

CRP-1  
(07-23-10)

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF

AGRICULTURE

Commodity Credit Corporation

## CONSERVATION RESERVE PROGRAM CONTRACT

NOTE: The authority for collecting the following information is Pub. L. 107-171. This authority allows for the collection of information without prior OMB approval mandated by the Paperwork Reduction Act of 1995. The time required to complete this information collection estimated to average 4 minutes per response, including the time for reviewing instructions, searching existing data sources, gathering and maintaining the data needed, and completing and reviewing the collection of information.

7. COUNTY OFFICE ADDRESS (Include Zip Code):

BEAR LAKE COUNTY FARM SERVICE AGENCY  
785 N 4TH STREET, SUITE A  
MONTPELIER, ID 83254-1541

TELEPHONE NUMBER (Include Area Code): (208)847-1264 x2

RECEIVED

AUG 10 2026

IDWR/Preston

|                                                                                                                         |                                                                                    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. ST. & C. JDE & ADMIN. LOCATION<br>16 007                                                                             | 2. SIGN-UP NUMBER<br>41                                                            |
| 3. CONTRACT NUMBER<br>10018A                                                                                            | 4. ACRES FOR ENROLLMENT<br>228.10                                                  |
| 5. FARM NUMBER<br>2493                                                                                                  | 6. TRACT NUMBER(S)<br>5098                                                         |
| 8. OFFER (Select one)<br>GENERAL <input checked="" type="checkbox"/><br>ENVIRONMENTAL PRIORITY <input type="checkbox"/> | 9. CONTRACT PERIOD<br>FROM: (MM-DD-YYYY) 10-01-2011<br>TO: (MM-DD-YYYY) 09-30-2021 |

THIS CONTRACT is entered into between the Commodity Credit Corporation (referred to as "CCC") and the undersigned owners, operators, or tenants (who may be referred to as "the Participant"). The Participant agrees to place the designated acreage into the Conservation Reserve Program ("CRP") or other use set by CCC for the stipulated contract period from the date the contract is executed by the CCC. The Participant also agrees to implement on such designated acreage the Conservation Plan developed for such acreage and approved by the CCC and the Participant. Additionally, the Participant and CCC agree to comply with the terms and conditions contained in this Contract, including the Appendix to this Contract, entitled Appendix to CRP-1, Conservation Reserve Program Contract (referred to as "Appendix"). By signing below, the Participant acknowledges that a copy of the Appendix for the applicable sign-up period has been provided to such person. Such person also agrees to pay such liquidated damages in an amount specified in the Appendix if the Participant withdraws prior to CCC acceptance or rejection.

The terms and conditions of this contract are contained in this Form CRP-1 and in the CRP-1 Appendix and any addendum thereto. BY SIGNING THIS CONTRACT PRODUCERS ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT OF THE FOLLOWING FORMS: CRP-1, CRP-1 Appendix and any addendum thereto, CRP-2 or CRP-2C, if applicable; and, if applicable, CRP-15.

|                                                                                          |                                                                  |              |                 |          |                               |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|-----------------|----------|-------------------------------|
| 10A. Rental Rate Per Acre<br>\$ 59.90                                                    | 11. Identification of CRP Land (See Page 2 for additional space) |              |                 |          |                               |
| B. Annual Contract Payment<br>\$ 13,663                                                  | A. Tract No.                                                     | B. Field No. | C. Practice No. | D. Acres | E. Total Estimated Cost-Share |
| C. First Year Payment                                                                    | 5098                                                             | 0001         | CP4D            | 141.80   | \$ 4,254                      |
| (Item 10C applicable only to continuous signup when the first year payment is prorated.) | 5098                                                             | 0002         | CP4D            | 1.30     | \$ 39                         |
|                                                                                          | 5098                                                             | 0003         | CP4D            | 47.70    | \$ 1,431                      |

## 12. PARTICIPANTS

|                                                                                                                               |                      |                                                                                                                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| A(1) PARTICIPANT'S NAME AND ADDRESS (Zip Code):<br>DELLENE RIGBY<br>74 WARDBORO CEMETERY RD<br>MONTPELIER, ID 83254-5230-0357 | (2) SHARE<br>100.00% | (3) SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER: [REDACTED]                                                                         |
|                                                                                                                               |                      | (4) SIGNATURE<br>Joy Dellene R. Rigby<br>(If more than three individuals are signing, continue on attachment.) |
| B(1) PARTICIPANT'S NAME AND ADDRESS (Zip Code):                                                                               | (2) SHARE<br>%       | (3) SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER:                                                                                    |
|                                                                                                                               |                      | (4) SIGNATURE<br>(If more than three individuals are signing, continue on attachment.)                         |
| C(1) PARTICIPANT'S NAME AND ADDRESS (Zip Code):                                                                               | (2) SHARE<br>%       | (3) SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER:                                                                                    |
|                                                                                                                               |                      | (4) SIGNATURE<br>(If more than three individuals are signing, continue on attachment.)                         |

(If more than three individuals are signing, continue on attachment.)

|                                                                  |                                                     |                                |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 13. CCC USE ONLY - Payments according to the shares are approved | A. SIGNATURE OF CCC REPRESENTATIVE<br>Ruth Thompson | B. DATE (MM-DD-YYYY)<br>9-1-15 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|

NOTE: The following statement is made in accordance with the Privacy Act of 1974 (5 USC 552a) and the Paperwork Reduction Act of 1995, as amended. The authority for requesting the following information is the Food Security Act of 1985, (Pub. L. 99-198), as amended and the Farm Security and Rural Investment Act of 2002 (Pub. L. 107-171) and regulations promulgated at 7 CFR Part 1410 and the Internal Revenue code (26 USC 6109). The information requested is necessary for CCC to consider and process the offer to enter into a Conservation Reserve Program Contract, to assist in determining eligibility and to determine the correct parties to the contract. Furnishing the requested information is voluntary. Failure to furnish the requested information will result in determination of ineligibility for certain program benefits and other financial assistance administered by USDA agency. This information may be provided to other agencies, IRS, Department of Justice, or other State and Federal Law Enforcement agencies, and in response to a court magistrate or administrative tribunal. The provisions of criminal and civil fraud statutes, including 18 USC 286, 287, 371, 641, 651, 1001; 15 USC 714m; and 31 USC 3729, may be applicable to the information provided.

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## View Contract

|                              |                               |                          |                       |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| <b>Contract Status:</b>      | Terminated (Replaced)         | <b>Activity Type:</b>    | Revise                |
| <b>Admin State:</b>          | Idaho (16)                    | <b>Admin County:</b>     | Bear Lake (007)       |
| <b>Physical State:</b>       | Idaho (16)                    | <b>Physical County:</b>  | Bear Lake (007)       |
| <b>Contract Number:</b>      | 10018                         | <b>Signup Number:</b>    | 41                    |
| <b>Program Type:</b>         | CRP                           | <b>Signup Name:</b>      | General CRP Signup 41 |
| <b>Program Year:</b>         | 2012                          | <b>Signup Type:</b>      | General               |
| <b>Contract Description:</b> | TERRA_ID007_F1290_T5098_S5_10 | <b>Subcategory Type:</b> | REGULAR               |

**Child Contract(s):** Bear Lake, ID [10018A](#)

|                                              |            |                                        |              |
|----------------------------------------------|------------|----------------------------------------|--------------|
| <b>Approval Date:</b>                        | 08/22/2011 | <b>Original Contract Start Date:</b>   | 10/01/2011   |
| <b>Revised Contract Start Date:</b>          | N/A        | <b>Contract End Date:</b>              | 09/30/2014   |
| <b>Contract Acres:</b>                       | 228.10     | <b>Re-enrolled Acres:</b>              | 228.10       |
| <b>Cropland Acres:</b>                       | 228.10     | <b>Marginal Pastureland Acres:</b>     | 0.00         |
| <b>Non-Cropland Acres:</b>                   | 0.00       | <b>HUC Code:</b>                       | 160102010601 |
| <b>Extended:</b>                             | No         | <b>Approved For Early Termination:</b> | No           |
| <b>Termination Criteria:</b>                 | N/A        | <b>Contract Validity:</b>              | Valid        |
| <b>Payable Acres:</b>                        | 228.10     | <b>Cover Maintenance Performed By:</b> | N/A          |
| <b>Does a C/S Agreement Exemption apply?</b> | No         | <b>Water/Wind EI:</b>                  | 17/1         |

**Activity Reason(s)**

- Change in tract number after a reconstitution

### Rate Information and PL Rule

| Effective Start Date | Effective End Date | Rental Rate per Acre | Annual Contract Payment | PL Rule | AGI Threshold |
|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|---------|---------------|
| 10/01/2011           | 09/30/2014         | \$59.90              | \$13,663                | 4-PL    | \$1,000,000   |

### Farm/Tract and CLU Information

| Farm Number | Tract Number | CLU  | CLU Acres | Rental Reduction Code |
|-------------|--------------|------|-----------|-----------------------|
| 1290        | 5098         | 0004 | 14.40     | None                  |
| 1290        | 5098         | 0003 | 47.70     | None                  |
| 1290        | 5098         | 0002 | 1.30      | None                  |
| 1290        | 5098         | 0001 | 164.70    | None                  |

### Producer Information

| Producer Name | Address                 | City       | State | Zip   | Share    | Deceased Producer Date |
|---------------|-------------------------|------------|-------|-------|----------|------------------------|
| KEENE RIGBY   | 74 WARDBORO CEMETERY RD | MONTPELIER | ID    | 83254 | 100.00 % | 01/15/2015             |

### Practice Information

| Practice Code | CLU  | SAFE Area | Practice Status | Practice Acres | Estimated Cost Share per Practice |
|---------------|------|-----------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------------------------|
| CP4D          | 0001 |           | Existing        | 164.70         | \$4,941                           |
| CP4D          | 0003 |           | Existing        | 24.80          | \$744                             |
| CP42          | 0003 |           | Enhanced        | 22.90          | \$0                               |
| CP4D          | 0004 |           | Existing        | 14.40          | \$432                             |
| CP4D          | 0002 |           | Existing        | 1.30           | \$39                              |

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### Contract Warnings

- The CLU number "UNKNOWN" is not valid. Please correct the CLU numbers.

## View Contract

|                              |            |                          |                 |
|------------------------------|------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| <b>Contract Status:</b>      | Expired    | <b>Activity Type:</b>    | No Activity     |
| <b>Admin State:</b>          | Idaho (16) | <b>Admin County:</b>     | Bear Lake (007) |
| <b>Physical State:</b>       | Idaho (16) | <b>Physical County:</b>  | Bear Lake (007) |
| <b>Contract Number:</b>      | 396        | <b>Signup Number:</b>    | 15              |
| <b>Program Type:</b>         | CRP        | <b>Signup Name:</b>      | 15 General      |
| <b>Program Year:</b>         | 1998       | <b>Signup Type:</b>      | General         |
| <b>Contract Description:</b> | N/A        | <b>Subcategory Type:</b> | Regular         |

|                                              |            |                                        |             |
|----------------------------------------------|------------|----------------------------------------|-------------|
| <b>Approval Date:</b>                        | 09/09/1997 | <b>Original Contract Start Date:</b>   | 10/01/1997  |
| <b>Revised Contract Start Date:</b>          | N/A        | <b>Contract End Date:</b>              | 09/30/2011  |
| <b>Contract Acres:</b>                       | 228.10     | <b>Re-enrolled Acres:</b>              | 218.30      |
| <b>Cropland Acres:</b>                       | 228.10     | <b>Marginal Pastureland Acres:</b>     | 0.00        |
| <b>Non-Cropland Acres:</b>                   | 0.00       | <b>HUC Code:</b>                       | 16010201060 |
| <b>Extended:</b>                             | Yes        | <b>Approved For Early Termination:</b> | No          |
| <b>Termination Criteria:</b>                 | N/A        | <b>Contract Validity:</b>              | Valid       |
| <b>Payable Acres:</b>                        | 228.10     | <b>Cover Maintenance Performed By:</b> | N/A         |
| <b>Does a C/S Agreement Exemption apply?</b> | No         | <b>Water/Wind EI:</b>                  | n/a / n/a   |

### Rate Information and PL Rule

| Effective Start Date | Effective End Date | Rental Rate per Acre | Annual Contract Payment | PL Rule | AGI Threshold |
|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|---------|---------------|
| 10/01/1997           | 09/30/2007         | \$42.76              | \$9,754                 | 1-PL    | No AGI        |
| 10/01/2007           | 09/30/2011         | \$42.76              | \$9,754                 | 1-PL    | \$2,500,000   |

### Farm/Tract and CLU Information

| Farm Number | Tract Number | CLU     | CLU Acres | Rental Reduction Code |
|-------------|--------------|---------|-----------|-----------------------|
| 1290        | unknown      | unknown | 228.10    | None                  |

### Producer Information

| Producer Name | Address                | City       | State | Zip   | Share    | Deceased Producer Date |
|---------------|------------------------|------------|-------|-------|----------|------------------------|
| KEENE RIGBY   | 74 WARBORO CEMETERY RD | MONTPELIER | ID    | 83254 | 100.00 % | 01/15/2015             |

### Practice Information

| Practice Code | CLU     | SAFE Area | Practice Status | Practice Acres | Estimated Cost Share per Practice |
|---------------|---------|-----------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------------------------|
| CP10          | unknown |           | N/A             | 212.40         | \$0                               |
| CP1           | unknown |           | N/A             | 15.70          | \$312                             |

### Contract Extension Information

| Contract Extension Type | Rate  | Effective Start Date | Effective End Date |
|-------------------------|-------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 4 Year REX Extension    | 42.76 | 10/01/2007           | 09/30/2011         |

### Predecessor-Successor Division(s) of Payment agreement

None

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always helped us on wash day. Ruth and Mother.....there were plenty of them around there to do it.

*Wilmer: How long did it take to do the family washing?*

**John R:** What? I can't tell you. Later on we bought a washer that you would turn the handle.....that would be about 1911 or 1912 and I used to like to read books and Mother would tell me to give it a 150 turns and I'd get to reading and forget all about it and I would really wash the clothes.

*Wilmer: O.K., Dad now describe the fields and tell how they were located in relation to the house.*

**John R:** The house was located right at the mouth of Red Pine Canyon, and we had what we called the south field.....in this was planted alfalfa.....about 20 to 30 acres of alfalfa and the rest would be barley and wheat. Then there was a north field and here we grew the wheat.....about 40 acres and then there was about 60 acres in this north field.....oh I guess maybe 80 acres. And all the way we plowed them we had a three-horse team on a 12 inch plow and one would drive the team and the other would hold the plow. And, if we were lucky, we would get an acre plowed in a day. And we called this old plow the "THE FOOT BURNER".....I tell you your feet got tired.

*Wilmer: How old were you when you first started working in the fields?*

**John R:** When I first started working the fields I was eleven or twelve years old. We would get up in the morning about 6 o'clock and sometimes 5:30 and the thing we did was round up the calves and the cows and milk them and then after we got them milked we would have breakfast and go into the fields, about 8 o'clock or 8:30 work til noon, go in for dinner, then back and work til about five and then one of us would get on the saddle horse and go after the cows. We would milk the cows and take care of all the details.....

*Wilmer: Now where did you pasture the cows?*

**John R:** The cows were pastured west of the house and north. That was our pasture. There was about 300 acres of range pasture up there.

*Wilmer: Did Grandpa own that?*

**John R:** That was part of his homestead, yes.

*Wilmer: How many cows could that pasture?*

**John R:** Oh we'd run anywhere from ten to fifty head of milk cows.

*Wilmer: O.K. and what other livestock did you have?*

**John R:** Oh we'd have a few steers.....a few heifers.....things like that.

*Wilmer: Horses?*

**John R:** Oh yeah, we always had about nine or ten horses.

*Wilmer: What type of horses?*

**John R:** Well we had a big team we called Donald and Ace. Ace was a big mare, and Donald was a big blue gelding.

*Wilmer: That was a team?*

**John R:** That was a team of horses and they were our old reliables.....they were sure pull. And then we had our trotting team, Fox and Floyd, and when we go to Sunday School or to town why we'd use the trotting team or something. We used them to plow with. And uh then we had a black horse we called Sam.

and when I was eight years old Dad bought me a little three-year-old gelding and I named him Diamond and that was the best horse that ever come in this world.

*Wilmer: Alright now you used to go into town with a team of horses.....*

**John R:** Oh Yes!

*Wilmer: What type of wagon did you have?*

**John R:** We'd go to town in a buggy.....we had a white-topped buggy. It had two seats. We had two seats in it. And we had blinds for it too.....when it would wet and stormy you'd pull these blinds down and fasten them to the pole in the buggy and we thought we were really high-class when we ran that thing. And it was nice. It had very good springs.....it road pretty good.

*Wilmer: Now how far did you have to go.....where did you do your shopping?*

**John R:** In Montpelier.....sometimes in Ovid, but mostly Montpelier. And that time they didn't have that bridge that goes over to Montpelier from Beaverton you would have to go way up to where the canal bridge crosses the highway. That's where you would have to go. Unless the river got way down and then we would ford the river down by Allemans and go that way. And the water in the ford was deep enough that you had to hold your feet up because it was running in the bottom of the buggy.

*Wilmer: Tell us about a typical shopping day. Did you go shopping mostly in the fall of the year after harvesting the crops, or whenever you needed to buy something? How often did you go to town?*

**John R:** Oh maybe three times in a summer. Yeah, that's all.

*Wilmer: How long did it take.....was it an all-day job?*

**John R:** Well to get from the ranch over to town.....or, what would you say about seven miles or eight. By the time you trotted your team over there and unloaded them and tied them and let them eat a little hay in the back of the wagon or buggy; and then we went shopping. Mostly we'd go to the cloth store at Sam Louis's and trade him cheese for whatever we needed.

*Wilmer: Did you barter.....is that the way.....?*

**John R:** Oh Yeah,

*Wilmer: Now uh you'd trade him cheese for.....?*

**John R:** Oh sure,

*Wilmer: Did you ever go to Paris?*

**John R:** Very seldom.....it was too far.

*Wilmer: Where did you sell your wheat?*

**John R:** We sold our wheat.....mostly we took it down to Pescadero (sp.) It was about oh about four miles from the ranch north and the railroad would run there and we'd throw our wheat in the cars.....boy that was a job. How much cheese did you produce in a year? Any ideas? Frankly I can't tell you that. But there was a lot.

*Wilmer: Did you have a market for it other than Sam Louis?*

**John R:** Oh yeah, we would trade it to nearly all the stores.....they'd take it. What about Paris.....didn't they handle your cheese too?

**John R:** No. We didn't get over there too much. Now.... oh yes, J. R. Shephe

260 *John T. and Elgie R. Rigby Children*

**John R. Rigby**

**Interviewed By J. Wilmer Rigby**  
 Geneva (wife of John R.), Clyde (son of John R. and Geneva),  
 Also participating: Geneva (wife of J. Wilmer Rigby) - September 1984

**John R. Rigby**: Dad, I would like you to start this out and let your mind go back when you were just about as young as you can remember and tell us a little bit about the old homestead.... what it was like around the farm, and what you can remember about the family.... the things you used to do. Take us through a daily routine and let's just try it from there. O.K.?

**John R. Rigby**: I lived on what we called "lower Bern" and there we homesteaded a piece of ground. I am John R. Rigby, the son of John T. Rigby and Eliza Rebecca Kunz Rigby. This homesteading procedure.... everybody did it.... and they would get logs and build them homes on it and barns and granaries and all kinds of buildings that are necessary to maintain a family existence. The ground is located about three miles north of what we called upper Bern. He (John T.) proved up on about 150 acres, I believe, altogether. This consisted of sage-brush covered hills and plains and all had to be scrubbed of the vegetation so that we could farm. It required a lot of work. Down through the middle of the place was a stream they called Red Pine Creek. Dad filed on this water and it is presently still the Rigby family. Matthew Keene Rigby (Keene Keller Rigby) is the one that the farm and the water rights. I entered this home on October the 18th, 1893. At that time there were no children (sons) in the family, but I came along, Pearl, Della, and then (Ruth), and then May and then I came along. **John R. Rigby**: Tell a little bit about each one. About Pearl.... what do you remember about her personality and some of the things...  
**John R. Rigby**: Pearl didn't have the privilege of being born at that time. (Pearl was born in 1895 while her parents were living in Gray's Lake.) My father and mother were maintaining or trying to run a dairy out in Gray's Lake around the side of the head of Tin Cup. This occurred in about 1895 and that was when Pearl came into the world.

**John R. Rigby**: What kind of a place was that?  
**John R. Rigby**: Well..... this was just a summer pasture, there was a lot of land cattle pastured on and then you put up a temporary building more or less. The cattle was kept where there was cold water available.... that cooled the cattle.

policy and her opinion was the best. And everybody seemed to like her, especially Dad..... Pearl was Dad's favorite girl. I remember when Pearl was young..... she was probably as old as anyone of the school children that used to ride the school bus from lower Bern to upper Bern; and she had charge of the younger children and took care of us. One thing I do remember, I soon found out that the boys went to school in their teens in elementary school; and then out that the boys went to school in their teens in elementary school; and then the rescue and that is what they liked. And man, I begged them my sisters leave me alone. But that is how it went and I got the worst of it every time Pearl could sing, but she never could play the piano or anything like that, or organ. We didn't have a piano.... we had an old pump organ. And one thing she could speak the Swiss language very well. She learned it from Mother taught it to her. Mother knew the Swiss language very well because folks were Swiss.... and of course..... she taught Pearl this language.

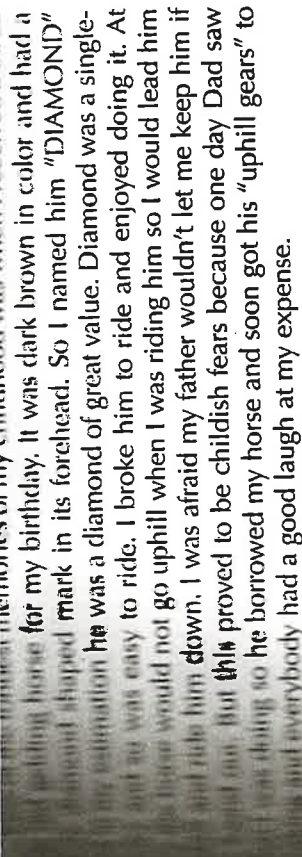
**John R. Rigby**: We better clarify that. Grandma was Swiss, but grandpa wasn't, was he?

**John R. Rigby**: No, but I meant Mother's father and mother.... they were both Swiss. They came from Switzerland and emigrated over here for the gospels; and they were among the early Kunz people that first settled Ovid, and then settled Bern.

**John R. Rigby**: Aunt Pearl became good at speaking Swiss, huh?  
**John R. Rigby**: She was very good. She and Mother didn't have much manners about because they would speak Swiss in front of myself and Geneva. If they were to get a point across they would lapse into Swiss. I didn't think that was good manners.... I don't.

**John R. Rigby**: Let's talk a little bit about Della..... describe her personality.  
**John R. Rigby**: About two years after Dad.... we had another girl come into the world and her name was Della. She was more of a reticent person, she never teased herself very much unless she got riled up and then she could tell you she was a pretty good musician. She went to playing the organ and piano. She was the first one that did. She would get this peddle organ and play it all by ear.... she didn't take any lessons. She sang beautiful also. She was a pretty serious and so they teased her a lot in school. Seemed like she was having troubles, but she was a fine lady.

**John R. Rigby**: Then two years later Luella Ruth came. There was a girl with a name like a kiddler and joker. And she got along swell.... everybody liked her. She worked out quite a lot for different people. She worked for the first name, "Bunderson in St. Charles." She also worked for the first name, "Bunderson in St. Charles." And she got a pretty good education; and she taught school.



**The Rigby Family in Bern, Idaho**

Front: Irene, Alta, and Ronald (right)

and our mother could make a tasty dinner out of these free offerings here. So we were *real hunters*. So we carried the single shot when we went after the milk cows and thought we were real hunters. But we just killed a bull for our use and didn't kill needlessly. Truman and Bill each received a *prize* when they became of age and we were a wild bunch as we raced the bulls and up and down the roads.

One thing I shall never forget was a twelve inch hand plow that we called "hot burner" because it was pulled by three horses and we would walk out and hold the plow erect. In this way of plowing we would spend a half plowing thirty acres. We would take turns plowing and it seemed as if we would never get done. It was a great day when Dad bought a "new way" plow that we could ride. It had fourteen inch plows and was a big improvement.

Then a group of farmers bought a "header" that six head of horses pushed the grain and an elevator dumped the wheat into "header boxes" on the grain. The grain was pulled up until threshing time in stacks. All of this was done with manual labor and it was customary for the neighbors to help each other during harvest time. There would be wonderful meals prepared for the ladies and the hungry men would soon do away with fried chicken, pies, cakes, fruit, etc. and plenty of homemade bread and cold milk. Everybody had fun.

then came threshing time. In the early days horses were hooked up to a  
propelled rotary device that furnished power for a long drive shaft that  
operated the threshing machine. Men would climb on the stacks of wheat and



When Father would kill a beef or a pig, he would string it up on the swing which consisted of two white pine logs, a crossbar and a heavy rope. Braces kept the poles upright. The dog would get real excited in the night. More than once Father saw wild animal tracks around the swing.

There used to be wild bulls that would come in with cows at milking time. We had a chute to put wild cows in to milk them. A pole put across between her hind legs kept her from moving. One bull kept coming back. We drove the persistent bull into the chute and tied tin cans to his tail. Then into the lane we drove him—cans clattering on his heels. Down the lane he tore and never came back again.

I used to go with Father to North Canyon. I was only eight or nine years old. He would cut and trim a log. Then he would hitch a singletree around the log and have me snake the log to the wagon or running gears. He "got out" the logs for our house at the ranch.

Sister Berger homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres of grazing land. The folks paid her for living there.

The folks planted the lower part of Honey Suckle Hill with fruit trees which did not survive.

They also planted a large raspberry patch from which we picked a great deal of fruit. They had strawberry rhubarb, lilac trees sweet rocket and other flowers. Each year we had a wonderful vegetable garden.

We got water from a wooden pipe water system which we called the Brunk Stalk. Father had gone to the canyon and chosen and cut straight poles which he hauled to Grandpa's place. Uncle David C. helped Father. With a long auger they bored the center of the logs out. When they had the poles placed where they were to be, they drove the small end of the pole into the larger end. Finally the system was completed and water came through it. However, as years passed, moss grew inside, clogging it and the wood rotted, so no more water came. For years we hauled drinking water from Alleman's and later on from Aunt Mary Ann's.

Do you know how Father made the Red Pine Hollow ditch? He had a long board with legs on it like a saw horse and a spirit level in the middle. Each time he marked out the water course he put stakes in the ground. Then he moved the long board, and put the same end just a little lower each time. When he had it all surveyed and marked he took a horse and plow and plowed out the ditch. This enabled him to make a ditch through which the water flowed nicely. This ditch brought enough water for the dairy, cattle, garden and washing. It ran around behind the house through the garden and into the lucerne field. Where the water ran the lucerne grew heavy and tall—say six feet high. Since the ditch ran along the hills where the cattle grazed, the children would have to go and get the water.

evening twin sons were born to Aunt Caroline Kunz. Soon Lizzie and the boys were moved out to Slug Creek with a bunch of cows. Lizzie and her sister Ida were the only girls there until Aunt Caroline could come out with the young babies.

During the summer John T. went out several times to visit Lizzie and the folks. Early in the summer Christian Kunz bought a hay ranch at Grays Lake. So John helped move the folks out there on the Houston Ranch from Slug Creek.

The latter part of September, he went to Grays Lake and got Lizzie so she could get her clothes ready to go and be married. When October came, he took her to Salt Lake City and they were married there in the Salt Lake Temple, October 10, 1894. They attended Conference, visited around for a few days while in Salt Lake, and then went home and lived in Aunt Caroline's house. John soon finished fixing up the other house and then they moved into that. They were very poor but very happy.



Soon he began teaching school again in Bern at \$45.00 per month. There was a terrible depression on when they were married; wages were low and many were out of jobs.

In the Spring nearly everyone moved to the dairies, so John T. bought a ranch at Grays Lake. He bought an old vat and dairy outfit from Mr. Williams in Nounan, Idaho, then moved his family to Grays Lake. They also drove a bunch of cows too; most of the cows were wild. John T. and his wife made cheese and did pretty good. Albert Humburg worked for them. He was about 12 years old. That fall, October 15, 1895, the first baby girl, Pearl Elizabeth, was born. Mrs. Grunder and Eliza, Lizzie's mother, looked after Lizzie, who's safe delivery they were all thankful for.

Three weeks after, John T. moved Aunt Caroline and her family beside his wife and baby from Grays Lake to Bern. The trip proved very hard. The snow was deep in Grays Valley and when they were half way from Soda Springs to Montpelier, the snow gave out. After getting a team and wagon from Bill Stoddard in Georgetown, the sleigh load of people could then proceed the nine miles into Georgetown where they stayed over night with Douglas Hix (Hicks), Lizzie's first school teacher. The next day they arrived at Bern very tired but safe.

John T.'s family settled down once more and he began teaching, holding church practice, etc.

Karl G. Maeser came to Bear Lake and organized the Religion Classes. He put Lecher C. Keetch in as Supt. of Religion Classes of the Bear Lake Stake. Bro. Kewich came to Bern and John was put in as Supt. of Religion Classes in the Bern Ward with Louisa W. Kunz as assistant in the lower grade.

John took up 160 acres of land out at Red Pine Hollow. He built a frame barn there and in the summer they moved there; raised a garden and rye hay.

For one year they rented the Buehler home in Lower Bern and land and lived there. After that he moved his family on their own land and they stayed there, milked cows, made cheese, and raised chickens. John raised grain and put up hay on shares on the Hirschi hay claim across the river. After that they put up hay on shares for Jed Merrell of Bennington. During the summer times for several years they moved to Star Valley and made cheese there on the Christensen ranch. One after another the children were married and settled down, until three of the oldest daughters were married.

10, 1996

Appendix

My family must have returned to write I have neglected it for so long. But your love than never. But really I have only written one since I saw you.

...at this time since I saw you.  
...at quite well; some colds but nothing serious. John Rare  
...again yesterday. Three weeks ago he had the end of his  
...threshed last Mon  
...and has been laid off since. We  
...last year on account of the  
...not nearly as good as  
...but its better than nothing.

After planting June and July, but its better to plant some lettuce about 1/2 acre of head lettuce it turned out to be about \$140.00 worth & if all goes well we'll have some to ship. The heads weighed 2 1/2 to 3 lbs. The other some of the heads weighed 2 1/2 to 3 lbs. The garden peas is a good crop to raise in Bear Lake country with the altitude being so high.

and began last Mon 13th the children like it fine. Alta my last  
and began school and I wonder if I will still be here when she  
high school.

...from high school.

[illegible]

BENTLEY &amp; Treasured Memories Collection



the mouth of Red Pine Hollow, which we used to explore. From Red Pine, we got our water, wood, grazing, chokecherries, and many a scare, for me. I used to be afraid Indians would come down the hollow and murder us. I used to be afraid of the end of the world especially when the clouds were red in the west at sunset. Those fears were really thrills—made life exciting.

One of the worst things I can remember happening was when Jack chopped his thumb and hand with a hatchet. He was playing behind the shanty, thru the pantry window. I'll never forget how frightened I was. Mother was a practical nurse, knew what to do and how to do it. Today a bad cut like that would require stitches and shots and would probably leave a worse scar than Mother's doctoring did. But today we wouldn't have the terrible fear we had then; so times really are better.

We had lots of fun. Dad and Mother were great hands to sing as they worked. I remember one afternoon we returned from school and Mother said she had thought of a name for the dog. "What is it?" we all wanted to know. "Guess," said Mother. So we guessed and guessed but she'd only shake her head and laugh. The best part of it was, Dad was guessing right along with the others. Much later to our amusement Mother informed us she had told us right from the beginning what the dog's name was. "GUESS" and GUESS is what we called the dog, who was black, if I remember right.

I suppose I was about ten years old when Dad and I were fencing in the Terrace Flats, west of Dewey Bald. I was after Dad to tell me stories and this day he told me the following story. I rolled on the ground and laughed. I had tears in my eyes.

Father and Mother would never let their children sweat.

One day Jimmy came running into the house crying.

"What's wrong with you?" asked the busy mother.

"Mary stole my candy," said Jimmy.

"Don't be selfish," said the mother, "let her have it."

After some thought the angry boy said, "Mother is Damn swearing."

"Yes, and don't let me ever hear you say that word," said the mother.

"Is damn in a ditch swearing?" asked Jimmy.

"No, but you mustn't use it for swearing," said the mother.

"Is Rotterdam swearing?" continued the boy.

"No, it isn't," replied the mother.

"Well then," said Jimmy, "I hope the candy will Rotterdam itself."

**MEN**  
By May  
from Rigby Ne

enjoyed so very much reading. The only trouble is that the er so much reminiscing over o where to start. My memory

Winter my brother Bill was a We lived on the ranch and Ci to sit by Bill's cradle and ro to me. One of my highlig Mother a recipe for co the hot cakes only they hac I learned to like Grandp: in the spring.

My brother was my first tea which was 5, 6, 7 and 8 while in our Church hous the two units. The nex across the street. Mother v four large rooms and King Vivian Pope, who later we were of our n I went to school, The snow got so the school sleigh to sit on. I r it to make me sic a feather.

we were bothered sheep, etc. (a wolf in the of dog and gr from Kunz slayin the snow with his

either funeral was held in the church on account of the flu. Melvin's death was a hard blow, especially so soon after Lizzie's mother's death. John had been teaching school in Tygee, Idaho during the winter. However, he arrived home before Melvin died.

In the Spring of 1922, John T. rented a ranch at Montpelier from Thomas L. Mumford where they made cheese for a year or two. Then they sold milk in town and quit making cheese. They now had a family of twelve children, one having passed on.



**John T. and Lizzie R. Rigby Family**

*Back Row:* William Wilmer, Luella Ruth, Truman Wilford, John Rollin

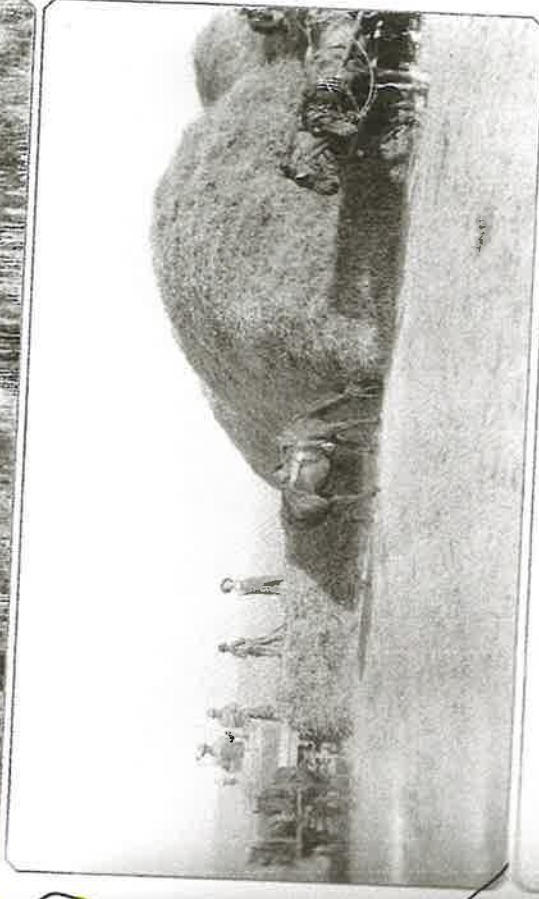
*Middle Row:* Alpha, Fonda, Frances May, Della Grace

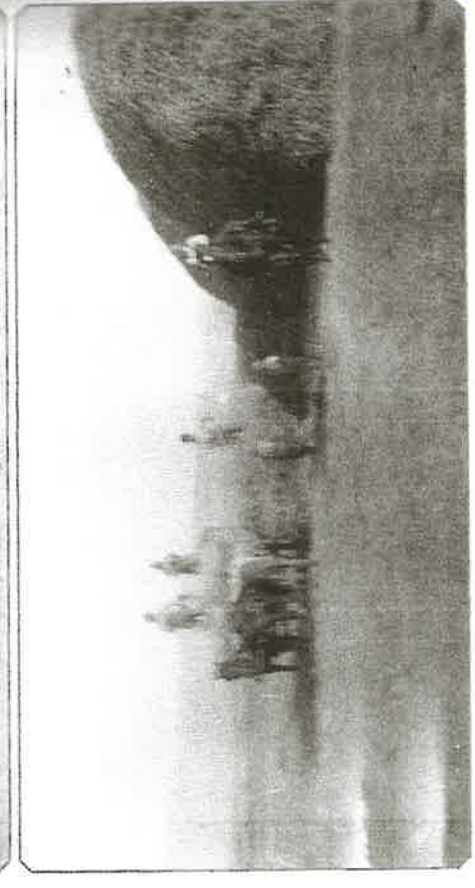
*Front Row:* John T. Rigby, Alva Adeline, Pearl Elizabeth, Irene, Lizzie R.

*Insert on Right:* Melvin Christian

Their oldest son, John R., was called on a mission to the Central States which he filled with honor. Four of their children were married while they lived there. Also, Pearl was married a second time.

*Bern*





their eldest son, John R., was called on a mission to the Central States which he filled with honor. Four of their children were married while they lived here. Also, Pearl was married a second time.

Christian Kunz died while there, which was a shock to John for he thought of his father-in-law. Just three months later their son, William W., was on a mission in Czechoslovakia, was drowned while filling a call at the Czech YWCA Camp of boy scouts—joining in sports, canoeing, swimming, etc. This proved to be such a shock to John he never fully recovered from it.

While they lived in Montpelier, Pres. Ed. C. Rich put John in as Stake Agent of Religion Classes which kept him quite busy going from ward to ward attending the work.

John T. was choir leader in the Third Ward in Montpelier. He also taught a class in Sunday School. He was always kept busy in the church wherever he lived. He loved the Gospel and loved to work in the Church.

His health kept failing so he turned the property over to his two sons and moved to Logan. Temple work occupied his time until his health failed him. While he lived in Logan, Irene was called on a mission to California and returned just in time for the funeral. He lived and suffered considerable for seven years before he died June 1, 1940 in Logan, Utah. The funeral was held in the Bern Ward. He was laid to rest in the Bern Cemetery, June 4, 1940.

He was a kind, good man.

Wilmer came with his outfit and worked there, also. After this he came to Houston. When school let out, John and several of his friends decided to go to Brownstone Park. Those he lists who went are Professor D. M. Hight, Joseph Jensen, and Martin Winters. Martin Winters was to have a special ready for them at Montpelier. John said they had a very fine time in the beautiful park and ate all the trout they wanted. They shot woodcock, also, other game on the way.

Ver Budge invited John to go to Bear Lake for a visit. While there he met Wilford Rich, who advised him to go to Bern, as they wanted a teacher there. When he applied to teach in Bern, they hired him to go to Logan for his belongings. He boarded at Christian Kunz's home. He had a two-room log cabin where he taught school in one room - eight pupils kept him very busy. The other room in the log cabin was his own room. They were both situated right across the street from Christian Kunz's place.

The people treated him very nice and he got along fine. Bishop John had him to be choir leader. He held choir practice nearly every week. Bern owned a piano or an organ; nor did the church. So John T. loaned his own on his violin so that he could teach them to the people.

When he boarded at Christian Kunz's place, he became well acquainted with Lizzie, their eldest daughter. They often went to dances and parties. On April 7, 1894 (springtime) they became engaged. That same day their twin sons were born to Aunt Caroline Kunz. Soon Lizzie and the boys moved out to Slug Creek with a bunch of cows. Lizzie and her sister Edna were the only girls there until Aunt Caroline could come out with the young men.

During the summer John T. went out several times to visit Lizzie and the boys. Early in the summer Christian Kunz bought a hay ranch at Grays Lake, so he helped move the folks out there on the Houston Ranch from Slug Creek. The latter part of September, he went to Grays Lake and got Lizzie so she could get her clothes ready to go and be married. When October came, he went to Salt Lake City and they were married there in the Salt Lake Temple on October 10, 1894. They attended Conference, visited around for a few days in Salt Lake, and then went home and lived in Aunt Caroline's house. They soon finished fixing up the other house and then they moved into that house. They were very poor but very happy.

John T. was Sunday School Superintendent of the Bern Sunday School for several years.

In 1918 when the flu was so bad, Lizzie's mother, Eliza took sick with a severe atrophy of the liver and passed away. She was a good, noble woman. Lizzie was one of her traits. John T. thought a lot of her for this trait and for many others. John and Lizzie's little son, Melvin, was seriously hurt and died. Another funeral was held in the church on account of the flu. Melvin's death



John T. Rigby



Warrantee Deed  
Grantor: David Kunz  
Grantee: John T. Rigby  
Lot: 5 Block: 3 Bern, Idaho Townsite  
Time: 4:00 P.M. Sum: \$50.00

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Home of J. T. Rigby

The logs for this special home were obtained from Red Pine Hollow and South Canyon. Trees were carefully selected, cut and then hauled via horses to the Bern Townsite. John Thomas, relatives and neighbors labored diligently to secure and prepare the logs. We do not know the names of all the people who helped, but Christian, Henry, and Alma Kunz were mentioned as putting in many hours.

The house had two good sized rooms on the ground floor. The west room had beds, clothes closet, dresser, chest, etc., and a wood burning stove that could really put out the heat. The kitchen range furnished heat and comfort when the weather was cold as well as providing heat for cooking, cleaning, and water for tub and washings. Wood from the wood pile was the fuel for both stoves. The upstairs had a couple of sleeping rooms.

Many relatives, friends, and strangers put their feet under the round table and enjoyed delicious meals. The round table could very quickly be extended and enlarged at which time it took on an oval shape.

In the yard was a horse drawn wheat mill. John T. would pour cleaned wheat into the large funnel. The round table could soon have a sack full of cracked wheat for cooking. This was not just a house, but a wonderful, loving home.



Bernice Davis, Fonda Rigby, Irene Rigby  
Alta Rigby, Ray Davis



During the winter, after Pearl's birth, we went to several dances. One night we came home late and laid the baby between us. In the morning we couldn't find her anywhere. So I took the bed apart, one quilt at a time and there she was at the foot of the bed, all curled up in a little ball. My wife was relieved to find her safe and sound.

find her safe and sound.

Another little girl was born to us on 15 February 1897. We were blessed with Della Grace coming to our home. She was cute with brown eyes and when about a year old, she would lay in her cradle and rock herself to sleep. Pearl was only a little girl and would try to rock Della. She would stop often and forget to rock and sing, so Della would put her little hands on either side of the cradle and begin rocking herself to sleep. As soon as the rocking slowed, I knew she was nearly asleep. Sometimes Pearl would attempt to rock her but Della would cry until Pearl stopped. Then Della would rock herself to sleep.

We wanted a home of our own so we decided to take up about four miles farther northwest. There we first built a log, one room house. Later we added another two rooms. Rudolph Bienz was the builder. I wanted a window put in on the west side of the house but Brother Bienz didn't think it was necessary. I wasn't about to be denied so finally he put my window in. It was rather narrow but it was a window. Later we built a lovely cellar. This house was built on the south rim of Red Pine Hollow and had a spectacular view of most of Bear Lake Valley which was why I wanted a window. We loved it there.

A well was dug on our ranch. They dug it down to eighty five feet, when they struck a "dead-pair" or strata of rock they couldn't penetrate so the project was abandoned. The rock quarried from the hole was used to line our cellar. The water for the stock was brought down from a spring in Red Pine hollow and run down into North Canyon.

As I said before, our first child, Pearl Elizabeth, was born in Mayan, Idaho 1895. She was a welcome, dear baby. Being Father's and Mother's first grandchild, she was doted upon. All of the other eleven children were born to Pearl, Della Grace, 15 February 1897; John, 15 February 1898; Frances to Pearl. They were, in addition to Pearl, Della Grace, 15 February 1897; John Rolling, 15 February 1901; John Rolling,

My brother, David C. and I were chosen delegates to the convention at Montpelier, Idaho in 1912 to help select people for the ballot for the coming election. I was also elected to the committee for the Bern School District.

It was decided that a new school house had to be built. We then decided to build a brick school house. We then contacted the Lucier Brothers of Paris, Idaho and they built the first brick school house in the area.

Our eldest daughter Pearl was married 1 April 1913 to Alvin Logan Temple. May was married to J. Lee Peterson on the 10th and Ruth was married to Alfred F. Calton on 16 May 1911.



**Lizzie R. Rigby and 7 of her 8 daughters**  
Back Row: Alphia, Ruth, Lizzie, Pearl, May, Fonda (Bell)  
Center Front: Alta, Irene

In the fall of 1918 my mother was very ill with atrophy. I spent considerable time at her bedside. John was away from home most of the time. I had to go to school every day in Payson, Idaho. He wasn't able to come home for Christmas.

Letters 415

Letter written to William Wilmer Rigby  
From John T. and Eliza R. K. Rigby - June 8, 1931

Dearest Son Bill:

Montpelier June 8, 1937

We were sure wondering what was the matter that you didn't write. I thought perhaps I had offended you with something I had written. But we were very much pleased yesterday to get your Dear letter especially the one to me. I surely appreciate the kind words you sent me; they make me feel like going on & doing all I can to make things as pleasant as possible for all I can.

We had quarterly Conference here yesterday. Elder Rudger Clason was here. He gave us some good advice & counsel. 3 months ago Elder Orson F. Whitney was with us then & now he has passed away since. He was surely a fine man. Also Ray L. Pratt, but no doubt you have read all this a long time ago.

They finished putting crops in last week in Bern; they put in some potatoes & all the rest into wheat. I suggested putting some Barley in but they didn't. Wheat is cheaper now than it has ever been. The boys promised Lawn Irving they would farm his dry farm up by the jap. I told them I wouldn't take it but they promised they would, but they haven't done a thing on it yet. Lawn rented it to Mr. Crane of Bennington & he has been herding his sheep on it for some time now.

We are milking 17 cows. We sure get a lot of milk. We haven't sale for nearly all of it nor the cream either. But we keep pegging along even if we don't make very much.

Wed. June 10, 1931

It's a month yesterday since Father died. It won't be like home any more when we go to Logan. Truman, Lillis & baby Ray & Byron are in Bern summer following. They left last evening. We are house cleaning. Fonda is home helping fine. We are going to clean Papa's and my bedroom today. Alta is putting up at May's & Lee's. Lee went to Star Valley to brand his cattle & fence his land (i.e.) fix fence. The Kunz reunion will be held June 21 so Papa is very busy recording minutes. It will be held in Bern this year. I am very glad some are being loved.

...will understand & believe in the Gospel in that land. I sure hope many people in The Relief Society Magazine yesterday made by Mrs. Arthur Gaeth thought then & now that she is a wonderful woman.

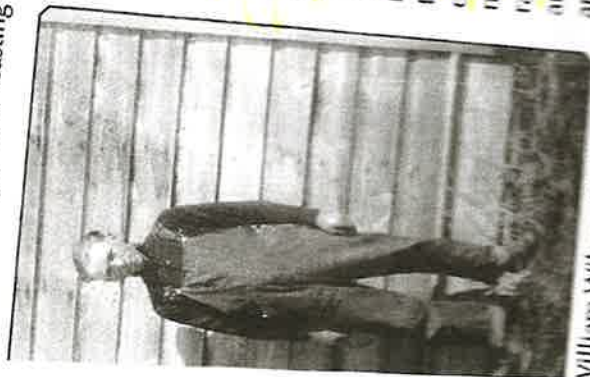
others.) Dad and Jack were running our Bern dry farm. One day, Mother let us go exploring up a hollow behind our terflies, bees, etc. Coming back we played hide and seek. Bill was 12 and member what fun it was for all of us to have him along. Mother's folks (the 12 family) were cheese makers from Switzerland and this summer we had cows and a lot of custom cows from Bear Lake people (making cheese for and them). Alta was the baby.

Bill, with some friends, crossed the road back of our Bern town house a neighbor's field which was on a hill with their sleighs to sleigh ride. Bill l to stop the sleigh when it came to the barbed wire fence dividing their from ours. The sleigh he had—being a home-made, runnered, wooden h (with no steering apparatus)—singled right through the fence. He had his th cut on both sides. Sitting on the stairway as a preschooler, I watched wash the blood from the corners of his mouth and mother fussing over. He ended up with both sides taped and for several days that growing boy a chore getting enough liquids into him to satisfy his hunger.

ometimes at our Montpelier ranch on Thanksgiving the boys hitched up am to the sleigh and the rest of us rode skis and had sleighs beside and d the big sleigh, after feasting on Thanksgiving dinner. Bill was a fun

person to be around. He used to enjoy our tobogganing, sleigh riding, and our ice skating parties as much as anyone—or just fun parties.

For the fall harvesting, our boys and dad had to help the threshers harvest the wheat when they arrived at our Bern dry farm. The threshers and equipment kept busy as they finished from one place and went right on to another. Men owning farms helped neighbors as needed. Our men folk traveled with the farm horses and equipment from our irrigated farm a mile north of Montpelier to the Bern ranch. The threshers had to be fed and what a feast they had. The men and boys really worked hard and the cooks weren't vacationing.



William Wilmer Rigby

started at the beginning of the school year. But they did their best. Their honor was in their good works not their first report card. Bill had a trick knee that shook him if he wasn't careful. It was neat one beautiful fall day watching him become the champion discus thrower for Montpelier High School one year. The blonde hair and build reminded me of the Greek Athletes from which the this is throwing came.

One fall day Bill was driving a team hooked to farm machinery. He was bringing it the eight miles from our Bern ranch, to our Montpelier ranch. He had turned north at the Rich Theatre corner on the Old highway and was past all the town houses, still a distance from our field turn-in, when a car plowed into the back of the machinery. The sinking sun had blinded the old man driving the car. He and his wife and Bill survived the freak accident without injury, as did the horses and the equipment and car, but they were scared and shaken up. But Bill amusingly wondered what the passing motorists thought of him and the old man crawling around in the soft dirt at the side of the road looking for the man's false teeth. Bill was very grateful for everyone's safe deliverance, as were his folks.

John, Truman, and Bill were great pals. In the winter they hauled wood from the forests in the mountains several miles away. They would pile and rope the wood to the sleighs. It was always a relief to our family to see them arrive back home safely. The grandchildren really liked our brothers and our dad, and loved to come to the farm and be with and work with them when they were big enough. In fact Bill and his nephew, Boyd Calton, went to Tygee one summer and took care of my sister May and her husband Lee's farm while the family went on a short vacation.



William Wilmer Rigby with team and young pony at Bern, Idaho

BENTLEY <> Treasured Memories Collection

ation of a fairy tale come true in real life. I  
y castle surrounded with an exquisite, dainty and beautiful  
I imagine. Having been raised on a farm away out in the  
ere conditions were primitive and crude, to actually see  
iful bed linens, comforters, china and silverware that were  
ne, far exceeded my most fastidious expectations.

ily had adored and slightly less than worshiped my brother  
f the role he played in the home of being the father and  
amily. No doubt but some of the tenderness we felt for him  
im having been so cruelly hurt by poliomyelitis; however,  
nce of kindness and cheerfulness and one of the finest  
er known.

e fate of mother during all these years? She lived each day  
made the best of it, but her heart had been crushed and  
roken. She continued to care for her family; we were fed,  
d. We were all she had and she felt lucky at that! All the love  
it should have rightfully gone to a husband and mate went  
igest children, Tony, Maggie and Zina, or ugly duckling, as I  
. I felt that I was favored the most, for much of the time I was  
with mother. Her bed was always soft, white and clean, as  
and as I was the cuddly type, I would snuggle close to her,  
ness and warmth of her body and her rhythmic breathing,  
deep sighs, would lull me to sleep.

rd morning I would awaken to find the room lighted and  
ie reading some church periodical as the "Leahona" which  
a, or one of the "Standard Works" i.e. the Bible, Book of  
ine and Covenants or the Pearl of Great Price. Mother never  
Church. She was loyal and true and staunch as the Rock of  
te of all her intensive suffering. It could have been so easy  
at it was because of the Church, this sorrow came upon her.

ors had attended her, but none were ever able to help her,  
days seemed to come with greater frequency. There were  
t Eliza would come over to bring her some patent medicine  
a helped someone she knew, or perhaps some herb tea, when  
f her "spells" as she called them; but nothing would phase  
to let it run its course, then she felt normal and her sweet,  
ition shone forth.

nd tribulation of mother's suffering, was one of the hardest  
it in my life. Time and again we fasted and prayed for her, and  
the elders were called to administer to her, but of no avail.

aphane followed to receive our son  
their lives. However, father was apprehensive about having them train to  
for nurses. Someone had told him, that nurses got to know too much about  
life and because of this they would seldom marry. How prophetic were his  
words, for both of the "girls" married late in life.

One of the greatest joys in mother's life was the achievements of her  
children. How her face would light up when she received letters of their  
experiences in the hospital and in the city, which seemed so very remote  
to me. I dreamed and longed to someday go there! What an event it was  
for the family when the "girls" came home for a week's vacation during the  
summer, their suitcases bulging with treasures and glamorous clothing they  
purchased in what seemed to me to be a fairyland where wishes came true.

They brought home a Victrola, what a marvelous instrument it was that  
could play records of the Tabernacle Choir, and other recordings of opera  
singers whom they had heard in the Tabernacle and Salt Lake Theatre and  
which was then the haven of culture for the west! How blessed they were to  
have these fine opportunities come into their young culturally starved lives  
and what joy and gladness they brought to our humble home by telling us  
children colorful stories of their lives.

Some of these selections are still considered some of the best, as songs  
from Madame Butterfly, violin selections by Mische Elma, particularly that of  
"Humoresque" and "The Love Song," humorous selections from Lew Fields  
and Harry Louder. How my heart thrilled at showing them off to cousins and  
neighbor children. We had in our home one of the most modern contrivances  
then in existence. I memorized every word and would make the valleys ring  
with my rendition of "My Hero" and "Tales of Hoffman."

Until then the only instances of hearing recorded music was when  
someone from the neighboring town brought in a small graphophone with a  
huge horn with a brightly colored rose handpainted on the inside and how  
everyone in the neighborhood would crowd into the home that was lucky  
enough to have such a demonstration.

At wheat harvest time there would be from ten to twelve enormous  
stacks of wheat in the yard awaiting the coming of the threshing machine.  
This was an exciting time. To have so many people about the place and in  
the homes and the extensive preparations made to feed the "Threshers." We  
children would watch and wait for the "outfit" to come down the road and  
see the setting up of the machinery ready for the big operation of reducing  
those monstrous stacks of wheat to chaff and straw, with the enormous loads  
of sacked wheat to be taken to the grain elevators in town.

at in my life. It was to take part in the countywide celebration of the 3 of a branch railroad from Montpelier to Paris, Idaho. Both towns d went all out for a real "rip snortin' western shindig." The ride on n was free for anyone who could get on, and to be able to ride that m Ovid to Paris was all we wanted. But how to get to Ovid for our n ride was a problem that seemed practically impossible. Father was hetic and didn't blame us for wanting to go, but it was at a time when lable horses were needed for haying season. All that he could offer e whitetop buggy and one old workhorse that had seen her best days, d been put out to pasture until winter, when she would be killed and for chicken feed.

en at eleven, I had learned that if I wanted anything badly enough, prayed hard for it and then with all diligence did everything to reach al, I usually made it! I found out that our Postmaster, Fred Barfus and ily were the only ones in the town who had any inclination to take that auspicious celebration and he had one horse and all the missing f the harness we needed for a team. He and his lovely Rosa offered ish the lunch, in exchange for us furnishing the whitetop and other which would accommodate all who wanted to go. Father agreed, so s we had someone to assume the responsibility of our care and the use "outfit," and generously gave each of us a quarter for spending money.

'hat a great day! We could hardly wait to get to the Ovid depot to the arrival of the train for our free ride to Paris and for the celebration! rived there long before time for the train, only to find that there were eds of people with the same idea. Fred took care of the horses and ng the lunch to the spot where the train would stop. We waited.

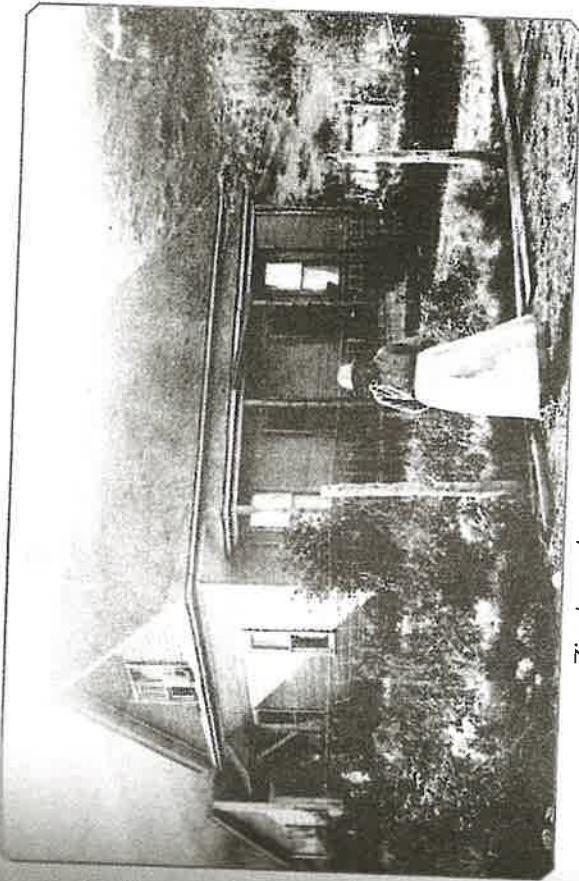
e thought the train would never come, the time set for its arrival had ince passed, and the crowd milling around in the hot sun was patient aited with fortitude, until at last a shout went out. "Here it comes! Here s the train." In the distance we could see the slow moving train with ve clouds of smoke and steam being emitted from the puffing engine! an awesome sight when the train arrived. It looked as if it was already erloaded that there couldn't possibly be room for one more person on alone the throng that awaited its arrival. But wonder of wonders, we all ad, elbowed and wiggled our way on and were absorbed in the seething of humanity packed so tight that any movement was impossible.

o Maggie and I this was a great experience to have a ride on a real train was the height of attainment for us, but for her it was different as she had several train rides. To see so many people crowd into the small confines

uth had returned from his mission in time to lend a hand in helping to complete mother's new house. Aunt Eliza's house had been built during the time that John M. was in the mission field. Whether the economy of the family had been so depleted in building Aunt Eliza's house or not, I do not know. But when it was mother's turn to have a new house, the boys went to Red Pine Hollow to the forest and got the logs out for the lumber.

it didn't matter to us children that the doors and window frames were finished and grooved by hand. The walls weren't plastered but were covered with rough, blue building paper. This didn't look so bad for a while and in time with the help of the older children at home, the house was papered with colorful wallpaper that to us seemed the ultimate in fineness. We were thrilled to have a new home with plenty of room for everyone, we were happy regardless of the construction.

This was when I was in the sixth grade and I felt that it was something to be proud of in 1912 to boast of having inside plumbing. This was possible because near both Aunt Eliza's and our house was a natural "fall" from clear flowing springs that supplied the pressure needed to adapt for these rare modern facilities.



Zina's mother, Caroline Buehler Kunz  
and her new home at Bern after back porch was built on.  
Good picture of Tueller Hill in background.

in the work horses even  
vs. To see him bring in  
a source of envy to  
ud of dust and swooning  
ne was a fine specimen  
e slower and less exciting

ession with me, I longed  
de any horse on the farm  
d the little black mare  
ld know how.

the cows out, I saw Black  
use ready for one of the  
Here at last was my luck  
rose and patted her head  
ock. This was just right to  
e off at a fast gallop over  
orral Hollow."

ad gave the alarm and  
heard their angry shouts  
wed Black Beauty down  
post at an easy gallop  
is dozing in the sun, and  
e could grab hold of the  
; the incident had been  
tention.

trick I had that served  
my thumb just behind  
stantly to the top speed  
and that if I did it to the  
"What's so cruel about  
lly hurt; and what does  
whether on his rump or

ck rides Jinks she looks  
y brown arms and legs  
girl or any of my grand  
gs I did at that age. I

ris Kunz Ranch, as the  
arming—that of raising

and alfalfa. Enormous fields of wheat had been planted and it was  
the old binder wasn't adequate to handle the crop. One day after  
to town for many hours, he surprised the family as well  
whole community, by bringing home a new grain header, the first  
in that area. Here was a machine with a twelve to fifteen foot  
knife, while the old binder's knife was only from four to five feet in  
length, then too the slow process of tying the grain into bundles that had to  
be "stacked" and hauled was obviously inadequate. The huge wheatfields  
were several miles in length and breadth so when the new header came into  
use it was definitely a long step forward in progress. Header boxes had to  
be constructed that were low on one side and slanted high on the other side  
to accommodate the huge loads of the clipped heads of wheat that were  
carried by a conveyor to the box.

All the uncles and neighbors came to our ranch to see the new machine  
operate. Uncle John was one who came in his whitetop buggy. He had two  
wives with him. They tried in vain to get me to ride with them in the  
buggy, but would rather trudge barefoot along the dusty road. Uncle John  
was the bishop of the ward, respected and looked upon as an authority in  
many respects. If he deemed something worth while, his word was usually  
accepted. I heard him talking to father about me and of course I was trying  
to hear what they were saying, I got snatches like, "She seems somehow  
different from the others—has a pleasant way about her." I was puffed up  
not to be talked about, but what floored me and I have never dared tell  
anyone was when he said, "I've been watching her—I think you can expect  
something from her." With so large a family and being the last one, I sort  
of considered myself as just another grain of sand on the beach or another  
kernel of wheat in the bin. For Uncle John to think that perhaps I might  
be something of worth did much to spur me on during dark and lonely  
moments. There were times when I was tempted to give up and then I would  
remember what he said. If he thinks I can, I must live up to his expectations  
and I'd continue to fight. So far any appreciable greatness has eluded me.

The economic situation on the farm was improving and as it was the  
duty of the father of large families, to send their sons on missions, there  
was talk of John M. being the next in line for this service to the church. This  
incident happened to John M. a few months before he received his "call" to  
go to Germany for a three year mission.

John M. was now the oldest son of Aunt Eliza and had trained a beautiful  
team of sorrels. He was the age when whatever the means of transportation  
for the young men was, that was what he had. He had a one seated blacktop  
buggy which with his team of horses was his "outfit" and was surpassed by  
none in the county. This spring his team was rather foxy and as he hitched  
them to the buggy the first time after the snow had melted and the roads  
were passable, father admonished him, "You'd better be careful, those sorrels

## GROWTH CONTINUES

As I think over my life's experiences I marvel at the tremendous heritage I have as a family. One of the most cherished is the memory of the strict discipline of my father. His credit was good with any of the banks in the county and he never needed money, he was always able to get it for the asking and without the feeling of a note.

I was now about nine or ten and full of the joy of life on the farm. I was given greater responsibilities, much to my liking. My task was that of herding the cows to keep them from grazing on the extensive dry farm wheat fields and my father had planted. Because of the work involved in clearing the ground of sage brush and rocks and because the grain fields were so large, he had been unable to put up fences along the wheat fields.

There were glorious summer days spent out in the hills where I could enjoy the marvels of nature to the fullest. Mother packed a lunch and I would take Jinks, the trusty buckskin pony, to the cow pastures where there were many aspen groves, clumps of wild chokecherry bushes and clear mountain streams. Father had taught me to observe the location of the sun, to know at what time to bring the cows home. Usually I would have a book or church magazine with my lunch and I acquired a love and appreciation for reading good books.

One of the fine things that my brother Dave did for the family was bring to our home many of the best books and when I was a little older and still had the chore of herding the cows, I would take one of Copper's, Charles Dickens or Stevenson's works. As I read I would dream about a thrilling future, such as was portrayed within the covers of those books.

Some that I recall having read are: "Ben Hur," "Treasure Island," and "Little Women." (How I wept over the hardships of little Meg!) Many of the fairy tails were available to me and were a means of living in fantasy the myths of past ages.

Herding the cows and riding Jinks every day, gave me a feeling of being at home on a horse with a saddle or bareback. There were several ponies for riding, some more spirited than others, these I felt I was capable of riding even though I had been told not to. The newest addition to the riding ponies was a beautiful, young black, mare we called "Black Beauty." I had been given strict orders never to ride her, that I was too young, that even Tony had not been allowed that privilege. I resented this restriction and thought it over very seriously.

Dave bore his handicap with a quiet dignity and such confidence that it seemed that always he had been that way, that this was his God intended for him to be and he was never regarded by anyone other than enhanced his being, more than it detracted from him. He had a quiet charm, a sense of rightness to himself that was instinctively accepted and loved by one who knew him as well as those who didn't know him.

When Dave was first injured, he had to use a wheelchair, but through imagination and many days of fasting and prayer, by himself and together with the therapy he received at the Physical Culture Institute in Waco, he was soon able to move about with crutches. He was not one to put up on anything and by continued exercising as well as observation of the Word of Wisdom (which means a strict abstinence from: tea, coffee, or any intoxicating drinks). This is a way of life with all members of the church as a matter of course, but in instances of this type where the very person involved is at stake, the adherence to this law is important.

He didn't wear crutches for long, soon he was able to go about with a cane, the strong muscles in his right arm gave him the ability to move about with movements were deliberate and had a certain amount of rhythm to them that enhanced his personality and commanded admiration and respect rather than pity.

He was called up from the audience in a religious service, to give a testimonial or a speech, as he moved from the audience to the pulpit, he seemed to have a hush came over the people. It seemed that the present gave reverence to one so valiant.

In order for the cheese to cure and age properly it had to be turned over every other day. Even though the predominating odor of the drying room was anything but inviting, when attacked by Lucile's enthusiasm, made short work of an arduous task.

Lucile had a most delightful repertoire of songs she knew by heart, some she had learned in school and all of which were new to us, many happy hours were spent in learning them and many an impromptu concert was given that made the valley ring with off key renditions that sent the birds fluttering to the trees in the Kennely for refuge from such a volly of discordance. Nevertheless, I learned all the words of "Two Little Boys," "Fiorella" (a heartbreaking murder ballad), and "Hiko Chiko Chinaman," all of which became useful additions to my collection.

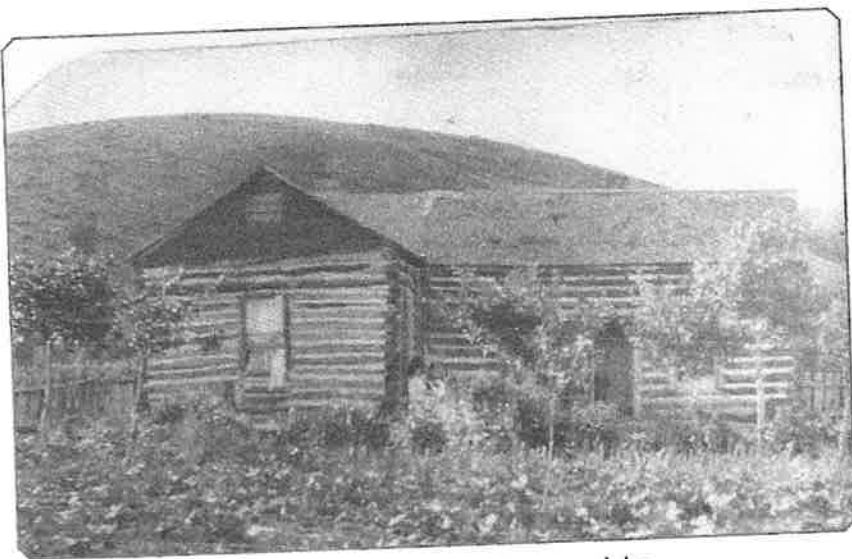
Early the next spring was when an "Irrevocable law" in our family was put into effect that was when a child reaches the age of eight, regardless of what time of the year it was, that person was baptized on his or her birthday. March 31st, 1908 (my birthday), was no exception; it was a bitter cold day with three inches of new snow covering the bleak countryside. When I got up that morning I knew that on this day I would be baptized.

I was always excited about anything that would focus attention on me. I walked in untied shoes with my mother and father and probably Maggie and Tony, who had respectively gone through the same experience the most recently; (Maggie on the 29th of January and Tony on the 22nd of September) when I was a curious witness to theirs.

We walked through the alfalfa patch west of the house to the reservoir which father had previously dammed off, so there would be enough water to perform the ordinance. I remember how violently I shivered from cold and fear as father led me into the icy mountain stream, waist deep to him and just barely under my chin, and he solemnly repeated the ceremony, "Having been commissioned by Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, Amen."

When we got to the bank where mother stood with a wool blanket, father wrapped me up and carried me quickly to the house by the warm kitchen stove, where mother scrubbed me dry until my body was a glowing pink, she bade me dress quickly. By now my teeth had ceased their chattering and I was excitedly thinking that on the following Fast Sunday I would be confirmed a member of the Church. Fast Sunday was the first Sunday of the month and was set aside for confirmations, advancements in priesthood for the boys and the blessing of all new babies born during that month; and also for testimony bearing of all lay members of the Ward.

This occasion was not without a serious side to it. I had been carefully taught that all my sins were washed away and whatever sins I committed in the future, I would have to answer for; and that when I was confirmed



Christian Kunz Home at Bern, Idaho  
From Ida Caroline Kunz Boss Book of Remembrance

B I

A child  
And here  
Placed in  
To dear,  
Beside me  
To be led,  
All this  
Some day

These words outline the whole of  
deep religious convictions affect

Imagine every child wonder  
to his parents. In my  
Christian Kunz should be a  
mother and who my brother  
twelve years older than my  
became a part of a practice that  
witness to the extent of bringing  
the way of life which we believe  
the will of our church—we  
were born our spirits were grown  
valued in knowledge and  
valued prior to earth life. This  
spiritual progression.

Remember my mother's  
kindness. She managed her life  
with quiet work. She was tall  
and her appearance showed  
strength. The aura of sadness  
showing in oldest brother De

Remember publication said  
remember his wives, children and  
all was done for me. To me he was  
kind and affectionate. I  
remember and deliberate in  
this, knowing by long stage  
and he was a really true

BENTLEY

that brushed his chest. As a child I would sit on his lap, and part the whiskers of his beard and moustache, so that I could kiss him on the lips.

It is recorded somewhere when my father was attending school in the Sweitzo, while the rest of his grade were having music period, because father evidently wasn't a good singer, the teacher excused him to teach arithmetic to a group of smaller children. Father was good in math. I can remember that he could do some really difficult problems "in his head" faster than most people could do the same figures on paper. This he was able to do throughout his life.

When the family was crossing the Atlantic on the boat, father was wearing a new gray felt hat. He was standing by the rail looking out to sea, when a sudden strong gust of wind came up and blew his hat off into the ocean. Father felt badly to lose his hat and said for a few minutes he seriously contemplated diving into the water to retrieve his hat.

After they came to America and had settled in Bern, he and some of his brothers were making a bridge over the outlet. Uncle John and father were using a new ax and accidentally dropped it into six or eight feet of water. Uncle John said he would go to their home and get another ax. He was gone about an hour. Father, not wishing to remain idle, nor did he feel that they could lose the new ax. So he took off all of his clothes and began diving for the ax. The first few times he missed it, but he wouldn't give up and kept trying until he succeeded in getting it. He was just putting on his clothes when Uncle John came back from the house with another ax.

My brothers and sisters are: David Charles, highly spiritual and intellectual, the student of the family; a great comfort to mother, handsome and possessed of a perfect physique, who when nineteen contracted poliomyelitis, which was unheard of then and which was diagnosed as a broken blood vessel on the spine. At the time of this saga Dave was in Michigan taking therapy treatments from the Bernard McFadden health institute in an attempt to restore the use of his limbs. Ida Caroline, kindly, efficient and the one on whom mother relied in any and all emergencies. She made cheese. Seth Noah, quiet and serene, a natural born craftsman, inventor and builder, mother's standby and source of strength (during the absence of father). George, flaxenhaired, loving and cheerful, who idolized Seth. Charlotte, (christened Lottie Julina) capable and helpful. Adeline Ellen, the beauty of the girls, fair of face and form. Lydia Amelia, amiable and sweet natured, highly sensitive of her obesity. The identical twins Franklin Frederick and Seymour Samuel, blond curly haired and who were imbued with the conviction that the sole purpose of their creation was to play pranks on their brothers and sisters and to provoke fun and laughter. Anthon (Tony) Ulrich, a typical all boy a bit peaked and overshadowed by the twins. Magdalena (Maggie) Rosina, a jolly playmate, sharp humor and a quick laugh, then came Zina the last of the lot, the only one born in the new century (1900).

that I was looked upon as somewhat to the dictionary is "something added to circumstances in my life substantiate the

It wasn't until I was married and about before I gave much thought to Mother was father's second wife, efficient in nature and peace-loving never to avoid trouble or a quarrel. Y complete opposite of mothers, she was and somewhat demanding. She had we married. After I became old enough to wonder how it was that mother had appear to have a husband to sleep our house during the day and made it evening prayer.

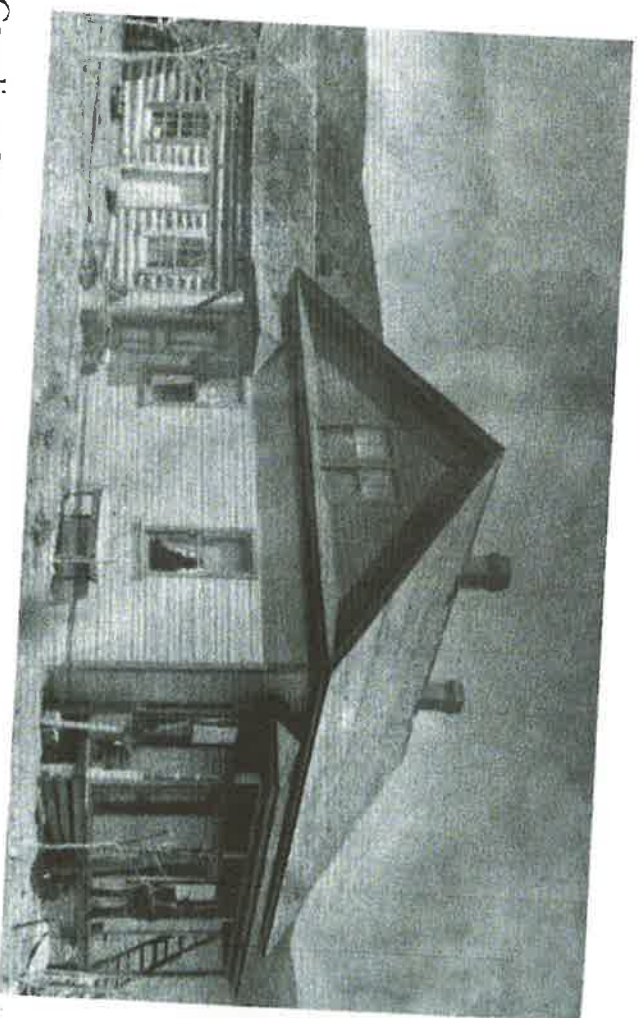
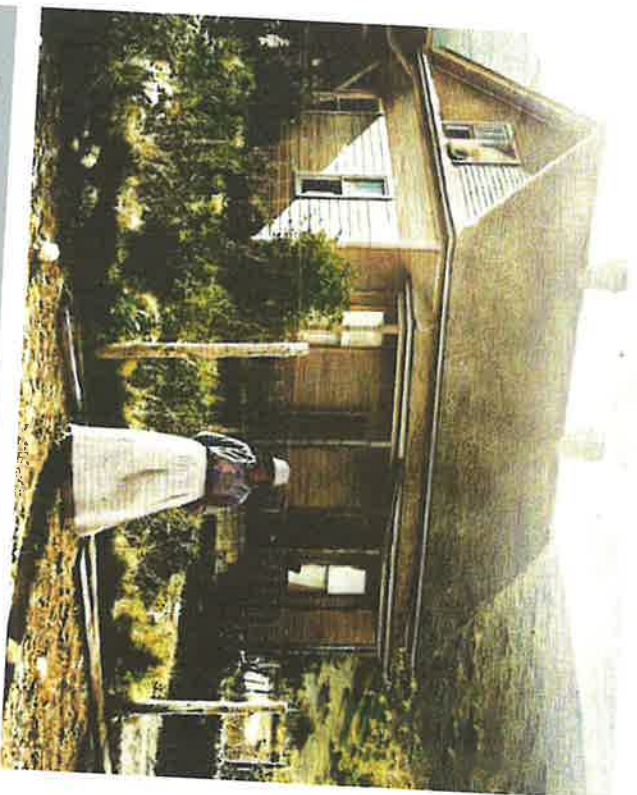
It was said that when grandmother planning to go to Idaho to help on the would become a second wife, she said, waiting for her to go there and become without fail."

When asked what her reasons were much too domineering, if Carolin stayed. Long before we left Switzerland and local hotel to keep peace in the f seemed to put up with that situation stand up for herself."

So set was Grandmother Buehler when her advanced years, she made with utmost haste; but mother h mother's first two births were boy four or two and was christen and three days and was christened )

medical knowledge increased medically suited to have more than the was a breach case and most for their lives. She was so bad didn't had more babies. deliveries (and I firmly believe than the twins. I remember three of her children were to be were unjust and two boys who died at b





Caroline Buehler Kunz' new home. Frank is on the porch. The log cabin in back is an L-shaped log cabin where all of Mother's children were born.



The Kunz barn, in Bern, Idaho, was removed about 2008.



Buildings that have  
been on the Kunz land



Cut courtesy Salt Lake Tribune

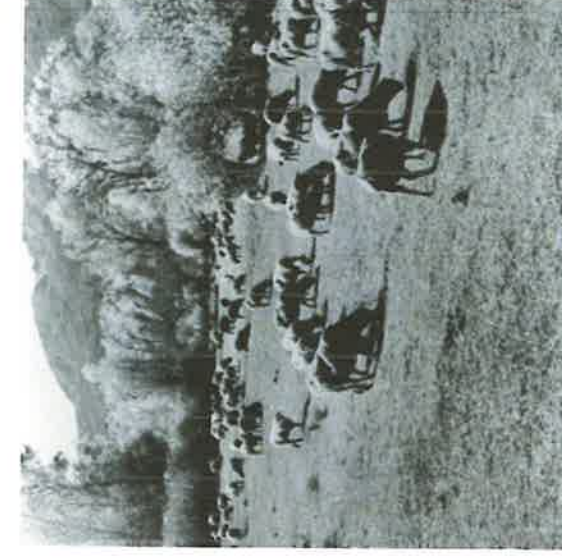
ed by her father, who learned them in Switzerland from his father. The equipment is essentially simple, being in the main a vat about seven feet long, three feet wide and 2½ feet deep; an ancient cheese press and an old pair of scales. Alongside the "factory" is a storage building of similar design, which has a capacity of about 1000 pounds.

Mrs. Wilde does all the work herself. She uses only whole milk and receives from 800 to 900 pounds daily from the farmers in the immediate vicinity.

"Bern cheese factory" is a log structure some 16 by 18 feet with a dirt roof and chinked with mud in early pioneer fashion. It was built in 1872 by John Kunz and has been in use by members of the family since that time. His

exchange of products rather than on a cash basis. For each hundred pounds of milk delivered, the dairyman receives eight pounds of cured cheese, most of which is sold at Montpelier for 16 to 19 cents per pound. The dairy operator retains about two pounds of cheese out of every 100 pounds of milk for her recompense.

The reputation of Bern cheese is such that there is rarely any difficulty in its disposal. The dairy serves a community of some 20 families and is quite adequate to their needs. It is truly a pioneer



Pictures that were taken on the land. They needed water to feed the animals, especially the cows, so they could make the swiss chees then the American cheese.

