

Franklin Staheli



Franklin and Paula Reber Staheli
Wedding 17 Sept. 1895

Individual Record 258

Name} Staheli, Franklin		Family History} Olson
Title}	Race} White	Sex} Male
Birth: Date} Exa 3 May 1874	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
Marr.: Date} Exa 17 Sep 1895	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Death: Date} Exa 28 Jul 1967	Place} Washington, Washington, Utah	
Burial: Date} Aft 28 Jul 1967	Place} Washington City Cemetery	
	Grave Marker} Yes	Source 1} <u>75 = Geog history</u>
Parents: } Johann George Staheli & Rosina Reber Relationship No.} <u>10</u>		Source 2} <u>81 = Genealogy</u>
		Source 3} <u>356 = Church record</u>
1st Household No.} <u>28 = Santa Clara, Washington, Utah</u>		Source 4} <u>83 = 1880 USA cen</u>
		Source 5} <u>722 = Marriage rec</u>
Occupation 1} Farmer Occupation 2} Carpenter		Source 6} <u>176 = 1900 USA cen</u>
		Source 7} <u>170 = 1910 USA cen</u>
Religion/Church} Latter-day Saints		Source 8} <u>845 = Military rec</u>
		Source 9} <u>761 = 1920 USA cen</u>
Spouses: Prime} <u>Reber, Paula Wilhelmina (Polly)</u> Total Number of} 1		Source 10} <u>762 = 1930 USA cen</u>
		Source 11} <u>542 = S.S. record</u>
		Source 12} <u>759 = Cemetery rec</u>
		Source 13} <u>963 = Cemetery rec</u>
Notes: Franklin Staheli was born 3 May 1874 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah. He was the second son of George Staheli and Rosina Reber and was known as Frank. His brother Karl, born in 1872 had died in 1873, before Frank was born. His sister Rosina Sophia was born in 1876. A sister Georgiana was born in 1878 and died in 1880. In 1880, the family was living in Santa Clara. It included two older half-brothers, George and John, from his father's first marriage. The family was farming. Franklin was baptised 4 May 1882 in the Santa Clara Ward, LDS, by Sam Reber. Franklin married Paula (Polly) Wilhelmina Reber on 17 Sep 1895 in Santa Clara. Of interest is that Frank's sister Rosina married Paula's brother Ernest Reber. Frank and Polly made their home in Washington, a little town just north-east of Santa Clara. They had at least 13 children, most of whom died early or as infants. In 1900, Frank was listed in the		

census as a day laborer. In 1910, the family was living on Chidester Street, Washington, and Frank was a carpenter. When Frank registered for the World War I draft, he listed himself as a farmer, working for himself. He was described as being of medium height and build with blue eyes and gray hair. By 1930, Frank's occupation was truckfarmer, and his son Woodrow was listed as a truck driver.

In the chapter on Washington in *Under Dixie Sun, A History of Washington County*, the accomplishments of Frank are ones of many firsts. Around 1900, he, along with Myron Chidester and Joseph Cooper, organized the first brass band in Washington. This band won first place at the Washington County Fair at St. George about ten years later.

About 1910, Frank became the owner of the first steam powered threshing machine in Southern Utah. The Case machine weighed 11,000 pounds, which caused its own problems. "Mr. Staheli says that he had to put in many bridges to compensate for the ones his iron horse had destroyed." The machine was powered by wood, which was provided by the farmers who were using his services. Later, coal became available. This engine was also used to power the machinery in the factory that made cotton batting. Frank also obtained the first straw blower and the first self-feeder, which eliminated the necessity for two of the men on the threshing machine. He later brought the first combine harvester and thresher into the area. With some experimenting,, he worked out a method of threshing sugar beets with his grain thresher.

Firsts, extended beyond farming. Frank's family had the first player piano and the first orthophonic phonograph in town. And when the telephone came to town, Frank had one of the only two.

Frank was involved with the community, and was the mayor of Washington from 1930 to 1931. It was during this time that the water system was installed, and the city irrigation ditches were lined with rock and cement.

Frank died 28 Jul 1967, and is buried in the Washington City Cemetery. His wife Polly died 20 Feb 1968, and they share a headstone.

Time of Birth}	Time of Death}	Fraternal/Social}
Baptism Date} Exa 4 May 1882	Place} Santa Clara Ward, LDS	
Confirm. Date}	Photos} None	
Immigr'n Date} N/A	Port} N/A	
Education: Grade}	or Top 2 Degrees}	
Military: Service}	for the State of}	
Health Condition}	Last Updated	Date Updated} 19 Jun 2011
Cause of Death}	by} Karen Hancock	Date Created} 29 Aug 1993

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Individual Record 319

Name} Reber, Paula Wilhelmina (Polly)		Family History} Olson
Title}	Race} White	Sex} Female
Birth: Date} Fam 8 Jul 1878	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
Marr.: Date} Exa 17 Sep 1895	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Death: Date} Exa 20 Feb 1968	Place} St. George, Washington, Utah	
Burial: Date} Aft 20 Feb 1968	Place} Washington City Cemetery, Washington, Washington, Utah	
	Grave Marker} Yes	Source 1} <u>81 = Genealogy</u>
Parents: } Fredrich Reber & Anna Maria Lanz Relationship No.} Not traced		Source 356 = Church
		2} <u>record</u>
1st Household No.} <u>60 = Santa Clara, Washington, Utah</u>		Source 83 = 1880 USA
		3} <u>cen</u>
Occupation 1} Housewife Occupation 2}		Source 722 = Marriage
		4} <u>rec</u>
Religion/Church} Latter-day Saints		Source 176 = 1900 USA
		5} <u>cen</u>
Spouses: Prime} <u>Staheli, Franklin</u> Total Number of} 1		Source 170 = 1910 USA
		6} <u>cen</u>
		Source 761 = 1920 USA
		7} <u>cen</u>
		Source 762 = 1930 USA
		8} <u>cen</u>
		Source 9} <u>1159=Newspaper</u>
		Source 759 = Cemetery
		10} <u>rec</u>
		Source 963 = Cemetery
		11} <u>rec</u>
		Source 12}
Notes: Paula Wilhelmina Reber, known as Polly, was born 8 Jul 1877 in Santa Clara, Washington, Utah. She was the daughter of Fredrich Reber and Anna Maria Lanz, immigrants from Switzerland. She was the 9th of 10 children, two of whom had died young. Only the youngest three had been born in the United States. In 1880, the family was living in Santa Clara, and her father was a farmer. She was baptised 7 Apr 1887 in the Santa Clara Ward, LDS, by Christian Stucki, and later "removed". On 17 Sep 1895, Polly married Franklin Staheli. Frank and Polly made their home in Washington, a small town northeast of Santa Clara. Of interest is that her brother Ernst Reber married Frank's sister Rosina Sophia Staheli. Frank and Polly had at least 13 children, most of whom died early or as infants.		

Polly died 20 Feb 1968 in St. George, Utah. She had been preceeded in death in 1967 by her husband. Both are buried in the Washington City Cemetery, with most of their children.

Time of Birth}	Time of Death}	Fraternal/Social}
Baptism Date} Exa 7 Apr 1887	Place} Santa Clara Ward, LDS	
Confirm. Date}	Photos} None	
Immigr'n Date} N/A	Port} N/A	
Education: Grade}	or Top 2 Degrees}	
Military: Service}	for the State of}	
Health Condition}	Last Updated	Date Updated} 19 Jul 2011
Cause of Death}	by} Karen Hancock	Date Created} 29 Oct 1993
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HISTORY OF FRANK STAHELI-- AS TOLD TO CARMA STAHELI 1954

I, Franklin Staheli, was born May 3, 1874, at Santa Clara, Utah, in a house that stood where Henry Graff's present home now stands. My father was John George Staheli and my mother was Rosina Reber Staheli. They were both born in Switzerland. My father, on February 5, 1825. They came to the United States in 1861. My mother lived until 1901. Although my father died when I was only six years old, I remember his musical talent. He led the choir and they held choir practice in our home. I remember him playing the cornet and violin; I remember distinctly a surprise party the choir gave my father. It was April 23, 1880. I remember many people who were there and songs they sang. They sang, "Marching Homeward" and "When Dark and Dreary." My father had me sing "Marching Home" for the choir. In those days there was no church bell and father used to go out on the front porch and blow the cornet to call the church meeting.

Another incident I recall was when my father was digging potatoes and I was picking them up. There were lots of big long green worms on the potatoes. I put them in a pan to take home to the chickens and my father said, "Why don't you take them up to the store to Sister Hafen and tell her you want some candy for them. I remember taking them to the store and she gave me some candy. I started school when I was six years old and my first teacher was Josephine Jarvis (Miles). Other teachers I remember were LeNora Knight (Hafen) and Levi Harmon, and when I was eleven, Edward H. Snow was my teacher and it seems I learned a great deal under his teachings. We only had one room for the whole school and I was told by the teacher to help Bertha Stucki (Graff) read. We would go to the corner of the room twice a day and I would help her read, and I remember Emma Frei was able to have pencils and paper which were quite a luxury in those days. I would help her with her lessons and she would give me a pencil and some paper for pay. I was good in music and was called on to help with the singing.

After school in the fall, we would pick cotton which was a tiresome job especially for school children. In the summer, we had many jobs. We would help plant cotton, hoe it, weed it and when the plants were big enough we would have to thin it and leave about three plants to the hill. We made baskets which we would sell or use to gather our fruit in.

After my father died, my mother married Jacob Tobler. Brother Tobler and three boys, Will, Albert and Jacob and myself would go out and cut grain by hand with a sickle and bind it by hand. We could do an acre in a day by working long hard hours and we would receive seven bushels of grain for our pay. We would go to the field fairly early in the morning and get a double wagon bed of peaches and then spend all day cutting them and putting them out to dry. Also, we would help others cut apricots and take the sweet pits for pay. In the morning early someone would blow the horn and that was a signal to turn the cows out; all the cows in town were taken in the same herd to feed all day. We took turns herding according to the number of cows we owned, but I was hired by others and spent many hours herding cows.

When I was around ten years of age, my mother gave me a harmonica for Christmas. She gave it to me Christmas evening and before I went to bed that night I had learned to play, "Home Sweet Home." I played the harmonica for years and one time I was on a peddling trip to Pioche, Nevada, with Jacob Gubler, I saw a harmonica with a bell on it and I wanted it very badly. Brother Gubler didn't know whether to buy it for me or not because he would give Brother Tobler two dollars when we got home for the eight days I had been with him on the road. Anyway, he bought the harmonica which cost 35 cents. When we got home, everyone thought it was a very fine harmonica except Brother Tobler who was very angry because we had bought it. So Jacob Gubler gave him the two dollars and let me keep the harmonica.

When I began to play the organ, I used to go to John Staheli's--my half brother's place and play his organ and pick chords and tunes out by myself. Then we used to get Joseph Worthen from St. George to come over to Santa Clara with his violin. I would play the organ and he would play his violin for the dances. Among those from St. George who came to the dances was Belle Grey. She taught me many different chords and ways to chord. After a while Ernest Reber and I began to practice and play together. I bought my first violin from Joseph Worthen for five dollars. I played the violin then and Ernest played the organ. About that time a fellow name Harry Staheli, no relative of mine, was going through the county and he spent some time in Santa Clara. He taught me some about playing to violin, but mostly I taught myself. I played with Santa Clara Brass band for a few years, sometimes going with it to Pine Valley, St. George, and Washington to play. John Staheli, Will Tobler, and Frank Staheli were member of this band. I used to go to Ernest's home and play their organ or he would play it and I the violin. Fritz Reber, Ernest's brother, returned home from Switzerland from a mission bringing an autoharp with him. No one knew much about it and after I had studied it a while I learned how to time it, tune it, and play it. It played very beautiful music and everyone enjoyed it. Then one night Ernest and I went to the field to irrigate. We took the harp and the violin with us and built a fire and played while we irrigated. The next morning we went back to the field in the wagon to get our bedding and our instruments which we had left in a tree and found that the fire was spreading. It had spread over to the tree and our lovely harp and violin were both burned up. We felt very badly about it. Then Ernest and I began playing for dances, he at the organ and I at the violin. The first dances we played for were three wedding dances. Those getting married were John Ence and Lena Reber; Sammy Reber and Mary Ence; and John Reber and Otila Reber.

Then Ernest and John Staheli, who played the cornet and I started playing for dances every Friday night in St. George. While Ernest and I were practicing our music, I went to the Reber home quite often. It was then that I began going with his sister, Paula, who is now my wife. The first time I went with her was to a New Year's eve party for which the girls chose their partners. She asked me to go with her. This was in January 1892 and we went together until 1895 when we were married, September 17.

Long about 1892, Brother W. J. McAllister conducted a stake choir where we learned many songs. Then Ernest and I began a choir in Santa Clara teaching the songs we had learned from Brother McAllister's choir. We carried on with this choir until 1898 when my wife and I moved to Washington.

We had two children by this time; the first one, Hattie was born August 28, 1896. The second one was born in 1897 and lived only four days. He was named George Fredrick. We bought the house that Lydia Stephens now lives in from Bryant Jolley for \$225.00, here our third child, LaMar, was born. He got the whooping cough and died in 1901 when he was eleven months old. Then, in 1902, I bought the place on the hill and bought it from Bill Keel. Here our other eleven children were born and here we lived until 1936 when we moved to our present home on the highway. When we first moved to Washington, I worked at the factory when it was running. Here I operated the chords which took care of the rough wool. When the factory was not running, I worked at odd jobs for various people. About 1908, I started in the threshing machine business. The first one I owned Heber Barron and Hyrum S. Boggs. It was the first steel machine that came to this part of the country. It was run by horse power. We ran it two seasons and then we bought the first steam machine. Running this outfit was really a job. Coal was so far away and cost so much and the grain was so cheap that we really did not make anything and sometimes we came out in the hole. After about ten years, I sold the old steam engine to Mr. Pendleton in Cedar City. At this time, I bought a gas tractor and then things went a little better. In these years I got the first Lucerne seed recleaned, also the first grain combine in this part of the state. It was with a new J.I. Case threshing machine that I figured how to thresh the beet seed. I was in the threshing business for 30 years. When my son, Woodrow, was about 16 years old, we started in the truck garden business. At first it was mostly carrots and radishes. It then developed into raising onions and cabbage. We are still in the business and had our good and bad years.

About the year 1902, I organized the Washington Silver Band. I had learned to play with Angus and Andrew Sproul, George Hall, Will Tobler, Olaf Sandberg, LaMar Pearce, Joseph Cooper, Edward Ninon, W.O. Nisson and others. We each paid \$5.00 making \$50.00 in all, which we used to start buying instruments. These cost \$250.00 and we borrowed \$200.00 from Andrew Sorenson to finish buying the instruments. We were organized and in the ward and by playing for dances, and in other ways, we paid off the money. This group did not last very long. Angus Sproul went on a mission and when he returned we started the band again. We also had a choir at that time. Myron Chidester was choir leader and when he moved away, I led the choir for quite a while. We also sponsored dances to buy an organ for our ward. The Silver Band was quite well organized and we played together for a few years. We won first place (prize) at the County Fair in September in 1902 in St. George. But shortly after that we broke up again; some members moved away and others quit for other reasons and we never organized again. My daughter, Hattie, and I played for dances for some time, she played the organ and I, the violin.

During my years in Washington I have held many positions in the ward and in the city. For 18 years I was ward clerk. I was secretary of the MIA ; taught Sunday School and led the singing in the ward for years. I was choir leader and helped to purchase an organ and a piano for the ward. I was city recorder, city Marshall, city councilman and health officer before I was elected mayor. I held the health officer job during the flu epidemic. I was also sexton and undertaker. I owned a model T Ford and I would go to St. George to bring the casket home and had to see to getting the grave dug whenever there was death. This was quite a lot of work.

I served on the school board, this was the time when the schools were consolidated and were taken over to the county; before this time it was the responsibility of each town to furnish their own teachers and operate their own schools. I was serving as city councilman in 1927 with Bert Hall as Mayor. Bert went to Idaho to work and I was appointed mayor in his place. I took over in May 1928 and in November, 1929, I was re-elected Mayor. When I first went in as Mayor, I began talking of putting in a water system, but every councilman was against me. Then, I was reelected in 1929 with a new city council and most of them were in favor of the system. We held our first meeting to vote on the water system in January, 1930. Calvin Hall, William Tobler, Levi Neilson, Wallace Iverson, and Antone Neilson were the councilmen and all but one voted for it. From the beginning there were those that fought it and tried in every way to prevent the system from going through. Some even got up a petition against it and had it all over town being signed. When it was time for voting, of 70 eligible voters, 43 voted in favor of it and 27 against it. Some of them still said they would beat it and we had quite a time with them. In October, 1930, we started to dig trenches and lay pipes. We completed most of it that year but added to it later. Another time I had to work was when we were voting to build the school house and so many fought that. I worked real hard to get people to vote for it and then worked harder during the time it was being built.

For a few years I operated a picture show in Washington and did fairly well while in the business, but had to quit when they wanted me to pay more for the use of the building. I was responsible for getting the ditches in Washington rock and cemented and also for building dikes above town to keep floods away. Floods had done much damage in the town in the past. After the dikes were built, we fixed up our streets and roads. I was also responsible for the city buying what is known as the city farm, for the franchise to put street lights in Washington and for getting pipe from the government to put the water in every district in town where it was not done in the beginning.

I have always believed in building up and in advancing. I worked hard to get a fence around the cemetery and I saw to getting the pipe for piping water there. However, the pipe was not laid until after my term as Mayor was over. I was Mayor for ten years straight from May, 1927 to November, 1937. Then was elected in 1943 to 1945. I have worked hard all my life along with my wife who is known as a very hard worker and an ambitious woman. My family is hard working and through hard work we have accomplished a great deal. Also, I have been a generous donator of my time, money, and talents. In all the time I played for dances I never did charge the Sunday School or other church organizations for it. I have donated to school, church, and other public buildings and improvements throughout the country.

I am now 74 years old and although I don't do much as I used to, I still do some gardening and keep my place up. I hold the position of city Justice at the present time, also I am the group leader of the High Priests Quorum of the Washington Group. There are 20 High Priests in my group and I am interested in this work and anxious to see it progress. I have three of my children and their families living here in Washington. They are Sylvia Jolley, Velva Wilkins and Woodrow, who is my only son. Two daughters, Hilda Reeves and Jessie Wilkinson, live in McDermitt, Nevada. Another daughter, Donna Mock, lives in South Gate, California. My oldest daughter,

Hattie, was killed in a car accident on August 24, 1938, leaving eight children.

My wife gave birth to fifteen children, eight who lived, the others dying in infancy. We had many hard times in those days. My wife, Paula, and I celebrated our golden wedding anniversary three years ago on September 17, 1945. All our living children and many of our grandchildren and great grandchildren were present. We have six living children, twenty nine grandchildren and nineteen great grandchildren.

May 1954 (I wrote this six years ago.) I now have 30 grandchildren, 31 great grandchildren and 1 great great grandchild.

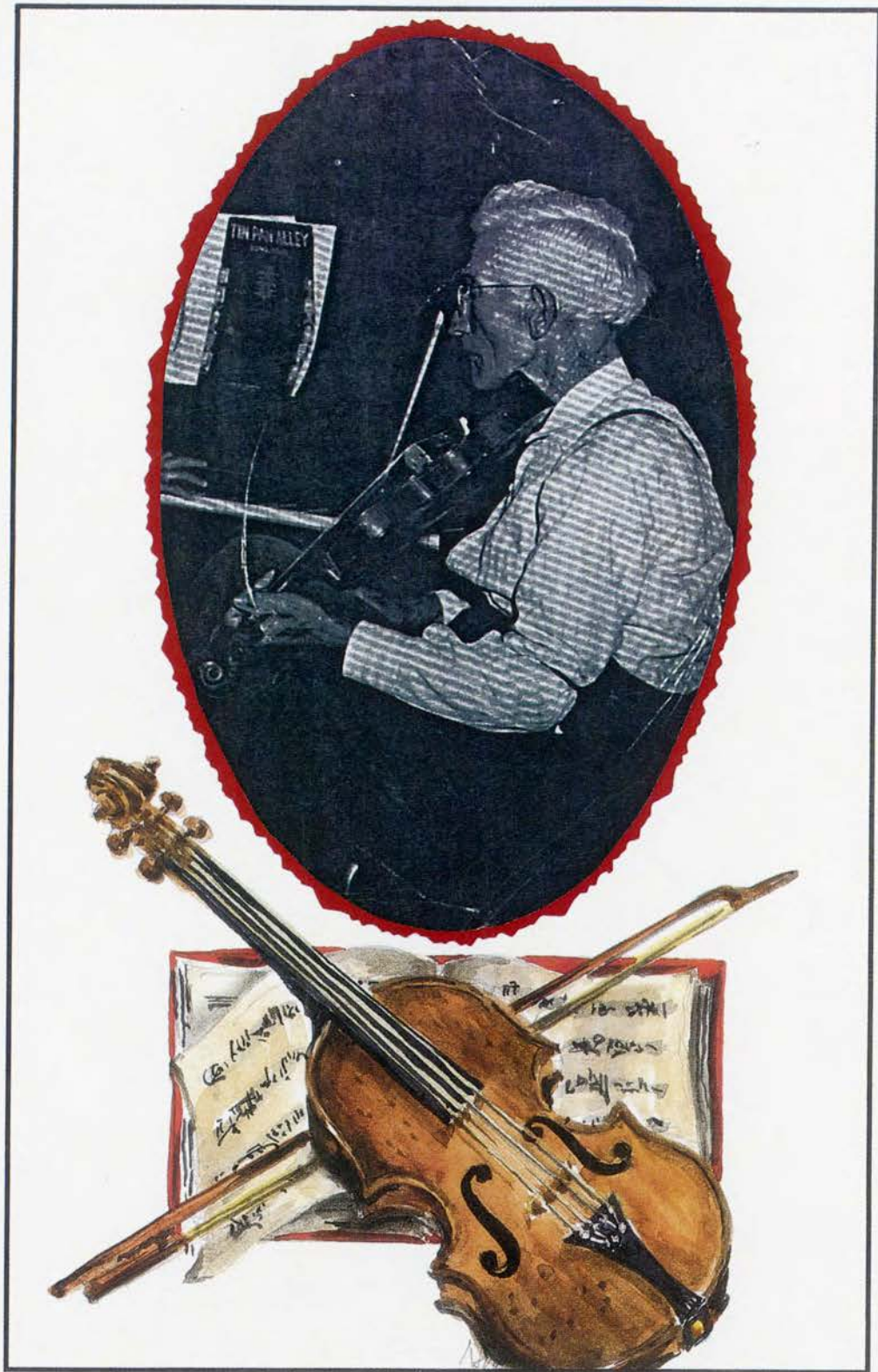
Added: Grandpa died July 28, 1967. Funeral July 31, 1967. Washington Ward Chapel. Burial Washington City Cemetery.



THREE SANTA CLARA BRONCO BUSTERS OF THE LATE 1800's.

Left to right:--

Joe Reber, Orson Reber and Frank Staheli



Written by Franklin Staheli
at age 77

My father George Staheli was the leader of the Staheli Band who furnished the music for all the celebrations and doings in the early days here. He died when I was only seven years old but I remember when he had choir and band practices in our home. From the time I was very young I was very interested in music and I was around twelve when I had my first harmonica which I played by ear as I did all the music I have ever played. When I was fourteen I played a cornet, Bro. Jacob Tobler, my stepfather played a tenor horn, Will Tobler played the base, my half brother John Staheli, played the lead cornet and we furnished music for a great many occasions. We made trips to Pine Valley, St. George, Washington, and other towns in the county as well as playing a lot in Santa Clara where I lived at the time. I began playing for dances playing the organ and Joe Worthen of St. George played the violin. During this time I bought a violin from Joe for six dollars which I began to play.

A man by the name of Harry Staley, (no relation of ours) was traveling through the country and he stayed in Santa Clara for a while. He gave a few violin lessons to me, Ernest Reber and Arnold Stucki. Ernest Reber and I began practicing together and I went to his home where they had an organ. Then Ernest and I began to play for dances. The first dance we ever played for was a wedding dance. For two winters Ernest, my brother John and I played for dances every Friday night for Lon Clark and Frank Dodge. In 1898 Ernest went on a mission and I moved to Washington to make my home.

On my twenty fifth birthday they gave a party for me and during the party I played the cornet when they found out I could play, Joseph Cooper, Myron Chidester and I began to play together. We three played together around in the surrounding towns, then we decided to organize a band. There were eleven of us to start with and each one of us put in five dollars making \$55.00, the instruments we bought cost \$185.00. The Washington Ward with Bishop Sproul as Bishop borrowed the rest of the money from Andrew Sorenson to pay for the instruments then the ward owned them. I have been playing ever since. I have also been Choir Leader both in Santa Clara and here. At the present time I am still playing the violin for dances with a Washington Group consisting of Erma Iverson, Isreal Neilson, Misha Bigler, Herbert Knell, and Antone Neilson. I was seventy seven last May 3.

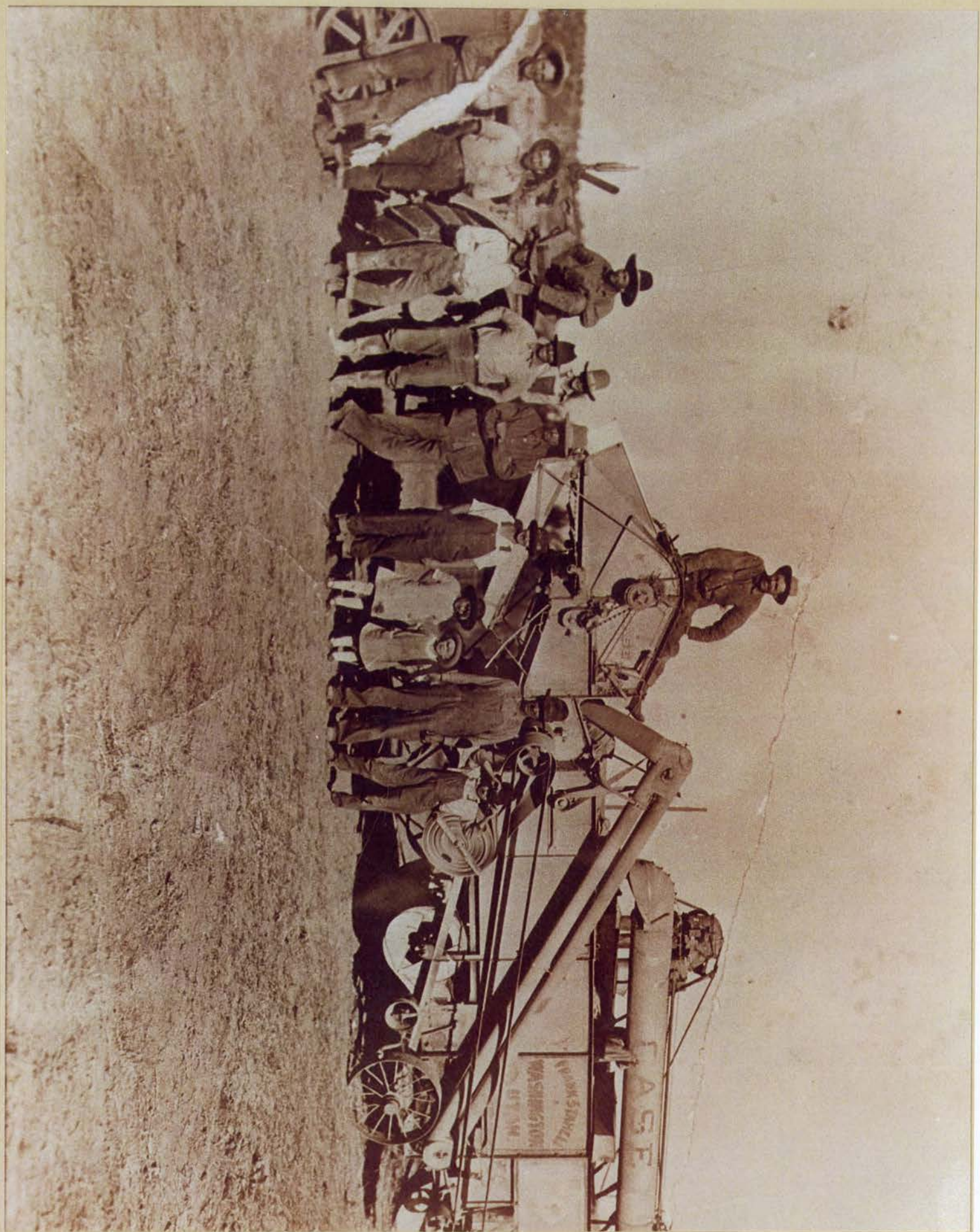
I played for the first dance they ever had in Hurricane which was held at Ira Bradshaw's home because they had no dance hall at the time. Later I played at Hurricane many, many times. I was invited to many parties, dances and other things because for my music ability. I could always take my partner with me and I never had to pay a ticket.



Franklin Staheli
Autoharp & Harmonica

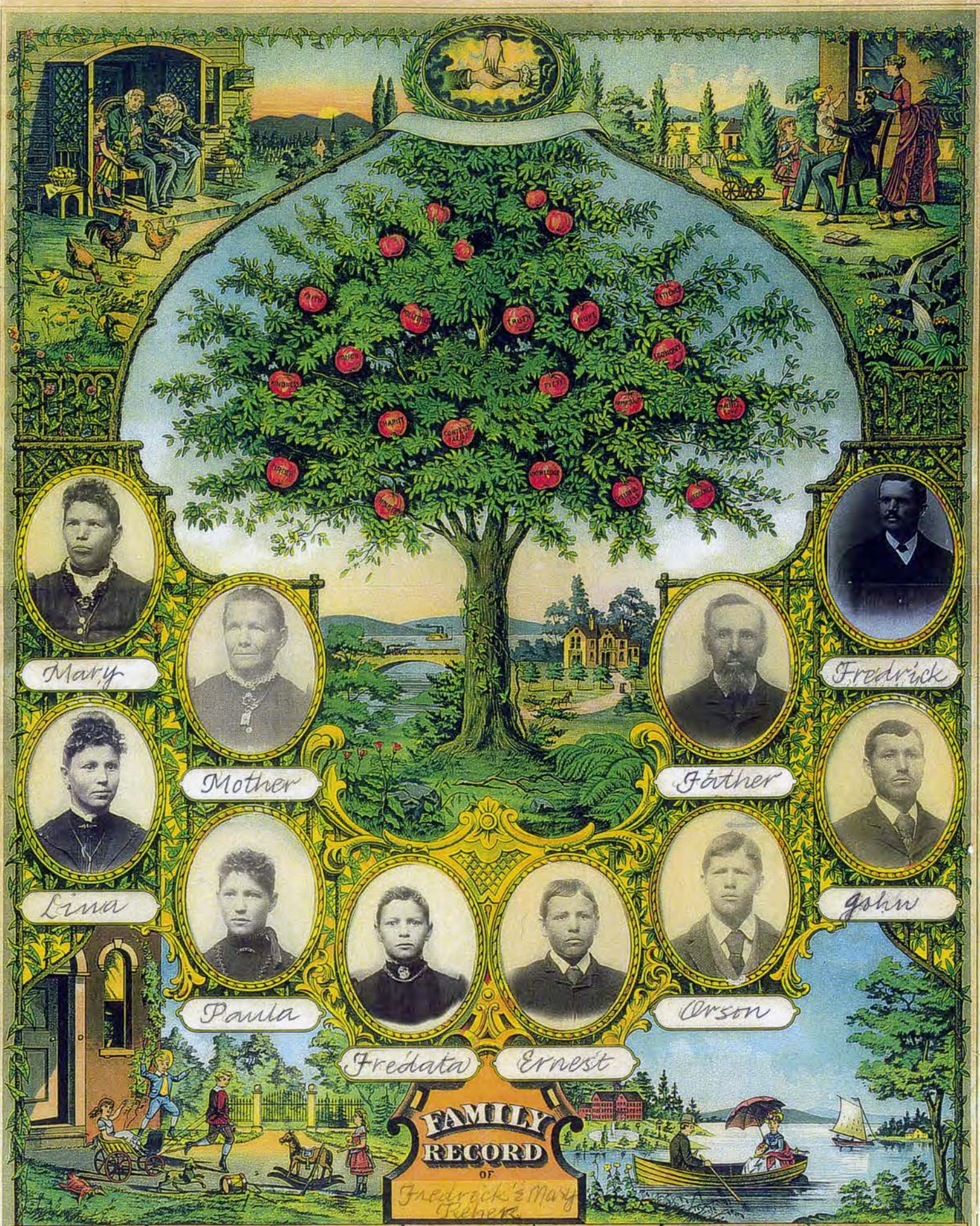








Paula Reber Staheli



Mary

Mother

Fredrick

Father

Lina

Paula

John

Orson

Freda

Ernest

**FAMILY
RECORD**

OF
*Frederick's Mary
Rebert*

LIFE HISTORY OF PAULA W. REBER STAHELI

(In May, 1956, I wrote this history as Mother Staheli told it to me, now in March, 1968, I will try to bring it a little more up to date.)

Paula W. Reber Staheli was born July 8, 1878, at Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah. Her parents were Fredrick and Anna Maria Lanz Reber. She was born in the old Jacob Hamblin Home which is a historic landmark and still stands well preserved today. Paula was the seventh child in a family of eight children. Her parents came from Switzerland and five of their children were born in the old country and the last three, Ernest, Paula and Frieda were born in Santa Clara. The Reber family was ambitious and industrious. All her life she has kept busy and worked long and hard. As a child, she learned to sew, knit, and crochet. She picked cotton, sickled grain, weeded, cut peaches to dry and did many other things that children today know nothing about. Paula's father had more peaches than anyone in Santa Clara and cutting peaches to dry was a big thing. They would have peach-cutting bees and many people would gather to help. The peaches were brought in by the wagon-box load. Paula was very good at cutting peaches and had the reputation for being one of the fastest. They also raised grapes; some of them were dried and some were made into wine which her father sold for flour, potatoes, and other food for the winter supply.

Her childhood and until she was twenty years old was spent in Santa Clara. She played games with her brothers and sisters and other children in town. They made their own recreation and stayed at home. She says how different it is nowadays with everyone on the go all the time and the young people going for miles for dances, shows, and entertainment. The gathering place for the young folks in Santa Clara was the school grounds where there were beautiful big shade trees and swings.

When Paula's parents first came to Santa Clara, they made adobes and sold them to people to build homes. And when they built their own home her mother handed each and every adobe to her father and helped build the whole place, she worked as hard as any man. Paula's memory of her mother is how hard she worked, she was busy every minute. She worked in fields, the garden, the house and did all the jobs there were to do. In her later years she fell and hurt both her hands and this handicapped her a great deal, as she had always been so ambitious. It was hard for her not to be able to do much. She died years before her husband. Paula remembers her father as a kind man who never got angry. He worked hard along with her mother and when he was older he did cobbler work, fixing shoes for the people in Santa Clara. He was a determined man and said he would make at least a dollar a day repairing shoes. The children all loved to bring their shoes to Brother Reber because he was so jovial and good-natured and he always had candy for them. During the time the Rebers were making adobes, they were working by quite a large bank. Paula and Ernest were laying there and digging in the bank. When her mother called for dinner, her father and the boys started to go; they had only gone a short distance when they heard a funny noise. Looking back they saw a large dust where the children had been playing so they ran back. The children were completely covered with dirt except for a little bunch of Ernest's hair and one of Paula's hands sticking out. At this time Ernest was four and Paula was two years old. This was a close call.

In those days they made their own stockings. They used white yard made in the factory. The stockings were always washed in the first wash water to keep them snowy white. The Reber family was not rich, but they were among the best fixed families at that time. When the Fourth or Twenty-Fourth of July came around she with the other girls had new white dresses to go with the stockings. To get money to buy material for the dresses, she gleaned wheat in the field and her father paid her generously for it. The dresses were made of lace, ribbon, and insertions. These white dresses were worn all summer without being washed. Paula's father bought an organ and her brother Ernest and Frank Staheli played together on the organ and the violin. Frank used to come to the Reber home to practice and soon began courting Paula. Their first dated was to a Leap Year dance. They went together for three years and then were married in the St. George Temple, September 17, 1895. They lived in Santa Clara for three years after they were married then moved to Washington in 1898 where she as resided ever since. They had two children born in Santa Clara, Hattie and George Fredrick. George Fredrick lived only four days and is buried in the Santa Clara Cemetery. After moving to Washington, she had twelve more children, seven of them are buried in the Washington Cemetery. On coming to Washington in 1898, Frank and Paula bought the home that is now Lydia Stephen's home. Here their third child, LaMar was born. When he was eleven months old, he died of whooping cough. This was in 1901. In 1902, they bought the place on the hill where they lived and raised their family. Eleven more children were born here. In 1936, they bought the home on the highway where they lived the rest of their lives.

About 1903, Paula raised silk worms. This was a real task. They had to be fed three times a day. A large gunny sack full of mulberry leaves was not enough for one meal. The leaves had to come from white mulberry trees and only the tender leaves. Sometimes, she would walk from her place down to the other end of town seven or eight blocks away to gather leaves to feed the worms. They got the worms when they were as small as tiny black ants and when they were three inches long they were ready to spin their cocoons. They had to gather rabbit brush for them to spin their cocoons on. In a week or ten days the cocoons were finished and they had to be put in the sunshine to kill the larvae. The cocoon was then put into boiling water, then you would find the end where it was unwound and wind it on a spool. Armond Hoff wove ten yards of silk and Paula helped him wash it which took hours of boiling and stirring until it was finished. This same Brother Hoff became ill years later and she took him in and cared for him until he died. At another time, she cared for Henry Coon who was ill for months. He also died at her place. In those days people spent many hours sitting up with the sick. Paula had so much sickness, death and sorrow in her own family. She buried seven children at infancy, and Tessie at ten years of age. And Hattie was killed when she was forty two and the mother of eight children. In February of 1902 Bessie was born and died in July of the same year. Tessie was sickly the ten years she lived. She died in 1920. Three girls, Selona, Clorene, and Dora died when they were babies. Many hours of care, sleepless nights, worry and anxiety and many heartaches went into bringing these children into the world and caring for them. Velva was born in 1920 and got the measles when she was only a few months old. They turned to black measles and she was very ill. When she was a year old, she weighed less than she did at birth. She developed mastoid trouble which meant an operation.

Hours of care, worry, poultices and medicine are part of Paula's life. Paula has done thousands of washings and ironing to help make a living for her family. Many of these were done without washing machines and the water had to be carried from the ditch or creek and the wood to heat the water was carried or dragged from wherever it could be found. The soap she used was soap she had made. Many ironing were done with sad irons heated on the hot stove. This work took the cooperation of the family as did many other jobs they did. Cooking for the threshers for example or doing janitor work at the church or school house.

The Staheli residence was a gathering place for the young folks of Washington. They had a phonograph and a player piano and they loved to gather there. They often made ice cream. There was a large chain swing in the back yard for many years and that too was an attraction which brought many. This home where she raised her family was a large place with something growing everywhere, a large vineyard, apple, peach, and apricot trees, pomegranates, figs, almonds, gardens, chickens, and cows. Paula always milked the cows twice a day for many years. She departed the milk and churned the butter. She sold 12 to 15 pounds of butter a week. One time Rex Iverson was going to milk the cows and they wouldn't let him get near them so he put on one of her dresses and then they let him milk them. On this place they raised many delicious watermelons. Paula has irrigated, planted, hoed, harvested and done all the work that goes with growing and gardening. She has fed a good many tramps in her day, some of them stayed a while and worked. (I remember one that stayed and worked quite a while and Lynn always called him "Grandmas Staheli's hobo") One time a transient was staying there and they thought he was a pretty good guy and they trusted him to let him stay while the family went somewhere, when they got home sooner than he expected, they found him with Dad's suit on and his pockets filled with everything they could hold and he was ready to leave. Paula has always been a good cook. Her pies especially got her many compliments and she made many of them. She has sewed, patched and quilted all her life. She did lots of patching for her grandchildren and made quilts for many of them. She always encouraged her children to go to church and to accept positions in the church. She was a firm believer in paying tithing and encouraged her family to pay theirs. She loved the Relief Society magazine and always read it from cover to cover sometimes more than once. At one time in her life she was the Relief Society visiting teacher. She has always had a sense of humor and was good company. She has always paid her donation and she along with her husband and gave a beautiful painting to the church and also paid for the cement walk in front of the church house. Along with her husband and family, they have progressed and built up the vegetable gardening business. Hours and hours she spent bunching her own and other peoples vegetables. Many people have said, "It's not a bunch patch without Polly." She expected people to work but at the same time she would laugh and joke and have a little fun. They have grown and sold many hundred crates of radishes, onions, cabbage, beets, dry onions, etc. Paula Staheli had enjoyed good health most of her life. She had one or two sick spells and in 1948 went to Salt Lake for surgery. But as a rule, she was very strong and healthy. She said she never knew what it was to tire until she began getting older. She enjoyed working hard and her motto was "I might wear out, but I'll never rust out."

The last few years of her life were spent taking care of her husband. When his health failed, he was quite demanding of her and she waited on him hand and foot, so to speak. She had a lot of patience with him and did all she could to make him comfortable and content. I often wonder how she held up like she did under all this strain and stress. And it went on for a few years. But she did a wonderful job and still kept her sense of humor, her memory, and all her other faculties. She was sharp and alert right up to the day before she died. Her husband died on July 28, 1967 and from then on she seemed to lose interest and was sometimes depressed and downhearted. Her health and her spirit failed gradually from the time of his death until February 20, 1968 (seven months later) when she passed away at the Dixie Hospital.

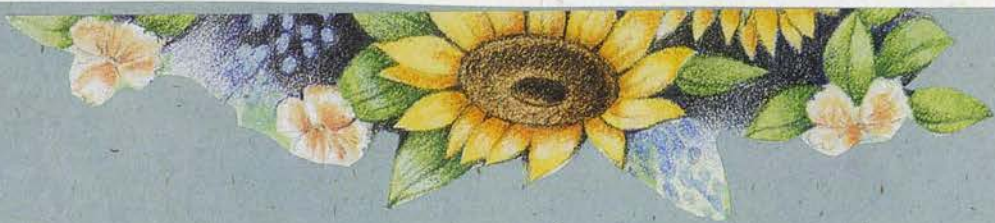
Frank and Paula celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary September 17, 1945, and their Seventieth Anniversary in September, 1965.

At the time of her death, she was survived by six children; Hilda and Jessie of McDermitt, Nevada; Sylvia and Woodrow of Washington, Utah; Donna of Bountiful, Utah; and Velva of Lynnwood, California. Twenty-eight grandchildren, eighty-six great grandchildren, and eighteen great great grandchildren. Funeral service was held in the Washington Ward Chapel, Saturday, February 24, 1968.





Syliva, Hattie, Hilda,
Tessie, Woodrow, Jessie



Bunching Radishes in Washington for City Markets



Left—Mrs. Sylvia Jolley, young Frank Staheli, Evelyn Jolley, Murray Averett, Woodrow Jolley, Velma Wilkins, Mrs. Paula Staheli. Foreground—Frank Staheli and little Ralph Staheli.

Onions Grown for Commercial Markets



Washing Onions



Fourteen Acres of Onions Ready for Market by Woodrow W. Staheli Murray Averett, Washington

The little town of Washington has long been noted for its truck farming. The fertility of the soil, rotation of crops, and the vigilance with which the growers tend their crops brings, on small acreages, yields that are unbelievable.

Cabbage, carrots, radishes, tomatoes, and onions are their principal commercial crops, although they raise lesser quantities of other vegetables for home consumption. As early as the first week of May, they had shipped 2200 crates of radishes and 2600 crates of onions.

From time of planting until the harvest is completed, there is a job for every member of the family, and these industrious people utilize every minute during the rush season. "Bunching" is a familiar phrase in Washington and the surrounding vicinity, whether it's radishes, onions, or carrots.

For the summer and fall inter-mountain, coastal, and eastern markets, the farmers and growers of Washington also raise large flocks of turkeys. At the present time, Woodrow Staheli has a large flock of turkeys in preparation.

One of the town leaders and enthusiasts is Frank Staheli who, despite his 74 active years, joins his thrifty, energetic wife Paula in producing bumper crops each season.

Mr. Staheli was born in Santa Clara in May, 1874, and has always been a leader. He brought the first threshing machine into this vicinity and ran it for 35 years. He was a city official for 40 years, mayor, 12; clerk, 18, in the town of Washington.

His hobby is playing for dances with his orchestra, and a lively person he is.





66th Anniversary Today

Dixie Couple to Mark Wedding Date

Special to The Tribune

WASHINGTON, Washington County—This community's oldest living couple will observe their 66th wedding anniversary Sunday.

MR. AND MRS. Frank Staheli, lifetime Washington County residents, were married Sept. 17, 1895, in the St. George Temple, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mr. Staheli, at 88, also is Washington's oldest male resident.

HE IS former mayor and has served as city recorder, councilman, marshal, health officer and sexton.

Both have long been active in LDS Church work. He served 18 years as clerk of the Washington Ward and Mrs. Staheli has been active in Relief Society as long as she can remember.

A WELL-KNOWN public entertainer in the Washington area, Mr. Staheli organized the Washington Silver Band in 1902 by borrowing money to buy instruments and playing at local dances to earn money to repay the loans.

He still plays his violin and harmonica occasionally and his wife, a daughter of Swiss converts to the LDS Church, sings Swiss melodies with the "best o' them" despite her 82 years.

BOTH WERE born in Santa Clara, Washington County, he May 3, 1874, and she, the former Paula Reber, July 12, 1879. They have a son and five

daughters, including Woodrow W. Staheli and Mrs. Marion (Silvia) Jolley, both of Washington; Mrs. Claude (Hilda) Reeves and Mrs. George (Jessie) Wilkinson, McDermott, Nev.; Mrs. Eldon (Donna)

Mock, Southgate, Calif., and Mrs. Carl (Velva) Wilkins, Hulme, Calif.

THEY ALSO have 30 grandchildren, 50 great-grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren.



Frank Staheli . . . Organized the Washington Silver Band.



Mrs. Paula Staheli . . . Long active in LDS auxillary.



FRANKLIN STAHELI

Franklin Staheli, 93, former mayor of Washington for twelve years and organizer of the Washington Silver Band, died of natural causes Friday at home.

Mr. Staheli had been a City councilman, Washington recorder.

er, city marshal and health officer. In 1902, Mr. Staheli borrowed funds to buy instruments and organized the Washington Silver Band. Playing at numerous southern Utah dances, he soon repaid the loans.

Mr. Staheli was a pioneer farmer and sugar-beet raiser, and operated the first mechanized combine in Washington County.

He was born May 3, 1874, in Santa Clara, to George and Rosena Reber Staheli. Mr. Staheli married Paula Reber Sept. 17, 1895, in the St. George Temple.

Survivors include his widow; a son, Woodrow W., Washington and five daughters, Mrs. Claud (Hilda) Reeves, Mrs. Jesse Wilkinson, both McDermitt, Nev.; Mrs. Carl (Velva) Wilkins, Lynwood, Calif.; Mrs. Elden (Donna) Mock, Bountiful, and Mrs. Marion (Sylvia) Jolley, Washington.

Also surviving are 30 grandchildren and 12 great great grandchildren, and a half sister, Mrs. Lilly Ence, Ivins.

The services were as follows: Bishop Clarence A. Bundy, conducting; prayer at funeral home, Kenneth Jolley; prayer at chapel, Jay Blake; prelude and postlude, Erma Iverson; male quartet, Glen Tobler, Andrew Jolley, Ferd Neilson, Chester Jones, "Oh, My Father," accompanied by Darlene Neilson; invocation, George Staheli; solo, "Father," Mary Esther Staheli; speaker, Victor E. Iverson; organ and piano duet, "Over the Waves," Erma Iverson and Elva Adams; speaker, Franklin H. Staheli; solo, "Perfect Day," Gayla Dawn Staheli; remarks, Bp. Clarence A. Bundy; benediction, Stanley Staheli; dedication of Grave, Wallace Iverson. Burial in the Washington City Cemetery.

Pallbearers: Jack Averett, Frank Reeves, Ben Jolley, Ralph Staheli, Dave Wilkins, Jimmie Mock. Honorary pallbearers: Lynn Averett, Lee Averett, Stan Staheli, Frank Staheli, George Staheli, Kenneth Jolley.

Funeral Services Held For Franklin Staheli



In Loving Memory

of

Franklin Staheli

May 3, 1874

July 28, 1967

Washington Ward Chapel

Monday, July 31, 1967

Bp. Clarence A. Bundy, Presiding

Flowers Arranged By:

Wanda Sandberg, Bonnie Milne

PALLBEARERS:

Jack Averett, Frank Reeves
Ben Jolley, Ralph Staheli
David Wilkins, Jimmie Mock

Honorary Pallbearers:

Lynn Averett, Lee Averett
Stan Staheli, Frank Staheli
George Staheli

Under Direction of
SPILSBURY FUNERAL HOME

SERVICES

Bp. Clarence A. BundyConducting

Prayer at Funeral HomeKenneth Jolley

Prayer at ChapelJay Blake

Prelude and PostludeErma Iverson

InvocationGeorge Staheli

SoloMary Esther Staheli
"Father," Acc. by Darlene Neilson

Organ-Piano Duet Erma Iverson, Elva Adams
"Over the Waves"

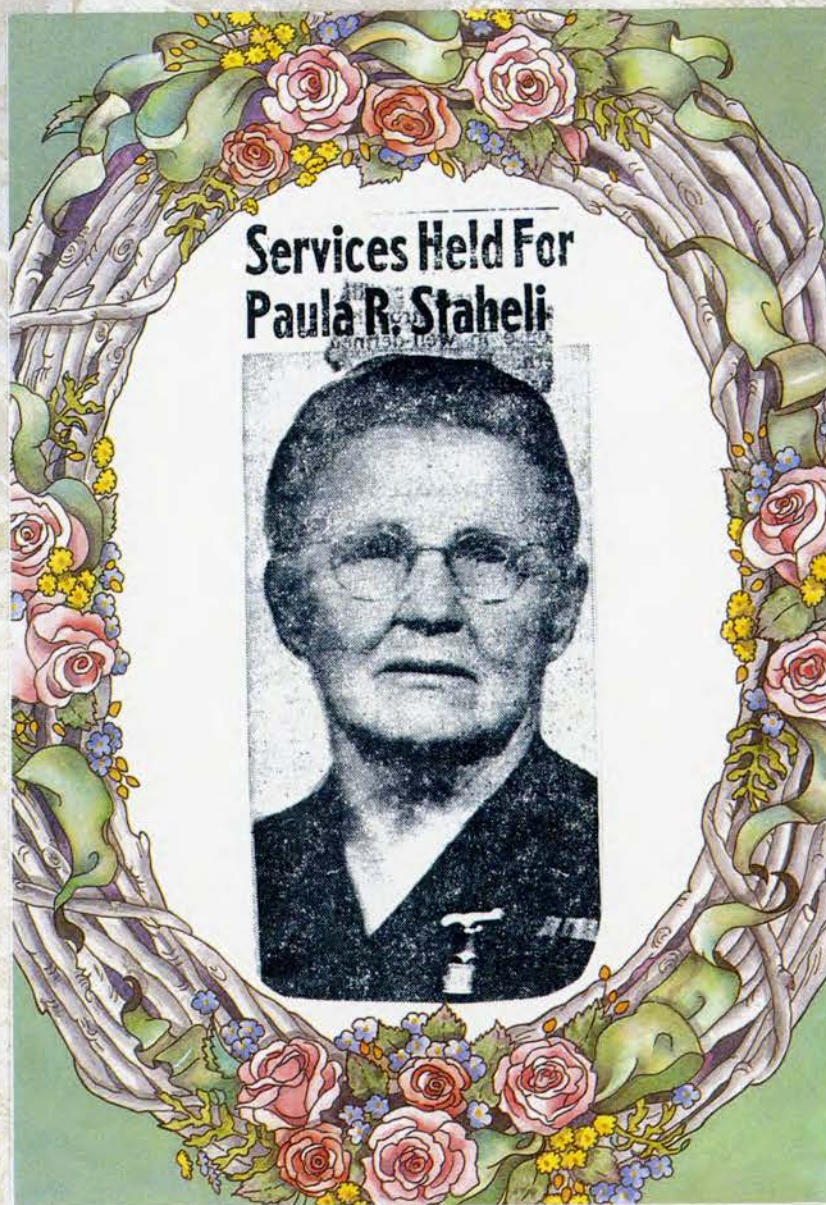
SpeakerFranklin H. Staheli

SoloGayla Dawn Staheli
"Perfect Day"
Accompanied by Darlene Neilson

RemarksBp. Clarence A. Bundy

BenedictionStanley Staheli

Dedication of GraveWallace Iverson



PAULA REBER STAHELI

Mrs. Paula W. Reber Staheli 90, died at the Dixie Hospital, Tuesday, February 20 of natural causes. She was born July 8, 1878 at Santa Clara, Utah to Frederick and Anna Maria Lang Reber. She married Franklin Staheli Sept. 17, 1895 in the St. George Temple. The couple lived in Santa Clara for four years then moved to Washington where they resided until death. Mr. Staheli passed away July 28, 1967. They had been married 71 years.

Survivors include, a son, Woodrow W., Washington and five daughters, Mrs. Claude (Hilda) Reeves, Mrs. Jessie Wilkinson, both of McDermitt, Nev.; Mrs. Marion (Sylvia) Jolley of Washington; Mrs. Eldon (Donna) Moch, Bountiful, and Mrs. Carl (Velva) Wilkins of Lynnwood, Calif. Also surviving are twenty-eight grandchildren, eighty-six great grandchildren and eighteen great great grandchildren.

Funeral services were held in Washington Ward Chapel Saturday, February 24 at 2 p. m. with Bishop Clarence Bundy conducting.

Pallbearers, Ben Jolley, Ralph Staheli, George Wilkinson, Frank Reeves, Jimmie Moch and David Wilkins. Honorary pallbearers, Jack Averett, Lee Averett, Lynn Averett, Kent Hollingsworth, Kim Hollingsworth.

Funeral was under the direction of the Spilsbury Funeral Home.

In Loving Memory

of

Paula Reber Staheli

July 8, 1878 Feb. 20, 1968

Washington Ward Chapel

Saturday, February 24, 1968

Bp. Clarence A. Bundy, Presiding

Flowers: Relief Society

PALLBEARERS:

Ben Jolley, Ralph Staheli
George Wilkinson, Frank Reeves
Jimmie Mock, David Wilkins

HONORARY PALLBEARERS:

Jack Averett, Lee Averett
Lynn Averett, Kent Hollingsworth
Kim Hollingsworth, Richard Wilkins
Burial: Washington Ward Cemetery

Under Direction of
SPILSBURY FUNERAL HOME

SERVICES

Conducting Bp. Clarence A. Bundy

Prayer at Funeral Home Gordon Worthington

Prayer at Chapel Stanley Staheli

Prelude and Postlude Erma Iverson

Choir "I Kneel Before Thee Lord"
Soloist—Marie Jensen

Invocation Kenneth Jolley

Chorus "Grandmother's Garden"
Great Great Grandchildren

Speaker Victor Iverson

Organ & Piano Duet "Over the Waves"

Elva Adams and Erma Iverson

Speaker Leo Reber

Remarks Bp. Clarence A. Bundy

Benediction George Staheli

Dedication of Grave Ferd Neilson