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AUG 27 2026

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236 *Admiration of Elizabeth Rebecca Kunz*

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Flashes of memory that came to my mind—Grandpa in a safari hat and overalls, playing baseball on the front lawn with Greg and Jacques, lunch hour on the farm, Dad and the hired men taking a quick nap on the lawn before going back to work, that pocket knife. He can carve and slice an apple, or make a willow whistle, as skillfully as a surgeon.

The stories: That is a whole chapter. They're unbelievable, fun, wander from the truth, but keep us all in stitches. He laughs with his whole heart, yet I've seen him broken hearted at the loss of a loved one or friend. I could say much more about this great man, Father, Husband and Grandfather, but in one sentence: He is the best friend I have.

A Letter from Harriet Kunz Tippetts
"I am a Kunz—from Bern—Tony Kunz is my Dad"

This introduction has always brought about a reaction, often unpredictable humorous, from anyone who has never lived in the Bear Lake Valley.

I first met Tony in July of 1940. From the moment we met, there has been something very special between us. He has taught me love for people that I cherish. Daddy had a special name for me, "Hedy Bets." I can still remember the hours he spent rocking me and singing "Bye a Baby" to the tune of "Lord Dismiss Us." I can't hold back a smile and a tear, even on the most solemn occasions when this song is played or sung. Then there was the times he would bounce me on his knee and sing "Deedle Datz" to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw."

My love for the ranch, the animals and the "hills" allowed me a seat beside him in the truck, on the various farm implements (usually M and M), or behind him in the saddle on a strawberry roan with a spicy name such as Salt or Pepper. Long walks along the ditch or fence in the fields, up in the grove, or out in the "hills" gave me lots of opportunities to know this good man.

"Do you want to go out in the hills with me today?" was an invitation to adventure. Whether it meant hunting an old ballie cow and her new calf, mending a fence, checking on ripening grain, moving a dam or sprinkler pipe, riding a "pull-up" for the hay stacker, driving tractor for the hay haulers,

when he sold it and built a new home on the hill south of the Alma Kunz home, and lives there now, fishing, tinkering with machinery and serving as High Priest Group Leader. He is nearing his 80th birthday but is busy, active, alert and happy. He loves to travel and he and his wife have been to Hawaii, England, Greece, Switzerland and the Holy land, Alaska, Western Canada, and the Islands of the Caribbean. They often spend part of the winter months in Arizona and Southern Utah. They frequently visit and enjoy their children and grandchildren in Spokane, Washington and Salt Lake City.

Tony has been a loving and indulgent husband, father and grandfather. All of his children and grandchildren have been entranced by his "Homemade" stories and put to sleep with his lullaby, "Bye-a-baby," sung to the tune of "Lord Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing."

During his years on the farm he pioneered in the use of sprinkler irrigation and was instrumental in getting the Natural Gas Line into Bern, primary for pumping, but eventually into most of the homes for heating, etc. He furnished employment for many young men, was a generous paymaster, and contributed liberally to missionaries, Church projects, and those in need. He was a very good farmer, producing crops which surpassed the average almost every year. Many young farmers still ask for his advice about farming, even as Frank Hirschi, formerly of the Stake Presidency, did last summer.

Tony likes—rhubarb, ice cream, chicken, apple pie, homemade bread, cheese, huckleberries, family, old friends, good cars and his own way. He dislikes—cucumbers, deceit, pretense and hypocrisy, waste, extravagance, disorder and bossy women. He has a rather peculiar sense of humor, a strong sense of loyalty to family and friends, a quick resentment of slight or injury, but an easy forgiveness too. There are no pretenses about him, what you see is what you get. One old friend said "You may not always agree with him, but you know where you stand with him and he will do what he says." As his wife I may be prejudiced, but he asked me to write this, so I write of him as I see him—a terrific guy who faced the odds and beat them, who does very little preaching but is faithful in his duties and an example of industry, ingenuity and independence.

DAD by Janet

As a child, I remember him as firm but kind and fair in his discipline. I never thought of him as a pal, yet I can remember long cold trips in the loose hay to feed the cattle on Saturday morning of the winter, and in the summer short trips on the tractor, or rides in the grain truck to the mill in town.

He is a quiet man yet has a sense of humor like that of no one else I've met. He is very observant and taught me a great deal about weather patterns and

Pioneer Piping System

As told by Harold Arthur Kunz June 9, 2016

When I got out of the military I was working on the farm with my father [Anthon (Tony) Ulrich Kunz] - I got V.A. loan approved to build a home -- Ray M. Davis built the house, the property he built the house on was property given by father, an acre, and the very last home in Bern on the north.

When it came time to get water for culinary purposes, my dad said, "Right there above your house is the Rigby Spring and that was the spring that was dug out and piped into a log cabin by John T. Rigby. I dug it out and had a contractor put a cement box around it and a concrete lid and piped it into my home.

When I dug out the hole for the concrete box about 5 feet square, I found a piece of lodgepole pine about 5 feet long and it had a concave hole in one side and a convex point edge on other edge and hole drilled down the middle -- it was the famous homemade pioneer lodgepole pipe. They had a rack for the poles, put this pipe in the rack and drill out the center. The tool they had was brought with them from Switzerland and they would drill these pipes out and pound them together. When the water soaked into these pipes they would swell and make a perfectly tight piping system. John T. Rigby used that system to pipe water to his house.

I wanted to save the pipes and put them in a museum because they were priceless. I set it up on the pile of dirt where I dug out about the spring, and when I went back a couple days later I saw it had turned to dust. The moisture from the ground had preserved it, but the organic material had long since deteriorated and when dried out -- it was a pile of dust. Ron Galloway describes this piping system on his set of Kunz History disks.

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how the habits of small animals, if watched closely, would let us know a great deal about the seasons and their changes. He is patient. Oh, the hours I've spent as a child, watching Grandpa curling and combing his white hair and the time since I've been grown when he has listened to my troubles, always with respect for my opinion. He has never preached or hounded me about right or wrong, but quietly, by example, led the way. To me he is a business man and great financial adviser. When I try an idea out on him and he likes it, I am sure it will work.

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of cow
did pretty good.
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
choir practice, etc.

Karl G. Maeser came to Bear Lake and organized the Religion Classes. He
put Heber C. Keetch in as Supt. of Religion Classes of the Bear Lake Stake. Bro.
Keetch 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
room 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 Chris
Peterson ranch. One after another the children were married and settled down,
until three of the eldest daughters were married.

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
yellow atrophy of the liver and passed away. She was a good, noble woman.
Kindness was one of her traits. John T. thought a lot of her for this trait and
many others. John and Lizzie's little son, Melvin, was seriously hurt and died.
Neither funeral was held in the church on account of the flu. Melvin's death

("Ah") and then they were getting going. They were carrying 1,000 lbs. twins with a rock as big as a head. What's the matter with your head!" then they ran away laughing.

move until she told her what size and to say "About as big as a side as if someone your. There were the kids, that's way too said a rock as big as

Frank and Seymour were baptized in the reservoir in Bern by their brother Christian Wilford Kunz.

Lydia's job was to take care of the twins and Tony, the baby, while their mother and the bigger children were milking the cows. She used to carry a willow around with her and this made them act pretty good. She never used it much but they knew she would if she had to.

Frank remembered starting school in Bern in the old log schoolhouse which had a dirt roof. John Rigby was Frank's first teacher. The same year he started school, the new schools were being built down at lower Bern. In the winter they went by teams and sleighs but in the spring and fall they would walk. Sunday school and Sacrament meeting was held in the old school house. Frank attended religious class and Primary after school once a week. Frank and Seymour were often on the program and their Mother (Caroline) would always help them learn their parts. One time they went to Bennington to give their talks in Stake meeting.

Frank attended Fielding Academy in Paris. However, he didn't graduate from high school until he was about 23 years old. The reason for this being that Christian had many other older children to send to school – the younger ones stayed at home to do the chores and work to earn the money for the others. Also, bad weather and epidemics of various diseases would cause the schools to close down for several months and the children would fall several years behind in their school work.

It was during his school years that Frank became involved in some of the activities that he learned to love the most. He learned to shoot coyotes while he was tending the sheep. He had experience in carrying the mail from Bern to the other side of the mountain. He was involved in music







