, sit there." Great! "Let her out slow and I'll be right here," as he grabs my foot and pulls it back. There was not time for arguments or fear, a couple of jerks and we were on our way.

There was Grandpa running along side of me and the truck, yelling instructions and showing his disdain for me not acting quickly enough. After about three or four of these sprint and jerk sessions, I glanced up and saw that the truck was even with the Kunz monument. I wondered what my ancestor thought about such torture, torment and public humiliation of one so young as myself! I was certain that the neighbors peeping out of their windows and the two people that were put in the barrow pit would at least call the authorities and have this man removed from the street and save the poor lad in the truck under the steering wheel! At best Grandma would learn of this man's diabolical plot and heaven help him then. If all else failed, I knew John Kunz III was watching all of this and had went to see if others there in his state were also watching all of this and boy was Grandpa going to be in trouble when he came "home!"

While pondering all of these thoughts and checking myself out, I noticed that it was very quiet. Where was Grandpa? Had I ran over him? I couldn't turn around or check the mirrors because of my current sitting position. I then began to feel guilty for my thoughts I was having and become more emotional and broke down more. Then I heard some rummaging around in the back of the truck. Grandpa was standing up fuel cans and water bottles. He was also putting tools and parts back in the truck. Whew! A much needed reprieve and hope to learn he was fine. Then, he climbed back in the passenger seat and said; "Let's go to the Olsen place." "Well, getta goin'," all the while moving his hands in the air. I looked at him again in total shock, disbelief, and dismay. I silently prayed and thought to myself he had truly lost his mind and couldn't believe it.

Needless to say, I was happy to be alive and to have made it through this first 400 yard session. Now only four miles left in fourth gear! The first session was not a picture of perfection. Okay I thought, as fear turned to anger. It was his truck and his tools right? What the insurance man fixes on you Grandma undoes ten times over and I can't wait to tell her what .... Wait a minute, I'm here too! "What's the matter," I heard him say. "Getta goin, come on." Just then my foot did as was rehearsed with Grandpa's help. My thought was then – self preservation...fear was now back and the rules of thought.

Well, a couple of miles down the road, Grandpa said to me something between the instructions like, "This ain't so bad is it? You will be just fine." I felt like a king. I think he saw some enamel and a



big grin come through the dirty tear stained face. He never made a big deal of it. It was just that we had work to do and we had it to do and I was going to do it. Yes, everything turned out just fine like he said it would. At the time I had wanted to strangle him. Twenty minutes later he was my hero. In his wisdom he left me many lessons that he knew he wanted me to have out of this experience. I learned to trust him. As each year passes, I am amazed of how at the age of seven the lessons learned from my Grandpa that day would carry me through many times as they have and I hope to pass those lessons on to my own family.

Grandpa could patch and make do with things that others could not or would not. He would pick things up in the fields, pull over on the highway, saying, "This would be good for such and such or will come in handy." He would salvage what was broke and take what he salvaged and make good use of what he made. I never built a building, fenced or worked on other projects where we used store bought lumber or nails.

Between cutting, raking, bailing, hauling hay, cattle duties, fixing fences etc., Grandpa always had "other jobs" to do. He always had something for me to do. A typical day would start t 4:30 or 5:00 a.m. with a whole wheat roll made fresh by grandma, a big old slice of sharp cheddar cheese and maybe a bowl of fruit. Depending on what Grandpa was trying to "squeeze" into a day and how pressed he felt to get going, he would tell Grandma and she would fix something "special" like pancakes, eggs, deer steak in the iron fry pan or "Mormon" cricket food. Grandpa hated to get going late in the morning so it was usually Grandma that told him to just wait a minute. We usually took lunch with us which was ... you got it – two whole wheat rolls, cheese, smoked white fish or trout, some water cress for lettuce and then would stuff all of it between the roll and walla! Deli Manna from heaven. I'll tell you it was good. I always looked forward to the little break and boy it tasted good. Oh! I almost forgot the prunes and or apples. Then if that didn't satisfy your sweet tooth or you were on your way to the truck to combat the effects of the fruit as you grabbed your "boom paper" and your church news or Ensign for reading material, you grabbed a few pink mints and horehounds that Grandpa always carried on the dash.

We would have dinner around noon. Once or twice a week Grandpa would plan to come to the house for dinner to fix a mower blade and would grab some material that he needed. During haying season Grandma would bring out lunch to us and man this was like five star stuff. Grandpa though was a whole wheat and cheese man. Apple, apricots and maybe a pear once in a while but lots of prunes and cherries, along with deer steak and smoked fish. You could set your watch by what Grandpa would eat every day. Supper was at the house usually well after dark. Grandma always had good stuff to eat. It was all homemade, including things she had bottled or canned.

Oh and yes, when we were out working, our drinking utensil of choice was a one gallon plastic jug, half frozen the night before. It's still my favorite way to drink water. We did not leave home without two or three of them. Always could refill them by a spring or creek or a house in Liberty, Nounan or Ovid. I can't tell you how many times Grandpa would send me up to someone's house to fill up the water jugs. Some lady would come out looking at me like what in the Sam hell was I doing! Then you would hear Grandpa down the lane: "Hello! My name is George Kunz and we thought we would borrow a little water." From then on they would share a nice little visit while I stood red-faced. "This is my grandson, Yada yada ...." I swear Grandpa used that tactic many times to meet someone who was new in the area or he had not yet met. I think everyone knew who George Kunz was and his water thieving grandson!

Getting back to Grandpa's "other jobs." In all his visiting with people, he came up with four or five (maybe more) old houses or homesteads that had been vacated on these people's properties and were used one time as a barn. Grandpa somehow talked these people into letting him clean the place up for all the wood. He was quite the salesman. But what I really think he told these fine folks was that he had some grandsons that he needed to keep busy and to teach to work while the hay was growing, waiting to be bailed and hauled or when it was raining or there was nothing else for them to do!

It seems two or three older grandsons were always in mischief and causing trouble. I told Grandpa I would volunteer to help Doug Bennion and Craig Kunz with these projects for I was NOT going to haul hay or bunch bails without them! We were a team. I would sacrifice my hard labor and diligence to have a little fun with my cousins! (I know Craig is getting a laugh about now. How about you Doug?) Besides that, why should they have all the fun and leave the tough stuff to me. Okay, so I embellished a little.

Little did I know, yes, it was raining, it seemed it was always raining when we went to do "these other jobs." We arrived ready for some "tearing up some old house," only to have Grandpa inform us that the first order of business here, as he hands each of us a shovel, was to clean out the manure on the floors. "There are good timbers and wood under the floor that we can use to sell or build, say that shed I have been wanting to build." My first reaction was no problem until you walked into the barn. These houses were probably 100 years old at that time with forty years as a barn and shelter for cows. No doors – you had to literally climb into the houses. The manure was anywhere from three to four feet deep! My earlier childhood memories started coming back to me when Grandpa taught me to drive "The Beast" ford truck. "Is he out of his mind?"

Grandpa left to run some errands so we all knew we had better get in the right frame of mind and make progress or we would pay for our disobedience when he returned. Grandpa had a way with me to say the least that could cut to the quick and leave me feeling beaten and bruised without leaving a mark or raising his hand. I truly cannot remember him ever hitting me for my disobedience, but rather I remember his eyes, his voice and his lectures. It tore me up when I had disappointed him or done something wrong. I remember a lot of times I wish he would just belt me and it would be over with a lot sooner and hurt less. But he always let me know that I had chosen my own path and now I must walk it.

We worked on through the rain, cleaning out tons of manure, hornet nests, spiders, slivers, bee stings, mice and manure maggots and an occasional manure fight when it all came to a head. (I told you before that I was working with trouble!) We pounded and sawed all the nails the house had and saved every stick of wood, window and everything else. We had a sense of accomplishment when we were through that I will never forget. Grandpa still has a couple of buckets of nails in the old chicken coop from our jobs. To this day, I find myself trying to straighten out an old rusty nail to re-use or a broken piece of board to get more use out of it.

I am grateful to him and blessed to have been taught the values and the lessons learned in the manner in which he allowed me to acquire them. It is funny somehow to think back to a time when Grandpa seemed out of his mind and hated me by giving me such tasks where as I grew with time and experience I find out how wise he was and how much he really loved me.

I don't think Grandpa would hit the tape over 5'10" but to me as a young boy he was larger than life. His skin I remember was like harness leather and I always remember when it was cold outside he would just put on some old holy chore coat and call it good. I always wondered if his skin was why he



kept so warm. His hands were huge, like big old clubs with fingers like posts. When you shook his hand or he grabbed you, they felt like sledge hammers lined with shark skin. Whether it was cold or hot, I never saw him wear gloves much. His hands were his tools.

He walked with a bit of a limp, one leg bowed out more than the other. I never asked him why but I remember one day he picked me up from raking and all he had on was an old shirt, his garments and a pair of black church shoe with black shocks. His leg was bleeding and it was pretty black and blue. "What happened?" I asked. He grudgingly told me he was bailing down below Johnny's on the Moline tractor, the power take off that runs the boiler grabbed his overalls by the leg and ripped the "dern things right off of me. Luckily I didn't loose my darn leg too!" That's why I never asked him about his gimp as I figured that is probably why he had lots of events like this in his life. There was much speculation and lecturing when he came strolling into the yard with his butt hanging out, accented with those black church shoes. You knew by looking at his expressions that Grandma's going to have something to say about this! I couldn't wait for him to get a little of his own lecture medicine.

Grandpa worked hard, fast and long- if it couldn't be fixed with wire or some mismatched bolts, he invented something. He was hard on equipment. Grandma constantly told him to slow down and fix things right or someone would get hurt. She was right and her words showed on his face. He also was never worried about being in fashion, just whatever was on the back porch. If it covered most of his body then it worked and he was good to go. He got his money's worth out of a shirt or pair of overhauls

"George dear, what happened," Grandma asked in a tone like she already knew the answer. Grandpa recited the story and Grandma asked what had happened to the PTO safety shield. Grandpa would lower his head and mumble something back. What Grandma said next is what I would begin to understand and learn was how they go through bad times together, how they got along and loved each other, coupled with Grandma's patience and ability to get to Grandpa. "Well dear, at least you can still go to church as you have your shoes yet." She would chuckle and then we all started in laughing, followed by Grandpa who managed to raise a smile. At least I think it was a smile.

Grandpa had a way of getting his point across or teaching something to someone by telling a story. He would be listening to a conversation or talking and then all of a sudden he broke in to one of his many stories. He had a ton of them. I wish now that I would have written a few of them down but I heard one the other day that had his name all over it. It goes like this ...

'An old man, a boy and his donkey were going to town. The boy rode on the donkey and the old man walked. As they passed people on the road, the people would make comments like it was a shame the old man was walking and the boy was riding. The man and the boy thought maybe the critics were right so they changed position. Later, they passed some people that made the remark that it was a shame the man makes the boy walk. Then the old man and the boy decided they would both walk. Soon they passed some more people who thought they were both stupid to walk when they had a decent donkey to ride. They decided to both ride the donkey. Now they passed some people that shamed them by saying how awful it was to put such a heavy load on a poor donkey. The boy and the old man thought they were probably right so they decided to carry the donkey. As the boy and old man crossed the bridge, they lost their grip on the donkey and he fell into the river and drowned. The moral of the story - If you try to please everyone, you might as well kiss you're a \_\_ good-bye!!

Grandpa loved to hunt and fish. He always made sure everyone was having fun and in their positions in the morning when hunting north of Bern for deer. I have many memories and stories that are very special in my life that he was part of. It was always fun and I miss hunting with him, with my Dad, Uncle Gary, Uncle Roger, Uncle Larry and Arlen Butikofer, Uncle John and Aunt Ethel and of course, Grandma. It seemed we were all there, a family. It was something he looked forward to and in turn I still feel this today about hunting 'out north.' If someone couldn't show up, Grandpa would say that he sure wished so and so would have been able to come up. He loved his family and friends. I think Grandpa brought us all together in one way or the other through his love of hunting, putting us all on the hill together. I still feel a special bond with my aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends that I hunted with out in the Bern hills. For many of us, this is how Grandpa is best remembered. I hope others write of their feelings about times spent with Grandpa and with one another hunting and fishing. I could write a book but I am on a dead line and need to get this to Ann!

Grandpa loved the Lord. He had a burning testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He knew that the Lord had restored the gospel to the earth through a modern day Prophet, a boy named Joseph Smith. Grandpa shared with all of us and all he came in contact with his love for the Lord and the principles we should follow according to the Lord's gospel. He loved the church and he lived the commandments of the Lord. He wanted his family to follow the Lord's teachings. He wanted us all to have the blessings in which the Lord taught. He knew and wanted all of us to be together. Sunday was the Lord's day. He would do nothing in the line of work. He kept the Sabbath holy. He would attend his church meetings, visited people of the town and did church business. I remember him always reading in his chair on Sunday after church.

I remember later in his life as I watched him and thought that someone has had a talk with him and told him when he would be leaving this earth. He began a museum in Bern, traveled to Switzerland to meet relatives and gather family history, wrote and finished his family genealogy records, etc. He was obsessed with all types of records, not soon after he was finished, he left us. He was a great example and leader of this family. I know he loved us all.

Grandpa loved to play cards and would always get us into a hot game of hearts, pinochle or spoons at family gatherings. I still love cards to this day because of him and my Mom. He was intense when he played cards. Man! He knew every trick or what card had been played. I remember and still laugh at him when I play 'cause it would be silent then all of a sudden, a big crash would hit the table jolting everyone in the house. It was his huge sledgehammer hand hitting down with the next four or five plays. It was his way of twisting the knife in a little deeper. When he was running the deck or just got trumped prior, he would get mad and say, "Dern you! I knew you had that card!"

I remember his photography and his studio in the garage. I remember the development room in the basement. That place was eerie. The studio was cool but we couldn't play in there. Grandma would sit and hand colored his pictures. This was before colored film. I have a picture of my mother done in Grandma and Grandpa's work and its truly one of a kind and truly a work of art

Along with the odd jobs he had for us grandkids to do, I remember him always getting these huge blocks of cheese (50lbs), cutting them and always delivering them to the neighbors and family, always picking watercress in season, always smoking fish or a batch of jerky for himself or for someone who had hired him to do a little job.

I remember him tending to the sick and the widowed with a visit or with a little jerky or cheese or maybe some fresh watercress. He also looked in on Warren who was one of his neighbors. Warren



has bad eyes and can barely see. Grandpa always seemed to have a job for him. He worked in the summers with me all the time hauling hay or putting up fences.

Grandpa meant a lot to me and left me a great legacy to follow and to leave my family as well. His life was a blessing to me and I know if I follow his example I will meet him again.

Memories of my Grandma ~ My first memory of Grandma was on the shores of Bear Lake. I was still in diapers I think but not much older than that when I first learned that you did not cross or mess with Grandma. My sister Ann was always causing trouble as I remember and at the time she was probably flirting with a bunch of men that had moved next to us on the beach. These men had been and were drinking come to find out. Ann, the troublemaker, was talking to one of them and out of nowhere the man grabbed her to give her into a romantic kiss, stumbled and fell to the sand. I remember what happened next. It was a vapor of red hair and white sand headed in the direction, a mighty hand and arm grabbing this unsuspecting lad by the ear off the sand and Ann on his tipped toes three feet above the hero's head. It seemed it was Grandma. Wow, was she really a comic book character or a super woman type – Man, she could move and look at her! She picked that guy right up off the ground. The next thing I remember as I was pondering the thought that defies the laws of physics, unless you have super human powers, was a flash of a hand to the left cheek and back across the right so fast that Muhammad Ali would have dropped his jaw in amazement. It sounded like an axe hitting a dry log. As she was demonstrating her “Grandma Gorilla Hand to Hand combat tactics,” she was giving a tongue lashing to the young man.

“Young man! Your behavior is totally not acceptable and you will not treat my granddaughter or any other woman with such action!” As she let him down, he took off like a scalded pup and we were on the road back home. This is my first embedded memory of my Grandma. She was cool and super human too!! Oh yeah. You didn’t mess with her or her family.

Grandma was an exceptional cook. She made everything from scratch and man she could put out a meal. I remember she was hired to cook for the sheep men (Dr. Hess I think) at camps in the summer or fall and she would take me a few items for a couple of days. I was able to go help feed with the big horses. I generally had fun while the men had to work as well as Grandma. She had an old blue Chevy truck with a camper on it that I loved to ride in on the top bunk. One time coming home from the camp she stopped on the lower corrals and someone gave her a goat. She put it in the back of the camper with me and the thing cried all the way home. This was quite traumatic so she would stop and check on us every little while. When we would pass an ice cream stand she would get me a treat. She always had a treat for me it seemed. Every time I went to her house she always had a treat, always.

I remember her homemade whole wheat rolls. She would grind the wheat in her little grinder on the back porch and then every day bake those delicious homemade rolls for Grandpa and whoever else was lucky enough to be around. I am certain that she was up every morning by 4:00 a.m. Grandma was a hard worker also.

She used to fix my clothes and patch my pants, make me little things to play with. Always that warm smile and a soft voice saying, “Here you go dear.” I remember how her sewing room looked, much like a strong wind had just blown through it. There was a sign on the outside of the door to the entrance that said, “Love me for the things that I get done during my day and help me with those that I don’t,” or something like that. To me it reminded me of her personality. She was always doing something for someone else and never complained but did it with love and patience.



She took me berry picking, huckleberries in the mountains. Wow! That was fun until I got older and she expected me to pick more than what I ate. I am still amazed at her focus on such a tedious job. It took hours it seemed to get just one gallon and she would get four or five gallons. Then she would turn around and bake all day and share it with everyone! Hours of labor. Once again, she was patient and what she had she would share with everyone. What a great teacher she was.

To this day, the huckleberry delights and pie she made are the finest culinary eats available on this earth. If you think the great wall and the pyramids are engineering wonders, try picking four or five gallons of huckleberries in the wilderness, fighting off horseflies, bugs, sun, hunger, boredom, a wet butt, carnivores animals such as bears, (although bears had heard of the Bear Lake brawl on the beach and would give Grandma all the huckleberries she wanted and would run the other way). Then you head out of the wilderness on roads a mule wouldn't tackle, get back home, pick the berries clean, bake over a time frame of two days for a couple of pies and a huckleberry delight, and three bottles of fresh berries left over. Then, turn around and not eat any of the special creations because it's for so and so, knowing that this is pure heaven sitting there on the table. That is a true devotion and engineering feat in my book. I still hold Grandma's huckleberry delight and pie in high reverence as one of the finest wonders of this world. Her love, hard work, and talents made it that way. I told her that such treasures are kept in a vault at Fort Knox Grandma, not to be given away. She told me, "Yes dear, but who have you made rich but only yourself. Someday I might like a pie." Wow! Yes I can still remember those words. How wise she was and how kind to her fellow man. I was lucky to have picked huckleberries with her. Every year I think to go find a patch of them but have not yet succeeded in my quest. I would go back to where she took me but I can't remember because of fear or I told myself not to. Grandma didn't get mad at anything but do not mess with her grandchildren and do not take or tell anyone *where* her huckleberry patches were.

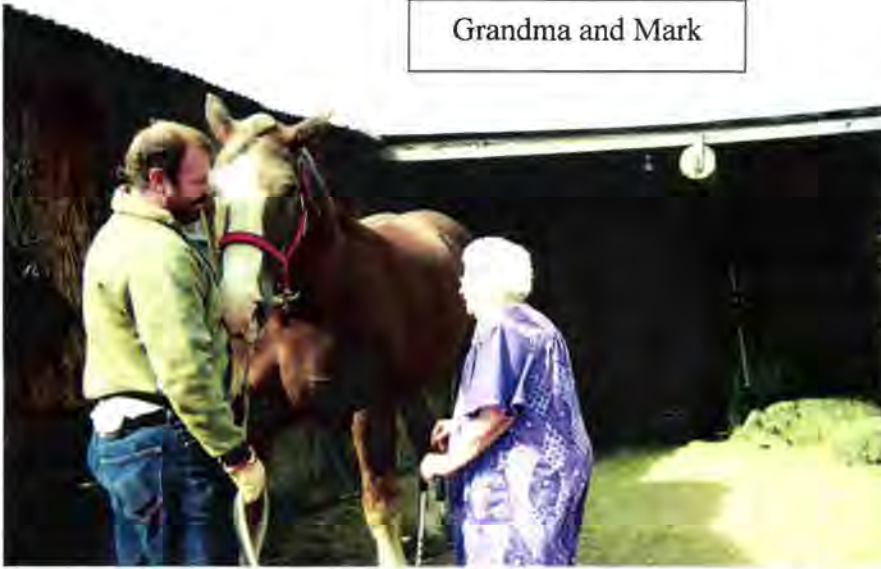
Grandma was a crack shot and loved to hunt with her family. She always, it seemed, was the first one with her deer and dang if it was not always shot right in the neck or head. To make matters worse, she shot a 22-3000 Savage. It was a little gun but it was fast. She used to tease me and say, "Shoot straight dear. Aim for the neck as it ruins less meat," smiling and laughing. She was a blast to hunt with and I remember looking at pictures of her in hunter orange. She had a certain grace about her on the mountain that made you smile.

Grandma made every holiday a national holiday it seemed or I should say bigger than life. She did that with her cooking, treats or special things she would do. Halloween was her favorite. In her attic there were countless costumes, masks, wigs, and accessories of all types. The rubber masks were awesome. I remember thinking as a young boy all the masks I wore were the plastic type masks when I went trick-or-treating as that's all that I had seen in the stores to buy. Grandma had the real rubber ones like they had in Hollywood. Grandma would dress up and become the character and she had fun at it. Right up until the





Grandma and Mark



time she passed I took my children over to hers and Grandpa Frank's house and there she was standing at the door alongside Frank, dressed up and giving out candy.

As I think of all the memories of her, these thoughts keep coming to me. She was my friend, my buddy, my Grandmother. She had a way of talking to me that would make everything seem like it would work out somehow. She

had a soft warm smile and a soft warm voice when she talked, with a sparkle in her eye. I felt loved, safe, and warm when I was in her care. She always listened and gave back thoughts in what direction to go. I remember her way of helping me understand if you went in the right way or what you would do going in the wrong way. Along with that she would tell me unconditionally that she would love me no matter what choices I made. Grandma was patient, loving and sharing. She loved her family and her Lord. She was a "Super Woman" that was given to us as a blessing, a true gift to teach us what perfect really is.

### Memories of Grandma Kunz Kirby

By

Lori Bean Otteson

I remember Grandma Kunz Kirby as being one of few words but lots of expression. One year at a Kunz Family Reunion there was much to do about Grandpa Kunz. They were all pretty much based around Grandpa but this one in particular was - all the activities and the program. I was never fortunate enough to meet Grandpa Kunz, and with all due respect, it struck me odd that the entire family was paying homage to the man that made it all possible and not a word was spoken about the woman who made it all possible. As we all know by now, it can't be done - one without the other. What made the whole scene more incredible to me was that the man, whom everyone uplifted at this gathering, had passed on years ago and the woman, who had as much to do with the Kunz Family reunion, if not MORE, sat quietly and humbly in her wheelchair, IN OUR PRESENCE, listening to everyone carry on about Grandpa Kunz.

I was so moved by what I saw that I went to Grandma Kunz, sat down next to her wheelchair, put my arm around her shoulder and whispered in her ear, "Grandma, I don't understand why so much attention is given to someone who is not here when *you* are sitting next to me."

A smile came to her face as she drew her hand to mine and tapped my hand and squeezed it in a rhythmic motion. She opened and closed her eyes slowly as if she were digesting the moment. Still squeezing and tapping, still smiling, she said in her very quiet voice, "Thank you, Lori, thank you."



## **Memories of Grandpa**

**By**

**Valerie Kunz**

*(Adapted from Her Previous Memories Recorded in Grandma's  
Memory Book)*

The thing that I remember most about Grandpa George was his great desire to teach honest truths and set a good example. He always had a story to tell or to teach me what he knew was right. His life was like a chartered map. I could see what I should do. He was like a mighty oak tree that protected the weaker saplings and helped them to grow. He loved all of his children and his grandchildren. When Craig and I came into this family, he loved and accepted us as his own.

Whenever I think of him, I see a smiling and a laughing face. His basket, full of fish, offering some to us or else some jerky. I remember his love for whole wheat rolls and cheese. I love my Grandpa and will always be happy when I think of him.



Craig Kunz



## **Memories of my Grandparents**

**By**

**Clint Kunz**

Probably the most prominent memories that I have of my Grandpa are the times we spent together fishing. When I was very young I recall fishing with him and my dad, and between those two, I learned a great deal of patience. I recall after really only being exposed to bait fishing on the shore, asking Grandpa Kunz what the funny looking reel and the long pole were used for. He told me that it was used to fly fish and that it was kind of a hard thing to do but that he would show me sometime. He stayed true to his word and one day, I can't even recall the place, (I only remember going over a set of wooden steps that were placed over the fence that we climbed over to get into the pond), he took me out fishing with the fly rod and reel. He showed me how to use it, how to tie a fly to the end of the



line, and how to cast it out into the pond. I don't think we caught any fish, with that setup, but instead at some point ended up fishing with our regular spinning gear and bait fishing. I've thought of that time many times over the years. After I picked up the sport again I recalled some of the things that he taught me at such a young age. You have to be patient. It takes time to become good at something and no one is good at anything the first time they try it. It took me a while to catch any fish on a fly rod like that but I always knew that I could. It wasn't too long before I had really mastered that. Today that is something that I enjoy doing and the lesson in patience has proven to be a valuable one.

I remember a lot about Grandma Kunz. Grandma was there a lot as I was growing up. The fact remains that she was a great cook and always had something very good for everyone to eat whenever we were around. She in fact taught me a great deal about cooking back then. I still recall today that I can cook many of the wild meats based on some of her principles. One memory however stands out in my mind more than any other.



Uncle Roger, Uncle Kent, Aunt Gerry and Clint Kunz

I was probably twelve or thirteen at the time. We were all up in the hills above Bern for the annual deer hunt. I think that it was a buck only hunt and we were having kind of a slow day at that point. All of us were gathered around the truck eating a bit of lunch and talking about where to go next, when Grandma jumped up with her Savage 223 in hand and began pumping lead into the hillside a few hundred yards up. What we all saw was a doe with a few youngsters in tow and I think it was Uncle Roger that got her to stop firing. I think that was the last year that Grandma Kunz carried a gun. I know that we all got a good rise out of it. It is one of the things that I remember very well because of the look on her face. She thought we were all not paying attention and she wanted a doe!

### **Memories of my Grandparents**

**By**

**Vicky Kunz**

*(Adapted from memories contained in previously compiled memory books)*

I love her very much. She is the best Grandma I could ever have. I remember when I was little and I stayed at Grandma's that she would make me Best Foods mayonnaise and bread sandwiches. I love my Grandma very much. She is very special.

(The following are excerpts from an account written by Wallace William Kunz. It was given to Vicky and she wanted to share it in the memory book.)

Wallace William Kunz was Warren Kunz's uncle. He was also best friends with George Kunz. They were the same age growing up and did a great deal together. They were probably 14 years of age when this account began. George and Wallace attended school at Paris Academy. Wallace's mother cooked to earn their room and board. They attended school in Bern after that because they were able to get a teacher there. They attended their last two years of high school in Montpelier.

George and Wallace realized they had no money and decided on a way that they could earn some money together. They decided to trap muskrats down at the Aushba Creek in lower Bern. This is now on Hardcastle's property. They checked out the swamp there and found lots of rats living there. There were many rat houses actually. They secured a couple rat traps and set them up. They developed a system of catching the rats and it was successful. They received \$2.25 a skin. The boys fashioned boards and then would stretch the pelts and spray them. They caught 100 rats that season and sold the hides to Sam Locks, an old hide buyer in Montpelier.

The boys were not very experienced but hard workers. One morning Wallace went to check the rat traps. Apparently when you checked the traps, you would reach in the trap and if the trap was moved, then the rat was in the trap. Some chewed their legs off to get free. Wallace stuck his hand in one of the traps and it went off on his finger. He was able to get the trap off his finger but it was so cold that he had a hard time resetting the trap.

The boys graduated up to trapping coyotes. They were both quite adventurous. One day Warren's father, Reuel Kunz, had a horse die and he told George and Wallace they could have the horse to bait coyotes. They drug the horse up to where it was away from the ranch. They were told that coyotes would be able to smell the horse for over 100 miles. Reuel made scent for them to use to cover up the human smell. They boys poured the scent on the ground around the horse. They had a couple of traps and they set those and returned home. That night it snowed and snowed. In fact, it snowed for three days straight.

On the weekend the boys decided they would go check their traps. They left early, long before daybreak. Wallace borrowed a horse and George rode his own riding pony. It was bitter cold, so cold. They rode quite a ways when George said that he was freezing to death and wanted to turn back. No, they kept going and arrived about sunrise.

As they approached the rise to where the traps were set, they saw a most welcome sight. There were two coyotes in their traps! They proceeded to skin the coyotes and got \$30.00 a piece for them.

On another occasion Wallace had a run in with a bear. He remembered what George had told him one time that if he ever came across a bear to, "shut your eyes and shoot!" That's exactly what Wallace did and he killed the bear.



**Memories of my Grandparents**  
**By**  
**Teresa Bennion Sharp**

As I sit here and try to think of what to say, I read in my daily thoughts from LDS Living, that the Holy Ghost sometimes sends sermons from the pulpit of memory. That is how I think of my Grandfather. I am flooded with memories of Bern, the white house, and the photography studio. So many fun times with family and driving cars before I was old enough, good food, the barn and all it had to offer as a hiding place, I remember the milking machine and how I marveled at how it was done. There was the house with the basement and attic, full of adventure and things to find.

Wow, what a wonderful childhood I had and what a blessing it is for me to have been born into this family. I think of my Grandfather as a strong person. I don't know that I was ever around him that he didn't have a story or joke to tell and then could somehow relate it to the gospel. He wasn't shy in asking what you believed in nor in sharing his testimony.

I remember at Craig's funeral Grandpa and I were sitting next to one another. He leaned over to me and said, "Let this be a lesson to you. Never let a day go by that you don't tell those around you how much you love them. You never know when that chance will be taken from you"

Then it didn't seem long after that he was gone and then my own Dad. From that day Grandpa told me that, I always made a point of telling my Dad I loved him when we parted. And on that day in October when he left this earth, I didn't have any regrets that I had never told him I loved him because I had. Thanks to my Grandpa, I had told my Dad I loved him, and never had to regret that ever.

Grandpa left me with a wonderful legacy of what the gospel meant to him and how it would help me through my life if I would just let it. I have since had times I wish he was here, but I am always reminded that he would be strong and look at me and say, "Well young lady, what should you be doing to make this right?" He was so strong to me in his faith and so willing to share it with others that I stand with bowed shoulders and a little bit embarrassed at how I have lived my life. But I know he is just beyond the veil, rooting for me and hoping I straighten up those shoulders, and press on. I think of him and Grandma and wonder how they are doing and if just once in awhile they look over to us to see how we are. I hope when they do, they smile and look at each other, and say, "We didn't do such a bad job after all!"



"Five Generations"  
Gerry, Teresa, Curtis  
Grandma and Josh

**My Memories of Grandpa and Grandma Kunz**  
**By**  
**Kathy Bennion**

When I think of Grandpa and Grandma Kunz a flood of things are triggered in my mind. I would like to share some of these thoughts and see how many of you can relate to them.

Trips to Bern ~ When I was a little girl I thought going to Bern was like going to a fun house. There was so much to do there. Playing in the yard in the big tree off the front porch, the camper off the back porch, the barn, the lane, the fields, and even next door on the swings at the old school house. There were trips to the corner post office where penny candy was always a plus. Those were just some of the outside fun.

Inside the house ~ Grandpa and Grandma's bedroom was always a challenge in the winter. All I could think of was would there be pink and white mints on the headboard? Just get the mints and get back out before I was frozen with my hands caught in the mints b-r-r-r! "Come on now ... You all know what I am saying!" Heaven help you if someone actually wanted you to go into that room to do something. I always held out for summer! "Please don't ask until the thaw!" The Christmas cactus thrived in that room though. But for every cold trip in the bedroom there was never a shortage of fresh hot rolls with sharp cheese and bologna. I always thought bologna was a car food by the way. I would ask: "We're eating bologna in the *house*?" Some of you younger ones might think inside could not possibly have any adventures but you don't know about the small bedroom off from the kitchen. This room had access to a door which opened to a ladder leading down into the basement. There were so many things and its kind of a blur to me. I do remember helping Grandpa develop pictures in the basement and the smells of the developing solutions. The heavy flat irons that we used to press the pictures. Cutting the wallet size pictures was my favorite part of the process.

Grandpa Kunz would come to my school and take everyone's school pictures and I thought it was so cool. He always made sure that I had at least three dozen wallet size or even more. He also had his studio in the garage. There you were taught the art of posing for picture taking. Coaching techniques such as tip your chin down slightly, sit up straight, tilt your head slight to left or right, moisten your lips and smile, all the while watching Grandpa's hands guiding you. "Come on! Have you not seen the original six grandchildren's pictures from that time period? What a group! "

Halloween was also one of my favorite times to get ready for a trip up to Grandpa and Grandma's. Just to be able to go through all of Grandma's great costumes in the attic, the bedroom and the closet – with the door to the basement. (Didn't I tell you that room had a lot of adventure?) Those caramel popcorn balls get honorable mention.

At reunions, when we would all be eating, I always had my eye on Grandma's huckleberry delight because that was the first thing that I ran for.

When I went to church with Grandpa and Grandma it was time to behave but for me, I wiggled on purpose so Grandpa would give me a pink or white mint from his pocket. Grandma would make those babies rocking back and forth in her hankie for me. Unlike sitting next to your parents who gave you a



look like you were in big trouble or would hold onto your arm like a vice grip, sitting next to my grandparent was definitely the best spot in the church.

Christmas was one of the best times I can remember, especially the waiting for Grandma and Grandpa to come and see us on their way to Pocatello. I could see that car pull up in our driveway, stuffed so full that I could barely make out Grandma and Grandpa! I knew somewhere in all of it there was something just for me and I was right. My Mom and Dad would let us open one present on Christmas Eve. Much to our amazement, it was usually from Grandpa and Grandma Kunz. It was always a new flannel nightgown, hand made by Grandma. There were a few years the family would spend Christmas at different houses and when it was our turn that was the best. Grandpa loved to play cards until all hours into the next morning. Grandma, Mom, Aunt Ba and Aunt BJ enjoyed the homemade chocolates all the women had made at our house a few weeks or so earlier.

Candy making was a major project, sometimes taking a couple days to complete. Imagine Aunt Barbara, my Mom, Aunt BJ, Aunt Ethel and others working together like a well oiled machine on that candy production line, some making centers, Aunt Ba with her marble slab, ready to mix up the creamy fondant. My Mom was into all of it! I barely remember taking trays with rolled centers into the utility room where once again it was the cold room. Why did you need to go into these cold rooms anyhow? I should have had my hands in the warm chocolate dipping the centers making the curly Q's on top. Oh yeah! Back to the memories – Whoa is me!

Grandma made a great batch of toffee in a cast iron skillet, then rolled in chocolate, not by me, and then rolled in nuts, still not my job. And now for the good part – the chocolate toffee became my favorite candy, even today. You can imagine that I was sent to the cold room with a tray of chocolate toffee to cool ... well lets say that when it was time to divide it up in the cartons for everyone to take home with them, there was never quite as much toffee in the other cartons. I always would have backup from Grandma just in case anyone ever got wise to us!

Summertime always meant we would go to see Grandma and Grandpa and it was time to pick huckleberries. Have you ever *seen* these berries? They are the size of a pencil eraser. Grandpa, Grandma, Mom, and Dad would give us kids a tin can – a gallon size mind you ... not a pint or a quart but a gallon. The object of this activity was to fill your giant can with all those tiny berries. There was no looking forward to this except when you knew it was time to go berry picking and it was important to find out what kind of berries we would be picking. Raspberries were a popular choice because size is an issue and in filling those "famous cans." The raspberries seemed to disappear and the can was always empty with just a few berries on the bottom. Stomach aches would follow. Even though Grandma *knew why* she would still take care of you. Needless to say, my Mom and Dad kept up this little tradition with or without Grandma and Grandpa being there with us kids. Dad even went as far as to make a little handle for the cans if it needed one. "Great!" As I stated earlier, huckleberry delight is my favorite. As I grew older, it truly did become a 'delight.' It is safe to say that I wasn't the one that picked *those* berries!

I want to mention memories of the weddings of my Aunts and Uncles over the years. What fun we had. Oh yes! I can't forget killing chickens! I am not going to remember all the details on that venture though. I will eat chicken today but I am very picky about it – about eating any meat for that matter. Let me not forget to mention playing No Bears Are Out Tonight on the front yard and wanting to ride Golden Boy. I have many memories of going to Bear Lake and having so much fun. There are so many memories that it's impossible for me to mention them all. That's the blessing of memories, they are endless.

## Memories of Grandpa and Grandma Kunz

By

Douglas Roy Bennion

*(Adapted from memories contained in previously compiled memory books)*

This is hard for me to do. I can't write what I really feel, but I will try to tell you some things I've done with Grandpa.

My main memories are those working with him, hauling hay mostly. Up at dawn and work all day, no time to stop and lally gag, there was work to be done and we got it done. I thought we'd never get through! When you thought you couldn't go on, he'd take us up north to see if we could see some deer or we'd go fishing somewhere. I also remember digging up potatoes and shoveling out the barn. I helped him in the cemetery this last summer. He showed me how to place the boards on the graves so it could be dug. He talked about what he wanted to have down with the cemetery and the things he wanted to do. That same day, we put the pegboard up at the museum. I helped him hang the items up on the wall, and as we did that, he told me what the different things were, about his trips to Switzerland, and the people he met there. That was a special day for me, just me and Grandpa.

I will miss him and the work we used to do together. When Briana was blessed, I took a girl to church with me. Then I took her home to dinner at our house. Grandpa came up to me and asked me how come I didn't introduce her. I said it had slipped my mind and then he said to me, "What's the matter? Are you afraid I'd steal her from you?!"

I loved Grandpa and I know what he wanted me to do with my life. Someday I hope I can be the grandson he would have been proud of.

Doug, Mark, Scott, Clint, Tyler & Kenny  
Grandma's Pallbearers

My memories of Grandma are centered around her big smile! Whether it was before dawn at cow camp, mixing bread for the cowboys, or out hiking the hills at deer season, she always had a big smile on her face.

I shall so remember going to Bern for haying seasons, family reunions, checking on our horses, or just going up to visit with Grandma and Grandpa. There was always a whole wheat roll with butter and cheese.



I remember one time Grandma and Grandpa took me huckleberring at one of their 'secret spots.' About one week later some people from Soda asked if anyone knew where some huckleberries were. I volunteered my information to them. They took me with them to show them the spot. Just when we were about to leave, Grandma and someone with her showed up! Grandma was not too happy with me but I think before long she had forgiven me for giving away her secret spot!



**Memories of Grandpa and Grandma Kunz**  
**By**  
**Brenda Bennion Dickman**

As I sit down and put this pencil to work on this sheet of paper, combining to work with my thoughts, I find many memories flooding over me. I am going to combine my memories of both Grandpa and Grandma because as a young girl, that's what I remember, the two of them together.

As a little girl, I spent quite a bit of time in good old Bern, Idaho. I remember my grandparent's house, visualizing each room in my mind, seeing every detail in my mind. I remember Grandpa and Grandma's bedroom was cold, not enough heat. The Christmas cactus sat in the corner of the room, in front of the windows. The front porch was one of my favorite places to play with my dolls. I pretended it was my own little house. The living room seemed so long to me then. It was in the kitchen that I remember Grandma always cooking and Grandpa and I sitting at the kitchen table with a brick of cheese and whole wheat rolls. Yum! I miss the smell of that kitchen and Grandpa with his knife, cutting me a piece of that cheese. Grandpa and Grandma knew just how to age that brick of cheese to perfection. I sure miss those days.

One of my favorite rooms was the little bedroom off from the kitchen. Grandma had converted it somewhat into a sewing room. She and I use to spend hours in there together. She would sew new clothes for my doll. I would sit on the feather mattress that was on the top of the twin bed and watch her. Oh I loved that feather top. I cherish those moments with Grandma, her sewing and me putting the newly made outfit on my doll, "Miss Betsy." That memory warms my heart even now as I write about it.

My least favorite memory was the smell of sulfur, coming from the bathroom! In fact, I can't stand the smell of sulfur from matches to this day.

You remember the smell, right?! When Grandpa would go into the bathroom and did not return for quite a while, I knew the sulfur smell was right behind him! What was up with that box of wooden matches in the bathroom anyway? I can guarantee you that my bathroom today is wooden match free. Ha! Ha!!

The camper was another of my favorite places to play. I played house in there for hours at a time, pretending that the good old camper was mine. It was so fun.

My Grandpa loved to hunt and fish. I can still see him in his bright orange hat and vest. Grandma was right by his side, surrounded by other family members who loved to hunt those Bern hills. Grandma was pretty good herself and kept up with the best of them.

Let's not forget the chickens, the killing of the chickens at Uncle Gary's house, Grandpa with the axe and tree stump. Yuck! There was Grandma and me at the plucking machine, feather by feather. Now as I am remembering this experience, I am surprised that I love to eat chicken meat as well as I do!

I have many good memories of my grandparents. Losing family members over the years has never been easy for me but knowing that I will see them again in heaven one day is a very peaceful feeling. I miss you Grandma with all of my heart. It was able to spend many more years with you than with

Grandpa but I still miss not having a Grandpa. When he passed away that was my last Grandpa living on this earth. I truly wish they were still here physically but I have the sense that they are with me in my heart.



Betty Jo, Barbara & Gereldene

**A Memory of Grandpa George**  
**By**  
**Michael Kunz**

I believe that I was around eight or nine years old when this happened. Grandpa George had taken me to Bear Lake to do some fishing. I remember riding in his green dodge truck. As we were driving from his house to the lake, I remember how much he loved to fish. I had no concept myself what to do as far as fishing was concerned. After we got to the lake Grandpa was getting the poles and equipment from the truck. I decided that I was hungry. I spied a box of Velveta cheese. Well, little did I know that I was eating the bait we were going to use to fish with! He went to use the bait and saw that I was eating it. I thought he was going to die. He said to me: "Well, you ate the bait for the fish so would you like some worms to go with it," he laughed. Needless to say, we enjoyed our day. Grandpa caught many fish and allowed me to help pull them in. It was great.



**Memories of Grandpa George**  
**By**  
**Julie Ann Kunz Slack**

What I remember most about my Grandpa Kunz is going fishing with him when I was really young. Hew would take the kids out fishing early in the morning and show us everything and how to fish. He was so patient and kind and would never get grumpy or mad at us if we did not do something just right. I also remember Grandpa making beef jerky and how good it tasted, so good! I remember how much he loved to make it. You could tell that he loved his grandkids very much by the time he spent with them and the way he acted.



**Memories of Grandpa and Grandma Kunz**  
**By**  
**Tiffany Kunz**

I was too young to enjoy the fun times with Grandpa Kunz before he passed away. The things I have heard have been about nothing but joy and happiness. Grandma Kunz just absolutely adored him by the way she used to talk about him to me. I have heard that my mom and dad would take us to Grandma and Grandpa Kunz's house in Bern. Grandpa would take off with my mom and they would go fishing together. I heard that Tyler and I would just cry and cry. Eventually we got to a point where we could keep ourselves busy around the house. I remember Grandma would give us kids a jar and have us go find caterpillars. We use to love that so much. I remember just walking along the road

in Bern looking and looking for those caterpillars. We would then take them back to Grandma and just stare at them in the jar. Apparently we were easily entertained!

The times will both be missed. I wish Grandpa Kunz was around longer but I still have great memories of Grandma Kunz. She was the sweetest person that I have ever known. Her heart was very big and she was someone that I looked up to. I will never forget her and oh, her sourdough pancakes!

**Memories of Grandma Kunz**

**By**

**Tyler J. Kunz**

*(adapted from his memories written in 1990)*

One of my most favorite foods in the world is pancakes. There is no one who can make sour dough pancakes like my Grandma Kirby. She knows that I would eat pancakes for breakfast, lunch, and dinner if I could and sometimes she has even let me have pancakes for dinner. Grandma knows that my dad loves fresh raspberry jam and so one time when she made some for him, she let me try some. I loved it so much that from then on she would always give me fresh raspberry jam with my pancakes. She even let me try some fresh raspberries and cream and I loved them even more than my dad. One time she picked a whole bunch of them and put them in bottles and we brought them back to California and I got to eat them fresh.

Every since I was just little, I have talked to my Grandma almost every week. She always told me about the snow, how cold it is, what she is having for dinner, and all sorts of good things. She always visited with me and wanted to know about my football, baseball, soccer, and basketball games and all the other things that I have been doing. She seemed to want to know all about what I am doing.

One of my most favorite things when I was little was my afghan that my Grandma had made special for me and my twin sister. My mother used to say that I would wrap it around my head and I would never go any place without it. I could never go to sleep without it. When I got older and it got all worn out, she even had another one made just like the old one.

One of the other things I have always been Grandma's pet. My dad says that she spoils me because I am a twin and that is because she is a twin. Grandma always used to let me sleep with her. She said I was the best one to sleep with because I would snuggle up next to her and sleep.

Grandma and Grandpa Kunz used to take us to the parades in Bear Lake. We used to sit on the street and people would throw candy to us. It was always lots of fun to go with them to different places. One time we went to the fair in Bear Lake and had good things to eat. My Grandma is a very special person.

My Grandma told me that I was a very hard worker and that she was proud of me for doing that. Working hard and providing for my wife and children is something I look forward to in the very near future.



## Memories of Grandma Kunz

By

Kenny Kunz

*(adapted from his memories written in 1990)*

When I think of my Grandma Kirby, I think of the sour dough pancakes that she always made for us and all the other good things that she cooked. My Grandma always remembered me on my birthday with a card and \$2.00 bill. She also sent me cookies for Christmas (they were really for my dad but I ate them anyway). Grandma always sent us a package with different things in it for special occasions.

When I go up to Idaho it always reminds me of my Grandma. I really liked to stay at Grandma's house whenever we went to Bear Lake. I also liked to hear about the things my dad did with Grandma and Grandpa Kunz when he was a little boy. Dad tells me about how he used to go hunting and fishing with them and how Grandma would cook the fresh trout for their dinner. I also loved it when my Grandma sent me a letter and some pictures of the deer that she had killed during the hunt north Bern.

I also remember when we stayed at Grandma's house up in Bern. She would read us a story and then give me sunflower seeds before I had to go to sleep. One time when I was really little, it snowed and Grandma went outside and got snow and made me a snow cone. Where I live in California we do not get snow. Another time when it snowed, Grandma went out and made a snowman and then she took a picture of it and sent it down for us to see.

One summer I had fun when Grandma and Grandpa Kirby came up to visit us in Wyoming. She brought us a Silver Stream and I had Grandma and Grandpa Kirby each get a buffalo steak. It is the best steak I had ever eaten and it is so big it covers the entire plate. I was able to show my Grandma all the stuffed animals in the Silver Stream as I really love animals. My dad had his video camera and took a lot of video with Grandma and all of us and I get to watch it.

One of the special things that I got to do when we were growing up was to call Grandma Kirby almost every week. My folks let us call and each of us got to talk to Grandma for a few minutes. She always tells me what she has been doing and asked me about soccer and baseball.

She was always full of love and I miss her.



Tiffany, Grandma, Kenny & Tyler Kunz

**My Memories of Grandparents**  
**By**  
**Tammy Kunz Harding**

I have many fond and happy memories about my grandparents. These are my memories of GRANDMA: whole wheat rolls, whipped honey, her bustling in and out of the kitchen, tea parties, playing in her camper, trying on all of her jewelry in the big room, her many hats, walking to church, but most of all her always having time to sit and talk to me. These are my memories of GRANDPA: fishing, cheese, reading the church news or other books in his recliner, bouncing along in his big green truck, silver hair, when he came to help my Dad finish our basement in Green River, walking to church on Sunday mornings, playing cards and wanting to stay up to watch, hunting trips in the Bern hills, visiting his Bern museum, his friend Warren from across the street, his Palomino horse Golden Boy but most of all his great example of service to others.

**My Favorite Memories of Grandpa George and Grandma Edith Kunz**  
**By**  
**Tawna L. Kunz Eborn**

I remember traveling to Bern. We would all pile out of the car and go through the back door. I thought it was pretty cool that there was a toilet right in the porch area. We would always give Grandpa and Grandma a hug and then I would head straight for the big bedroom with the king size bed. I would walk right to Grandma's big dresser and immediately open Grandma's jewelry boxes. I loved putting on the fancy clip-on earrings, the pearl necklaces, and the beads. I was fascinated by Grandma's treasures of diamonds and jewels! Playing dress up with Grandma's endless supply of shoes was a favorite activity of mine.

I loved Grandma Kunz's homemade whole wheat rolls. It seemed that every time we went to her house she was in the kitchen making a big old batch of those delicious rolls. I remember eating them hot out of the oven. We would smother them with butter and then eat them with jam or cheese! Mmmm! Mmmm!

Grandpa Kunz was the very best fisherman in the whole world. I remember going fishing and not being able to catch one darn fish. Grandpa would come and stand right next to me and throw in his line. It wouldn't take long and he would get his first bite. That was just the beginning...soon there was a whole pile of fish!!

I remember seeing pictures of Grandpa Kunz when he was younger and I thought he looked just like a handsome movie star. I remember how much Grandpa Kunz loved to read. I can still picture him sitting in his chair reading a book or writing in his journal. Grandpa Kunz loved his cheese and I can



remember him using a knife to cut a big slice of cheese off and then feeding it to me right off of the knife.

I loved it when the Kunz family would gather in our kitchen and I got to watch them play a mean game of "Runs and Bunches" or "Spoons." Let's just say that these card games were known to get a little heated! I've heard it said that there wasn't many around who could beat my Grandpa Kunz at a card game!

I am so grateful for the memories that I have of wonderful Grandparents! I am so thankful to be part of the Kunz Family. I know how important our family was to Grandpa and Grandma.



Jensyn, Carson & Hunter Eborn

### **Memories of Grandma and Grandpa Kunz**

**By  
R. Troy Kunz**

When I think of Grandpa, I think of hunting, fishing, family history, Switzerland, jerky, cheese, apples and a green Dodge pickup. I was pretty little but I remember deer hunting with Grandma and Grandpa. Grandma would get up so early to cook sour dough pancakes for the whole clan. I could never get to sleep the night before opening day...just laying awake thinking about all of the deer that we would see the next morning. I remember sleeping in our little camp trailer or in one of the extra bedrooms. Uncle Larry and Grandpa would get up so early and I was always so excited. I remember how sad it was when Grandpa had to stay at the house and was not able to come hunting that last year. My cousin Vickie stayed home with Grandpa to keep him company that year. I remember Grandma & Grandpa's 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary celebration at the Bern ward house.

Grandpa would take me fishing and one time he helped me catch a 3 ½ pound trout and taught me how to trap squirrels with a wood crate, a fork stick, rope and some bread. Grandpa ate every bit of his apples and spent lots of time reading church books and doing family history. He taught his children honesty, integrity, discipline through faithful service and hard work. I am grateful for these traits that my grandpa passed on to my own father. It is my hope that I may try to emulate these characteristics as I live my life and raise my own children. I only wish that I could have spent more time with Grandpa and I look forward to seeing him again someday. I love Grandpa.

Grandma was a special lady who loved her Grandchildren. One of my favorite possessions is my leather bound scriptures that she gave to me before I left on my mission to Chile. She wrote me a handwritten note in my scriptures and shared her testimony with me. Grandma's rolls were second to none and her sour dough pancakes were unbelievable...especially if we had any chokecherry syrup. The water at Grandma's house was always crystal clear and cold. Homemade rolls and raspberry jam were second to none. I remember loading hay with my Dad one summer south of Bern – Grandma



fixed us pancakes, bacon and eggs for breakfast and then roast beef and potatoes for lunch and leftovers for dinner. Grandma really had a way in the kitchen. That green telephone in Grandma's kitchen could be turned so loud that Montpelier could listen. I remember camping with Grandma and Grandpa and gathering watercress. Grandma's house had such a sparkly ceiling in the living room and those brown rockers. I can still see those graduation pictures of my Dad and his brothers and sisters across the top of that bookshelf.

Grandma wore a crazy red hunting hat and some kind of coveralls. She could outshoot most folks and I don't think she ever used a scope. I enjoyed spending time with Grandma and I am grateful that she moved to Pocatello later on in life and we were able to visit more often. She always shared her treats and she loved to hear from her grandchildren and children. Grandma was a caring person. I love Grandma.



Troy, Emily, Kaden & Adri Kunz

**Memories of George S. Kunz and Edyth Kunz**

**By**  
**Travis J. Kunz**  
*June 9, 2005*

**Grandpa George S. Kunz**

I do not have many memories of Grandpa. He passed on when I was only 3 ½ years old. Most of my memories are the memories I have gathered from multiple questions from my aunts, uncles, and cousins for. It does not seem to fail when ever I meet some native of the Bear Lake area that they did not know or know about George Kunz. I look forward to the day when I can walk up to this man to give a firm hand shake followed by a kiss and a hug.

**Grandma (Edyth) Kunz**

Some of the earliest memories of Grandma were of the hunting trips North of Bern. I remember being so excited to stay the night at Grandma's house each October. It always seemed cold as I slept in my long johns anxious for the next day's hunt. In the morning Grandma would be in the kitchen fixing a hot breakfast for all of us. There was bacon and eggs, hot chocolate and even a little liver and onions if you desired. I would pass on the latter. I think I caught the last days of Grandma hunting but I still remember her with a loaded gun eating lunch at the cattle guard with Uncle John and Aunt Ethel (as they never seemed to miss out on opening day either).



Grandma remembered special occasions and there was always a card to go with them. She would to bring me saltine crackers and butter every once in while and that for some reason used to satisfy me when I needed a snack. She loved her family and always had a picture of every aunt, uncle, cousin you could think of on her wall. The odd thing was I do not know if I ever really knew who half of them were.

**My Memories of Great-Grandma**  
**By**  
**Jenna Mazy**

I really wish that I had some specific memories to send to put in the memory book but unfortunately I don't have. The last time I saw Great-Grandma I was really young. I do remember how incredibly sweet she was to me, but I cannot pin point one specific memory. I also knew that when she came out to visit my Grandma BJ that I was extremely happy to see her.

**Memories of Grandma and Grandpa Kunz**  
**By**  
**Jason Mazy**

My only memory of Great-Grandma Kunz took place at my Gram's house, B.J. Hyman. I was probably twelve or thirteen at the time. It was in the summer and I always spent a lot of time with my Grandmother during summertime. At that time, Aunt Barbara and Aunt Gerry were both residing at my Gram's house here in California. Great-Grandma Kunz had come to stay with her for a while.

Let me tell you, that's a good time with those four women together! They would sit in the kitchen and play pinochle all night, laughing, having a great time, sharing memories, you know, all that good stuff !! Aunt Gerry would crack all of our backs, which made every one feel good, even Great-Grandma.

If you thought that was fun, huh, you could imagine how it was at my Gram's restaurant, all four of them bossin' around one restaurant. "Ha Ha," that was fun to watch. I don't think the employees had too much fun with it, but hey, it was great to see it all.



Jules Mazy, Jason Mazy,  
Betty Jo (BJ), Grandma Kunz, Scott Mazy

Oh thanks, Great-Grandma, for being one of the first generations to teach women how to be independent and strong. If there is anything I could say bout my Great Grandma Kunz it would be that she knew how to show love to everybody and through the proof of how her children came to be beautiful souls for generations to come.

**Memories of My Great-Grandma**  
**By**  
**Rachael Ann Williams**

I didn't know my Great-Grandpa George but I have heard many great things about him. He must have been very kind and considerate because I see that now in my Uncles. My Mom said that I could write my memories of my Great- Grandmother so here goes.

My Grandma, I called her that even though she is my Great-Grandma, was very amazing to me. Going to see her at her house was almost heaven to me because of the spirit that I always felt there and the way she always treated me, like royalty. I always looked forward to driving up to Pocatello and seeing her sweet smile and hear that gentle voice and to hold her soft hands.

I remember watching the Utah Jazz basketball games with her. She loved John Stockton very much. She would always say while we watched the games that nobody had better mess with her boy Johnny or they would have to answer to her! My Mom got her an autographed picture of John Stockton and Grandma put it in a frame and sat it on her table in the front room.

I remember some of her favorite things were the Savior, her family, mint fudge sickles, waffle crisp cereal, pork rinds, cardinals, cherry coke sometimes, and shrimp. We use to take her to Sizzler and she would always order shrimp. One time when we were visiting with her, my Grandma Barbara was cleaning out her fridge. She found some shrimp that had gone bad and Great-Grandma was so sad. Once in a while my Mom and I go to Costco's and buy some fresh shrimp and sauce and eat them together in Grandma's memory.

I remember every Thanksgiving making her a paper turkey by tracing my hand. She loved them and would hang them up on her mirror in her bedroom. I sent her lots of pictures and she always hung them up so she could see them. I remember cards she sent to me every birthday and holidays with either a fifty cent piece or a dollar bill inside.

She used to give shots to Great-Grandpa Frank for his diabetes. She was so caring. She would rub his feet with a special cream because he would get sores on them sometimes.

I remember going to her house one New Year's. We gave her a New Year's hat and some noise makers. We had some confetti, and also some sparkling cider.



I remember when she would call us and talk to my mom and she would always ask to talk with me. I looked forward to hearing her voice. She always asked me how school was, how my animals were, and lots of other questions. She always told me she loved me.

I remember when we would leave to go back home and she would always have something for me to take to eat on the drive home. She would give me a dollar to spend on a treat.

I remember when she rode down with Uncle Roger and Grandma Barbara to my baptism. She wasn't feeling too well that day. She had her oxygen with her. She was so proud of me for getting baptized. She told me how much my Heavenly Father loves me, how blessed I am. She said to do my best every day. She always said to love my Mom and Dad and to obey them. She always gave me much and great counsel.

I remember when she was in the hospital after she had her stroke. We sang songs, especially Little Bunny Foo-Foo. We were doing the hand signs with it. It was hard for me to see her there and in pain.

My Great-Grandma Kunz was amazing. She left me with such good memories. Although I have a few of her material things, I will ALWAYS remember the times we shared together, my memories of her. Thank you Grandma for teaching me so much, for being such a good friend and example to me.



Grandma and Rachael

**Memories of Great Grandma**  
**By**  
**Haylee Otteson**

My memories of my Great Grandma consist mainly of warm hugs, wet kisses and a big smile of joy whenever we walked into her house.

She would always have something for us to eat whenever we came , mostly either a box full of See's Candies or those delicious mint ice cream chocolate bars that she bought frequently from the Schwan's man. Every time I see a Schwan truck I think of Great Grandma.

I also remember her love of blue jays and the collection of them she displayed on her book shelf. Great Grandma had a fun sense of humor and I remember sitting in the living room while we all watched the squirrels and chuckled at their funny behavior. Whenever we went to Great Grandma's I would always get excited to be able to go and feed and watch the squirrels with her.

I remember that Great Grandma loved Halloween and all the Trick-or-Treaters, including us. I loved to stop at Grandma's house. Her costumes were always the best, not to mention the treats she always had prepared for each and every one of us.

All of these memories of Great Grandma are the ones that are most vivid in my mind, and I am very fortunate to have these memories about my Great Grandma because they are something I will never forget.

**Memories of Great Grandma**  
**By**  
**Markki Otteson**

Whenever we would go visit Great Grandma Kunz, we would never leave empty handed or without our tummies full. She would always give us a treat or a treasure to bring home.

Great Grandma would get ice cream bars from the Schwans man. She knew they were my favorite so she would always say, "Markki, go get an ice cream bar out of the freezer!" I would run to the freezer and gobble up my treat.

There was a big maple tree outside of Great Grandma's house and there was a squirrel who lived in the tree. She would give us each a handful of peanuts to go give to the squirrel. They we would run back inside and watch and wait for him to come and eat the peanuts.

Every Halloween we would go to Great Grandma's and Trick-or-Treat. When Great Grandma answered the door she would be dressed in a wonderful costume. She would also have a special treat set aside just for me and Haylee.



Mark, Lori, Haylee & Markki Otteson



**Memories of Great Grandma**  
**By**  
**Stephen Curtis Lansberry, Jr.**  
*(Adapted from Curt's Memories Recorded 1999)*

Great-Grandma, it seems like every time something special has happened to me in my life you were there. When I was baptized, you were there. When I was ordained as Seminary President and as a Priest in the Priesthood, you were there. When I baptized my sister, Briana, you were there. Your support and love are always felt. Love, Curt



Grandma & Grandpa  
Kunz and Curtis



Tyson, Josh & Hope  
Lansberry

**My Memories of my Great-Grandfather George Kunz**  
**By**  
**Briana Lansberry McBeth**

I have one special memory of my Great-Grandfather George Kunz. It's from his own journal entry. When I was an infant he blessed and gave me my name. In the blessing, he said that he felt that I was a special spirit from our Father in Heaven. Even to this day, because of the words spoken in that blessing by the authority of the Holy Priesthood which he bore and honored, I have that self-confidence with me and know that I *am* special and that I am truly a daughter of God. Even with that small journal entry he made that day after blessing me, it is very special to me. I re-read it on days when I am feeling down. I know he was there with us when I was sealed to my own family for all eternity. I know that he was there helping me with the birth of my children. I'm grateful for the experiences that I have had and for the help that I receive beyond the veil!





**My Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Phillip R. Kunz**

As an elementary school student I remembered Uncle George taking the photos for the annual school pictures. I was proud of him being a relative and having so much influence on people in our school and in schools all over the West.

He was a hunter. Deer season would find many vehicles around his home waiting for Uncle George to lead them into the hills. As a boy I would see my older brothers come home with a deer, which was often just placed on the kitchen floor waiting for my father to skin the deer and take care of the meat. Somehow I thought that Uncle George had a hand in their success. Later on as I hunted I saw his leadership in the hunt as he directed many hunters where to go and how to do it.

He took me fishing with him a few times – just the two of us. We had good conversations and he always caught some fish and I seldom did.

His walk in freezer was really something. That we could go there and buy some ice cream or pop was amazing.

After my marriage I would return for a weekend visit in Bern with my wife. On Sunday I often found Uncle George teaching the High Priest lesson. He read a lot of it or had others read some of it, but he interspersed this reading with his own thoughts and testimony.

He is a good, handsome man who recorded many people's looks, always inquired who was driving strange cars coming into Bern, frequented my home with visits and could smoke fish and other meat to perfection.

I was proud to be one of the pall bearers of this good man and I look forward to meeting him again.

**My Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Renee Kunz**

I remember Uncle George's example of being the best home teacher, not just a monthly visit but many in between. He checked up on how things were with our family and many others, bringing watercress oft times from the basin or freshly caught fish. I remember him on one occasion wanting to surprise Aunt Edith on one of their wedding anniversaries by giving her adult rook cards and a party at the school house. It pleased me that he asked me to bring ingredients to make pies.

He was a great friend and found ways to include the boys to help him and would then reward them by taking them fishing or just being a concerned scout master and friend.

He was always there to check on someone that was sick. How he would give them a powerful priesthood blessing! Aunt Edith would step in and help with the meals, caring for the children and the home.

I remember he gave me a chance to drive a new red dodge car, my first nice outfit. I thought I was real special to be trusted with it.

I miss his stories and his visits. He used to tease our twin daughter Eloise. He would say to her: "Hello Eddie!" She would say, "No, it's Wees, the twin!" to get noticed.

If he ever had feelings with someone he would always go to them and let them know how he felt. He loved the Lord, the church, his family and his neighbors.

We often repeat his stories about the doctors being able to bury their mistakes! It was the 10% storm reports he didn't trust. He said the weather men were the only ones that could lie and get away with it. He broke ribs one time and went to the doctor. The doctor wanted to x-ray and Uncle George said that he had heard and felt the rib break so why spend the time and money doing that!

He had good vision and if he saw someone at the cemetery or anywhere else he wasn't afraid to check it out. Aunt Edith said he always got the biggest and messiest bucket of huckleberries. I found out why once when I was with Bunkers and Reeds. Uncle George had a radio (I learned later) and he played it and moved around so much that I thought the whole county was there. I didn't want to get into their patch so I didn't move much!

I remember how he loved his whole wheat bread and how he hated onions. He said they didn't take potatoes out of shells to mash and put back for any good reason. Once he wanted Edith to get Aunt Nora's recipe for her dressing as he said she didn't use onions in it. Nora whispered to Edith: "Dear, you don't make good dressing without onions and what George doesn't know won't hurt him!"

**Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Eva (Johnson) Berry**  
***March 8, 2005***

I loved dancing with Uncle George ... he was such a good leader, smooth and flawless in his steps. I remember how in Mutual he could even make square dancing fun and enjoyable with his deep voice calling out the moves.

At one time, I heard him tell someone something about my father. "Now there's a man you have to watch or he'll cheat himself!" What a great tribute he paid to Parley.

Uncle George was always charitable and generous almost to a fault. He would give the shirt off his back and then give some more.

I loved going to his home where Gerry and I would "sneak" down to the walk-in freezer and help ourselves to the boxes of ice cream sandwiches and popsicles!



We had many sleep-overs out in the barn when the hay was freshly put up .... It smelled so good and he was kind to put up with our antics.

I was a kid when we learned about the death of one of the older Alleman men living in lower Bern. I was at Uncle George's home spending time with Gerry outside when he drove by and told us he was going to the Alleman's to visit wit the family. He started to drive off and Gerry and I grabbed a hold of the bumper on the Jeep. I lost my footing and fell to my knees being dragged for a bit before I had sense enough to let go. My knees were bleeding and had gravel in them but I was afraid to say anything because I knew we shouldn't have been hanging onto the bumper. Uncle George stopped and let us in so we could ride with him. After we arrived, I remember looking down at the person in the casket and trying to hide the blood that was sliding down my knees and legs, still not daring to say anything. To this day, I have scars on my knees from the gravel.

I remember Uncle George fixed "Bull", their ugly bulldog, with an elastic band that the dog was then required to wear until "they" turned black and fell off! I thought that was kinda bad and was glad several weeks later when "they" were gone!

The best memories I have of my Uncle George happened on our trip to Switzerland. He was such a wonderful, kind, humorous host. We loved every minute of our trip. We shared many surprises, tears of joy, special moments with all our relatives which was all made possible through the efforts of Uncle George and his encouraging us to make the trip with him.

When Uncle George was presented with an expensive, beautiful cowbell by our Swiss relatives in Switzerland, he was a filled with emotion and pride, revealing his sensitive, grateful nature.

In later years, his testimony of the gospel was evident in everything he said and did. Any story he told always had a gospel-centered message and you could tell he loved the Lord and was thankful for membership in His true church. He wasn't afraid to share the gospel with anyone he came in contact with and he was a wonderful missionary even though he had no formal calling to be one.

In tribute to Uncle George on this his 100<sup>th</sup> birthday, I love and miss him, his hugs and his stories, his encouragement, his visits to our home when my parents were still alive. He was so good to check in on them almost daily and they loved and appreciated him very much too. It will be so fun to see him again someday and if there is dancing in Heaven to have just one more dance with him! Love to his family ~

Eva (Johnson) Berry, niece  
932 Cypress Court  
Lewiston ID 83501  
208-743-3418

**Memories of Uncle George and Aunt Edith**  
**By**  
**LaRue Kunz Spencer**

When Uncle George and Aunt Edith ran a fruit stand in Montpelier they hired me to work for them. I remember one thing in particular. Uncle George told me to always give the customer the benefit of the doubt when it came to weighing the fruit. I was told to never short the customer. He was always honest in his dealings with the public and all of his relatives.

He and Aunt Edith let me stay with them in Montpelier at the time my husband Vern was sick in the hospital. How very kind they both were to me and other members of my family. I still remember the wonderful trip to Switzerland which he arranged for members of the Kunz family. I was so thrilled to be able to go. It is a wonderful rose in December for me now. We felt very safe to be with him in that beautiful country and to learn about our relatives.

We loved Uncle George dearly as all the members of his dear family. We grew up playing with their children, having parties, putting on plays, etc. etc.

I used to think Uncle George looked like Clark Gable. He was very handsome.



Edith Kunz



George S. Kunz



**Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Carol and Donovan Howell**

Uncle George was always so fun to be around. He was very thoughtful of others. I always enjoyed watching him play Rook with the town men. My, they would really get into the game. He was a professional photographer. His pictures were really perfect. He knew just how to capture the best in everyone. Same goes for Aunt Edith. She surely had lots of talent and so thoughtful of every one. I remember the days when we were children and she and Uncle George invited the people from Bern to their house for dinner when conference was held in the morning and the afternoon. Uncle George had a testimony of the gospel and loved the church. He will always be remembered as a favorite uncle. We all loved him.

**Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Dale Kunz**

I remember one cold winter night when we were small children, Father and Mother dressed us all up warm and put us in the wagon box on the sleigh, with hay in it and took us to Montpelier. They left us at the home of Uncle George and Aunt Edith while they went to a dance of some kind. After the dance they bundled us up and took us home again. I must have been quite young but I still remember that.

Uncle George took me fishing one time out on the Blackfoot. We left early and were already out there when it got light. I followed him around all day and he would show me where to fish and what bait to use. I did just what he told me and fished all day and didn't catch a fish. He could fish right beside me and caught a lot of fish. I never did figure out why he could catch so many fish and I couldn't. It was a long day.

I went hunting with him one time. He would be driving along a mountain road that had a steep drop off on one side. He would be looking all over the mountain for deer and could spot them when I couldn't even see them. It was probably because I was so afraid that he would drive us off the road that I kept my eyes on the road and was really nervous. He did spot deer though and I didn't. I don't even remember if we got any deer that day or not but I will always remember the ride with him.

He will always be my special Uncle George who tried to teach me things that I should know.

## **There Will Never Be Another, Like Uncle George**

**By**

**Paul and Marlene Kunz**

I have always said that Uncle George is one of my favorite Uncles. There was no pretence about him... just a thoughtful, kind, good hearted and fun loving person that I always looked up to and admired.

When I think of Uncle George, I can see him driving around the corner in his truck and turning into our driveway with a deck of Rook cards in his pocket. It was usually half way through the morning when he would stop in and want to play a little 'Three Handed Rook'. Oh! How he loved that game! I can still hear him laugh when he would take the bid and make a clean sweep. I think that it is because of him that I learned to love the game so much.

When Paul and I were first married, I wanted a garden, but our home, at that time, only had a small flow of water from the spring we used and there wasn't enough water to support a garden. Uncle George arranged a garden spot for us, south of the cemetery road, across from the Johnny's place where there was a flow well and we planted a garden there and enjoyed the fun of gardening.

Uncle George worked so hard to get the cemetery project going. He wanted so much to have a beautiful cemetery for our ancestors and families to have for a final resting place. It was such a shame to have to walk through all the tumble weeds, rocks and thistles to hunt for the grave markers that marked where they were buried. After Uncle George passed away, Paul felt a driving urge to finish what Uncle George had worked so hard to get started and felt it was one way he could honor his memory. Now we have a beautiful cemetery that Bern can be proud of and I'm sure Uncle George would be pleased with the finished project.

We had so many good times deer hunting in the Bern Hills. He knew just where to find the game and there was always something happening when the George Kunz hunting party was out to fill their tags. I spent many hours in his garage, dressing, cutting and packaging the venison with him. Those are such good memories!

My sons, Kelly, Kim and Kurt, tell of how Uncle George would take them fishing and they would always come home with a string of fish and stories of a good time. They loved being with him

Paul had many enjoyable hunting and fishing trips with Uncle George and it was always interesting and entertaining when he would tell us about their exciting, [and sometimes funny] adventures. [The Antelope Hunts, Bear Hunt, Sellway Experiences and soooo many more.]

I am so thankful for the memories of Uncle George that I have. I know Paul would have enough material to write a book of his life and adventures with his Uncle. It seemed they were always planning some adventure together. I wish he could be able to write even some of his many experiences that he had with him. But for now, I hope a few of my fond thoughts will let you know how much we love and miss him. We are so thankful for the things he taught us and the example that he was to us all.



I don't think we will be able to make it to the 100 year birthday party in his behalf, but our thoughts will be with you and we want you to know how we enjoyed the time we spent with him and how much we loved our dear Uncle George.

With love and fond memories from Paul and Marlene Kunz

**Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**John Roger Kunz**

One of my early recollections of Aunt Edith and Uncle George was Christmas Day 1939. They had our family over for Christmas dinner at their home in Montpelier. It was a fun day. Gary got a new tricycle. He let us ride it in the house.

Christmas 1942 Uncle George and Aunt Edith and family spent time with us. They were living in Idaho Falls. Then within about two months Uncle George was back in Bern looking at the possibility of moving to Bern. With World War II on, Uncle George desired to help the war effort by providing food as taking pictures was not vital to the war effort so they moved to Bern and began farming. Uncle George had been ready to sell the triangle and 40 property (i.e. 40 acres on the Bern/Montpelier road). My father counseled him not to sell it as he might still need the property. The need came quicker than anyone could believe. With Uncle George and family moving to Bern in the spring of 1943, a long and close association began with him and his lovely family.

Uncle George was very helpful and taught me a lot about his growing up. My brother Thiel and I went deer hunting a lot with Uncle George and family.

Uncle George installed a large walk-in freezer on the east of his house and sold ice cream, thus families without refrigerators and freezing capacity could buy ice cream from him.

Uncle George was always very curious and kept up on what people did and their health problems, etc. He was very helpful as was Aunt Edith.

Uncle George was a great help while serving in the Bishopric as he organized and took people to the Logan temple.

When Leland went on his mission in January 1946, Uncle George contributed \$50.00 to him for his mission, the largest contribution by far that he received. To me it has always indicated George's devotion to the Gospel and support of missionary work. I assume you are aware that Uncle George supported Aunt Lula, his sister on her mission.

When Grandfather John Kunz III died:

Uncle Abel was 21 ½ years old

Uncle Heber was 19 years old

Uncle George was 12 ½ years old

Aunt Lula was 7 ¾ years old

When Uncle George was about eight years old, he helped his father John Kunz III build an outdoor toilet for their home. It is now located on our homestead property.

Uncle George was our Scout Master and he helped us scouts. We took camping trips in the hills and one to Williamsburg for a few days.

At the time that Grandma Kunz (Uncle George's mother) needed to be moved into our home (January 3, 1949), in the early morning I carried her on my shoulders up from her little home across the street from us, to our living room. That day Uncle George helped Charles and I move Grandma's bed, dresser, etc. into our living room. We then went back to her bedroom and Uncle George said: "Oh my heck! We forgot to move Grandma's picture." We then took it to our home and hung it above the head of her bed so it would be normal when grandma looked. I used that example many times when moving people to a new office – hang the pictures in the right place.

Uncle George and my father took turns spending the last night with their mother.

I always enjoyed Uncle George's visits in our home.

When Kent went on his mission, Uncle George and Aunt Edith stayed with us in our home on West Temple Street in Salt Lake City. It was fun to have them in our home.

My last visit with Uncle George was in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah when he had open heart surgery.

My father recorded in his own journal, 29 March 1918: "George went to Paris (ID) to a spelling match today."



**Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Thiel Kunz**

My family were excited that Uncle George and his family were moving to Bern. I was about thirteen or fourteen years old of age. They moved into a house about one half block east of our house.



Most of my time spent with Uncle George was hunting (mostly deer). We mostly hunted north of Bern, where my father and others owned some good deer hunting lands (aspen, pine and birch covered lands near grain fields). Sometimes there were as many as 25 people in the hunting party ( Uncle George, Aunt Edith, and children; Aunt Edith's twin sister and children; my brother John and I ; likely some cousins, sometimes California friends of Uncle George) of us hunting together the 1<sup>st</sup> day of the hunt. At least once, my brother John and I rode saddle horses from Bern on Friday evening and stayed in my father's dry farm cabin in the south end of Nounan Valley and then joined with Uncle George and others to hunt. Uncle George would let me drive his jeep gathering up the deer that had been shot. It was likely on this same hunt that, he and I brought a load of 11 deer on his jeep into Bern to hang in his garage by about noon (more would have been brought later in the day). Uncle George was an excellent shooter and hunter.

One time we used my father's Ike place farm house to spend some time eating, resting, getting warm, etc. on a cold stormy day of hunting; Uncle George later bought land that was next to my father's Ike place.

**ELK VALLEY** (Northeast of Montpelier and Southwest of Star Valley) was a favorite hunting place of Uncle George's. One time we hung deer on poles, each end of the pole was on our shoulder; this was the hardest deer packing out j ob I ever can remember, but we had got the jeep stuck for a time trying to make the carrying portion shorter. On one trip there, Uncle George had shot a large bull elk and I brought my father's horse to help pack it out. On another hunting trip between Montpelier and Elk Valley with Uncle George, Aunt Edith, and a son-in-law, we got four deer. I had a very nice time. This was the fall just before I left for my mission for the church and the first hunting season when I had my own rifle. At least one season in the past, a California friend of Uncle George had brought a good rifle just special for me to use.

In about 1966, Uncle George came to Island Park area west of West Yellowstone to hunt elk with me. I had shot two to three elk in this area before but we didn't "luck out" after two days of trying.

Uncle George was our Scoutmaster for a time. On one occasion he took the troop on a fishing-camping trip near the head of Lane's Creek just south of my grandfather, John Kunz III's Williamsburg dairy (Upper Dairy). My younger brothers John and Charles and I hiked to the dairy and back, while Uncle George and the troop fished. My grandfather had shot an elk near his dairy many years before and the antlers were on my father's chicken coop roof for as long as I can remember.

When I was in my early teens, Uncle George was a counselor in the Bern Ward Bishopric. It seemed to me that he was a main promoter of Friday night dances in Bern. Many young folks came to dance from around the Bear Lake Valley. I had a good time at the dances. Quite a few Danish blonde girls came from Ovid to dance and some of us younger boys didn't know their names we called them Blondie 1, Blondie 2, etc. Uncle George seemed to be a great promoter of Kunz family reunions and I enjoyed them.

Aunt Edith, of course, was one of my favorite aunts. We went deer hunting on horses together north of Bern after school was out for the day. It was nice to be living in the same stake in Pocatello as her for a time and going to visit her after I moved from Pocatello.

**Remembrances of Uncle George Kunz**  
**By David and Maxine B. Schmid**  
*April 2005*

George was very good looking with dark hair, a closely trimmed moustache and a good dresser. He was always congenial to others. He was inclusive, friendly, and a good conversationalist. He was a man on the go and always seemed to be busy.

George was the husband of my mother Ethel's twin sister Edith. (smile) Those twins were bonded together and their mates came along for the ride. Edith was 16 years old when she married that 22 year old boy from Bern, Idaho. Mom was crushed that Edith was sleeping with someone else! The Kunz's are Swiss and George was very Swiss. It was his heritage and living with all those Swiss immigrants in Bern, he maintained many of their ways.

George and Edith were very giving individuals. They were not wealthy but they gave generously to others. Edith's hot whole wheat bread and the delicious food dishes she made were memorable. George's deer hunts and sharing that meat with others was welcome and needful for several families. The Rob and Nellie Schmid family did not have a car and that Kunz family car made many, many trips to Montpelier for Bishop Schmid's family.

The photography equipment always intrigued us. George with the big black cloth over his head telling us what to do for the pictures. Edith made those photographs come to life with her tinting skills. They were very impressive. Maxine remembers school months when George took student pictures in the school s in the Idaho Falls area. He would eat and sleep at our home from time to time. He worked hard and would be very tired at times.

There were eight boys and one girl born in Bern in 1932. George took pictures yearly from birth to High School graduation. Kathryn's parents moved shortly after her birth but David Schmid, Ronald Buehler, and six Kunz boys (Harold, Paul, Wendell, Montaine, Harvey and Wayne) went through 12 grades of school together.

Uncle George loved the Lord and had a strong testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ. He worried about some of his children's spiritual commitments. Maxine found a letter George had written to Ethel and John many years ago. He was lamenting some of the children's choices and lazy-fare relationships they had with the Lord. They were ever in his prayers and often on temple prayer lists. George's death in 1981 of complications following heart surgery was a wake up call for some.

Some weeks or months after George's death when Edith and the family were cleaning out the basement, she made a significant discovery. He had provided a financial nest egg for her in the event of his death. She was unaware he had done it and it made her feel very loved.

We love Uncle George and Aunt Edith's children. They have become an important part of our lives over the years. Thank you all for caring and sharing.



**Memories of My Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Larry Butikofer**

I don't know where to start. My Uncle George is so dear to me. It is hard to put into words. Never a day goes by that I don't think of my dear Uncle. I was very close to him.

My Uncle George would drop everything to go fishing or hunting with me and did so, oh, so many times. When Sharon and Lar got married, we went to see my Uncle George while on our honeymoon and he took us over on Rock Creek and we fished our way down to Wyoming.

Our family deer hunts every fall when all our cousins, Dads and Moms would be there. Oh, we had so many good times. Hunting was very good. When we lost my dear Uncle, things were never the same and our hunts went by the wayside.

One time Sharon and Lar and George went hunting over in North Canyon. We were to walk down to Stouffer Canyon. It's a big area and we walked by ourselves. Sharon shot a deer and there was no Lar or George around, so she dressed it out herself then walked on down the canyon. Aunt Edyth was to pick us up at the bottom. When we all got to the bottom, Uncle George asked Sharon if she had shot a buck or a doe. It was the first deer she had ever shot and she didn't remember what it was she was so nervous having to dress it out. Uncle George told her the next time to give it the two finger test. Oh, my, very funny. That really embarrassed her.

One time we were hunting elk down Soda way. We got three elk and went into pack them out. There was George, Gary, Paul Kunz, Lar and John Butikofer. As we were loading the elk on one of the horses, George said, That horse is going to kick. Lar said, He won't kick, and at the instant he kicked George in the inside thigh and picked him up and threw him down the mountain. At this time he could hardly walk and was dragging his leg along and he was very upset. He grabbed a downed Quaken Aspen that was about 20 foot long to work the horse over. George with his bad leg and a 20 foot Quaker, too heavy to swing, limping back up the mountain to get at the horse made us all about die laughing.

It is very hard to express in words the love I have for my dear Uncle George. I miss him every day of my life and I hope some day to be back with him. Lar could write a book of the good times I had with my Uncle George but you only asked for one or two.

Love you Uncle George, Larry Butikofer

P.S. from Sharon: As Larry says, I got teased a lot by Uncle George. He loved to embarrass me whenever he could. We went through Yellowstone Park on our honeymoon in a quick hurry because Larry really wanted to fish with Uncle George. Kind of shows you his priorities where George and hunting and fishing were concerned. Being with George made so many great memories. Riding in the back of his well seasoned pickups, roaring over the Bern hills, was more fun than any amusement park ride. He always knew where to go to find the deer, dead or alive. His organizational skills with our

big hunting groups were superb. His enthusiasm and optimism would keep us all going from before daylight until after dark. Knowing George added so much fun to our lives.

**Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Lois Butikofer Bates**

My first real memories of my Uncle George were from the 1945 era. Uncle George would come to our Coltman grade school here in Idaho to take our pictures. That gave me a leg up on the status rung since he was my uncle. After his day was done taking pictures, he would come over to our house for supper and spend the night.

Uncle George was a dashing looking man. He had this pencil-thin mustache that I would watch him trim and paint with mascara in the mornings before going off to work the schools taking pictures. He always looked and smelled so good.

Uncle George taught us kids to play rook and gin rummy. It was suicide to play with him. You could not beat him and he could tell what cards a person held in their hand just after a few hands would be played. He got upset if you did not play the right card. He was very good.

My Uncle George was a hunting machine come October 17<sup>th</sup> at day break. Everyone that went hunting with him must be in place on point and in the groves. Early 1960's one very cold morning really stands out in my mind regarding my own introduction into my Uncle George's hunting world.

My late husband Bill and I had not been married very. We decided it would be great to have meat for winter while having some fun with others at the deer hunt so decided to join the fall hunt in Bern, Idaho that year. I being a novice with guns and hunting in general, Uncle George decided to take me with him in the pickup to drive the roads.

As we were driving along the road, dawn was just breaking over the skyline. I spotted four deer standing on the ridge. I told Uncle George to stop because there were four deer standing on the ridge line. He slammed on the brakes and grabbed his rifle and proceeded to shoot at the deer. He hit one and it went down. We took off on running and finally caught up to it at which point slit its throat and began to clean it out. Uncle George spotted some more deer. He threw down his knife and told *me* to gut and clean out the deer. He took off after the other deer. I called out to him and said that I had no idea how to do that! Uncle George called back over his shoulder: "You will when you get done!" He disappeared over the ridge. I did as I was told and cleaned out the deer. YUCK! Later, Uncle George told me I had done a really good job.

Uncle George was the life of the fall hunt. He just had a way about him. He could out walk and hunt anyone in those hills. It was a real blast to pack our ice cooler with goodies to share with other hunters in our group. Going up to Bern for the deer hunt was something I looked forward to. Especially those pickup tailgate parties! The memories I have of times spent with Uncle George and his family remain very special to me to this day.



**Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Arlen J. Butikofer**

Uncle George was a person I always appreciated and looked up to. He basically lived his life as an honest man. No he wasn't perfect, neither am I, no one is for that matter. One of my early remembrances of Uncle George was when I was very young. He would let me go with him as he went from school to school in the Idaho Falls, Idaho are taking school pictures of the students. I got to help him carry his camera, film, back drops, stool and all the other things he needed to take pictures in and out of each school. I felt important, because this was how he made me feel. He had a way of making people feel important.

I remember that after a rather difficult day of picture taking, he would come back to our house and reload his film for the next day of taking pictures. He would do this with both hands inside a black bag. He couldn't see what he was doing, but he would unload the exposed film from the day's work and load new film in for the next day of taking pictures. He worked hard.

I loved the time when Mom and Dad would load us five children into the 1935 Chevy car and head for Montpelier and the small community of Bern, Idaho.

Uncle George was glad to see us and make our stay very enjoyable. I always felt welcome being there. We would sleep in the house, in the hayloft out in the barn, in the six car garage, or on the lawn. It was good to be young and enjoy life. Uncle George seemed to sense our needs and let us continue as long as it was good.

Another fond memory was the fall deer-hunting season north of Bern in the Bern farmlands and hills. Uncle George would organize us to do different things and in sent off in different directions and then the hunt would begin. No one every got hurt by being shot, maybe from falling over a log. I guess the biggest hurt might have been not getting your own deer and someone else did. However, there was always another day, always a good time, lots of laugh, and lots of eating the best food ever ... and lots of it. I believe the best cooks ever were in the Kunz and Butikofer families.

I have to say that Aunt Edith and Mom Ethel made footprints in life for each of us to follow. They set the path firm and straight, with love and kindness of saints. They were two special people in Uncle George's and my life too. They deserve one's respect.

Other things I remember about Uncle George was huckleberry picking time. Another was Cisco fishing on Bear Lake in January when the lake was frozen over. We would chop a hole in the ice and use a net to scoop up the Cisco fish. Each person could keep fifty fish. Uncle George would smoke them. Oh, ever so good to eat when he got them smoked. He did this in an old refrigerator that he designed for this purpose. He had a knack to do it just right.

Yes, Uncle George was a very special man – one who I enjoyed being around, his wit, his honesty, his sincerity, and his caring ways. He was able to give advice without harming a friendship.

These are some of the things I remember about Uncle George, as I remember them growing up.

**To the George Kunz Family ~  
A few memories from Gerald Beazer, nephew of Uncle George**

Uncle George was always somewhat of a mystery to me as a youth. How could anyone support a family on hunting and fishing? It was many years before I realized that my Uncle George did other things other than hunt and fish. It was only because we were all so fascinated by his stories of these sports, which seemed to be all that was talked about. He did not speak of milking cows, farming crops or any of these mundane things. Oh no, we did not want to hear of those things so he only talked about his exciting and yes, glamorous fishing and hunting trips. So, for years as a youth, I was not sure if my Uncle George was not somewhat of a freeloader only hunting and fishing all the time. As I grew older, I found that yes, indeed, there was a balance to my Uncle's life. He was an excellent photographer and had a good business in that line. That he did manage to squeeze time from the river and streams to milk cows twice a day (as in dairy cattle). Managed to get the crops planted and harvested before hunting season over came us all. He still managed to find some time to serve faithfully in his Bern ward in many capacities. A fisherman? A hunter? You bet your life! But he was always a loving supportive family man devoted to his church and his God.

It only seems natural then that I would select for my stories, and there could be many, those associated with the sport of hunting. I remember just about the time World War II was ending. All during the war years cars were not available to the public. All of those manufacturing facilities were used to make war equipment to fight the enemy. One of the first vehicles that became available at the period immediately following the war was the old Willy's Jeep. They had been making them for the war. You have all seen them in the war photographs. Well they did not have to change them, other than the paint, to sell them to the general public. I believe the first models they sold to the public still had the thirty-five mile speed governor on the engine. In fact if the truth were known, the war might have ended much sooner if those jeeps could have traveled faster! Anyway, Uncle George somehow managed to snag onto one of those new jeeps. In his travel taking school pictures, he needed dependable transportation and this jeep became available. I am not sure if it was the first run but in my mind it was brand new. I had the opportunity to ride from Idaho Falls to Bern in Uncle's new jeep. Was the color red? I'm not sure but it seems like it was. The thing that sticks in my mind was the length of time it took to make that trip. It seemed like an eternity going that slow with the canvas clover a flapping. But Uncle George was proud as a peacock with his new find. I remember how well that jeep served us over the years as we hunted those Bern hills.

The other story I thought I might be of interest to you is our famous "Last Trip to the Selway." For the previous two years my brother Keith and I had organized a trip up to Selway in central Idaho. We would travel to Darby, Montana and then pack back west with horses into the Idaho Bitterroot Forest. The second year we invited Uncle George to accompany us on the trip. We had a lot of fun but not much game. The third year we thought we would do it up right. We were going to organize the trip of a lifetime. Well let me tell you it turned out to be just that and more? But it was in such a way as you would have never suspected.

Keith and I spent hours planning the ultimate trip. First, we needed the hunters. We were hunters but we were well aware of our limitations. So again Uncle George was invited to supervise the hunting. He suggested he bring along another hunter from Bern, one Paul Kunz. Paul was close to the same age as Keith and I but Uncle George said he was a great hunter. As I recall Paul had just recently obtained



what I think was known as a Tote Goat. It was a wide tired two wheeled motorbike geared for very slow speeds. Paul maintained it would go anywhere!!!! We knew the country we were headed to and tried to discourage Paul but in the end he just knew he could make it on wheels. Well, Paul was invited but he would bring a horse just in case. We decided this time Keith and I would take our father Roland Beazer. So that made four in our family with our brother Sherman who accompanied us on our previous trips. Well, things were getting out of hand, that meant six riding horses so far plus the pack animals. We now needed a pack expert. Uncle Jeff Bills! Jeff was at that time out on the Skelton Ranch east of Leadore, Idaho. He seemed pleased to be asked to go with us, but my, how I think he must have regretted that decision later. There might have been others, but at this time I think that was all we had invited.

Now comes the logistics of getting seven saddle horses and no telling how many pack horses into Montana. It runs in my mind there were twenty to twenty one horses. Keith at the time had access to a semi truck he was using in his business and he could make it available to us. He was able to borrow a cattle semi-trailer that would hold all of the animals in one outfit. Fine good you might say, but we had one problem. The horses were scattered from Bern over to Swan Valley, then out to Leadore. This meant that Keith had to start his drive on a Sunday from Utah. Bad news you say. You do not know the half of it yet. So he goes to Bern and picks up Uncle George and Paul's animals. Then he drives over the hill to Star Valley and down to Swan Valley to pick up our rented animals. We loaded them and proceeded to haul them to Idaho Falls. This represented a good day so we had arranged to unload the animals at Jack Thomas's stockyard for the night. As we backed into the chute the trailer jackknifed too tight and broke an air hose fitting. Now our troubles began. (I told you we would remember this trip!) The rather large truck was parked in front of mothers on Jefferson Avenue while we proceeded to get parts the next morning to repair the brake system. At last we are ready to go get the horses. As Keith pulls away from the curb, ah yes, he runs over mother's small pet dog with that rather large truck. It was about this time we began to get an idea of the jinx on this trip. We would have been smart to send everyone home and call the whole thing off. But you never call a hunting trip do you? So, after gathering up enough to have a small burial and getting mother calmed back down, we eventually go underway to pick up the horses at Jack Thomas's yard.

Most of you will recall and I am certain that others will mention Uncle George's fetish about eating. The only thing I can remember now is that he could not eat onions. He never mentioned this but we knew what he was thinking when our Uncle George would not let us buy groceries until he had arrived in Idaho Falls. He thought as hunt director he should no doubt have a hand in that responsibility as well. He was very careful to slyly exclude all of the items that were a limit to his established diet.

The truck with the horses was now on the way to Leadore by this time to pickup Uncle Jeff's string of animals. The truck could haul the horses but that still left a small mountain of camping gear, tents, sleeping bags, cooking equipment, riding and pack saddles, guns, filed glasses and on and on. This was all loaded in the back of pickups for the trip. Dad and I were using one of the pickups from his business. I am not sure but George and Paul might have been in a pickup as well. We were finally on our way, or so we thought. As Keith arrived at Uncle Jeff's location in on the Skelton Ranch, he pulled out in a field to maneuver back to the loading chute. Oh yes, he went too far and sunk the truck in the muddy field. Well you just don't jack a semi out of a hole like that let me tell you. So, a ranch hand was sent to get a large tractor to pull the truck out of the mud. Eventually, they got the additional horse loaded and underway again. The drive was on out to Salmon over Lost Trail Pass and up to Darby Montana. At this point, you turn back west toward Idaho over a rough mountain road for twenty five miles almost to the top of the divide. Well, we *almost* made it. Part way up that road we

lost a front tire on the semi truck. Keith had brought a spare for the other tires but who would figure you would lose a new front tire. Oh me oh my. It was about this time I reflected again on our Sunday start. Uncle George had warned us years ago about that. Well, the only thing we could do was to take the tire off and go back down the mountain road to get a new one. We first proceeded on north to Hamilton, Montana. No tire available. So we called mother in Idaho Falls and had her pick one up and start driving toward us. This was the lady who had lost her pet dog earlier that morning so you can bet it was a good sales job on our part! This was a trip of about two hundred miles one way. We had a trailer load of critters and could not get them off of the truck without that tire. Still more trouble. Dad's pickup had a gas line blockage occur somewhere about now. We had to undo the line, clear the blockage and get on our way again.

We eventually got back up to the truck way after dark. We then proceeded to the end of the road. It was as you can imagine a difficult task to get any sort of position in the dark to adequately unload those animals on that narrow road and such a large outfit. The best we could do as to get lanterns and have them jump out of the back of that semi. This of course was the horse expert's job so Uncle Jeff was right in the middle of it. As bad luck goes, ours was not over yet. One of the animals jumped too far and caught Jeff's foot and jammed it under a large rock. Well, that sort of took him out of the action. I do not exactly recall, but I suspect we spent the rest of the rather short night right there at the end of the road. Next morning we proceeded to pack the animals as best as our crippled noble leader could direct us and proceeded to pack into the lakes.

It is at this point that I bring you back to the Tote Goat. Yes, Paul in spite of what he had seen thus far was sure his fine machine would make it. For the life of me I do not remember how far he made it but somewhere along the way it was abandoned on the trail and he resorted to his trusty horse. There was quite a bit of downed timber that year and in places the trail was not cleared. Uncle George the "Hunter" was in the lead when we came up to the first log. His little mare just hunched up and sailed right over that tree with room to spare. The rest of us thought: "Oh my, we are out of his league!" It seems Uncle George had borrowed a horse that was a jumper. It was as much of a surprise to him as it was to us. The next time we came to a log he quickly dismounted and led her around it like the rest of us green horns.

Camp was set up, camping arrangements were made and we were set up to hunt. Uncle Jeff was too sore to go out so he said he would be camp cook and stay. As you left camp, you were forced to cross a creek as it entered the lake at this point. That cold water is up above the stirrups of your horse. For some reason Dad's horse got nervous and threw him off right in the middle of that cold stream. We're talking early morning in the cold and landing in ice cold water. That sort of cooled Dad off for the day. I can still remember as Uncle George rode into camp that night after a hard day of hunting and only a light noon lunch. He lifted the lid off the stew that Uncle Jeff had made for us and as I recall his words were: "Well, I am too tired to eat anyway!" It seems that Uncle Jeff had visited some abandoned camps around the lake and found the onions that Uncle George as so careful to exclude from our groceries. We did not





dare laugh but quickly, I am sure, arranged for something else for him to eat. I never knew if Uncle Jeff did that on purpose or if it was simply a thing he would normally do when he made a good stew.

I do remember Dad got very ill on that trip. I was afraid for his heart but it turned out to be simple indigestion. Eventually Uncle Jeff's foot healed and he was able to ride again. To this day I do not remember how many (if any) elk our "hunters" got. All I can remember are the sad parts of the story. Needless to say after that infamous hunt Keith and I never went back to Selway again. I am sure our Uncle George would have run away had we even mentioned it!

Oh but there were good times we had with our Uncle George Kunz.

**A Special Memory of My Uncle George**

**By**

**Ellen Mae Bruderer**

On of my most outstanding memories of Uncle George happened when I was about eleven years old. I was going up to the Blackfoot Stare Fair with my 4-H leaders so show and model my sewing project. I was to wait for my leaders to pick me up. My brother Dwain was in the first grade and about six years of age at that time. He was to get out on the school bus when it came. However, he started to cry and wanted to go with me. Big old softie me thought I could take him with me. As long as I took care of him it would be alright for him to go too. Mom had made a small lunch and I had a quarter to spend so I thought we were in good shape. (Remember it was the depression then and money was scarce.)

We did as my leader asked and after the style show was over we were able to walk around and see things. We spotted Uncle George taking pictures and talked with him for a few minutes. He took our pictures and bought us each an ice cream cone. We thought we were in heaven when he reached into his pocket and handed me a dollar for us to spend. It was really a life saver for our lunch didn't last us for long.

The day was great and we had a good time but when we got home, Mom and Dad were frantic. They couldn't find Dwain and he hadn't been to school. They had looked everywhere for him. They had called the Sheriff. I was sure t hey were going to put me in jail for disobeying the instructions I had been given when they had left that morning to go to the mountains to get a load of wood for our winter use. I just didn't think of the serious consequences of not leaving a note for them. However I'll never forget the kindness of a generous Uncle George that made a good day for two scared and hungry kids. That has been over sixty years ago but has precious memories for me.

**Memories of Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Harold A. Kunz**

I remember George as the ultimate scoutmaster. He took us camping and taught us to cook and build fires. He also played a never ending variety of outdoor games all of which made the adventure exciting and fun. When we met in the old Bern schoolhouse he would sometimes bring a huge burlap bag full of peanuts. What a mess we would make with the hulls, but he always made us clean it all up.

One special memory for me was a time that he took me fishing up to the big beaver dam at the head of Montpelier creek. He spent hours teaching me the correct way to cast a trout fly. It took a long time for me to perfect the art but without his instruction I would never had mastered it.

He once took Dad and I, Orlando, Don Sorenson, Max, Wendell, and Gary to Yellowstone Park to fish on Yellowstone Lake. He had a large 7-man rubber life raft with a motor. What a trip. He supplied me with a down-filled mummy type sleeping bag. In the night a bear came into the tent and got into the grub box which was right at my feet. He and Don heard the commotion and saw the bear. They decided to count to three and then yell and turn on the large five cell flashlight. When we did this, Mr. Bear ran out of the tent and, I am told, over a nearby tent. I was so well bundled in my warm sleeping bag that I did not even wake up.

"Uncle George" was the most colorful man in Bern. He just did not fit the conservative mold of most of the men in town. For example when he built a barn he turned the loft into a dance floor and held dances there. When he needed a freezer he built a walk-in freezer and sold ice cream and treats from it.

When I moved from Bern he adopted my father and made a fisherman out of him. This brought years of retirement pleasure to my aging father. Although he and my father are both gone these memories will always spice up my life. Have a pleasant reunion. Harold A. Kunz

**Tribute to George S. Kunz**  
**By**  
**Montain Kunz**

During mid-summer of the year 1945 the Montpelier district boy scouts went on a three day camp trip. It was announced that it would take place in elk valley. I was thirteen years old and had never heard of that place.

George Kunz was our scoutmaster here in Bern. He along with my father, Delmar Kunz, and Robert Schmid were the adult leaders who accompanied our troop. Many of the boys from here participated as did a large number of scouts from Montpelier Stake. The necessary plans were made well in advance



to make it a successful experience. This of course created excitement for all of us who went on the camp.

When the day arrived to leave we rode in cars, pickups and trucks to Ephraim valley. That was as far as vehicles could be driven. From there we hiked the seven miles into elk valley where the campsite had been pre-determined. Harvey Kennington from Star Valley, Wyoming was staying at the cabin in Ephraim Valley. His two young sons, Don and Phil, were with him. He hauled the heavier camping gear such as tents, etc. from there to the campsite in a horse drawn wagon. The road was a very primitive wagon trail-steep and narrow with several small streams of water to cross. We all walked carrying a small pack on our back. The weather was hot and the trail dusty. It seemed as though we would never reach the campsite which was located on the south side of Spring Creek about one mile below the large pond.

Our camping experience went well. We had many activities where everyone participated. Spring Creek at that time was a fisherman's paradise. The many beaver dams were full of nice sized trout. George had a fly rod and caught plenty for us to cook and enjoy. Some of the rest of us tried fishing with line tied to the end of a green willow but were of course quite unsuccessful considering the clear water.

We who participated in the camping experience enjoyed it. We all arrived back home feeling amply rewarded. While this summer was very memorable for me what took place the following year was even more noteworthy.

World war two came to an end in 1945. Almost immediately war surplus equipment became available for citizens to purchase. By the summer of 1946 George had purchased a military jeep. As I recall it was in near new condition. He and my father talked for weeks about the possibility of driving that jeep into elk valley and enjoy a day of fishing. When the time arrived to give it a try, they along with Gary and I took off early one summer morning.

We each took our fly rods. We took a couple shovels, axe, tow-chain along with other emergency tools. By the time everything was loaded in the jeep it was full to overflowing. We of course took plenty food consisting of cheese sandwiches, boiled eggs, jam sandwiches and more cheese. The trip from Ephraim valley into elk valley was somewhat scary. It was steep, rocky and very sideling in many places but we made it without any major problems. On this day history was made, this was a very first motor vehicle that had been driven into elk valley. We caught lots of fish that trip.

I went with George several other times to not only fish but hunt deer in elk valley. That jeep became very familiar with that primitive road and George learned how to negotiate the difficult places without too much problem. While others in years to follow boasted to have driven the first motor vehicle into elk valley their claims were false. George Kunz was the first to achieve this feat. I know because I was there.

**Remembering Uncle George**  
**By**  
**Paul-Anthon Nielson, a nephew**

Ursula Grace Kunz – born at Bern, Idaho, in 1908 – was the ninth of the ten children of Margaret Lauener Kunz, the fifth of John Kunz III's six wives. She was the only child born between Uncle George (in 1905) and my mother, Lula (born in 1910). Not quite thirteen months after her birth, Ursula died at Bern of spinal meningitis. The 4 ½ years difference in George and Lula's age was hardly noticeable. They were close throughout their lives.

One of my earliest childhood memories is of a "big" visit of aunts and uncles at our home in Ogden. I am almost certain that Agnes, Hazel and Lucy – three of George and Lula's 12 sisters – and Parley, Abel and Heber – three of their 11 brothers – were present (as were their cousins, Orlando and Oliver Kunz, sons of Uncle David). Other than Aunt Edith, I no longer recall any of the spouses of the other family members who were there.

After supper on that virtually unique occasion, nearly everybody spoke "Schwyzertuetsch," or – more precisely – the Bernese dialect which had actually been their first language. Although Mama understood every word said, she only spoke English with them. While the others were talking amongst themselves, Aunt Edith entertained me and my brother Kirk. Ever since, I have quoted her often: "Wouldn't it be fun to be little mice under the table and understand everything they are saying?"

Even though our family unfortunately made only few visits to Bern, Idaho, we saw Aunt Edith and Uncle George more often than the other relatives. That was because of the photography business – Kunz Studio – which Uncle George operated and in which Aunt Edith and Mama both worked.

At the age of 17, Lula received a call to go to northern California on a mission – apparently the youngest lady missionary ever called by the church – and George committed himself to being her main financial support during those two years. Lula had been in the mission field for only some four months when George and Edith were married in the Logan Temple. Mama often commented that it was hardly a matter-of-course, indeed extremely unusual for newly-weds to keep a missionary, which they did for some 20 months! When Lula returned from her mission, she started working in the studio with George and Edith.

George taught Lula the photography business. Besides operating a portrait studio, Uncle George traveled throughout Idaho (and also some of Wyoming and Utah) taking both individual and group pictures of school children. He then mailed the negatives to Mama for developing and further processing.

The recollections of my early childhood are deeply entwined with Kunz Studio. It was as a result of little jobs in the studio that my brother and I earned our first money. We never received a monthly allowance. One of Daddy's oft-quoted, tongue-in-cheek adages maintained: "He who expects something for nothing wasn't there when the brains were passed out." We were taught at a young age that money had to be earned, and our very first employment, as such, was stamping envelopes for the studio. Those envelopes were for the little individual (large postage stamp-sized) pictures, ½ dozen and 1 dozen – unfortunately I no longer recall the prices.



Having thus gained experience “working” in the studio, we were gradually trusted with other jobs: making “red” proofs (in the sunshine, which proved to be somewhat tedious in the wintertime), carefully stirring finished pictures in their (ice) water bath (which rinsed away the acids used in the production of the photographs), sorting them after they fell from the large (tin ?) drying plates, neatly trimming them on the paper cutter and then putting them in the stamped envelopes.

In my memory, I am certain that even before we learned arithmetic in school, we knew that a half-dozen amounted to seven, fifteen made a dozen. Those numbers were a bit difficult for us to comprehend. Daddy suggested that the confusion was perhaps because Mama had skipped the second grade, where such elementary lessons must have been taught. Mama insisted that it was just good business, which she had learned from George.

Whenever the doorbell on our home in Ogden rang between 5:30 and 7 a.m. in the morning, we knew it could only be the postman – Mr. Barnett – with a “special delivery” package of film from Uncle George or, “retouched” negatives and/or “oil colored” portraits from Aunt Edith.

Christmas, Valentine’s Day, Easter, Mother’s Day and graduation caused rush hours in the studio. In order to occasionally meet deadlines, long hours became almost routine. Having been born and raised in Ogden, such Idaho place names as Shelley, Aberdeen, Ririe, Weston and Rigby seemed almost exotic; by the time we were teenagers, they were almost household words.

Nearly every time Uncle George ever came to visit, he always brought us meat or fish. I was surprised as a young adult to learn how many people had never tasted salmon and only then realized how we had been spoiled, as it were, by Uncle George’s gifts of (occasionally smoked) salmon, trout, etc. Meats were either home-grown beef from his additional work as a stock raiser, or venison and truly extraordinary items such as elk or moose steaks, which resulted from his hunting excursions.

Whenever George stopped in Ogden and “just happened to have” his camera with him, he – apparently – always took pictures of us boys, as well as the only “family group” picture (in the deep snow in front of the house in Ogden) we ever had. Numerous copies still circulate, the ones of us neatly tucked in bed with combed hair being the most peculiar.

There was also another reason why Kirk and I always especially enjoyed Uncle George coming to see Mama about studio matters – she always baked a chocolate cake for dessert and thickly frosted it with a delicious fudge-chocolate frosting. Liking chocolate must have been gene-related. I always managed to devour mine (simply a bar, or an Easter bunny, or Santa Claus or Valentine, or whatever) within hours or, at the most, days; Kirk broke off a strip or a few pieces and then carefully packed “all” the rest away in his drawer. When he permitted himself to again enjoy some chocolate, I often complained about not having any more and “reminded” him and that our parents had taught us to share!

As a result, Mama often assumed the role of a diplomat in calming matters, and she repeatedly told us that a very similar situation had existed between her two brothers, Milton and George. My brother Kirk apparently took after Milton, who also only ate a corner of what in those days was a very rare piece of chocolate. Uncle George evidently ate his allotted portion in fair time and then “also” – like me – expected Milton to share with him. Grandma Margaret conducted the necessary diplomatic negotiations between her two sons, similar to her daughter Lula a generation later. (Milton was born in 1902, and died of pneumonia in 1917; another brother, Jesse, was born in 1903, between Milton and George; Jesse died at Logan in 1907 of a stricture of the bowels.)



Often when Aunt Edith and Uncle George both came to Ogden, Mama would have Aunt Edith do her hair by "giving her a permanent." As little boys we thought the smell was the worst thing in the world. The most amusing thing was Mama trying to pay Aunt Edith for her good deed. It was probably sometime in the late 1950s when I kept track of how often Mama and Edith mailed a \$20 bill back and forth between Ogden and Bern. It seemed as though more than that amount ended up being used for postage stamps, but Mama consoled me in explaining that that really didn't matter anyway, because both she and Edith always bought all their stamps (also for the studio) from Myrtle Steckler (George and Mama's niece), who was the postmistress in Bern (just like widowed Grandma Margaret had been when George and Lula were little children).

George always took great interest in his heritage. His history of Bern, Idaho, as well as his projects concerning the upkeep of the Bern cemetery and exhibits in the Bern Museum testify to that. Grandma Margaret had implored her children to never spend money for flowers to put on her grave, but rather send it to Switzerland in order to get further family records to submit for temple work. George's interest in the family history took on new perspectives after he visited Switzerland the first time.



Seeing a number of the homes in which his ancestors had lived meant a lot to him. He was excited to walk the street (which had only been a lane) through the village of Guendlishwand out to the point where the Black and White Luetschine rivers merge in the canyon, the very spot where his father (John Kunz III) baptized his mother (Margaret Lauener Kunz) while serving as a missionary in 1885. He was deeply moved to see the old "Blatten" homes up above the hamlet of Zwischenflueh where many of his paternal ancestors had resided for some two and a half centuries. His enthusiasm for the old "Schwand" home of John Kunz I – where mission president Karl G. Maeser had converted John Kunz III (who only attended the "cottage meeting" with the intention of "smoking out" the missionaries with his pipe), his first wife (Magdalena Straubhaar Kunz) and his grandmother (Rosina Katharina Klossner Kunz) in 1868 – became more or less contagious. On two occasions he brought large groups of his close relatives to Switzerland to teach them more about their Swiss roots and heritage.

In the foreword of his history of Bern, George astutely observed that his father had always taught, "All my children are brothers and sisters – no halves," and then admonished: "Let us perpetuate the love and unity he taught." That is a fitting tribute to George himself, as well as to his children and grandchildren who honor him with the present publication.



Paul Anthon-Nielson in Switzerland





Seebersee -- little mountain lake "seebergsee" high up above zwischenflueh, and i have attached that, too. although the lake itself is actually a part of the community of zweisimmen (in the upper part of simmental canyon), the "easy" way to get to it is via zwischenflueh and meniggrund, where the kunz and klossner families have lived for centuries. certainly, at least during the last 500 years, literally hundreds of our ancestors went swimming in this little lake to cool off after haying under the hot summer sun.

**Memories of Uncle George Sidney Kunz**  
**By**  
**The Agnes Dansie Family**

*(Editor's Note ~ Before sharing the actual Dansie memories, I wish to include the personal letter which I received from Joyce Dansie Taylor accompanying their memories)*

May 26, 2005

Dear Annie,

Bonnie Dansie Parkin, my sister, asked me to write some thoughts and memories of Uncle George Kunz. I take great delight in doing so and hope they will be meaningful for you. We send our love to you and the immediate descendants of George Sidney Kunz as you commemorate his 100<sup>th</sup> birthday.

My brothers, J. Rodney Dansie, Richard P. Dansie and Boyd W. Dansie shared their memories with me. Also, Aunt Thelma Dansie Peterson, and Aunt Melba Dansie Stoffers, Agnes Ruth Kunz Dansie's living daughters, shared their memories.

I must say I felt very sad to hear of Betty Jo's death. I loved her a lot and we wrote to each other every Christmas. A few times we spoke on the telephone.

I truly loved Aunt Edith. She was very good to me. I have fond memories of the times she and Aunt Ethel would drop by our home and visit before continuing on their trips together. They were loving, caring, kind and happy twin sisters.

I look forward to hearing about your upcoming celebration. We send our love to all of you and our testimonies of the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

With love,  
Joyce D. Taylor

**Agnes Ruth Kunz Dansie was a sister to George Sidney Kunz.**

### **Kunz Family Reunion**

We went to Bern, Idaho for a Kunz Family Reunion one year. You were always welcome at Uncle George and Aunt Edith's home. They gave up their bed to Art and Loraine because they were the only married couple. The single boys slept on the living room floor with blankets and sleeping bags. The single girls slept in the girl's bedroom with the mattress on the floor and box springs for those remaining. It was always lots of fun to be together and share in the stories and happy times.

### **Helping Jesse Find Work**

Jesse Homer Dansie, Agnes's eldest son, had served a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Northwest during the Great Depression. When he came home, there were not jobs available. Uncle George was a school photographer at the time. He invited Jesse to go to Idaho and help him in that business. Uncle George and Aunt Edith shared with everyone!

### **Thinking of Others**

Uncle George knew how his sister Agnes liked fresh fish so he was always thinking of ways to get some of his great catches back to Utah so she could enjoy the tasty trout from Idaho.

### **Fishing with Uncle George**

Uncle George and Jesse went fishing. Uncle George sent his catch along with those Jesse caught back to Utah. As Jesse was returning home, he hit an animal that had run onto the road. As the two collided, the animal landed on Jesse's trunk. The police didn't bother to open the trunk because it was stuck. He got the fish home and was able to share the delicious fish with everyone!

### **Uncle George and Aunt Edith Rescue Stranded Lovebirds**

Melba Dansie Stoffers went to Afton, Wyoming to teach Home Economics at Star Valley High School. There she met Gerald Stoffers and one of their dates was a bicycle ride from Afton over to Montpelier, Idaho and over to Bern, Idaho. Melba told Gerald that if they couldn't make it back to Afton, Uncle George would take them back in his truck. You guessed it! Uncle George had traded in his truck for a



car. And no way would he put those bicycles in his new car! Aunt Edith got blankets and wrapped them around one bike and put it in the car. The other bike was tied to the trunk and Uncle George took them back until they were 1 1/2 miles from Afton. They rode their bikes on into Afton. Melba says that word got around town that the two had biked from Afton to Bern roundtrip! Little did they know that Melba had an Uncle George and an Aunt Edith!

### **Uncle George ~ The World's Best Fisherman**

Uncle George was the World's Best Fisherman! He'd put the line and before you know it, there was a fish biting! Those who had the distinct privilege of fishing with him knew they would always come home with more than enough fish!

Rodney, Richard and Boyd tell the story of going fishing with Uncle George and their dad, Jesse. This time was no different. They caught many fish and Uncle George shared his catch with them as he always did. On the way home from this particular fishing getaway, the boys and their father had car trouble. But that didn't discourage them as they knew they had fresh fish in the ice chest, ready to cook when they arrived back in Herriman, Utah.

Joyce Dansie Taylor also remembers a treasured fishing trip with Uncle George in Yellowstone Park. Uncle George took the family in a rubber boat and they caught fish one after the other! Later, they cooked the fish with some hash browns around the campfire.

### **Smiles, Laughter, and Love**

Uncle George and Aunt Edith would drive down and into the Dansie's Place in Herriman, Utah and always brought happy smiles, laughter, love and stories. Through the years, they were good friends with Jesse and Ruth Dansie. Uncle George was like a brother to Jesse. Aunt Edith's sister was Ruth Dansie's sister-in-law, Ethel Bills Butikofer, who was married to Ruth's brother, John Butikofer.

Jesse and Ruth Dansie enjoyed a trip to Switzerland because Uncle George organized it with Paul Neilson, Aunt Lula's son. On the trip there was such a feeling of love. Everyone who attended felt a deep connection with one another. The spirit of Elijah was definitely in action.

Uncle George Kunz took many a photo of the Jesse H. and Ruth Dansie Family. Joyce's love for photography grew from his example. Aunt Edith did a lot of photo finishing that made the pictures look outstanding! They worked together, played together, laughed together and fulfilled their baptismal covenants to bear one another's burdens. Love was truly spoken in their presence.

## **APPENDIX**

### **Life Sketch of George Sidney Kunz September 20, 1905 – November 21, 1981 Given by Roger L. Kunz Bern Ward Chapel, Bern, Idaho**

It gives me great pleasure to stand here this day and pay tribute to my father. I am glad that my mother asked me to do this. I asked an interest in the prayer that my cousin gave to help me.

A mighty oak tree has fallen this past week. This large and mighty tree was strong and straight and true. This tree was so strong that many came to lean and many came just to sit and gain strength from its far reaching branches. Although this tree is now gone from the forest, we call earthly life, much is left behind from which we can all gain strength, joy, and comfort.

George Sidney Kunz began his humble life on the 20th of September 1905, in a log house located near the entrance to Bear Hollow which is near Bern, Idaho. His earthly parents were John Kunz III and Margaret Lauener. His parents taught him the things that he would need throughout his life to keep him on the course that would return him to his Heavenly Father. They taught him how to work early in his life and he always had chores and responsibilities. He loved to put up hay. His father died when he was twelve years old and his mother always showered him with love, even though her lot was hard. He was baptized just below the dairy in Lanes Creek, later called Williamsburg, on the 20<sup>th</sup> of September 1913, by his older brother, William J. He saw death many times in those early years. From his journal he records: "I never really grieved too much if the person who died was assured of Celestial Glory either because of their age or they way they lived." I feel that my father has lived such that he will attain the glory to which he has referred.

He attended grade school in Bern, Idaho. He attended high school in both Paris and Montpelier, Idaho. He graduated from high school in 1925. The next summer he worked at the ice plant house in Montpelier to earn money to go to college. He attended Brigham Young University. Now, in 1925, it wasn't too common for a young man from Idaho to go to college! But Dad's drive and ambition created a desire within himself to find his station in life. During his first year in college he had to hold down two jobs to earn money to be able to attend. He cooked doughnuts and maple bars and also tended a furnace for a place to sleep. And sleep he did, right next to the furnace. It was during that time that he met Harold Buchanan, a photographer. They became good friends. Then and through him Dad became interested in photography. Harold taught him the business in which Dad would associate himself for the next 46 years.

In October, 1927, this young man took on a commitment to keep his sister Lula on a full-time mission for the church. As Lula records: "My mission was a great sacrifice for George in as much as he had to borrow money to begin his photography business and at that time he was concentrating on photographing children. The pictures at that time sold for fifteen cents a dozen or two dozen for twenty-five cents."



Soon after his commitment to his sister Lula, he met Edith Bills of Rigby, Idaho. They met when my mother, then just sixteen, took the Ellsworth twins whom she was tending, in to have their pictures taken by George in his vacant studio. A relationship soon developed that will last through eternity. After a few short weeks of courtship, he asked Edith to meet his family but her daddy wouldn't let her go alone so he sent her dear twin sister Ethel along with her. George, Edith, and Ethel pushed George's little black ford coupe through the snow drifts over the Georgetown divide into the Bear Lake Valley in February 1928. Marriage was soon discussed and as mother recalls: "Aunt Mae Kunz offered a quilt that helped seal the deal." Mother also recalls daddy being a dashing young man who swept her off her feet.

Within about six weeks from the time they first met they were married. This marriage took place on the 29th of February, 1928, in the Logan LDS Temple. Their first child, Douglas Ray, was born December 7, 1928. He was a strong good looking boy. He lived only a short time until his Heavenly Father called him home on the 30<sup>th</sup> day of January, 1929. During this time of sorrow, there was still a commitment to that wonderful sister Lula serving on her mission. Lula told me this last Sunday, "Your daddy and mother never missed a payment to me during the twenty four months of my mission. They sent \$50.00 each month."



Lula Kunz Nielsen with her missionary companion while serving a full-time mission in the California Mission in 1927.

Now this can be an example to all of us in honoring the commitments we make in this life. As mother recalls it took a lot of sales at fifteen cents a dozen to raise \$50.00 each month. "Often we were short and often I didn't know where we would come up with the money but somehow your dad always did and we were blessed for it."

After Douglas, came six lovely children: Betty Jo, Barbara Ann, Gary George, Gereldene, Ronald Kent, and Roger Lee. There are many experiences which happened in Dad's life that are well worth noting but time will only allow me to mention but a few.

From the studio in Idaho Falls, he moved to Montpelier where another studio was opened and later a move to Bern where dad purchased a farm. It was on this farm that he wanted his children raised and to grow up. He wanted to teach them the value of work, the same value that had been instilled in him by his parents. He wanted all of his children given the chance to work. They were all given chores from the time they were small. To the boys he gave the opportunities to buy calves and watch a small heifer grow into a little herd so that they could learn to manage money. He always taught us children to pay an honest tithing. This was easy for him and he never cheated the Lord. I remember when Delmar was bishop and dad was serving in the Bishopric with him and Rudolph. Each fall they gave a calf to help support the ward and each fall we took the biggest and best calf, as dad should have, and gave it to the Lord.

Dad always worked hard and fast. As boys, we can remember many times having to run to catch the truck when he thought that we were there when we should have been. Now he expected a lot out of his children and wanted us to do a little bit more and work just a little harder than the next person. What a

lesson in life this has for all of us. Now God blessed me with a large and strong body but none could outwork my dad when he was healthy. I remember when he and Leland, Bishop Leland, made a contract in Border to haul hay. As I recall, and my memory is a little dim, there were about 15,000 bails that we had to haul in the Border area. The three of us hauled that hay in about ten days. I was eighteen then and very strong and you know, I tried my best to out work him – no way! He was only fifty six but it was no use as he could out pace me with ease. He always taught us a few lesson and those lessons associated with work were that if you didn't know how to work you couldn't hold down a job and never to worry about what an employer would pay you. He'll pay you what you're worth. These extremely strong values and this extremely strong work ethic is reflected in his children as Betty Jo has been with the same employer for over twenty three years, Barbara for over twenty years, Gary worked for the railroad for many years and is now working for Becker. Gerry has been with her employer for many years. Kent and Roger have been with their respective companies for over seventeen years. All of us can gain from the tremendous example that Dad has given us to work hard at everything we do.

Well, I've talked about how hard he worked but he also knew how to play hard. You see, he never did anything easy or in a haphazard manner. He always went at it hard. Oh, how he loved to fish and hunt and be close to God in the mountains! I can remember many times he would get us boys up at 4:30 in the morning to haul hay. He got us up so that we could go fishing in the afternoon. We got the work done early.

Kent recalls one time when he was fishing with Dad and Dad wandered off down the stream. I am sure President Montain can appreciate that. Dad lost track of time on the streams as he wandered. As night came, Kent walked back to the truck, and darkness came, he was sure something had happened to his dad. He knelt down and prayed to his Heavenly Father that something had not happened to his dad. Well, about nine o'clock that evening, in wandered dad with a simple explanation: "I found a hole where they were really biting and I just couldn't leave it."

As I look out across you good people this day, I know that my dad shared many good hunting and fishing experiences with you, for that was one of the things he loved to do. He was good at hunting and fishing. He worked at that like he worked at everything – hard. He always seemed able to sense where the game was, "Let's just go over here!" Never discouraged, always on the upbeat he would reply, "We will find some." He knew where they were. And fishing – I don't think I have to tell you what a fisherman he was. I have yet to meet someone who could catch like he did. "Throw it in right there," he would say. I could throw it in and it would sit there. He could throw it in and BAM !! - He'd have one! I don't know what it was but he could do it. These memories death cannot take from you and me this day. He was always so proud of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He was extremely proud of them when they excelled at something. He received great joy when he knew that they were doing the right things. Whey they did something in the church he would bubble over with joy and would want to share it with everyone. He was so proud of Ann when she filled a mission. He loved to take the grandchildren with him to do things. He often took Gary and Kathy's boys with him to work and to do many things. He loved to teach them to work. He wanted them to do the best job they could at all times. But when the work was done, he took them fishing.

When Barbara was a little girl, we kid but we think she might have been dad's favorite, as he would take her with him on the road to take pictures, sometimes even to miss school, to some of the other's dismay.



Now dad's love for the Lord was equal to only the love he had for my mother and his family. He had a great love for the Gospel of Jesus Christ and it meant a great deal to him. He spent his entire life trying to teach and train his children and grandchildren in the Gospel principles.

He loved the family unit and always stressed how important it was. I pray that all of us as a family might feel his strength, influence and love for us and pull together to help us join his and mother's eternal family unit someday.

He told Gereldene when she married Mervin, even though she thought she was madly in love with him, someday she would learn to love this man, thus creating the family bonding agent that is needed in every home.

He had great faith in the Lord and in the healing power of the Priesthood. He told us many times: "Have faith and trust in the Lord and don't rely on the arm of flesh." He exhibited this trust when he called the Stake President on one occasion and his Bishop on another, which has been referred to this morning, to be administered to prior to his going to a medical doctor to be treated for his heart problem.

My dad always wanted to go on a mission for the church and although he never did, we as a family feel that he completed his mission when he put together the Bern Museum and made his trips over to Switzerland. Oh how he hoped and prayed that somehow he would help to soften the hearts of some of those relatives from Switzerland! Whenever anyone came to the museum, from Switzerland, he would give them some pamphlets and a copy of the Book of Mormon, take them to the house and mother would feed them.

He always had a story to tell, no matter the subject he would come up with one. He taught like the Savior did in parables. His stories always had a moral to them. Mom and the rest of our family will always remember his stories. I hope we learned the lessons that he wanted to teach us and that we might teach others.

Dad had a great desire to preserve history. He started and wrote a journal. This has been a great comfort to us the past few days as we have read in that journal. Now all of us can take a lesson from that. You might think to yourself why should I write in a journal? It doesn't mean anything. But I would bear testimony to you this day that if you would write down the events of your life, they will mean something to someone, this day as I have read my father's words of the many things he did. It strengthens me and lifts me up and I'm glad for them. He also started the Bern Museum and recently wrote two books – one of these was a history of Bern, Idaho, the other a history of his father and mother and two generations since. Let me tell you that he had great desires to complete these books for his posterity, you and I. My mother, McKay, and maybe a little of me knows how strong this desire was. Once he had the book about his parents typed, he came to Pocatello to have me help him copy the book.

He got to Pocatello one evening and I said to him to leave the book with me. I knew he was sick and didn't feel well. I told him I'd copy it at my time. You know that wasn't quite good enough for him. He said to me, "Oh couldn't we just go out and see how the copier worked?" I said; "Dad, I have some meetings. We can go out about 7:30p.m. and see how it works." Judy and I, knowing how he was feeling, loaded him in the truck with his book at 7:30p.m. and headed for the copy machine. He never complained. We worked. He didn't want to quit. At 2:30 in the morning the copy machine broke down. We were to page ninety. I called the repairman the next day and the next night after

work, we were there again and we finished about midnight. I could not and did not understand at the time, the burning desire he had to complete that book. I know now as this was only a few short weeks ago. Dad and mother have always been willing to lend a hand to all of us when we needed it.

Dad loved his neighbors, his friends, and oh how he loved his nieces and nephews as well as all of his family. I can honestly say he followed the commandments of God concerning love for his neighbor. Dad never turned a deaf ear to anyone.

Betty Jo relates that she often came to her dad when she had her problems and then he would listen, counsel, advice, and encouraged her on what to do. He never was cross when she went against his counsel and came back a second time to receive more.

Gary relates that he could always depend on his dad to give him a hand when it was needed. Dad never turned him down and I can never recall in my life him turning anyone down when they needed help.

The forty six years in the photography business brought many experiences to all of us. We learned many things including watching both of our parents drive themselves beyond normal limits during those by seasons. After forty six years, he retired from the photography business and the ranch, but could he retire? No! He soon started to test milk in the Bear Lake Valley under the DI program. He did this up until a month prior to his death. He also wrote those previous mentioned books and organized and was creator of the Bern Museum. He helped organize the Bern Cemetery District and helped collect funds to improve it. This project, though not yet complete, will always have his name and mark on it.

Oh how he loved to make jerky the past few years! He worked at that like he worked at any other project and soon he was turning people away because he just didn't have the facilities to make it. We as children tried to encourage him. "Dad, you can't make that much." I didn't see many people that he turned away. He always tried to get them done.

Dad's love of God led him to serve in many positions in the church. He always worked in the church, serving in the Bern ward bishopric with Bishop Delmar and Rudolph. He served in many Priesthood and Youth Leadership and teaching positions. He also worked as a temple worker. Oh how dad loved to go to the temple. It bothered him in the recent years as his health failed him as he couldn't go as often as he would have liked to. On his calendar in his bedroom, all the temple days are marked completely through the end of the year. Now, just a couple months prior to his death, at age 76, he was still serving Bishop Leland as the ward executive secretary, teaching the High Priest Quorum, a home teacher, church magazine representative and was the first assistant to the ward High Priest group leader. Now Betty Jo talked to dad on the phone Friday just a few minutes prior to one of those many attacks that were to take his life. He admonished her to be true to what he'd taught her during that phone call and to learn from his teachings and lean on them.

Dad's earthly life ended on the 21<sup>st</sup> day of November about 3:20p.m. in the Salt Lake LDS Hospital, following complications from open heart surgery. His earthly body will be laid to rest next to his son Douglas Ray in the Bern, Idaho cemetery, which overlooks Bear Hollow, the place of his birth.

Survivors include his wife, Edith, his sons and daughters, Betty Jo Hyman, Barbara Ann Lish, Gary George Kunz, Gereldene Bennion, Ronald Kent Kunz, and Roger Lee Kunz, twenty grandchildren,



three great grand-children, brothers Abel and Parley, and a sister, Lula Nielson. He was preceded in death by a son, Douglas, a grandson, Craig, and twelve sisters and nine brothers.

He was loved by all that knew him. He had many values that made him great. We cannot mourn too long for George Kunz this day for his life was full, rich, happy, and blessed. We can only mourn for ourselves for we did not know him for as long as we'd liked to have known him on this earth. His earthly mission is complete. He has passed through the veil to join his son, his mother, his father, his brothers and sisters, and his many friends and relatives who have gone on prior. I want all of you to know that as sure as I stand here this day, especially for my mother, my brothers and my sisters, my nieces and my nephews and their families, that if you will so order your lives and pattern them after this great man, that great will be your joy when you join him in the life after this death.



The last words that he wrote in his journal are as follows: "I am going to lay down and rest."

I will see you Daddy in eternity.

**Edyth B. Kunz Kirby Funeral**  
**Talk Given By**  
**Roger L. Kunz**  
*May 21, 2002*

I am humbled to occupy this position today. It is both an honor and privilege to be able to speak at my mother's funeral. I appreciate the words that my niece Ann has shared with us today. It has brought back a lot of memories of my Mother. To my dear Aunt Ethel, my Mothers twin sister, I want you to know how much we love and appreciate you for being her today and for what you have meant to our family over the years and most of all for what you meant to our Mother and Grandmother. To my sisters, brothers and their families and to all of you who are here today I extend my love and thanks for being here to honor Edith Bills Kunz Kirby and her family.

I know that many of Mom's family have shed a lot of tears over the last few days with the loss of this great lady and that is very appropriate. We can read in the D&C 42:45 "Thou shalt live together in love, insomuch that thou shalt weep for the loss of them that die." Although I have shed many tears most have been large tears of happiness for the goodness of her life, the example she was and for the things that she taught me. Judy reminded me yesterday that it is not everyone that has privilege of having a Mother and Grandmother as long as this family has had her with us. I also shed tears of happiness to know of the happiness that Mother is experiencing at this time.

In D& C 72:4 we read, "For he who is faithful and wise in time is accounted worthy to inherit the mansions prepared for him of my Father". I know that my mother was faithful and wise in the use of her time and will see the fulfillment of this scripture. With regards to use of her time, let me share a few sentences from an e-mail that I received yesterday about memories of growing up around my Mom in Bern. This was written by my cousin Harriet Kunz Tippetts...In a few words it says a lot about my mother's life:

*"When ever there was a crisis in my family (real or perceived) it was My Aunt Edith to the rescue. As I look back on the memories of growing up in Bern, I can say that our whole community was blessed by her example of compassion, charity, love and understanding. She would arrive at the home with a tray of baked goods or a steaming platter of food and then with a quick glance about, she instinctively knew what needed to be done. She would stay until the crisis had passed or until she had wisely delegated responsibility for what needed to follow to keep the family going. I don't remember if she attended Relief Society, but she WAS the Relief Society personified.*

*So many times when I felt troubled or misunderstood, My Aunt Edith, with her gift of compassion, understanding, and experience at raising a big family, would invite me to just sit and talk. She could always tell when I needed someone to help sort things out."*

I would like to now take a few minutes and discuss some basic principles of the gospel, which I know my mother, understood. To those of you who are not of the LDS faith I ask that you allow me to discuss of some of the basic beliefs of my Mother's faith.

Have you ever wondered why we have this event called death in our lives?



We can read a scripture about that -- in 2 Nephi 9:6 we read "For as death hath passed upon all men, to fulfill the merciful plan of the great Creator, there must needs be a power of resurrection, ..."

So what is this plan that is talked about in this scripture?

I want to spend a few moments and discuss this plan:

#### Premortal Life:

We were all children of God, our Heavenly Father, and we lived with Him as spirits before coming to earth (Romans 8:16-17). Heavenly Father called a grand council in heaven. He then presented a plan for our eternal development and happiness, which we call the plan of salvation. Then all of here today choose to follow that plan (Abraham 3:22-26). Our elder brother Jesus Christ, the first born son of Heavenly Father, volunteered to be our Savior (Abraham 3:27-28).

Lucifer, another son of God, rebelled against the plan and tried to take away our agency. He was cast out and will never have a physical body. Throughout the ages, he has tried to make all mankind miserable, like himself, by tempting us to be wicked. (Moses 4:1-4, 2 Nephi 2:17-18).

God created this earth as a place for us, his children, to receive mortal bodies and to be tested. (Abraham 3:24-25; Moses 3:5)

#### The Fall

Adam and Eve were chosen to be the first of Heavenly Fathers children to come to earth and were placed in the Garden of Eden. At that time they were not mortal beings (Genesis 2: 7-8, 21-23).

They chose to eat the fruit that God had forbidden them to eat. As a result they were separated from God's presence. This separation is called a spiritual death. They became mortal just like you and I are today -- they had physical bodies and would eventually die. They also became able to have children -- for which I am grateful (2 Nephi 2:19-23; D&C 29:40-41).

#### Mortal Life

All those who choose in the premortal life to follow Heavenly Father's plan gained a physical body by being born here on this earth -- that would be all of us that are alive today. During this life we are tested to see whether we are willing to live by faith and obey Heavenly Fathers commandments when he is not physically present (Alma 34:32; Abraham 3:24-26).

In mortality, each person is free to choose whether he or she will follow God or follow Satan (2 Nephi 2:27).

#### Between Death and the Resurrection

So what happened to my mother when she died? When we die, our spirits go to the spirit world, and our bodies remain on earth. This period of separation lasts until the resurrection. The spirits of the righteous are received into a state of peace and happiness, which is called paradise. The spirits of the wicked are placed in spirit prison. (Alma 40:9-14).

As Mother left this mortal existence she went home -- we can read about that in Alma 40: 11 "Now, concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection—Behold, it has been made known unto me by an angel, that the spirits of all men, as soon as they are departed from this mortal body,

*yea, the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life".*

The atonement and resurrection of Jesus Christ provide a way for all mankind to overcome physical death and be resurrected. Resurrection means that our spirits and perfected bodies will be reunited for eternity (2 Nephi 9:10-13; 1 Corinthians 15:22). Yes that means that Mother will have a perfect body – restored hearing and all – and yes that means there is hope that I will hear again someday.

The atonement of Jesus Christ provides the way for us to be cleansed from sin and return to the presence of God. The Savior suffered for the sins of all mankind in the Garden of Gethsemane and on the cross. As a result of His suffering, we can repent of our sins and become like Him (Mosiah 3:5-12).

### Kingdoms of Glory

After the resurrection, each person will be assigned to a kingdom of glory. Those who are righteous will inherit the greater joy and blessings than those who do not obey God's commandments. (1 Corinthians 15:35, 40-42)

I want to now discuss for a few minutes the lessons we can be taught by death, — particularly the death of a loved one. and about the resurrection.

We read in Mosiah 16: 7- 8 *"And if Christ had not risen from the dead, or have broken the bands of death that the grave should have no victory, and that death should have no sting, there could have been no resurrection. But there is a resurrection, therefore the grave hath no victory, and the sting of death is swallowed up in Christ".*

Those words mean a lot to mean a lot to me as I think about my mother, where she is now, her life and the goodness of it. I know she was not perfect but those of us that knew her understand the goodness of her heart and love and compassion she had for those who were around her. She loved to do good unto others and one of her greatest joys was just doing for others. I remember from our days in Bern of how she would always reach out to those in need...to my Grandmother, my aunt Marie, Aunt Mamie, Aunt Norine, Aunt Hilda, others and to me.

The first lesson we can learn from death is that life is short whether one dies at nineteen or at almost ninety-one. To a nineteen year-old, ninety-one years seems like an eternity. But to my mother, ninety one years was not a long probationary period.

Second, death reminds us that there is a spirit in all of us. As I viewed the remains of my mother today, it was obvious that more than blood had left her body.

Early last Friday morning Gerry and I stood in her hospital room discussing how Mother had done during the night on my shift with her. I explained a few things to Gerry and then started to prepare to leave the room. I had already said my good-bys to Mom and had given her a kiss on the cheek and told her I was going home and it was OK for her to go home. We both turned our back on her for a moment and as I went to leave I took one last look at her over my shoulder from the doorway and immediately noted that the light of her spirit no longer animated her face. She, had given up the spirit, it was a change that was very easy for me to see. I told Gerry she had just gone home. We rushed to her bed side but her spirit was gone.



Death also teaches us the importance of eternal families. Just as there are parents to greet a newborn on earth, the scriptures teach that caring family members greet the spirits in paradise and assist them in the adjustments to a new life (Gen. 25:8; Gen. 35:29; Gen. 49:33). I had the distinct impression that morning that Mom's oldest sister Thelma was one of those choice spirits who came to get her.

After my Mom was gone and while I was standing in the hospital room I thought about the joy that she would experience that very morning as she was able to greet her mother, whom she only had for a few years on this earth. She was also able to hug a son, Douglas, whom she only had for a little more than a month on this earth. Plus I know that my Dad along with Frank were also there to greet her. I testify to you with all my heart that heaven only exists if families are eternal.

A fourth lesson, and perhaps the most important, concerns the purpose of life. To be meaningful, life must be more than just the. . .pleasures of this life. As we have discussed our Heavenly Father has prepared a fair and just plan. Death is a part of that plan. Developing faith in and coming to know one's Maker is at the core of the plan. Having hope with regard to one's eternal destiny and experiencing joy must also be part of life's purpose. Mother had much joy in her life. She had a deep love for her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, great-great grandchildren, her twin sister and her friends in the later years of her life. In the early part of her life she loved all of those around her and she loved life itself and always lived it to it fullest. I told her the morning that we took her to the hospital that we needed to go dancing. She showed her sense of humor when she said, "Oh sure, you would wait to ask me until I am in this situation".

Death also teaches us that we do not experience a fullness of joy in this mortal life and that everlasting joy can only be achieved only with the assistance of our Master (D&C 93:33-34).

If we read about the lame man at the pool of Bethesda, he needed someone stronger than himself to be healed (John 5:1-9), I would submit that we are all dependent on the miracles of Christ's atonement if our souls are to be made whole from grief, sorrow, and sin.

As we grieve the loss of Edyth, my mom, in our lives we must have faith in the Savior and his plan. It is okay to be somewhat saddened by the passing of a loved one. Someone once said that the only way to take the sting out of death would be to take the love out life. How comforting it is to have death's sting softened as Jesus bears our grief and comforts us through the Holy Spirit.

It is through Christ, that broken hearts are mended and peace replaces anxiety and sorrow and pain. As Isaiah stated concerning the Savior, "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; ... And with his stripes we are healed" (Isa. 53:4-5). I know that I will, and so can you, see my Mother again and be with her in the eternities.

The prophet Alma teaches us about Christ's healing power as he taught the Gideonites. Referring to Christ, Alma stated that he would go forth "suffering pains and afflictions and temptations of every kind; and this that the word might be fulfilled which saith he will take upon him the pains and the sicknesses of his people. ... And he will take upon him their infirmities, that his bowels may be filled with mercy, ... that he may know according to the flesh how to succor his people" (Alma 7:11-12). No matter what is the source of our pain, Jesus understands it and can heal the spirit as well as the body.

The Savior knows each of us personally. In the garden and on the cross, Jesus saw each of us and not only bore our sins, but also experienced our deepest feelings so that he would know how to comfort and strengthen us during times such as these. As part of his redeeming power, Jesus can remove the sting of death or restore the spiritual health of a struggling soul.

The experience of my mother's death has helped me identify and rejoice in the blessings of the gospel namely hope, peace, and direction. If any one of my mother's family and particularly my dear Aunt Ethel are in anyway struggling with our loss may you find peace in these words of Elder Richard G. Scott when he tells us *"Please learn that as you wrestle with a challenge and feel sadness because of it, you can simultaneously have peace and rejoicing"* (Conference Report, Oct. 1995, 20; or Ensign, Nov. 1995, 17).

May each of us find that peace and rejoicing and have enough faith in the Father and the Son to follow his plan which will help us become whole and someday once again be reunited with this wonderful lady and Mother of mine. In the humble name of Jesus Christ, Amen.





**A Copy of a Letter Written By The Prophet Joseph  
Fielding Smith to John Kunz  
Regarding Cheese Sent to the Prophet**

September 24 1840.

Bishop John Kunz,

Barn, Idaho

My Dear Bishop:-

Your most welcome favor bearing date of Williamsburg, Idaho, September 9th, reached me September 11th, also bill of lading of cheese at Soda Springs. About a week later the cheese came in very good shape, some of the boxes a little broken, but the cheese looking well. I scarcely know how to express my appreciation of your kindness or the extent of my gratitude to you and kind Providence for such a blessing as my crop of cheese is to me and my family.

Each season we look forward with the liveliest interest to the coming of our harvest of cheese which seems to be relished by my numerous family better than any other class of cheese which the market affords; we almost always run short toward the latter end and are obliged to supplement our supply by such cheese as we can buy at the store which is always, according to our liking inferior to that which we get from you.

Wishing you continued prosperity and the choicest blessing of the Lord in your Bishopric, I am,

Gratefully yours,

*Joseph F. Smith*

September 24, 1915

Bishop John Kunz  
Bern, Idaho

My Dear Bishop,

Your most welcome favor bearing date of Williamsburg, Idaho, September 9<sup>th</sup>, reached me September 11, also bill of lading of cheese at Soda Springs. About a week later the cheese came in very good shape, some of the boxes a little broken, but the cheese looking well. I scarcely know how to express my appreciation of your kindness or the extent of my gratitude to you and kind Providence for such a blessing as my crop of cheese is to me and my family.

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Wishing you continued prosperity and the choicest blessings of the Lord in your Bishopric, I am,  
Gratefully yours,

Joseph F. Smith



**A Copy of a Handwritten Letter  
By George Kunz to Dianne Rasi-Koskinen**

Bern, Idaho  
January 27, 1981

Dear Dianne, Kalevi, Myrtle and all,

Hope all is well with you folks. We are fine. Edith is down at Kent's. They are just waiting for the new one any minute. Ricky Kunz Arlo's boy is getting married Sat to Reed Jensen's girl. Just a very light skiff of snow. Don of course, is no better. It's a sad thing. I'm concerned of the load Ivy is carrying, that she is pushing herself too much and is not feeling that good but she is very cheerful and such a good spirit and attitude.

Thanks for the receipt on Lenny's mixture. Have you heard anything from Paul? I visited with his mother she's having a rough time sleeping. When she lays down her arms, shoulder and neck begin to ache and she just can't sleep. You know usually in this disease the nerve coverings are destroyed and nerves are base so they say that is the reason of the pain. There are a lot of sad things in life but I do believe that there is a time we look on pain and suffering of our physical bodies and realize that though painful and hard to endure, the Lord blesses that we can endure them where other things in life are much worse and we have no peace or solace. We all pray for you Myrtle. I've tried to call a week or so ago nor could I contact Kalevi at Murdocks (Travel). He was not working that day. Lula just had a one line note when he sent his insurance and said letter will follow. If you hear anything of him coming to Ricks College this spring let me know. It seems I'm quite busy. I'm testing cows two weeks a month and working at the museum and other things we hope to have a definite decision on the source of water and all soon so we can finish that project this spring. Edith, Charles and I went to Victor to Arleigh Kunz's funeral. Seems like no one else would or desired to go. Roads were good and weather beautiful and what a beautiful funeral. 18 of her granddaughters and her children and son-in-law also spoke. Densise led the family in opening song, Love at Home. Jim cried when we shook hands with him a real large crowd he cannot walk by himself. Some of Jim's brothers were not there because of age and sickness. Milford is 90 and Ellis in 80 and Emma about 90 and Rose 99. Martha in her 70's. All said to give their love and best wishes to all here. Seen Willard in temple Sat. He said he is feeling pretty good.

Dianne, I need or we need some help I'll try and explain. We received a letter from Swiss Geneological Society of Berne, Switzerland, addressed to Mayor of Bern, ID. It was read in Priesthood meeting and a committee chosen to try and do what they asked. They wrote they had an inquiry for help from one of the largest stores in Bern like ZCMI, asking for them to contact with a letter and a questionnaire all the towns in the U.S.A. which have the name of Bern, Berne, New Bern, New Bern or Bernstadt or with Bern in their name which amounts to about 15 that they are celebrating their 100 anniversary in 1981 and would like to have all these (Bern) towns or cities work with them in

a number of ways by sending in a history of Bern, written by who and who to contact and articles of interest and things town is noted for or are manufacturing, in factories, or business and paintings, hobbies, or group. (excuse my stationary and all but thanks)

Pictures old and new, quilts, and etc. etc to be put in their windows in Switzerland and we all feel it's a wonderful opportunity to create a good image for the church as well as the town if done careful and in the right way. The store will present a plate to the city with name, geographic location in U.S.A. and distance from Bern, Switzerland. I'm sure the articles will be returned. We don't make cheese any more not much in the line of business nor do we have a history of Bern, only a short account Bear Lake pioneer book. So we are asking for all historys or family historys and from them and incidents older people can tell us and will adapt and construct a history and still not have them shy away from it if it sounds like a Mormon history only which we realize was the reason for our existence and all decisions were made through church channels but which can be worded and adapted to the town of Bern. Millions of people, both Swiss and tourists will see it. I believe in a sense it is an answer to prayers for having non-Mormons visit us. They will advertise Bern, ID if our display in the window is of an interesting nature for instance knitting, and all handiwork, pictures old and new, quilts art tapes, articles of interest and even for sale think about it all and make suggestions and could you make a copy or send us ones so along with a few others we will pick out things that can be said in such and such a date this was done or happened in Bern Idaho in a town have to happen by people your Grandpa had a photographic mind and he knew so many interesting things on schools, roads, happenings to people, events of interest, coming of telephone and electricity, road building, industries like cheese, farming, Indians, milking, deaths of pioneers and contact with Swiss people of other places even humorous things which he knew may. We will treat the history with confidentiality and discretion and return intact either call or write if any question and any relative talk to them. Betty, Max, Joanie, Ezra Kunz, Iris, Jess Dansie, Lucy, Hazels, Seymour, and DC as we need help. Love, Geo



Bern Lake Jan 27 81

Dear Diana Kalene Mistle & all

Hope all is well with you folks we are fine Edyth is down at Reels they are just waiting for the new one any minute. Ricky King's arlos boy is getting married Sat to Reed Jensen's girl. Just a very light stuff of snow. Don't know as it's better or a sad thing I'm concerned

of the load Dory is carrying. That she is pushing herself to much and is not feeling that good but she is very cheerful and such a good spirit and attitude.

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and said letter will follow. If you hear  
anything of him coming to Richs College this  
spring let me know. It seems I'm quite  
busy. I'm testing out 2 weeks a month  
and working at museum and other  
things we hope to have a definite decision  
on the source of water and all soon so we  
can finish that project this spring. I  
and Edyth and Charles went to Victor to  
Arleigh Kings funeral. seems no one else would  
or dared to go. Wads were good weather  
beautiful and what a beautiful funeral.  
18 of her granddaughters sang her children  
& son in law spoke and prayer in fact  
everything was done by family even  
conducting funeral. Keith is a member of  
Bishopric in their ward he conducted and  
also spoke. Dennis led the family in  
opening song. Love at Home. Jim cried when  
we shook hands with him a real large  
cunt he cannot walk by himself. Some of  
Jims brothers were not there because of age and  
sickness Milford & Ellis, & Emma about 90.  
Rose 99- Martha in 70th. all said to give  
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 the Z C M. I asking for them to contact  
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 towns in U.S.A which have the name  
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 Bernstad or with Bear in their name  
 which amount to about 15 that they are  
~~celebrating their 100 anniversary in 1981~~  
 and would like to have all these (Bear)  
 towns or cities work with them in a  
 number of ways by sending in a history  
 of Bear, written by who and why to  
 contact and articles of interest and things  
 town is noted for or are manufacturing  
 in factories or business and paintings,  
 hobbies, folkloristic groups. Pictures old  
 and new quilts, and etc. etc to be put in  
 their windows in Switzerland and we all  
 feel its a wonderful opportunity to create a  
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 plate to the city with name, geographic  
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 be returned. We don't make cheese any  
 more not much in the line of business  
 nor do we have a history of Bear only a  
 short account in Bear Lake Pioneer Book.  
 So we are asking for all history or family  
 histories and from them and incidents older  
 people can tell us we will adapt and list.







**Excerpts relating to George Kunz & Family**  
**From the handwritten Journals of Robert Schmid<sup>1</sup>,**  
*in the possession of Marvin Schmid;*  
*used with his permission*

**1935**

**Wed. April 3, 1935** the children all feel a little-.Better, those that have the measles, so we decided to go to Salt Lake with **George** and **Edith**, Mae and Hilda. We are stopping with aunt Vernice and Bro. Bill and John. They are all feeling fine. We arrived about 5:30 P.M., Had supper with Vernice and the folks. Edwin and Freda came over awhile this evening.

**Thurs. April 4, 1935** we went downtown a few times today with John and bill. And Vernice. They took us to a show at the studio. It was good.

We made a few little purchases.

**Fri. April 5, 1935** we called at the police station to see Pres. John M. Knight.

Had a nice little visit with him. It rained the biggest part of the day, just as hard as possible.

**Sun. April 7, 1935** Bill, John, Nellie, Vernice and I went down to the tabernacle - and heard the choir Broadcast. We heard Richard Evans, the Broadcaster. It was a wonderful program, with all the general authorities, stake and ward and in all about 8,000 people present in the great Mormon tabernacle.

(77) Sister Vernice prepared a fine birthday dinner for dear Nellie this evening, inviting **George**, **Edith** and Hilda to dinner. We had a delightful time together. Tomorrow is dear Nellie's birthday. The 39th. ,Tues.

**April 23, 1935** Raymond Budge Brought a hypnotist down after the mutual but no one stayed for a performance. I was in hopes no one would, for this is not of God, then why should we tarry? There was a good article in the Deseret News of Pres. Grant. He lays evils to drink and tobacco. He pleads for gospel living.

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<sup>1</sup>Robert Schmid kept a daily journal for about 40 years; these journals are in possession of the Schmid family, Marvin Schmid, conservator. Many of his journals have been transcribed, printed, and entered into a word processor document. The last ten years of the journals are now being transcribed. Electronic search of the transcribed journals provided the entries herein related to the family of George Kunz. Due to spelling differences, transcribing errors/choices, scanning process and search process, there may be resulting omissions of some applicable entries. Excerpts are presented here by YEAR, with some surround text to give a context.

The heel flies surely tortured the cows this evening making it a veritable hell to milk. Anyone never having had this experience has missed quite a lot.

**Sat. July 13, 1935** an explosion occurred in Dean Mc Carty's hamburger *mine*. **Edith** was there at the time working. It didn't hurt anyone in particular, the news however upset Sister McCarty. She fainted dead away and **Edith** is all upset. Considerable damage was done to the shop and the fixtures and supplies.

**Sun. July -14, 1935** today is dear Dorothy's birthday, her 8th. After milking this evening, **George** came down with Nellie, **Edith** and Dorothy. I baptised Dorothy in the outlet this evening. We confirmed her at Parley's place. I was glad to have this privilege to baptize another of our children into the church.

**Mon. July-15, 1935** we had a total moon eclipse at 9:08 P.M. It lasted nearly two hours.

**Thurs. Nov. 14, 1935** **George** and I started for Georgetown about 10:30 A.M. When we hit the river bridge at a pretty lively speed, the car slid off the parallel plank and in trying to get up, the car hit for the north side of the bridge, right up against one of the heavy irons, which, of course, saved us from going over. It frightened us both. Just then dear Nellie's remark came to me. When I left, she said "don't get hurt or have a car (84) accident." In fact during the night, she had a presentiment that something would happen to us. I am grateful to God for the watch care he has had over us today.

We went up to Bro. Smart's place. We found him indeed very low, however, he readily recognized me and spoke to me. He asked to be administered to, which **George** and I did, after which I asked the family if . We could bow in prayer and commit the father into the hands of the lord, since it looked that the end was very near, to. Which the girls that were there submitted to gladly. I was mouth and asked the lord to. Deal kindly with my time honored friend and Brother and to relieve him of his trials and sufferings and take him home as I know was his desire of some time past. When I bid him goodbye, I knew it was for the last time in this life. I loved Bro. Smart. He instilled faith into my soul from early childhood. I always looked up to him as a man of God and a friend to the needy. He was obedient to those placed over him. I was happy to have had the privilege of-spending a few moments with him in his last hours on earth.

## **1939**

**Wed. June 21, 1939** this evening Nellie and I went to town with **George** and **Edith**.

We ran out of gas just beyond the river bridge going over. We walked about a mile when Wesley Lang came along and picked us up.



## 1943

**Sun. Jan. 24, 1943** Bobbie felt like he had to leave for Salt Lake this evening since he has to answer and have his questionnaire in tomorrow some time.

Bro. Dean T. took us over, Nellie and I accompanied him. We spent an hour or so at Bro. and Sister Barlow's. Bobbie and the Barlow boys went to see Bro. Welker, who has just returned from the hospital after an operation. We had a little treat together at the Kit-Kat Confectionary before we left Bobbie, **George Kunz** and Dean were with us. Bobbie's train doesn't leave until about 3:35 A.M. Or maybe still later, the tram all seem to be late, so we bade dear Bobbie goodbye about 10 o'clock P.M. With our blessings. May God bless and protect him on his journey and also dear Anna Lucy and all of our dear children. Mon. Jan. 25, 1943 Bobbie didn't get away until after 6 o'clock this morning from Montpelier. That was a long tiresome wait.

**Tues. March 9, 1943** I went to town with **George** and **Edith**. Went especially to see my nieces, Ruth S. Phelps and Vera K. Knutti, and my sister-in-law Lanor J. Parker, the latter two in the hospital.

**Sun. Aug. 8, 1943** Nellie and I fasted until afternoon today in behalf of dear Orbie. We got **George Kunz** to take us to town this morning. Orbie had quite a restless night.

**Sun. Sept-12, 1943...**(285) all of us attended Sunday school. I asked Rudolph to kindly release me from teaching my class, let someone else have a chance. There was just no keeping them quiet, no attention, no appeal seemed to help or make any impression upon them. It may be my fault, therefore, a change might be good for the class. Just as well talk to a post as to some of these children and there is no response, no interest in the beautiful lessons, at least it's so with some of them. Rudolph asked **George** to take the class from now on. I hope he'll meet with some measure of success. I have not!

Right after sacrament meeting dear Nellie called up from Montpelier and asked for me to come and get her and the girls, Anna Lucy is with them and is very sick, no doubt all run down from work, so I got **George Kunz** and Dale to run over and get them. I went with **George**. They had 11 grips and boxes. Carol came with them also. I was happy to see them all again. Dear Anna felt awful miserable, but we hope she'll soon recover.

**Thurs. Oct. 10 1943** this evening we made our era drive, Mae, Francis, Parley, Delmar and **George** helped. We didn't have a turn down. We're happy to note that. We'll have the era in every home in our ward and we have \$6.60 for the soldier boys era. We lack \$1.65 of having enough for them. \$8.25 in all for the boys.

**Sun. Dec. 12, 1943** the folks all went to Sunday school. I didn't go being late. We also attended sacrament meeting. **George Kunz** took a picture of the whole congregation after the close of the meeting.

**Tues. Dec. 28, 1943** we arranged for the butchering of Truman's big pig. It weighed 630# on foot. I had Alvin, Foster, and **George**, Nick and Robert H. To help me. Foster's wife looked on. I got my left arm hurt while we were killing the pig. I bumped my arm either against Alvin's gun, which is most likely, or on the pig itself, cut a gash over my wrist, which bled terribly for awhile and either the nerve or bone is injured some for I can't use the arm very much.

I went to town with Orlando to help administer to Uncle Parley who was operated on for appendicitis this morning at 10 o'clock in the Montpelier hospital by Dr. Gaertner. His appendix was ruptured and draining into the bowels, which I think is in his favor. I feel that Parley will come out of it alright.

**Wed. Dec. 29, 1943** I made preparations to butcher the two pigs this morning, Nick, Oneal, R. H. And Delmar helped me. We soon had them dressed, then we cut up Truman's pig. It weighed 501#- we carved 267# of meat to come out of it.

**Fri. Dec. 31, 1943** Well, this about ends another year. It is now 11:40 P.M. We'll see the old year out and the new one in - 1944. We are grateful to God for the blessings of the past year for they were many, trusting God to bless us in the coming year with health and peace and happiness and sufficient to earn and make an honorable livelihood and that the war may end sometime in the new year, if God so wills it.

## 1944

**Thurs. June 22, 1944** we left for Montpelier and from there to start our trek into Elk Valley. Two trucks took our baggage and our boys up into Ephraim Valley. I went up with **George** and DelMar and Bro. Winter (A.J.) A man by name of Harvey Kennington hauled our luggage, some of the heaviest, still most of the boys and men were over loaded. Little boys had packs over 40# some 50 and 60#, canned goods and bottled goods, besides their beds. I got a big tent of my nephew J.H. Schmid which gave us a sense of security. Abel took a load of our stuff in and some of our boys. There were 13 boys and **George**, DelMar and I from our place, they're Wallace, Vernice's boy, David k., Wayne Steckler, Harold King, Paul, Wendel, Max, David, Claire, Montie, Clayton and Clifford, Ronald Buhler, also Bro. Elmer Burgoyne, Jex Rolland, Gery Staker, Bro. Hanks, our leader, Lloyd Smith. Frank Miller from Fairview Wyo., a son of Loraine Brown.

Well we didn't eat until we got into our camp after 2:30 p.m., Quite tired and hungry. We soon had a nice camp fixed up and a good meal prepared.

Bro. Kennington made another trip out for more of the boys. On our way down the elk mountain Bro. Max haddock sprained an ankle causing him quite a lot of trouble and pain.

**George** and DelMar and some of the boys went fishing on Spring Creek. They caught a few.



We made some cheery fires this evening, had the flag put up, played games, had a program and a real nice time. I slept cold all night. The night was cold. I was tired after our long hike, in fact all were tired.

Sheriff Bunderson took a load of Paris boys in and came after them again.

(Sat.) **Friday June 23, 1944** we got up early this morning, made fires and had breakfast.

**George** and DelMar went fishing, didn't get back untill late in the afternoon. Most all of the older men went and many of our boys. About the same procedure took place as yesterday afternoon with a program and games in the evening. A son of Bro. Parley Hodges nearly had a leg broken below the knee on one of the wild games this evening. They are afraid it's cracked.

...

When DelMar and **George** came into camp at 1 o'clock, Wayne Steckler and Harold King hadn't showed up. They went fishing down on to spring creek, but the older boys missed them somewhere. So they ran down the creek 3 miles or more in search of these boys. They found Harold but not Wayne. They went back to camp, asked the other men to hold up the camp and help search for the boys. Bro. Hanks took a run across the valley flat to catch some of the boys going home. He was wringing wet when he got back. Finally about 2:30 p.m.. Wayne showed up. He said he'd been looking for Harold. Now, of course, DelMar and **George** were afraid of Wayne having been drowned. They had quite a scare.

They all finally got started back to Ephraim valley. I (321) Bro. Staker got pulled off of a horse on the Elk Valley Flat, a sleeping bag came undone for him. The boys said they had quite a rodeo -- and Bro. Hanks' pony got scared of his pack and jerked away from him about a mile above the Kennington home and run down to the place, but his pack stayed on him and not much damage done.

We had to wait at the Kennington home untill after 8 o'clock before we got away. Had to wait for the pack outfit to come in and then again for the second trip. Sister Hanks and her Brother Mr. Jones came after our boys and their packs. I rode home with **George**. We gave Bro. and sister Kennington a lot of bread and canned goods, bacon, cheese, meats, butter, because Bro. Kennington wouldn't charge us anything for his very kind services. **George** and I had a nice little-visit with sister kennington during our wait there.

The Star Valley boys went out early in the afternoon, also the Georgetown lads and the Garden City boys. We got into Montpelier about 9:30 p.m. We called Parley to come and get some of the boys, which he did quickly. Tony also came after some, thus ended our happy. Trip. This is the first time I've ever been in Elk or Ephraim Valleys. Both nice places to be in.

We found all our folks well and glad to see us as we were to see them. **George** and Delmar gave me 1/3 of their fish which was a grand treat.

**MON. DEC. 4, 1944** I MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH BP- TIBBITTS OF THE 1ST WARD TO BAPTISE OUR LITTLE GIRL NELLIE CONRA TOMORROW ALSO WITH OUR BISHOP WHO SAID HE WOULD TAKE US OVER, AND TO BAPTIZE LITTLE *GERALDINE*, (344) **GEORGE'S** GIRL.

**TUES. DEC. 5, 1944** TODAY IS CONRA'S BIRTHDAY. 8 YEARS OF AGE. NELLIE AND NELLIE CONRA AND I WENT TO TOWN WITH BP. ORLANDO KUNZ AND ANNA, **EDITH** AND *GERALDINE* WHERE I BAPTIZED THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS, CONNIE AND *GERALDINE* AT NOON TODAY IN THE 1ST WARD CHAPEL FONT. BRO.

PETER MARTIN CONFIRMED *GERALDINE* AND BP- ORLANDO KUNZ CONFIRMED OUR LITTLE GIRL, NELLIE CONRA. I WAS GLAD TO HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BAPTIZING THE LITTLE GIRLS.

**SAT. DEC. 16, 1944** THIS EVENING WE ATTENDED A DANCING REVIEW IN THE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM IN TOWN. ZENNA MAE TOOK PART AND BETTY JOE AND LITTLE CHARLES SUHLER. IT WAS REALLY NICE. THE CHILDREN DID VERY WELL UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MRS. SUNNY SWENSEN BUSH. WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF GOING OVER WITH **GEORGE** AND **EDITH** KUNZ.

**THURS. DEC. 28, 1944** WE HAD A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW TODAY AND THIS EVENING. **EDITH B.** CALLED UP EARLY THIS MORNING AND ASKED ME IF I'D GO WITH THEM TO BIG PINEY TO CONDUCT A FUNERAL SERVICE AND SPEAK.

HER BROTHER, JEFF BILLS, LOST A 6 WEEK OLD BABY AND THEY'D LIKE ME TO GO WITH THEM. I TOLD HER I WOULD IF IT WAS AGREEABLE ALL AROUND. I CALLED PRES. S. L. WRIGHT, TOLD HIM WHAT WAS WANTED OF ME. HE SAID, "YOU GO AND DO THAT FOR THE FAMILY, SINCE THERE IS NO BRANCH AND WARD ORGANIZATION," SO WE'RE PREPARING IN THAT DIRECTION.

**FRI. DEC. 29, 1944** I GOT UP AT 4:30, WENT OVER TO **GEORGE KUNZ'S** AND HAD BREAKFAST THERE. THERE WAS AT LEAST A 14 INCH SNOWFALL DURING THE NIGHT, LOOSE SNOW. HOWEVER, WE STARTED OUT. I BADE MY FOLKS GOODBY. WE LEFT AT 5:30. **EDITH'S** SISTER ETHEL AND BIRDIE WERE WITH US. THE 5 OF US WENT UP TO BIG PINEY. WE GOT TO PINEY AT 9:15 A.M. UP THROUGH KEMMERER, DIAMONDVILLE, FRONTIER, THEN TO LA BARGE AND TO BIG PINEY. THE FARTHER ON WE WENT THE LESS SNOW, IN FACT THOUSANDS OF CATTLE UP IN THAT COUNTRY ARE STILL OUT GRAZING IN THE FIELDS. NO SNOW, OR AT LEAST ONLY A LITTLE SKIFT.



THE SERVICES STARTED AT 2 P.M. IN THE COMMUNITY CHURCH. TWO SISTERS, MEMBERS OF OUR CHURCH SANG "*SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND*". **GEORGE KUNZ** OFFERED THE INVOCATION. I SPOKE FOR ABOUT 35 MINUTES, READ FROM THE 8 CHAPTER OF MORONI AND THE 40 CHAPTER OF ALMA AND 2 POEMS. CLOSING SONG, "*I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR*," BY THE 2 SISTERS. BEN. BY MYSELF.

THERE WERE QUITE A NUMBER OF FRIENDS PRESENT AND JEFF'S FATHER AND MOTHER-IN-LAW, MR. AND MRS. JAMES P. JENSEN, AN EX SENATOR OF SUBLETT COUNTY, A WELL TO DO RANCHER AND THE UNDERTAKERS NAME IS FRANCIS TANNER, A VERY NICE APPEARING MAN. HE IS ALSO A BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR IN THAT COUNTY. IT WAS 6 OR 7 MILES TO THE CEMETERY ACROSS THE VALLEY. I DEDICATED THE GRAVE.

THE FAMILY ALL THANKED US FOR OUR EFFORT TO COME UP AND TO BE WITH THEM. AFTER THE BURIAL WE ALL HAD DINNER AT MR. AND MRS. J. P. JENSEN'S HOME. WE WERE ROYALLY TREATED BY THESE KIND PEOPLE.

JEFF'S WIFE IS A DAUGHTER OF MRS. JENSEN, HER NAME WAS HICKS, HER MOTHER, MAE, IS MR. JENSEN'S 2 WIFE. THEY ARE A NICE COUPLE. MR. JENSEN IS 62 YEARS OF AGE, A WELL PRESERVED MAN.

k -1140 ) I MET A MR. PHILLIP MARINCIC, AN AUSTRIAN, SAID HE LEFT HOME WHEN HE WAS 14 YEARS OF AGE. HE TOO IS A PROSPEROUS RANCHER. THEY HAVE BEAUTIFUL CATTLE, FINE BARNS AND OUT BUILDINGS, FINE POLE CORRELL FENCES.

THE TOWN OF BIG PINEY HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT A LITTLE OVER 200 PEOPLE. WE HAD A SPLENDID DINNER AND A NICE VISIT WITH THESE GOOD PEOPLE AND LEFT THERE AT 5:45 P.M. GOT HOME AT A LITTLE AFTER 10 O'CLOCK SAFE AND SOUND, THANKFUL TO GOD FOR THE BLESSING OF HIS PROTECTING CARE OVER US.

WE LEFT **ETHEL** AND **BIRDIE** IN MONTPELIER, THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD LEAVE ABOUT 2:30 A.M. BUT WHEN THE TRAIN CAME IN THEY WOULDN'T LET THEM BOARD THE TRAIN, THEY WERE TOO CROWDED, SO THE GIRLS HAD TO TAKE THE BUS-IN THE MORNING FOR POCATELLO. WE HAD AN ENJOYABLE TRIP TOGETHER. NOTHING TO MAR OUR FEELINGS. MY FOLKS WERE ALL WELL WHEN I REACHED HOME. WE STOPPED IN KEMMERER A FEW MINUTES. THE ROUND TRIP WAS A LITTLE OVER 300 MILES.

I ENJOYED MEETING THESE FINE PEOPLE AND TO SEE THE COUNTRY.

IT WAS A PLEASURE TO ME AND TO ALL OF US.

**FEB. 14, 1945** IT STORMED NEARLY ALL DAY AND THIS EVENING IT'S FREEZING. I'M GOING TO LOGAN IN THE MORNING IF ALL GOES WELL.

**(353) THURS. FEB. 15, 1945** WE LEFT EARLY THIS MORNING, THAT IS **GEORGE AND EDITH**, **HEBER & MARIE** AND I LEFT AT 7 A.M. GOT TO LOGAN A LITTLE AFTER 9 A.M. ON OUR WAY HOME WE SAW 18 HEAD OF ELK UP IN LOGAN CANYON, ALSO TWO DEER. IT WAS A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

**SAT. JULY 21, 1945** I LEARNED TODAY THAT-GARY, **GEORGE KUNZ'S** BOY HAD A RUNAWAY WITH A SWEEP RAKE TEAM, THREW THE LITTLE FELLOW HIGH IN THE AIR AND THE TEAM TIPPED THE SWEEP CLEAR OVER HIM, BROKE ALL THE TEETH IN THE SWEEP BUT 2 AND BROKE BOTH SWEEP TONGUES.

THE BOY LIT RIGHT ON HIS HEAD. THE SWEEP PASSED OVER HIM AND DIDN'T SEEM TO HURT HIM

**THURS. JULY 26, 1945** **GEORGE KUNZ'S** Boy got hurt in a runaway affair with a hay rake and a fractuous team. He was taking his rake down to Delmar's hay claim on the outlet and on the way down the team got scared. He was dragged for a long distance. He has a bad scalp wound and his back is skinned badly. The folks asked me to help administer to him at the hospital. He had a narrow escape. This is about the third'time he narrowly escaped death.

**FRI. APRIL 2, 1948** NELLIE'S FOOT IS A LITTLE BETTER TODAY BUT STILL SWOLLEN.

**SAT. APRIL 3, 1948** **GEORGE KUNZ** SAID BOTH NELLIE AND I COULD GO TO SALT LAKE WITH HIM SO I CALLED THE BISHOP AND TOLD HIM ABOUT IT. WE WANT TO SEE WHAT SOME DOCTOR DOWN THERE CAN DO FOR NELLIE'S FOOT. WE'LL LEAVE ABOUT NOON. WE DID LEAVE AT NOON AND HAD A PLEA8ANT TRIP.

HEBER AND MARIE WERE WITH **GEORGE AND EDITH**. WE STOPPED IN TOWN, SAW DR. LINDSAY. HE TOLD US TO GET A TRUSS FOR MY WIFE WHICH I DID. I GOT ONE OF GORDON ASHLEY \$10.00. WE ARRIVED AT VERNICE'S PLACE ABOUT 5:45 P.M.

## **1947**

**Mon. Aug-. 11, 1947** we had a frost this morning and a little ice in places. I sent our big pig to Ogden with Orval Alleman. The tiny pig we got of **George Kunz** last fall. It ought to weigh about 275# alive.

We also loaded Parley's big pig and a cow of Delmar's and a steer of **George Kunz's**. Aunt IvieParker, (David g's wife) gave birth to a fine 8# baby boy at the hospital in Montpelier.



**Sat. Sept. 20, 1947** this evening Nellie and I went to the church welfare meeting in the first ward where I met Bro. H. B. Lee of the counsel of twelve. Had the pleasure of offering the invocation at the leadership meeting. Bro. Lee gave some very good instruction regarding that phase of the work.

**Sun. Sept. 21, 1947** (451 ) the boys and I went to priesthood meeting this morning at 9 A.M. with Delmar and we received some splendid counsel and advice. The conference was held in the new high school building.

Bro Lee spoke fine, everyone enjoyed it. After the meeting Bro. Lee drove to Bern with us where we had a short visit with him. Barbara Swensen went to Logan with Bro. Lee. We went out to **George Kunz's** where he met the folks. They let him have a piece of steak and wouldn't charge him a cent for it. Bro. Lee wants me to get him a piece of beef and pork as soon as I can. He read Bobby's last letter. He said I'd advise him to come home as soon as possible. I told Bro. Lee that that was my advice to him in the past.

**Wed. Sept. 24, 1947** I went to a show late this afternoon with Bro. Wm. J. Kunz for old folks. The first I ever attended for old people and kids.

It was pre tty good.

## **1953**

**FRI. JAN. 2, 1953** **EDYTH** TOOK HER SON **GARY** TO THE HOSPITAL THIS EVENING. HE ISN'T DOING TO WELL.

**SUN. JAN. 4, 1953** **GEORGE KUNZ** OFFERED ME A RIDE TO LOGAN BUT I'M AFRAID I HADN'T BETTER GO ON ACCOUNT OF NELLIE'S CRIPPLED CONDITION, HER LAME FOOT AND LEG. SHE WOULD BE LEFT ALONE IN CASE ANYONE WOULD COME FOR MEAT OR BRING MEAT WHICH SOMETIMES HAPPENS. **MON. JAN. 5, 1953** NELLIE SAID I SHOULD GO TO LOGAN, SHE WOULD BE ALL RIGHT SHE THOUGHT, SO I WENT WITH THEM, **GEORGE, EDYTH, PARLEY, HILDA, MARINTHA** AND I. WHILE WE WERE EATING DINNER A PHONE CALL CAME FOR **GEORGE** AND **EDYTH** SAYING **GARRY** HAS A BAD CASE OF APPENDICITIS AND WAS NECESSARY TO OPERATE ON HIM AT ONCE, SO **GEORGE** TOLD DR. LINDSAY AND BURGOYNE TO GO AHEAD.

WE CAME HOME AS FAST AS WE COULD BY WAY OF PRESTON AND EMIGRATION CANYON. THE CANYON WAS QUITE SLICK AND RATHER DANGEROUS. LOGAN CANYON IS FAR BETTER. WE WENT DIRECT TO MONTPELIER TO SEE **GARRY**. THEY WERE ALL THROUGH WHEN WE GOT THERE. **GEORGE** AND I ADMINISTERED TO

HIM. I FEEL THAT HE WILL SOON BE ALRIGHT. **EDYTH** STAYED WITH **GARRY** AND WE CAME HOME.

FRI. JAN. 9, 1953

**GARY KUNZ** IS HOME AGAIN FEELING PRETTY GOOD.

## 1955

Wed March 1, 1955

Wilford Bienz is staying with us tonight. The bus couldn't go down to lower town tonight. *Gary* is staying with George Kunz's.

Fri. Mar. 18

We went to the Temple today with Dean and George Kunz. There were several others Bp Orlando, Anna & Hilda & Lyman Kunz. Delmar, Wanda, Ramona, Amy.

I took the name of Amos Cole this morning and Wellington George Sprague this afternoon. Nellie took one of our names the last one of our women's names.

Mon. Mar. 28

**George** & Marvin & *Kent* filled the scalding tank and we prepared for butchering **George's** 2 pigs, 1 for Heber. We were through before 11 o'clock. There was Parley, R.H., Grant, Rudolph, Alvin, DelMar, Heber, Leland & Lyman & I.

I shoveled a path did the chores and put a new handle in our meat saw the cross cut.

We had a nice letter from Ivins T. He is well and happy.

I cleaned up the lard cans of Elden Lewis's.

Marvin and Wilford brought the 2 pigs down **George's** weight 136#-112#

Marvin went to town this evening and Emma Lou went out to Harriet's.

Tues. Mar. 29

I also cut up George's little pork. He gives Robert H. a front quarter and I'll buy one of him at 25 cents per pound.

George took Earl's pork over this afternoon 136#.

Wed. Mar. 30

Marvin carried the meat into the smoke house this morning and I made the fire.

I also put the Heber and **George Kunz** meat down today, branded and weighed it. **George** 38#  
Made 4 1/2 # sausage for **George** and about 5# for use [meat details]

Went to town with David & Bonnie Kunz



Wed. Apr. 6 1955

I went to town with Arlo and Idell Kunz and returned with Bp. Delmar & Wanda.

Marvin put the **George Kunz** meat and Heber Kunz's & Wilford Hayes meat into the smoke this morning. I kept the smoke fire agoing all day and now part of the night.

Fri. April 8 1955

Today is my dear wife's 59th birthday and my brother Charley's birthday. 41 years ago this evening at 5:30 or 6 o'clock I left for my mission at Salt Lake City. Dear Brother Schulthess went to the depot with me to see me off. I'll never forget that kind act of his as long as I live.

I went to town this morning with **George and Edyth** and little *Ann*.

George Kunz got his meat and paid for it in the meat I got of him, the 18 # of shoulder I paid him .90 & which I paid him over the curing cost.

Heber got his meat I wrapped it all 1 small piece is tainted a little I fear. He gave me half of it we'll try it soon.

I did all the chores this evening.

We received a card from the Logan Temple that there are 29 sealings to be done in our records.

Sat. April 9 1955

I went to town with *Kent Kunz*. He & Earl Hayes helped me get the 2nd Ward 12 ft. step ladder and Mrs. Adam's chair to take them to the M.H.S. Auditorium for the pageant tomorrow.

Mon. May 2 1955

I worked at the veil this afternoon. I met a brother of Ernest Smith, George Smith from Thatcher, and Parley was good enough to take us down to Brother & Sister George B. Everton near the Safeway Store in north town. They are fine people were in the South African Mission and met Ivins T. a year ago last March and last December at Cape Town. It was a joy to meet these fine people.

I paid a dollar at the Temple today for us and Parley.

Sister Mabel Rex told me about her husband's trouble. His diaphragm seems to be busted in some way. She wants to bring him up some time soon to get a blessing. She was quite worried and I believe he is. Bp. Clyde Wilde and wife helped me also 2 of the Tueller couples Wm. and Bp L. Tueller, Parley, **George**, Bro Nield, Hyrum Johnson & El. Abe Thompson, Marvin Clark.

There were 15 from Bern in the forenoon and 13 in the afternoon.

Sat. May 7 1955

Today is my dear Sister Annie's birthday anniversary.

I decided to butcher the Madsen pig this evening. I made preparations from 2:30 P.M. on till 5:30 P.M. **George** decided to butcher one of his and one of Leland's. I called Earl Hayes and he came over and helped me wonderful and Marvin came home just in time to get in on it and I was real glad he came, also Bro. R. H. gave us a wonderful hand. We got through about 6:20 P.M.

Sun., May 8 1955

Robert Wayne played his pieces on the piano over at Myrtle's. He did mighty well for a little new beginner. We all enjoyed the blessings of this day.

**George Kunz** delivered his two pork this afternoon or late afternoon. It rained a little again today.

We wrote to Ivins T. and David K. this evening and Nellie wrote to Lillian Gardener, Canada.

Mon May 16 1955

I got up at to 6 o'clock and started taking meat out of the brine and Marvin hung it into the smoke house and I put down the Ivan Kunz meat. (We received a letter from Ivins T. He was well at the time of writing.)

And **George Kunz** brought 3 ducks over for us to clean. We could have two if we'd clean one for them and give **Edyth** the good feathers which we'll do.

We had quite a time cleaning those 3 ducks. They were hard to clean and pick. It took us a long time to dress them. I cut some wood did a few chores & did a little spading in the garden.

Thurs May 19 1955

I wrote Verdon Thornock about his meat delivery by Asa Madsen a few days ago.

Nellie & I went to town with Marvin & Emma Lou. We got a few supply's at O. P. S. paid \$4.57

We had a letter from Alice she enclosed a check of \$10.00 for meat next fall from these 4 pigs we bought. Anna & Alice both helped to pay for those little pigs. \$10.00 each. I paid **George Kunz** their \$20.00 this morning (he gave me a bail of straw to bed down the little weaners)

Sat. June 4 1955

Paid **George Kunz** bal. on pigs \$20.00

Mon. Jun 6 1955

Today is dear Sister Emma's (birthday 75th)

We wrote to Ivins T. in South Africa and to David K. in Bitburg Germany, and to Marvin & the girls at home and sent **George Kunz** \$20.00 check bal. on 4 pigs and told Marvin to take the Grunig & M. Kunz meat out of the brine June 8 and smoke it on the 9 and 10th of June.

Tues. July 5 1955

I watered the garden this morning.

Ground 3 hay knives for **George Kunz** this morning.



Fri. July 8 1955

Ground 3 hay knives for Tony this morning and one for **George Kunz**.

I shaded the cabbage plants this morning with shingles. It froze our beans this morning. There was quite a heavy frost.

Sunday July 10 1955

We attended Sunday school & Priesthood Meeting and Sacrament Meeting.

**George Kunz** asked me to accompany him to the 2nd Ward where he was to conduct a baptismal service and asked me to give a 10 minute talk on the necessity of Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. I quoted Pres. Brigham Young's sayings & Orson F. Whitney's. There was a large crowd present, mothers and fathers with their little boys & girls, candidates for baptisms. I enjoyed speaking to those fine people.

Marvin took us to town where we attended the Youth Conference where President Marion D. Hanks was the guest speaker. We certainly all enjoyed his splendid remarks. He gave a fine talk long to be remembered by all I hope.

Mon. July 11 1955

Bp. Delmar paid me for grinding 8 knives \$4.00 which I sent to the bank today!

I ground 1 knife for **George Kunz** this morning and 1 at noon today.

I put the new grindstone on the machine today.

Mon. July 18 1955

I [sent] a get well card to Robert H. Kunz at the L.D.S. Hospital at Salt Lake City.

I wrote a hurried note to Anna & George telling them about Robert H. being in the L.D.S. Hospital in S.L.C. and to let Zenna Mae know about it.

I ground 2 knives for **George** and 1 for Tony Kunz today, and washed them.

Sat. July 23 1955

I went to town with Parley & the boys from there we went to Georgetown to take in the Rodeo. It was pretty nice, though cruel to some of the animals.

I did a little hopping at O.P's \$9.41 (**George Kunz** paid \$5.00 on the grinding a/c over paid \$1.00)

Tues. Aug. 16 1955

I ground 1 hay knife for **George Kunz** this morning.

Tues. Aug. 23 1955

Ground a hay knife for **George** this morning.

Mon. Aug 29 1955

I ordered a \$4.00 spray of flowers for Rudolph and Marantha, Bp Parley Kunz & wife, **Mr. & Mrs. George Kunz** and for Nellie & I at the Barrett Floral shop this morning.

[page 279 newspaper clipping "Martha Hymas Johnson"]

Martha Hymas Johnson Ovid, Idaho—Mrs. Martha Hymas Johnson, 74, died in Montpelier Saturday, lingering illness. Born Liberty, Idaho, April 7, 1881, John and Mary Jane Hymas. Married to Isaac Johnson Sept 12, 1899. Surviving: husband, Ovid; five sons, Bartell, Georgetown; Harmon, Smithfield, Utah; Elvo, Ogden, Utah; Theil, Montebello, Calif; Ova L., Tooele, Utah; three daughters, Mrs. Russell (June) Solum, Georgetown; Mrs. Delmer (Wanda) Kunz, Bern; Mrs. Spencer (Maretta) Sorenson, Ovid; grandchildren, brothers, sisters. Funeral Monday 1 p.m., Ovid Ward.

Nellie and I attended the funeral of this fine woman today at Ovid. She was a good woman all through life the wife of an old friend Isaac Johnson and dear Wanda's mother, our townswoman, the wife of Bp Delmar Kunz.

Speakers at the funeral were Bp. James Olsen, Bp. Delmar Kunz, and Bp E. D. Hymas and Bp. Russell Sorensen. Invocation by Marion Beck Ben by Bp. Wyler Bartschi. The singing was beautiful & the floral offerings many & beautiful. The house was packed to its capacity. We went to Ovid with Marantha & Becky.

Tues. Aug. 30 1955

I ground two knives for B. Delmar. He paid me \$4.50 bal of knife grinding.

And I finished covering the septic tank hole that we had opened up for several days.

Grant had another of his spells today while helping **George** & Delmer haul bailed hay.

Tues. Sept. 20 1955

**George Kunz** gave me about 3 doz snap shots for my friends who receive blessings for their books of remembrance.

Thurs. Sept 22 1955

We went out to **George's** place, the old W. J. Kunz home and gathered 2 buckets and a pan full of crab apples this late afternoon.

I dug up the rest of our potatoes 1 basket full and over a half basket of onions. All of this helps in a family.

Thurs. Oct. 13 1955

I made preparation for butchering the 6 Buckley pigs and the one big pig of Don Ipsen's. Parley and **George** and Marvin helped. Don helped with his pig until we had him out of the vat, then he had to go. We started killing the pigs at 1:15 p.m. and were all through by 3:15 p.m.



Mon. Oct. 31 1955

We made preparation to butcher Alvin's 2 pigs this forenoon, Smith Delmar and I and Alvin helped me get through by noon. 2 little pigs of **George Kunz** today

Thur. Dec. 8 1955

I paid George Kunz \$9.11 today on the little pigs.

Nellie, Grant and I finished the fat and lard rendering this evening.

Hilda typed the 6 blessings and sent them down. I read them all over the 12 sheets put them in my book and got the other 6 ready to send off in the morning.

Mon. Dec. 12 1955

I sent cards to Ivins T. David K. to Joseph Ray Bienz Thiel A. Kunz this morning and a check of Y2.00 to Elder *Gary Kunz* and card. Marvin and I made preparations for butchering pigs this morning. I had help from Uncle Parley, Bp. Orlando, Don Sorenson, **George Kunz**, Alvin and Delmar and Grant Kunz. We butchered the three Hoffman pigs and 1 of Don Sorenson's and 1 of his father's Spencer Sorenson. We got through by noon.

Wed. Dec. 21 1955

Marvin and I made preparations to butcher the 5 Cokeville pigs before this we put a lot of meat into the smoke early this morning. That is, Marvin put it all out alone while I did some phoning to get help for butchering.

We started at about 10 o'clock and were through by 11:15 a.m. Parley, Alvin, Orlando, **George**, Smith and Grant and I and Marvin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bunderson were here and got their meat paid \$2.65. Bro. Nelson the milk man brought 22# to cure for him. (It rained nearly all night) And **George Kunz** 28# deer meat 2 H. 2 roasts.

Fri. Dec. 23 1955

I was asked this morning by **Edyth Kunz** to go and administer to their *Kent Kunz* who has the mumps and he is mighty sick. **George** and I administered to him.

Tues. Jan 3 1956

Alvin helped me get a bale of straw at **George's** for our little pigs.

### ***1956 Journal # 63***

Jan 4 1956

I got up at 5:45 a.m. and made preparations for butchering the 5 pigs that Br. Teichert brought down yesterday. We started a little after 10 a.m. & were through before 12 noon.

We had a lot of help Parley, Orlando, **George**, Abel, Alvin, Smith, Delmar, Monte and Grant, Rudolph, 2 more big pigs. I surely appreciate the wonderful help these brethren rendered all were willing and we had a pleasant visit together as we worked along.

Marvin rolled them in the vat and Parley entrained the pigs. All the others all busied themselves cleaning them up.

Sun. Jan 8 1956

Speakers in our meeting today were **Bro. George Kunz**, Monty Kunz, my wife Nellie and Leland Kunz and Wendell Kunz's wife rendered a solo.

Mon. Jan. 16 1956

We are sending the letters to Ivins T. and David K. this morning. We had a nice letter from Ivins T. He is well and happy. I phoned to several of my customers about their meat being done.

I'm getting things ready to butcher the Buckley pig which has been here since last Wednesday.

We butchered **George Kunz's** beef and the Buckley pig. Had a lot of help, Rudolph, Parley, Alvin, Heber, Leland, **George**, Abel, Orlando came, but a little late.

Tues. Jan. 24 1956

We bought 20# of beef of George Kunz ...[meat details] \$4.00 paid.

We. Jan. 25 1956

Nellie and I washed up the lard cans and boxed them up.

Grant and I made preparations for butchering the Burdick and Cook pigs. Orlando, **George**, Parley, Alvin, Abel helped us. We were through by 11:45 a.m. and did a fine job. Marvin brought them down to the shop this evening.

Nellie & I cut the sausage meat for Reed, Arlo, Clair, Truman Rigby, Charles Stucki, Dale Brown  
20-18-16-10-10

Fri. Feb. 10 1956

Marvin & I made preparations to butcher the big pig of Bp. Dayton and one of Don Ipsons. We couldn't scald the big pig in the vat so we put burlap sacks all over it and poured hot water on to it and it worked pretty good. Rudolph suggested we do this. It worked fine. Besides Rudolph, **George** and Don Sorensen helped us & Grant and Abel Kunz.

Sun. Feb. 12 1956

Bp. LaVel Ward was here conferring Boy Scout work with **George Kunz**.

Sat. Mar. 3 1956

Marvin & I made preparations for butchering the Dr. Burgoyne & the Ipsen and Mike Clark pigs (2 of them). Parley, **George**, Grant & *Roger* helped me. We were through before 10:30 a.m.



## **1956 Journal # 64**

Mon. Mar. 12 1956

I cut up the Bennion and Kale Kunz fat today and Nellie rendered it way into the night.

**George Kunz** fixed the switch on our meat chopper said it had too much oil or grease inside of it. It works fine again now.

Sat. Mar. 17, 1956

We burchered 6 pigs this forenoon for 2 for rudolph, 4 for **George Kunz**. Alvin helped.

## **Search on name "Edith" "EDYTH"**

**WED. APRIL 3, 1935**

THE CHILDREN ALL FEEL A LITTLE BETTER, THOSE THAT HAVE THE MEASLES, SO WE DECIDED TO GO TO SALT LAKE WITH **GEORGE** AND **EDITH**, MAE AND HILDA. WE ARE STOPPING WITH AUNT VERNICE AND BRO. BILL AND JOHN. THEY ARE ALL FEELING FINE. WE ARRIVED ABOUT 5:30 P.M., HAD SUPPER WITH VERNICE AND THE FOLKS. EDWIN AND FRED A CAME OVER AWHILE THIS EVENING.

**THURS. APRIL 4, 1935**

WE WENT DOWNTOWN A FEW TIMES TODAY WITH JOHN AND BILL AND VERNICE. THEY TOOK US TO A SHOW AT THE STUDIO. IT WAS GOOD. WE MADE A FEW LITTLE PURCHASES.

**FRI. APRIL 5, 1935**

WE CALLED AT THE POLICE STATION TO SEE PRES. JOHN.M. KNIGHT. HAD A NICE LITTLE VISIT WITH HIM. IT RAINED THE BIGGEST PART OF THE DAY, JUST AS HARD AS POSSIBLE.

**SUN. APRIL 7, 1935**

BILL, JOHN, NELLIE, VERNICE AND I WENT DOWN TO THE TABERNACLE AND HEARD THE CHOIR BROADCAST. WE HEARD RICHARD EVANS, THE BROADCASTER. IT WAS A WONDERFUL PROGRAM, WITH ALL THE GENERAL AUTHORITIES, STAKE AND WARD AND IN ALL ABOUT 8,000 PEOPLE PRESENT IN THE GREAT MORMON TABERNACLE. (77)

SISTER VERNICE PREPARED A FINE BIRTHDAY DINNER FOR DEAR NELLIE THIS EVENING, INVITING **GEORGE**, **EDITH** AND HILDA TO DINNER. WE HAD A DELIGHTFUL TIME TOGETHER. TOMORROW IS DEAR NELLIE'S BIRTHDAY. THE

39TH. TUES. APRIL 23, 1935 RAYMOND BUDGE BROUGHT A HYPNOTIST DOWN AFTER THE MUTUAL BUT NO ONE STAYED FOR A PERFORMANCE. I WAS IN HOPES NO ONE WOULD, FOR THIS IS NOT OF GOD, THEN WHY SHOULD WE TARRY?

**SUN. SEPT. 5, 1948** TODAY IS MY 73RD BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY. THE CHILDREN ALL REMEMBERED ME AND MY DEAR WIFE ALSO WITH NICE REMEMBRANCES AND CARDS.

( 496) WE WENT UP TO FISHHAVEN THIS AFTERNOON WITH EUGENE AND ZENNA MAE WHO CAME IN THIS MORNING ON THE TRAIN. WE WERE HAPPY TO SEE THEM. EUGENE'S MOTHER AND SISTER CAME WITH THEM. WE HAD A NICE VISIT WITH BILL AND VERNICE, BILLY AND PERK AND A FINE DINNER WITH THEM. THE CHILDREN HAD A GOOD TIME.

THIS EVENING WE WENT UP TO DAVID AND IVIE'S, THEY INVITED US UP. IVIE SAID SHE HAD A BIRTHDAY CAKE AND ICE CREAM FOR ME AND ALL THE REST.

I WAS APPOINTED TO SOLICIT DESERET NEWS SUBSCRIPTIONS WITH **EDITH B. KUNZ** TO HELP ME, 1 YEAR SUB. SO'S THE WARD WILL BE GIVEN A BOOK OF SOME KIND, THAT IS A NEW SONG BOOK FOR EVERY SUB.

**SUN. SEPT. 4, 1949** SOME OF US WENT TO SUNDAY SCHOOL. BOBBY CAME ALONG WITH MOTHER AND I. SMITH KUNZ SAID, AMONG OTHER THINGS TO ME, BEFORE THE MEETING, IF EVER YOU PASS AWAY OR SHOULD LEAVE HERE, MY PLACE, MY HOME, WOULD DEPRECIATE THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS. I THANKED HIM FOR HIS KINDLY THOUGHT. BOUT 5 P.M. GEORGE [VIGOS] AND ANNIA AND THE CHILDREN DROVE UP, WHICH WE ALL ENJOYED AND WERE HAPPY OVER. IT SEEMS SO GOOD TO HAVE ALL OUR CHILDREN TOGETHER ONCE MORE.

**MON. SEPT. 5, 1949** MY SEVENTY FORTH BIRTHDAY, A VERY HAPPY ONE WITH ALL OUR CHILDREN AROUND US FOR ONCE MORE. MOTHER AND THE GIRLS PREPARED A FINE DINNER WHICH WE ALL ENJOYED, CHICKEN AND HAM AND WHAT NOT ALL. WE TOOK PICTURES. **GEORGE AND EDYTH** CAME OVER AND TOOK SOME, ALSO BOBBY AND DAVID AND EUGENE. THE CHILDREN AND MOTHER PRESENTED ME WITH VARIOUS NICE ARTICLES, A NICE ROBE AND STOCKINGS, TIES, SUSPENDERS AND \$5.00 AND DEAR ANNA AND **GEORGE** GAVE ME \$50.00 AND BEAUTIFUL CARDS.

**(601 MON. OCT. 15, 1951** **EDYTH KUNZ** DROPPED IN A FEW MOMENTS TO POUR OUT HER HEART'S GRIEF REGARDING HER DAUGHTER *BARBARA* AND HER HUSBAND RED WATSON.



HE HAS LEFT HER, MAYBE HE'LL BE BACK, BESIDES HE'S BEEN VERY UNKIND TO HER OF LATE. **EDYTH** FELT TERRIBLE. WE FEEL SORRY FOR POOR *BARBARA* IN HER CONDITION.

TODAY IS ELECTION DAY. 54 VOTES WERE CAST HERE IN BERN. I WAS ONE OF THE JUDGES AND RUDOLPH AND **EDYTH B. KUNZ**.

### ***MISCELLANEOUS SEARCH***

**SUN. DEC. 10, 1950** TODAY IS LITTLE WAYNE'S BIRTHDAY, HIS FOURTH. HE RECEIVED MANY NICE PRESENTS TODAY AND YESTERDAY IN TOYS, CLOTHES AND MONEY AND *GERALDINE* MADE HIM A NICE BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH 4 CANDLES ON IT.

**MON. JULY 9, 1945** ZENNA MAE WENT TO CENTERVILLE WITH AUNT MAE, MARJEAN AND *BARBARA*, *BETTY JOE* IS ALREADY DOWN THERE. THEY ARE GOING TO PICK-CHERRIES FOR SISTER TINGEY. THEY LEFT THIS AFTERNOON AT 3:30.

**(372) SUN. AUG. 19** ZENNA MAE WORKED FOR **EDITH KUNZ** TAKING CARE OF HER CHILDREN. **EDITH** IS COOKING FOR A BUNCH OF R.R. MEN, GETS \$200-00 A MONTH AND *BARBARA* GETS \$140-00 A MONTH

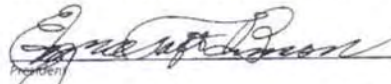
**THURS. NOV. 1, 1951** NELLIE AND ALICE WENT TO A SHOWER FOR *BARBARA WATSON* THIS EVENING.

THE CHURCH OF  
JESUS CHRIST  
OF LATTER-DAY  
SAINTS

This certifies that the bearer, Sister  
Edyth Bills Kirby

who is in full faith and fellowship with The Church of  
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has been duly called  
and set apart as a missionary of the Church, and as  
such has authority to preach the principles of the  
gospel.

We invite all people to give heed to her message.

  
President  
August 5 19 87 Salt Lake City, Utah

Countersigned by missionary

04 February 1989  
Expires

PFS110279



Sister Edith Bills Kunz Kirby, Missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day-Saints  
Saint Louis Missouri Mission, September 1987



## **The Redemption of the Dead**

### **Joseph Smith Jr.**

"And now my dearly beloved brothers and sisters let me assure you that these are principles in relation to the dead and the living that cannot be lightly passed over, as pertaining to our salvation. For their salvation is necessary and essential to our salvation, as Paul says concerning the fathers, that they without us cannot be made perfect, neither can we without our dead be made perfect.

"And now, in relation to the baptism for the dead, I will give you another quotation of Paul, I Corinthians 15:29: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?"

"And again, in connection with this quotation I will give you a quotation from one of the prophets, who had his eye fixed on the restoration of the priesthood, the glories to be revealed in the last days, and in an especial manner this most glorious of all subjects belonging to the everlasting gospel, namely, the baptism for the dead; for Malachi says, last chapter, verses five and six: 'Behold, I will send you Elija the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.'

---

**"All that we can know about those that we have loved  
and lost, is that they would wish us to remember them  
with more intensified realization of their reality.**

**The highest tribute to the dead is not grief,  
but gratitude."**

**- Thornton Wilder**

# Kunz History Photo Gallery



Bern Public School



First LDS Church House in Bern, Idaho



Bern Chapel 2005



Upper Dairy  
George, Parley & Abel Kunz





Upper Dairy - Williamsburg



John Kunz III home at Upper Dairy



Looking North towards Bern from the Cemetery



Gary Kunz after a Successful Rabbit Hunt



Two school houses of Bern  
Now Bern Museum





Betty Jo, Barbara & Gereldene



George & Edith Kunz



Barbara, Betty Jo, Gereldene & Gary Kunz



George & Edith  
50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary



George & Sharing after his  
Switzerland Trip



Grandma & Grandpa on a  
Family Camping Trip





George Kunz in the Bern, Idaho Museum



George & Orlando Kunz  
Elk Hunting





Edith Bills with her Dad John Bills, Twin Sister Ethel, and the rest of her Brothers and sisters



Our Grandma





Bern Barn Dance



River in Switzerland where Margaret Lauener  
(George's Mother) was Baptized



Overlooking the Valley in Switzerland where  
the Kunz Family Migrated From

















