

Rosina
Staheli
Reber



Individual Record 259

Name} Staheli, Rosina Sophia		Family History} Olson
Title}	Race} White	Sex} Female
Birth: Date} Exa 26 Mar 1876	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
Marr.: Date} Exa 23 Dec 1896	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Death: Date} Exa 10 Mar 1958	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
Burial: Date} Aft 10 Mar 1958	Place} Santa Clara City Cemetery, Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
	Grave Marker} Yes	Source 1} <u>75 = Geog history</u>
Parents: } Johann George Staheli and Rosina Reber Relationship No.} 10		Source 2} <u>81 = Genealogy</u>
		Source 3} <u>356 = Church record</u>
1st Household No.} 28 = Santa Clara, Washington, Utah		Source 4} <u>83 = 1880 USA cen</u>
		Source 5} <u>722 = Marriage rec</u>
Occupation 1} Housewife Occupation 2}		Source 6} <u>84 = 1900 USA cen</u>
		Source 7} <u>167 = 1910 USA cen</u>
Religion/Church} Latter-day Saints		Source 8} <u>776 = 1920 USA cen</u>
		Source 9} <u>777 = 1930 USA cen</u>
Spouses: Prime} Reber, Ernest Total Number of} 1		Source 759 = Cemetery
		10} rec
		Source 963 = Cemetery
11} rec		
Notes: Rosina Sophia Staheli was born 26 Mar 1876 in Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah. She was the first daughter of George Staheli and Rosina Reber. Her brother Karl, born in 1872 had died in 1873, and her brother Frank was born in 1874. 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 her father's first marriage. The family was farming. Rosina was baptised 1 Jun 1884 in the Santa Clara Ward, LDS, by Jacob Tobler. Rosina married Ernest Reber on 23 Dec 1896 in Santa Clara. Of interest is that her brother Frank Staheli married Ernest's sister Polly W. Reber. Ernest and Rosina made their life-long home in Santa Clara. In 1900, they had a two year old daughter, Erma, and Ernest was listed as a minister. Rosina had had another child, no longer living. By 1910, Rosina had given birth to three sons, these being Glenn, Spencer and Mervin. Her		

husband Ernest was farming on his own account. By 1920, her last son Ellis had joined the family. Also living with the family was her father-in-law Fredrick Reber, and a lodger Mary Stucki, age 64 years.

In 1930, Rosina and Ernest had a housefull. Their daughter Erma was no longer at home, but all four of their sons were living in the home. Their oldest son Glenn was married and had three young children. Spencer was also married and had a young child.

Rosina's husband Ernest died 19 Aug 1950 in an accident where he was crushed between a truck and a cattle chute. Rosina died 10 Mar 1958, presumably in Santa Clara. Both are buried in the Santa Clara City Cemetery, Utah.

Time of Birth}	Time of Death}	Fraternal/Social}
Baptism Date} Exa 1 Jun 1884	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 Aug 1993
Copyright © 2011 by Karen L. Hancock. All Rights Reserved.		

 [Home Page](#)

[View](#)  [Tree](#)

[Next Page](#) 

Individual Record 320

Name} Reber, Ernest		Family History} Olson
Title}	Race} White	Sex} Male
Birth: Date} Exa 6 Feb 1876	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
Marr.: Date} Exa 23 Dec 1896	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Death: Date} Exa 19 Aug 1950	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
Burial: Date} Exa 22 Aug 1950	Place} Santa Clara City Cemetery, Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
	Grave Marker} Yes	Source 1} 81 = Genealogy
Parents: } Friedrich Reber & Anna Maria Lanz Relationship No.} None		Source 2} 356 = Church record
		Source 3} 83 = 1880 USA cen
1st Household No.} 60 = Santa Clara, Washington, Utah		Source 4} 722 = Marriage rec
		Source 5} 991 = Passport app
Occupation 1} Farmer Occupation 2} Clergyman		Source 6} 1158=Passenger ls
		Source 7} 84 = 1900 USA cen
Religion/Church} Latter-day Saints		Source 8} 167 = 1910 USA cen
		Source 9} 845 = Military rec
Spouses: Prime} Staheli, Rosina Sophia Total Number of} 1		Source 10} 776 = 1920 USA cen
		Source 11} 777 = 1930 USA cen
		Source 12} 1125=Death cert
		Source 13} 759 = Cemetery rec
		Source 14} 963 = Cemetery rec
Notes: Ernest Reber was born 6 Feb 1876 in Santa Clara, Washington, Utah. He was the son of Fredrich Reber and Anna Maria Lanz, immigrants from Switzerland. He was the 8th 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 his father was a farmer. Ernest was baptised 1 Jun 1884 in the Santa Clara Ward, LDS, by Jacob Tobler. Ernest married Rosina Sophia Staheli on 23 Dec 1896 in Santa Clara. Of interest is that his		

sister Polly W. Reber married Rosina's brother Frank Staheli. Ernest and Rosina made their life-long home in Santa Clara. In 1900, they had a two year old daughter, Erma, and Ernest was listed as a minister. Previously, on 26 Aug 1898, Ernest had applied for a U.S. Passport. At the age of 22 years, he was described as 5 feet, 9 inches, with a broad forehead, blue eyes, medium thick nose, medium mouth, round chin, brown hair, light complexion, and round face. He stated that he was a farmer, and planned to go abroad temporarily for two or three years. He did travel to Europe at least once, returning from Liverpool, England, to Boston, Massachusetts, on the *S.S. Commonwealth* on 9 Feb 1901. He was among a group of eight missionaries whose last residence was Liverpool. One of the missionaries was Harmon Wittwer, also from Santa Clara.

By 1910, Ernest's family had grown. The children included Erma, Glenn, Spencer and Mervin. Ernest was farming on his own account. In 1918 when he registered for the World War I draft, he was described as being of medium height, stout build, with light blue eyes and light brown hair. By 1920, his last son Ellis had joined the family. Also living with the family was his father Fredrick Reber, and a lodger Mary Stucki, age 64 years.

In 1930, Ernest and Rosina had a housefull. Their daughter Erma was no longer at home, but all four of their sons were living in the home. Their oldest son Glenn was married and had three young children. Spencer was also married and had a young child.

Ernest was still farming in 1950 at the age of 74 years. In the early evening of 19 Aug 1950, he was seen driving to some location. What happened is unknown, but he was found crushed between a truck and a cattle loading chute or dock. Death was deemed very sudden due to internal injuries. He was buried 22 Aug 1950 in the Santa Clara Cemetery, Utah.

Time of Birth}	Time of Death}	Fraternal/Social}
Baptism Date} Exa 1 Jun 1884	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} Accident	by} Karen Hancock	Date Created} 30 Oct 1993

Copyright © 2011 by Karen L. Hancock. All Rights Reserved.

 [Home Page](#)

[Next Page](#) 

Rosina & Erma



Ernest & Rosina
Staheli Reber
Wedding

*Family
Memories*





A History of Rosina Staheli Reber
by Herself

Dear Family:

The history compiled in this book of remembrance has been recorded by your Mother now approaching her eightieth birthday. For one who is not a gifted writer and whose eyesight and hand are not as good as they once were, the writing of this history has been a long and hard task.

This record of my early life and that of my immediate family has been written from my personal memory and from stories told to me by friends with whom I have grown old. I have compiled this book of remembrance so that you and your families might know something of my childhood and early married life, as well as a brief history of my father and mother.

I was born March 26, 1876, in Santa Clara, Utah, to George Staheli (born February 6, 1825) and Rosina Reber Staheli (born August 4, 1851).

My father's first wife, Sophia Haberli, died June 1862, six months after coming to Santa Clara, leaving a baby six months old, and five other small children. Father, being left with his family, married a nice little neighbor woman who had just about the same time lost her husband and was alone. Her name was Barbara Blickenstofer. My father married my mother in 1871. They had four children, Carl Henry, Franklin, Rosena, and Georgina. April 23, 1881, my father passed away, and in November 1881, my mother married Jacob Tobler, and to this union were born six children. So that makes me the second to the last child of George Staheli, my father, and the third oldest of my mother's ten children. I have six Staheli brothers and sisters. Two

full brothers and one full sister. Then I have six Tobler brothers and sisters. All have passed away but two, my full brother, Frank, who lives in Washington, and is 81, and my half sister Lillie T. Ence, who lives in Ivins and is 63.

I didn't know too much of two of my Staheli sisters, Mena and Mary. They moved to California in 1879. I was just three years old but I can still remember when they left. In 1936, I went to see my sister Mary in California. I stayed a week and we sure had a nice visit. I will write a little that one of her grandsons wrote to me after I got home. "Grandma wants you to know how very much she enjoyed your visit. She enjoyed talking about her old home. I think while you were here it was almost as though she was back there herself." The three of my oldest sister's daughters live in Alhambra. I have been to see them several times, and we always talk about early days and enjoy visiting very much.

I was five years old when Father died, but I remember Frank and I brushing the flies from him and a very bad sore he had on one of his legs, which caused him to be lame.

Here is an incident I wish to relate that Julia Bulett Graf told me not so long ago. She and Emma Graf Staheli went to see father. He was very sick and on his death bed. He requested they sing a song he taught them. The title of the song was "Go When The Morning Shineth." My two brothers, George and John, were there and he asked them to sing too. Father, in his weekend condition, beat time for them while they sang. Then in a few hours my father passed away.

My father was a good provider. He was a lover of meat. I remember seeing him grinding meat and making sausage which was very good. He got mother the first Singer sewing machine in town, and one of the first stoves. He was very free and he would

tell her to bring it to Rosie, who will sew it on the sewing machine. I also remember him having a choir practice at our place. He would listen to each person sing, and if they sang flat he was quick to tell them. He was very proud of my mother's voice.

Father died April 23, 1881. I wish to state that a little sister, almost two years, and Aunt Barbara, father's second wife, and my father, all died within six months. That was very hard on mother, so we went to live with Grandmother Reber, who was a widow too.

In the late winter of 1881, mother married Jacob Tobler, and as I have stated to them were born six children, and I loved them all very much, as much as if they were my full brothers and sisters. My childhood days were very happy. My stepfather was very good to me. My mother was Brother Tobler's fourth wife. Because I was the oldest girl in our family, I soon had to tend babies and wash dishes. Then as I got older I helped mother with the cooking. I made noodles, mixed the bread dough, (every other evening).

When I was only twelve years old I used to rock the baby in a cradle. Sometimes it seemed the baby just wouldn't go to sleep, especially when I wanted to go and play or visit with my playmates. Sometimes I'd lay on the floor and rock with my feet then I'd put a soft cloth or hankie over its face to put it to sleep. I was quite small for my age. I remember my stepfather would take me under my arms and throw me up to the ceiling, which would take my breath.

I remember my first school teacher, Levi Harmon, taking me on his lap. He was a very cross teacher. It wasn't long, however, till I got my punishments along with the rest. I remember how he would punish the boys and girls that were grown. He had a grown man, Jacob Gubler, sit flat on the stage. Then the teacher would

jerk him by one foot then the other. This teacher would go and spend an evening with different grown girls in his class, and then of course they wouldn't get their lessons, and the next day in class he would punish them in some foolish, embarrassing way. One time Mary Hafen and myself had to take hold of Adolph Hafen's arm and stand on the stand so long that Adolph fainted. He fell on the bench in front of us and cut quite a gash in his forehead. That caused quite an excitement. Mr. Harmon was our teacher for two or three years.

I had several other school teachers who were very kind and considerate. They were Melvin Harmon, Ed H. Snow, John T. Woodbury, Arthur F. Miles, Theodore Graf and Addie Thorton.

Because my mother was such a good cook, she was sometimes called to cook for the Stake Authorities. I remember J.D.T. McAllister and Daniel D. McArthur and others. I also remember sister Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young. It was during this visit that Eliza R. Snow had a watch and silk hankie to show us which belonged to the Prophet. I was very young and don't remember too much.

In those days fast meetings were held the first Thursday of each month at 10:00 in the morning. For fast offerings the people would bring a few pounds of flour, potatoes, meat, dried fruit, etc. As my stepfather was town clerk, he would have to take care of this. I, with others, would have to distribute some of the offerings to the needy and poor, and some was taken over to St. George.

When the U.S. Marshals were looking for polygamists, we were in fear that my stepfather and others would be caught by them and then be sent to prison. Mother would have to hide and I would take care of the children. Sometimes we would sleep in the upstairs rooms of Aunt Lena Frie's. The Marshals surely did cause

a lot of trouble and sent many to prison, however, they never got any from our town.

My Sunday School teachers are also a living memory. Rosie Miller Beacham is still alive and almost 90. Julia Rulett Graf is also living and is 97, and Rosetta Stucki. How I enjoyed learning the songs they taught us. Every holiday we would have a program in the morning at 10:00. Each Sunday School class would have to give some kind of part. Our class always sang a song. We would practice the song until we knew every word. I still remember several of them. Sometimes we sang in the St. George Tabernacle, how proud we would be marching upon the stage.

The girls that were in my class were: Rosina Blickenstofer, Susie Hafen, Alvina Graf, Mary Ence, Otilia Reber, Mary Hafen, and myself. We were taught to work as soon as we were old enough. I made my first dress when I was 12 years old. I learned to milk cows and help weed the grainfields. Everything planted was kept free from weeds. The grainfields were gone through with whole families large and small, pulling every weed in sight. Every inch of ground was cultivated with the greatest care, after it was grown nothing was wasted.

We often went to the orchard before sunrise, gathered a double wagon bed full of peaches, then spent the day in the shade cutting them. Then we put them out on scaffolds to dry. How we would hurry back into the shade. Apricots, apples, and grapes were also dried in this way.

In the spring, my brother, with the other boys, made willow baskets, all sizes to be used in handling fruit. How I enjoyed going to the creek, wading in the water, and getting the suitable willows. The large ones for standard and the small ones for weaving.

I also braided straw for many a hat. We used to think if we went bareheaded we'd get a sunstroke. The girls wore bonnets and the boys wore hats made out of straw. I surely hated to wear my bonnets as they were so warm. Mother would wash, starch, and iron mine so nice, but it wasn't nice for very long. Us girls would go in joint, remove the husks and heads all off, then tie it in nice little bundles. When we were ready to make the hat, we would take the little bunch, put it in a pan of water, and soak it till it was soft.

Then we made yard and yards of nice braided straw. Our mothers would sew and make them in very nice hats. Some of us girls had our mothers make us a hat trimmed with pink ribbon and artificial flowers. We were very proud of them. We thought they were so pretty that we wore them to St. George to conference.

I also remember going with my brother Frank, in the grain fields where we would get quail. These were caught in traps made out of slats of lumber. We surely were glad when we would get several, so mother could cook them for dinner.

I was also taught to make stockings. I had knitted many a pair for myself and brothers and sisters. If the need arises I can still make them. I did a lot of crochet work, much of which I kept until I was married. One spider web design was large enough to cover my hope chest. I also made pillowcase lace and many other things.

My dearest girlfriend was Mary Hafen. We were constantly together, enjoying the afternoon, sitting or walking in the shade along the sidewalk with our work in our hands, which was knitting, crocheting, or braiding straw to make hats for our brothers. In those days it was a disgrace to be idle. We had our

good times playing games too. We played hide and seek, pussy wants a corner, steal sticks, and many others. When I was on my teens, we had a dance quite often. I did a lot of dancing which I enjoyed very much. We had a big swing on the square which we enjoyed and had many hours swinging in. I'll never forget our Sunday evenings. We would go in gangs to one or the others home and spend the evening singing songs, and making molasses candy. In the summer evenings we would all gather on the meeting house steps and sing songs, It was quite a hobby for us to learn every new song we heard. Susie Hafen had an organ and we went there a lot. Some of the crowd always played the guitar, others sang different parts. We had such good times together. Sister Susetta Hafen also taught us some Swiss songs. She was a beautiful singer, and very good at dramatics.

My outstanding primary teacher was Sister Mary Ann Leavitt. I can see her now, as she came each Saturday at three, with her large book on the life of the Prophet, Joseph Smith. The story of the first vision, the visits of the Angel Moroni, etc., were riveted on my memory. I wish to mention Sister Eliza Ann Ensign who was president of the Relief Society. I often sat in the doorway, and was inspired by her testimony. The two Sisters Ensigns, who were widows, were very good women. I remember the silk worms that were raised in the upstairs rooms of the Relief Society House. I often helped feed them. It was so interesting to the crunching sounds of millions of tiny worms as they ate, then watching them grow and finally wind themselves up in their cocoons.

I'll never forget how bad I felt when my dear friend Mary moved to Bunkerville. As I remember it was in May 1891. We all cried as we bade them good-bye. I felt like I just couldn't stand it. It wasn't long till Susie and I were chummy, and we had many good times together. The following June after the Hafens moved

to Bunkerville, Mary Wittwer, Susie, and I went to Bunkerville with Brother Samuel Wittwer and his family, to visit. It took us two long days. It was so good to see Mary again. We stayed about a week.

I was secretary in the primary when I was a girl, chorister for the Relief Society from the time I started to go which was about 1910 until 1930, also a visiting teacher. I don't remember when I started this but I am still a visiting teacher. For several years I was first counselor to Alvina Wittwer in the M.I.A., also a primary and Sunday School teacher for a short time. Our M.I.A. president for several years was Sister Rose Ann Ensign, a very faithful woman. She taught us many valuable lessons, told us to choose good companions, shun evil, keep ourselves sweet, clean, and pure, always pray and ask the Lord for help when we are in need. She told us the story of a beautiful white rose that became wilted and ugly through too much handling.

I had several boy friends, but couldn't make my mind up to go with them. My brother Frank thought that I was quite fussy. I would like the boys for awhile and that was all. But when Ernest Reber came along he was the right one. We went together almost three years, and were married in the St. George Temple on December 23, 1896, by David H. Cannon. Oh how cold it was that morning. The ditches were all frozen over with ice. Fritz and Mary went with us in a buggy. It was middle afternoon when we got home. We were greeted with the Staheli brass band, and members of the family and friends. We had a big wedding dinner, which was prepared by several members of the town. Sister Reber, Ernest's mother, saved her butter and eggs for weeks before hand. She also furnished chickens. Sister Ringsekker, a recent convert from Switzerland, made some of her famous cakes. The dinner was served in the two front rooms of our home. Everything was moved out and decorated with a sparkling glass of wine at each

plate, which was reduced and sweetened for a real good drink. Of course the big dance in the evening was the finishing event of the wonderful day.

Our first child, Erma, was born August 7, 1897. She was premature and only weighed 3 1/2 pounds. We had such a time trying to care for our tiny little girl. She would sleep 20 hours without waking. She was too weak to nurse and we had to feed her in a spoon. We thought we would lose her several times, but she finally got so she could nurse, and grew to be a sweet intelligent child. She was very apt with music and learned to sing and played the organ. My husband went on a mission when Erma was only 13 months old. When he returned home 30 months later, she could sing several little songs. She sat on his knee and sang, "Oh Papa Is It You Dear, Safe, Safe at Home," and how proud we were of her.

While Ernest was on his mission, I went to live with my mother. I was so lonesome. My mother was quite sick and I felt that I could help her some. In a short time she found out she was pregnant, which was sure a surprise to her as she was 47 years old and wouldn't believe she could have another baby. Then to my surprise I found out that I was also pregnant. Imagine us both in the same condition, so sick and with little Erma only 1 1/2 years old and small for her age. Mother had a family of five and my stepfather, but they were very kind to me and made me feel welcome. Mother's baby was born on January 16, 1899, a fine baby girl, and they gave her the name of Rhoda. On March 22, 1899, I gave birth to a darling little girl, but then Heavenly Father called her back to Him. I named her after my dear mother Rosina, for she was so kind and good to me. Then in April of the next year, while Rhoda was only 16 months old, mother was stricken with appendicitis. She was sick only four days, and then she was called home, April 24, 1900. It was surely a sad occasion with her

little children all crying around her bedside, for the Dr. told us that she couldn't get well.

As I said, my husband was in Switzerland 2 1/2 years and fulfilled a very good and honorable mission. While there he organized a choir which was a big credit to him. I heard Elder Thomas E. McKay, in a recent conference in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, tell about that wonderful choir. Bother McKay was on a mission in Switzerland when my husband was. My husband labored in the city of Zurich his entire 2 1/2 years. He made a lot of friends and converts.

Ernest returned home by train to Modena, and from there by wagon. He arrived home on a Tuesday night just as M.I.A. was letting out. It was so good to see him and have him home again. We lived in our home. He and his brother John bought cattle and went in together on the farm.

It wasn't long till Ernest had a well organized choir in Santa Clara. On two different occasions he was given recognition on his birthday by the town, to show their appreciation for his services.

Our first son, Glen, was born February 19, 1903. We thought he was the prettiest baby ever born. As a little fellow, he was mischievous, but still very affectionate. As he grew older we could tell that he was mechanically inclined.

Mervin was born March 20, 1907. He was a sweet little baby which was healthy, and plump. When he was very young he became spunky, and it was difficult at time for us to know just how to handle him. He soon learned to be good. For one Christmas, just when he was showing how displeased he was over a little knife, he received with only one blade, Old Santa, my sister

Rhoda, walked in, and Mervin said, "I'll be good." Mervin was always a very good student, which made us very proud.

Ellis was born September 19, 1910. He was a beautiful blonde baby, our first blonde. He was good nature, took lots of rough knocks from his bigger brothers. He never cried or made a fuss. It didn't take us long to find out he wasn't going to be a farmer, but like his big brother, Glen, had a tendency toward mechanics. He was a darling fellow too.

Ernest and I were very proud of our family. We were surely blessed with good health as a family. We tried to teach them to be honest, to be prayerful, and to do their Church duties in every way.

On October 25, 1942, my husband and I were called as ordinance workers in the St. George Temple. How we enjoyed our work together there. We know that it is the true work, and is our desire that our children and grandchildren will have a desire to go to the House of the Lord.

My husband was first counselor to President Harold Snow. He was set apart by President George Albert Smith, December 1949. That was the last time we went to Salt Lake City. Father loved that work very much. He sure made a lot of friends. To this day people will tell my how much they loved him. He worked there almost eight years. It is now over thirteen years since we began our work in the wonderful temple, and I still go one day a week when I am able.

To you, my family, I want to bear my testimony, I know this is the true church, and I want to exhort each and every one of you to live your religion as well as you can. Be prayerful and humble, and all will be well with you.

Your loving Mother,
Rosina Staheli Reber

Submitted by :
Brent Reber, Grandson

HUSBAND Ernest REBER-31

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BORN: 6 Feb 1876 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: 19 Aug 1950 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 BUR.: 22 Aug 1950 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 MARR: 23 Dec 1896 PLACE: St. George, Washington, Utah
 FATHER: Fredrick REBER-104
 MOTHER: Anna Maria LANZ-105



B:
 E:
 SP:
 SS: 23 Dec 1896 SGEOR
 PARENTS' MRIN: 50

WIFE Rosina Sophia STAHELI-28

BORN: 26 Mar 1876 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 FATHER: Johann George STAHELI-1
 MOTHER: Rosina REBER-21



B:
 E: 23 Dec 1896
 SP:
 PARENTS' MRIN: 10

CHILDREN

1. NAME: Erma REBER-127

---- BORN: 7 Aug 1897 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 F CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: 1 Dec 1972 PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Victor IVERSON-133
 MARR: 5 Sep 1922 PLACE:



B:
 E:
 SP:
 MRIN: 58
 SS:

2. NAME: Rosina REBER-128

---- BORN: 22 Mar 1899 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 F CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: 22 Mar 1899 PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE:
 MARR: PLACE:

B:
 E:
 SP:
 SS:

3. NAME: Ernest Glen REBER-129

---- BORN: 18 Feb 1903 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 M CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Elsie TURNER-134
 MARR: 14 Jan 1925 PLACE:



B:
 E:
 SP:
 has other marriage(s)
 MRIN: 59
 SS:

4. NAME: Verdon Spencer REBER-130

---- BORN: 29 Sep 1904 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 M CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Britta CHADBURN-136
 MARR: 19 Jul 1926 PLACE:



B:
 E:
 SP:
 MRIN: 61
 SS:

Relationship to:

Husband _____

Wife _____

Date prepared: 7 Sep 1996

FAMILY GROUP RECORD-15

7 Sep 1996

Page 2 of 2

HUSBAND Ernest REBER-31
WIFE Rosina Sophia STAHELI-28

Yr of Birth 1876
Yr of Birth 1876

CHILDREN (continued)

5. NAME: Robert Mervin REBER-131
--- BORN: 20 Mar 1907 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
M CHR.: PLACE:
DIED: PLACE:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE: Mary Lovina WADSWORTH-137
MARR: 21 Jul 1930 PLACE:



B:
E:
SP:
MRIN: 62
SS:

6. NAME: Carrol Ellis REBER-132
--- BORN: 19 Sep 1910 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
M CHR.: PLACE:
DIED: PLACE:
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE: Blanche Wanda PEDDERSON-138
MARR: 7 Mar 1934 PLACE:



B:
E:
SP:
MRIN: 63
SS:





ROSENA STAHELI REBER

Dear Spencer,

The history compiled in this book of remembrance has been recorded by your Mother now approaching her eightieth birthday. For one who is not a gifted writer and whose eyesight and hand are not as good as they once were, the writing of this history has been a long and hard task.

This record of my early life and that of my immediate family has been written from my personal memory and from stories told to me by friends with whom I have grown old. I have compiled this book of remembrance so that you and your families might know something of my childhood and early married life, as well as a brief history of my father and mother.

I was born on March 26, 1876 in Santa Clara, Utah to George Staheli (born February 6, 1825) and Rosina Reber Staheli (born August 4, 1851).

My father's first wife, Sophia Haberli, died June 1862, six months after coming to Santa Clara, leaving a baby six months old, and five other small children. Father, being left with his family, married a nice little neighbor woman who had just about the same time lost her husband and was left alone. Her name was Barbara Blickenstoffer. My father married my mother in 1871. They had four children, Carl Henry, Franklin, Rosena, and Georgina. April 23, 1881, my father passed away, and in November 1881, my mother married Jacob Tobler, and to this union were born six children. So that makes me the second to the last child of George Staheli, my father, and third oldest of my mother's ten children. I have six Staheli brothers and sisters. All have passed away but two, my full brother, Frank, who lives in Washington, and is 81, and my half sister Lillie T. Ence, who lives in Ivins and is 63.

I didn't know too much of two of my Staheli sisters, Mena and Mary. They moved to California in 1879. I was just three years old but I can still remember when they left. In 1936, I went to see my sister Mary in California. I stayed a week and we sure had a nice visit. I will write a little that one of her grandsons wrote to me after I got home. "Grandma wants you to know how very much she enjoyed your visit. She enjoyed talking about her old home. I think while you were here it was almost as though she was back there herself". The three of my oldest sister's daughters live in Alhambra. I have been to see them several times, and we always talk about early days and enjoy visiting very much.

I was five years old when Father died, but I remember Frank and I brushing the flies from him and a very bad sore he had on one of his legs, which caused him to be lame.

Here is an incident I wish to relate that Julia Rulett Graf told me not so long ago. She and Emma Graf Staheli went to see father. He was very sick and on his death bed. He requested they sing a song he taught them. The title of the song was "Go When the Morning Shineth". My two brothers, George and John, were there and he ask them to sing too. Father, in his weakened condition, beat time for them while they sang. Then in a few hours my father passed away.

My father was a good provider. He was a lover of meat. I

remember seeing him grinding meat and making sausage which was very good. He got mother the first Singer sewing machine in town, and one of the first stoves. He was very free and he would tell her to bring it to Rosie, who will sew it on the sewing machine. I also remember him having a choir practice at our place. He would listen to each person sing, and if they sang flat he was quick to tell them. He was very proud of my mother's voice.

Father died April 23, 1881. I wish to state that a little sister, almost two years, and Aunt Barbara, father's second wife, and my father all died with six months. That was very hard on mother so we went to live with Grandmother Reber, who was a widow too.

In the late winter of 1881, mother married Jacob Tobler, and as I have stated, to them were born six children, and I loved them all very much, as much as if they were my full brothers and sisters. My childhood days were very happy. My stepfather was very good to me. My mother was Brother Tobler's fourth wife. Because I was the oldest girl in our family, I soon had to tend babies, wash dishes, then as I got older, I helped mother with the cooking. I made noodles, mixed the bread dough, (every other evening). When I was only twelve years old I use to rock the baby in a cradle. Sometimes it seemed the baby just wouldn't go to sleep, especially when I wanted to go and play or visit with my playmates. Sometimes I'd lay on the floor and rock with my feet then I'd put a soft cloth or hankie over its face to put it to sleep. I was quite small for my age. I remember my stepfather would take me under my arms and throw me up to the ceiling, which would take my breath.

I remember my first school teacher, Levi Harmon, taking me on his lap. He was a very cross teacher. It wasn't long, however till I got my punishments along with the rest. I remember how he would punish the boys and girls that were grown. He had a grown man, Jacob Tobler, sit flat on the stage. Then the teacher would jerk him one foot and then the other. This teacher would go and spend an evening with different girls in his class, and then of course they wouldn't get their lessons, and the next day in class he would punish them in some foolish, embarrassing way. One time Mary Hafen and myself had to take hold of Adolph Hafen's arms and stand on the stand so long that Adolph fainted. He fell on the bench in front of us and cut a gash in his forehead. That caused quite an excitement. Mr. Harmon was our teacher for two or three years.

I had several other school teachers who were very kind and considerate. They were Melvin Harmon, Ed. H. Snow, John T. Woodbury, Arthur F. Miles, Theodore Graf, and Addie Thorton.

Because my mother was such a good cook, she was sometimes called to cook for the Stake Authorities. I remember J. D. T. McAllister and Daniel D. McArthur and others. I also remember Sister Eliza R. Snow and Zina D. Young. It was during this visit that sister Eliza had a watch and silk hankie to show us which belonged to the Prophet. I was very young and don't remember too much.

In those days fast meetings were held the first Thursday of each month at 10:00 in the morning. For fast offerings the people would bring a few lbs. of flour, potatoes, meat, dried fruit, etc. As my stepfather was town clerk, he would have to take care of this. I, with others would have to distribute some of the offerings to the needy and poor, and some was taken over to St. George.

When the U. S. Marshals were looking for polygamists, we were in fear that my stepfather and others would be caught by them and then be sent to prison. Mother would have to hide and I would take care of the children. Sometimes we would sleep in the upstairs rooms of Aunt Lena Frei's. The Marshals surely did cause a lot of trouble and sent many to prison, however, they never got any from our town.

My Sunday School teachers are also a living memory. Rosie Beacham is still alive and almost 90, Julia Rulett Graf is also living and is 97, and Rosetta Stucki. How I enjoyed learning the songs they taught us. Every holiday we would have to give some kind of a part. Our class always sang a song. We would practice the song until we knew every word. I still remember several of them. Sometimes we sang in the St. George Tabernacle, how proud we would be marching upon the stage.

The girls that were in my class were: Rosina Blickenstoffer, Susie Hafen, Alvina Graf, Mary Ence, Otilla Reber, Mary Hafen, and myself. We were taught to work as soon as we were old enough. I made my first dress when I was 12 years old. I learned to milk cows and help weed the grainfields. Everything planted was kept free from weeds. The grainfields were gone through with whole families large and small, pulling every weed in sight. Every inch of ground was cultivated with the greatest care, after it was grown. Nothing was wasted.

We often went to the orchard before sunrise, gathered a double wagon bed full of peaches, then spent the day in the shade cutting them. Then we put them out on scaffolds to dry. How we would hurry back into the shade. Apricots, apples and grapes were also dried in this way.

In the spring, my brother, with the other boys, made willow baskets all sizes to be used in handling fruit. How I enjoyed going to the creek, wading in the water, and getting the suitable willows. The large ones for standards and the small ones for weaving.

I also braided straw for many a hat. We used to think if we went bare-headed we'd get a sunstroke. The girls wore bonnets and the boys wore hats made out of straw. I sure hated to wear my bonnets as they were so warm. Mother would wash, starch, and iron mine so nice, but it wasn't nice very long. Us girls would go in the grain field and gather the nicest longest straw. Then we would take the last joint, remove the husks and heads all off, then tie it in nice little bundles. When we were ready to make the hat, we would sew and make them in very nice hats. Some of us girls had our mothers make us a hat trimmed with pink ribbon and artificial flowers. We were very proud of them. We thought they were so

pretty that we wore them to St. George to conference.

I also remember going with my brother Frank in the grain fields where we would get quail. These were caught in traps made out of slats of lumber. We surely were glad when we would get several, so mother could cook them for dinner.

I was also taught to make stockings. I have knitted many a pair for myself and brothers and sisters. If the need arises I can still make them. I did a lot of crochet work, much of which I kept until I was married. One spider web design was large enough to cover my hope chest. I also made pillowcase lace and many other things.

My dearest girl friend was Mary Hafen. We were constantly together, enjoying the afternoon, sitting or walking in the shade along the sidewalk with our work in our hands, which was knitting, crocheting, or braiding straw to make hats for our brothers. In the days it was a disgrace to be idle. We had our good times playing games too. We played hide and seek, pussy wants a corner, steal sticks, and many others. When I was in my teens, we had a dance quite often. I did a lot of dancing which I enjoyed very much. We had a big swing on the square which we enjoyed and had many happy hours swinging in. I'll never forget our Sunday evenings. We would go in gangs to one or the others home and spend the evenings singing songs, and making molasses candy. In the summer evenings we would all gather on the meeting house steps and sing songs. It was quite a hobby for us to learn every new song we heard. I had two note books full of songs of which fifty that I knew off by heart. Susie Hafen had an organ and we went there a lot. Some of the crowd always played the guitar, others sang different parts. We had such good times together. Sister Susetta Hafen also taught us some Swiss songs. She was a beautiful singer, and very good at dramatics.

My outstanding primary teacher was Mary Ann Leavitt. I can see her now, as she came each Saturday at three, with her large book on the life of the prophet, Joseph Smith. The story of the first vision, the visits of the Angel Moroni, etc. were rivetted on my memory. I wish to mention Sister Eliza Ann Ensign who was the president of the Relief Society. I often sat in the doorway, and was inspired by her testimony. The two Sisters Ensign, who were widow, were very good women. I remember the silk worms that were raised in the upstairs rooms of the Relief Society House. I often helped feed them. It was so interesting listening to the crunching sounds of millions of tiny worms as they ate, then watching them grow and finally wind themselves up in their cocoons.

I'll never forget how bad I felt when my dear friend Mary moved to Bunkerville. As I remember it was in May 1891. We all cried as we bade them good-bye. I felt like I just couldn't stand it. It wasn't long till Susie and I were chummy, and we had good times together. The following June after the Hafen's moved to Bunkerville, Mary Wittwer, Susie, and I went to Bunkerville with Brother Samuel Wittwer and his family to visit. It took us two long days. It was so good to see Mary again. We stayed about a week.

I was secretary in the primary when I was a girl, chorister for the Relief Society from the time I started to go which was about 1910 until 1930, also a visiting teacher. I don't remember when I started this but I am still a visiting teacher. For several years I was first counselor to Alvina Wittwer in the M. I. A., also a primary and Sunday School teacher for a short time. Our M.I.A. president for several years was sister Rose Ann Ensign, a very faithful woman. She taught us many valuable lessons, told us to choose good companions, shun evil, keep ourselves sweet, clean, and pure, always pray and ask the Lord for help when we were in need. She told us the story of a beautiful white rose that became wilted and ugly through handling too much.

I had several boy friends, but I couldn't make my mind up to go with them. My brother, Frank, thought that I was quite fussy. I would like the boys for a while and that was all. But when Ernest Reber came along he was the right one. We went together almost three years, and were married in the St. George Temple. The day was December 23, 1896, by David H. Cannon. Oh how cold it was that morning. The ditches were all frozen over with ice. Fritz and Mary went with us in a buggy. It was middle afternoon when we got home. We were greeted with the Staheli brass band, and members of the family and friends. We had a big wedding dinner, which was prepared by several members of the town. Sister Reber, Ernest's mother, saved her butter and eggs for weeks before hand. She also furnished chickens. Sister Ringsekker, a recent convert from Switzerland, made some of her famous cakes. The dinner was served in the two front room of our home. Everything was moved out and the tables and chairs filled the rooms. The tables were loaded with good food and decorated with a sparkling glass of wine at each plate, which was reduced and sweetened for a real good drink. Of course the big dance in the evening was the finishing event of the wonderful day.

Our first child, Erma, was born August 7, 1897. She was premature and only weighed 3 1/2 lbs. We had such a time trying to care for our tiny little girl. She would sleep 20 hours without waking. She was too weak to nurse and we had to feed her in a spoon. We thought we would lose her several times, but she finally got so she could nurse, and grew to be a sweet intelligent child. She was very apt with music and learned to sing and play the organ. My husband went on a mission when Erma was only 13 months old. When he returned home 30 months later, she could sing several little songs. She sat on his knee and sang, "Oh Papa Is It You Dear, Safe, Safe at Home", and how proud we were of her.

While Ernest was on his mission, I went to live with my mother. I was so lonesome. My mother was quite sick and I felt that I could help her some. In a short time she found she was pregnant, which was a surprise to her as she was 47 years old and wouldn't believe she could have another baby. Then to my surprise I found that I also was pregnant. Imagine us both in the same condition, so sick and with little Erma only 1 1/2 years old and small for her age. Mother had a family of five and my step father, but they were very kind to me and made me feel welcome. Mother's

baby was born January 16, 1899, a fine baby girl, and they gave her the name of Rhoda. On March 22, 1899, I gave birth to a darling little girl, but the Heavenly Father called her back to Him. I named her after my dear mother, Rosina, for she was so kind and good to me. Then in April of the next year 1900, while Rhoda was only 16 months old, Mother was stricken with appendicitis, was sick only four days and then she was called home, April 24, 1900. It was sure a sad occasion, her little children all crying around her bedside, for the Dr. told us that she couldn't get well.

As I said my husband was in Switzerland 2 1/2 years and fulfilled a very good and honorable mission. While there he organized a choir which was a big credit to him. I heard Elder Thomas E. McKay in a recent conference in the tabernacle in Salt Lake City tell about that wonderful choir. Brother McKay was on a mission in Switzerland when my husband was. My husband labored in the city of Zurich his entire 2 1/2 years. He had a lot of friends and converts.

Ernest returned home by train to Modena, and from there by wagon. He arrived on a Tuesday night just as M.I.A. was letting out. It was so good to see him and have him home again. We lived in our home and his brother John bought cattle and went in together on the farm.

It wasn't long till Ernest had a well organized choir in Santa Clara. On two different occasions he was given recognition on his birthday, by the town, to show their appreciation for his services.

Our first son, Glen, was born Feb. 19, 1903. We thought he was the prettiest baby ever born. As a little fellow he was mischievous, but still very affectionate. As he grew older we could tell that he was mechanically inclined.

Spencer was born September 29, 1904. He was a cute little curly headed boy and very good natured. I always called on him to run my errands, for I knew I could depend on him. He enjoyed going to the farm with daddy.

Mervin was born March 20, 1907. He was a sweet little baby which was healthy, and plump. When he was very young he became spunky, and it was difficult at times for us to know just how to handle him. He soon learned to be good, for one Christmas just when he was showing how displeased he was over a little knife he received with only one blade, Old Santa, my sister Rhoda, walked in, and Mervin said, "I'll be good, I'll be good". Mervin was always a very good student, which made us very proud.

Ellis was born September 19, 1910. He was a beautiful blonde baby, our first blonde. He was so good natured, took lots of rough knocks from his bigger brothers. He never cried or made a fuss. It didn't take us long to find out he wasn't going to be a farmer, but like his big brother, Glen, had a tendency toward mechanics. He was a darling and daring fellow too.

Ernest and I were very proud of our family. We were surely blessed with good health as a family. We tried to teach them to be honest, to be prayerful, and to do their church duties in every way.

On October 25, 1942, my husband and I were called as ordinance

workers in the St. George Temple. How we enjoyed our work together there. We know that it is the true work, and is our desire that our children and grandchildren will have a desire to go to the house of the Lord.

My husband was first counselor to President Harold Snow. He was set apart by President George Albert Smith, December 1949. That was the last time we went to Salt Lake City. Father loved that work very much. He surely made a lot of friends. To this day people will tell me how much they loved him. He worked there almost eight years. It is now over thirteen years since we began our work in that wonderful temple, and I still go one day a week when I am able.

To you, my family, I want to bear my testimony, I know this is the true church, and I want to exhort each and everyone of you to live your religion as well as you can. Be prayerful and humble, and all will be well with you.

Your Loving Mother,

History of: ROSENA STAHELI (REBER)
Born: March 26, 1876 in Santa Clara, Utah
Died: (Living in 1956)

Places lived: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah

Submitted: February 1993

By: Georgene Cahoon Evans, Washington City Historical Society

Source: Contributed by Vicki Lasswell of Santa Clara form family
histories. Copied by Georgene Evans February 1993

HUSBAND: ERNEST REBER
WIFE: ROSENA STAHELI

HUSBAND Ernest REBER-31

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BORN: 6 Feb 1876 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: 19 Aug 1950 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 BUR.: 22 Aug 1950 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 MARR: 23 Dec 1896 PLACE: St. George, Washington, Utah
 FATHER: Fredrick REBER-104
 MOTHER: Anna Maria LANZ-105



B:
 E:
 SP:
 SS: 23 Dec 1896 SGEOR
 PARENTS' MRIN: 50

WIFE Rosina Sophia STAHELI-28

BORN: 26 Mar 1876 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 FATHER: Johann George STAHELI-1
 MOTHER: Rosina REBER-21



B:
 E: 23 Dec 1896
 SP:
 PARENTS' MRIN: 10

CHILDREN

1. NAME: Erma REBER-127

---- BORN: 7 Aug 1897 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 F CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: 1 Dec 1972 PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Victor IVERSON-133
 MARR: 5 Sep 1922 PLACE:



B:
 E:
 SP:
 MRIN: 58
 SS:

2. NAME: Rosina REBER-128

---- BORN: 22 Mar 1899 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 F CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: 22 Mar 1899 PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE:
 MARR: PLACE:

B:
 E:
 SP:
 SS:

3. NAME: Ernest Glen REBER-129

---- BORN: 18 Feb 1903 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 M CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Elsie TURNER-134
 MARR: 14 Jan 1925 PLACE:



B:
 E:
 SP:
 has other marriage(s)
 MRIN: 59
 SS:

4. NAME: Verdon Spencer REBER-130

---- BORN: 29 Sep 1904 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, Utah
 M CHR.: PLACE:
 DIED: PLACE:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Britta CHADBURN-136
 MARR: 19 Jul 1926 PLACE:



B:
 E:
 SP:
 MRIN: 61
 SS:

Relationship to:

Husband _____

Wife _____

Date prepared: 7 Sep 1996

July 11

LIFE STORY OF BARBARA STAHELI GRAFF

My Father, George Staheli and my mother, Sophia Staheli came to Santa Clara, Utah from Switzerland in November 1861.

I was born in the Old Fort up around the point from the present site of Santa Clara. I was born Dec. 25th, 1861 and was the first baby born in Santa Clara, Utah.

When I was ten days old the big flood came down the Santa Clara Creek which washed away the Old Fort. The grist mill was also washed away. My mother was in bed and as it was in the night and my father being very busy he almost forgot to get her out. My mother was carried out by Jacob Hamblin who held onto a rope while my mother held on to his neck. She just barely got out when the wall caved in. My brother George was carried away by the flood but was saved by a man called "Little Bishop".

We then moved down around the point to the present site of Santa Clara. We lived in a tent for a few years until Father built a house. My mother died in July 1862. Father married widow Barbara Blickenstorffer. She was troubled with rheumatism.

I went to school and studied reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling. The teacher was very mean. He whipped one boy for a long time to see if he could make him cry; but the boy would not cry.

Besides my father and mother there were six children. We had to make one loaf of bread last us for one week. As I was the youngest I was given more than the others. We had very little sugar, spices, etc. We used molasses for cooking and sweetening. We cooked pig weed without shortening. I got a nickle once and spent it for some honey to put on my bread.

I had to work with the boys in the field hauling hay, grain, planting and gleaning.

We had dresses made of canvas and the boys had trousers made of canvas. Our shoes were home made from leather we got at the old tannery at St. George, Utah. The Indians stole many of our horses and cattle in the early days, but when they found that the white people were friendly they were not so troublesome.

We had dances and played games. Some of the games we played were pomp, pomp, pull away, steal sticks and red line. I went on a trip to Pine Valley, about 20 miles. It took us two days. We went up through the Santa Clara Canyon, and went in ~~as~~ a wagon. My brothers George and John made a trip to Salt Lake City. It took them a month.

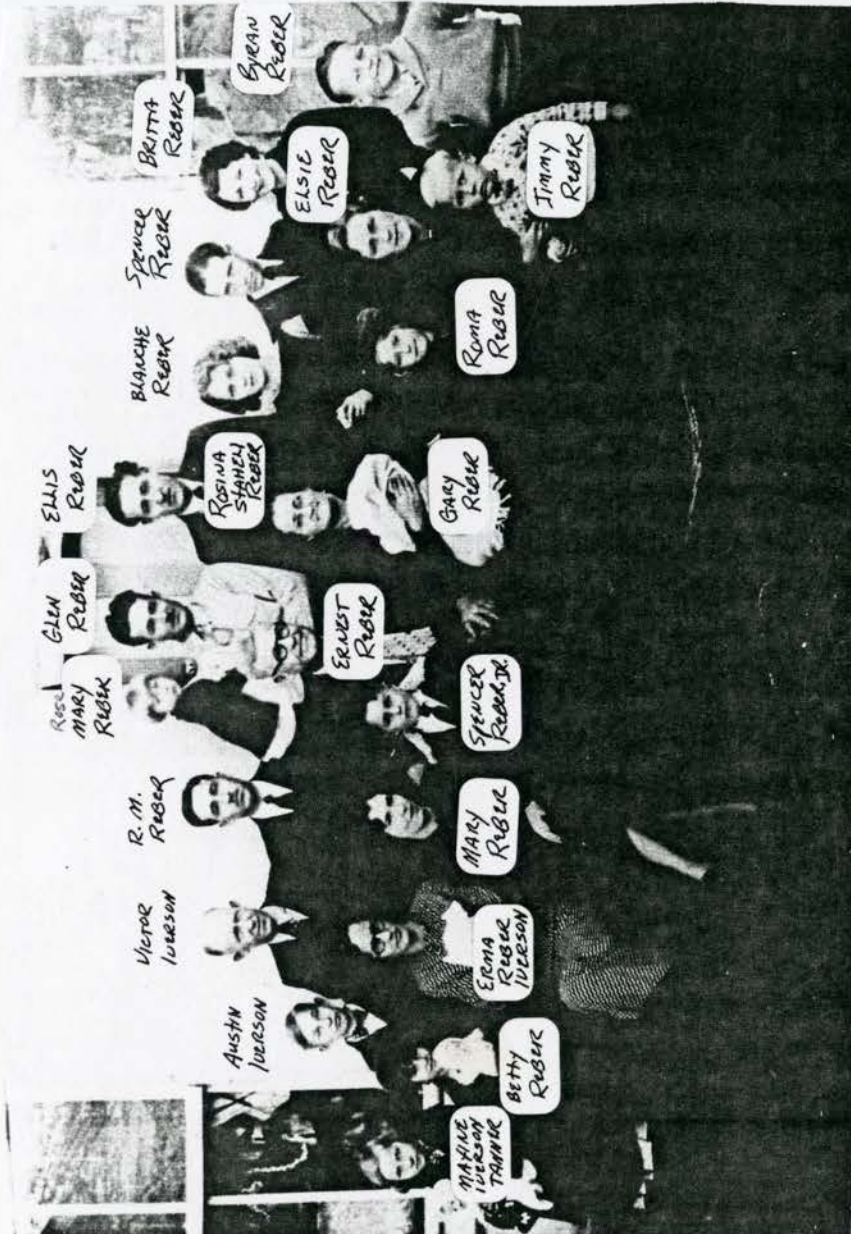
My brothers and sisters were all born in the "Old Country". I was the only one who was born in Santa Clara. My parents both joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Old Country.

I married Henry Graff Oct. 15th 1884. We had four children, George, Henry, Mina and Amanda. My husband died about six years after we were married.

I married Edward Stucki in Dec. 1900. From this union no children were born. Edward Stucki died Jan. 23rd, 1923. Since the death of my second husband I have lived ~~in~~ with my daughter Amanda. I was born in Santa Clara, Utah and have lived here all my life.

(Collected by Katie Webb)





MARY REBER
GLEN REBER
ELIS REBER

VICTOR IVERSON
R. M. REBER

AUSTIN IVERSON

BLANCHE REBER

SPENCER REBER

BRITTA REBER

ROSINA STANLEY REBER

ERNEST REBER

GARY REBER

SPENCER REBER, JR.

MARY REBER

ERMA REBER IVERSON

BETTY REBER

RONA REBER

ELSIE REBER

JIMMY REBER

BYRON REBER

MAHINE IVERSON THAYER



A TRIBUTE TO AUNT ROSINA

To pay a tribute to one so dear, is a humbling task I find,
And I ponder as I search for the words to express, the thoughts
I have in my mind.
Aunt Rosina lived by the Gospel plan, Its Ideals became her creed.
She loved her Maker and she served him well, and she proved
this in word and deed.
Aunt Rosina could visit with both young and old, a wonderful
gift--you'll agree,
For though she was older by 40 odd years, still she seemed the
same age as me.
And many and many a visit we had, I'm glad she would let me share--
The days of her youth, her Girl-hood days, when her heart knew no
toil nor care.
She loved her Mother and Father and Stepfather, and her Stepbrothers
and Sisters too.
She loved Frank her own full brother, his love through the years
remained true.
And then how her eyes would brighten as she'd tell of her wonderful
friends--
Both boys and girls, and she often spoke of the good times that
they would spend.
How they gathered and sang on the old church steps, She with others
sang the Alto part.
Over 50 songs their crowd would sing, and they knew them off by
heart.
She said, "Twas a disgrace to be Idle,"--and she learned very
young how to sew,
And many a walk she took with her friends as their knitting
needles went to and fro.
This habit of keeping her hands busy, was a habit she kept all
life through,
And when she was well and was able, She always had something to do.
She told me of how she fell in love with the handsomest Boy in
Clary,
And though she had plenty of boy friends, Twas Earnest Reber she
wanted to marry.
She told me of their wonderful wedding day, the trip to the
Temple and all,
The lovely dinner that was served to them, and the dance in the old
meeting hall.
She told me of the births of their babys, how each dear one
brought its love.
How one little Girl returned so soon, to the Father in Heaven above.
How proud she was of her Family--How she cared for their
every need.
She proved her self a loyal wife, and a wonderful Mother indeed.
And as the years passed and her children grew up, to soon, she
found they were gone.
She'd cling to the memory of each little child, as she'd cling
to the tune of a song.
Her grandchildren came and her heart swelled with pride and she
felt she was blessed beyond words.
And then came the call--and they were set apart, to work
in the house of the Lord.
Aunt Rosina and Uncle Earn in their Golden Years, working in
the Temple together.
How they loved Pres. Snow, and those they worked with--Friendships
that would last forever.

Still the memories come and they stir our minds, and we think
of those days that are past.

And we realize, now their memories, Those days with her went by
so fast.

Tw'as just yesterday--at least so it seems, that we heard this
beautiful song.

Perhaps several years have passed us by, but really it doesn't
seem long.

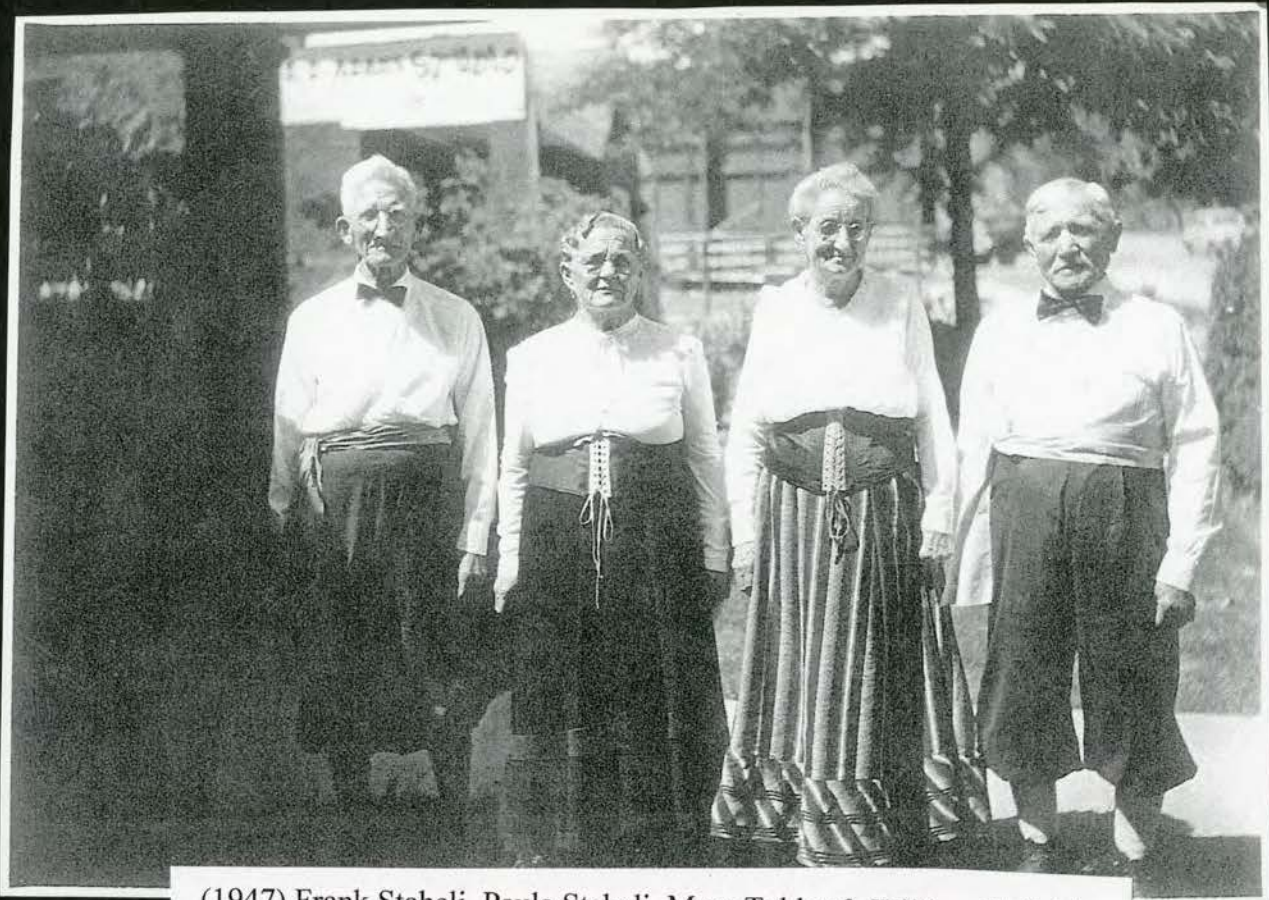
"Should you go first and I remain--One thing I'd have you do:
Walk slowly down that long lone path, for soon I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take. That I may walk the same.
For some day down that lonely road, You'll hear me call your name."
If you'll listen close, and close your eyes, I'm sure that you
can see,

As she clasps the hand of the one she Loves, and goes on to
Eternity.





Back: Grandma Anna Maria (Mary) Lanz Reber, Franklin Staheli, Ernest Reber,
 Rosina (Reber) Staheli, Paula (Reber) Staheli, _____, baby, _____,
 Hattie (Staheli) Averett, Dick Averett, _____.
 Front: _____, Jessie & Tessie Staheli, _____, _____, _____.



(1947) Frank Staheli, Paula Staheli, Mary Tobler & William E. Tobler



The SWISS GROUP SINGERS (1947)

Left to right: Frank Staheli, Paula (Pollie) Staheli, William E. Tobler, Mary Tobler, Henry Graff, Mary Hafen Leavitt, Ernest Reber, Rosina Reber

Switzerland - - Desert Version



By Juanita Brooks

THE VISITOR TO Utah, approaching from the southwest over U. S. 91, cannot but be impressed by Santa Clara, the first town through which

Town Of the Week

he passes after he enters the state. A small village with most of its three hundred inhabitants living along the street that winds at the base of the hills, it fairly exudes thrift and industry. That this town is prosperous is evident everywhere, in the homes, the yards, the sidewalks.

Here the economy is firmly rooted in the soil, yet each family has an average of only seven acres. Through intelligent use of that, and careful marketing of the fruit and vegetables produced, the citizens, have built up a rewarding industry, if one is to judge by the fact that of the 77 families who compose the village, 67 own their own homes. These are fine homes, many of them new, others substantial and dignified, and kept fresh with new paint. These same 77 families own 95 cars, touring cars or pick-up trucks or heavier trucks.

This is exclusive of the mammoth conveyances owned by the Rocky Mountain Service, the town's one trucking industry. Begun by local boys who first peddled their own produce, this has grown to a transportation business which keeps regular service between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, with branch lines into Arizona and Nevada.

BEHIND THE PRESENT of Santa Clara lies a long and interesting story. When the first Mormon missionaries to the Indians were called to southern Utah in 1854, Jacob Hamblin and a few companions were assigned to live among the

tribes along the Santa Clara Creek, to teach the natives agriculture and the arts of civilized life. In the fall of 1855, the first families arrived on the site, and during the winter following a substantial rock wall was built, similar to the one which still stands at Cove Fort.

Into this fort seven families moved to make the first permanent settlement in the spring of 1856. These were all young people: Jacob Hamblin at 36 was the oldest man, and his wife Rachel, 34, the oldest woman. The other men were all in their early twenties; four of the girl wives were still in their teens. This tiny settlement was an important way station along the Old Spanish Trail, the last stop before the traveler faced the empty expanse of desert.

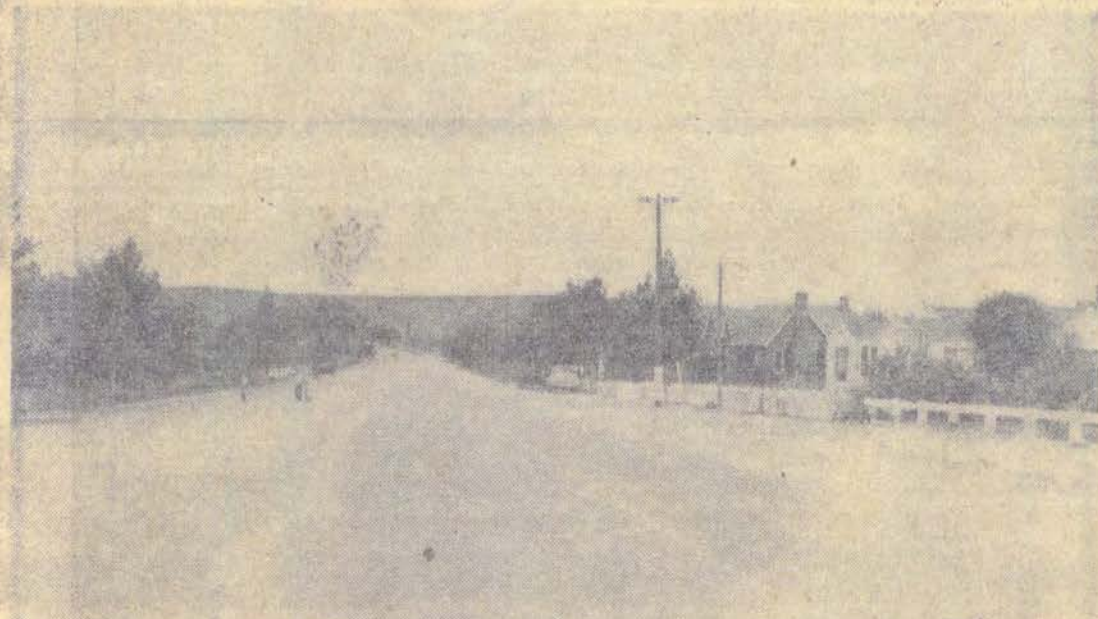
For six years they lived here, keeping peace with the Indians, and experimenting with the raising of cotton and other semi-tropical crops. Finally Brigham Young, always eager to have his own people produce their needs, decided to call 300 families to settle. St. George, as center of the "Cotton Mission." At the same time he sent a colony of Swiss to settle on the Santa Clara to raise grapes and make wine for the Church.

THAT THESE CONVERTS accepted their assignment cheerfully, is shown by the fact that George A. Smith reported, "We met a company of fourteen wagons led by Daniel Bonelli, at Kanarra Creek. They excited much curiosity through the country by their singing and good cheer. They expected to settle at Santa Clara village where there is a reservation of land selected for them that is considered highly adaptable to grape culture. Six of their wagons were furnished by the Church."

How different was to be the life of these Swiss people, accustomed to the green slopes of the Alps. What could be farther from their experience than the salmon-pink sand of the desert, or the red bluffs which rise barren and forbidding? Full of zeal for their new Church, these people had sold their belongings in the old country, and those who could not then pay their transportation were financed by the Perpetual Emigration Fund of the Church. From the Missouri River they had walked the remaining thousand miles to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, pulling their few belongings in lumbering, two-wheeled hand carts. When they were sent another four hundred miles south from there, they were transported by volunteer teams from one town to the next, to end finally in the sand of the Santa Clara. Here began the struggle to survive.

THEY ARRIVED AT THEIR destination on November 23, 1861, and camped out around the small adobe meetinghouse outside the fort. They set about at once to erect temporary shelters, dugouts against the hill, most of them. More important than houses, even, was the problem of a dam in the creek and a ditch to take the water out to their land, for spring comes early in this land, and they must produce their food. All hands joined in this task, and by Christmas eve they had it finished, a dam and a ditch which had cost them \$1030.00 in labor, valued at \$2.00 a day, measured from sun to sun. Now they would have an added reason to celebrate Christmas.

But their pleasure was short-lived, for the very next week the rains began, rains strange in this desert area. Their dugouts oozed mud, their clothing was soaked, their bedding was wet. Finally during the night of February 2, 1862, the creek, which had been scarcely more than a trickle, became a raging torrent. The rock fort, set back on higher ground, had been considered secure, but in the night the stream undermined it, and the people took refuge on top of the hill. Here, through the long night, they



MODEL TOWN—Clean and prosperous, the little town of Santa Clara sits primly along its wide Main Street at the foot of steep red hills. It was settled by thrifty Swiss in 1850's.

June 18, 1948
The Desert News

stayed in the drizzling rain and listened to the fort break off in pieces and go down the stream.

Morning dawned on a scene of desolation, the fort gone, the flour mill and the molasses mill buried beneath the mud somewhere miles below, the orchards tended so faithfully by the first settlers sliced away to follow them. With their few possessions piled in confusion about them, the settlers considered what to do. Urgent as other things were, the dam and the ditch must be replaced first. Work began again on Feb. 17, and by March 16, it was completed at a cost of \$4000 in labor.

IN THE MEANTIME, they had decided to move the town site around the point of the hill to the east. This was surveyed, the lots marked off and numbered, and numbers drawn from a hat to determine the location of each family. Many of the first settlers, discouraged by the flood, moved to other places, leaving the town largely to the Swiss. When each family had accepted its lot, and each lot had been dedicated by a song and prayer, the business of building their permanent homes began.

Though the first years were a time of near-starvation for them all, they persisted. They worked hard and managed frugally, and in 1873, after just eleven years, they reported:

"The Santa Clara settlement, consisting of twenty families, twelve of whom are Swiss and were sent there by the Perpetual Emigration Fund without a dollar, have got houses, land, vineyards, horses, wagons, and cattle, are sending 100 children to school, besides having a number too small to go. The donations they handed in to Bishop Bunker he sent to the poor in St. George, they having no poor in Santa Clara."

THE SWISS PEOPLE, homesick for their native land, tried to preserve their own speech and folk ways. Though their children went to American schools in the day time, they had a Swiss school at night. Their Swiss singing school met twice a week, so that the children could learn the songs of their native land. Though the yodels were lost in the open spaces of the desert, and did not echo and re-echo as they did among the Alpine peaks, they still practiced them here.

One of their number, George Staheli, accepted musical instruments in lieu of cash, and organized a band. Without music, he wrote out the scores himself for the tunes he knew and loved, and his band became famous throughout the state.

THEIR ATTEMPT TO preserve their group intact, earned for them, for a while, the scorn



BITS OF OLD SWITZERLAND—Members of the Swiss double quartet don traditional costume and sing in the tongue of their parents. Left to right: Henry Graff, Mary H. Leavitt, Polly Staheli, Frank Staheli, Ernest Reber, Rosina Reber, Mary Tobler and William Tobler. The group is well known in "Dixie" where they sing on many programs.

of their neighbors, who called them "Dutchmen," and imitated their broken speech. Thomas Henry Adams used to boast often that he was the first white man to break through the barrier and get himself a little "Dutch" wife. After that, many followed his example, un-

til the young people from Santa Clara have often gone from their home town to find companions.

Thoroughly American now, one can still see evidence of the heritage this town has received from its Swiss founders, and can appreciate the fact that

the same industry that enabled them to survive at all has made their descendants well-to-do, and the same immaculate cleanliness of the first settlers is still in evidence in this town, which remains today, as it has been since the Swiss took it over, a bit of Switzerland in the desert.



LOCAL BOYS MAKE GOOD—A part of the fleet of trucks owned by the Rocky Mountain Service. This business grew from individual trucking services maintained by local boys; combined to form a real industry. That adds materially to town's popularity.

Swiss Singers



This group of Swiss Singers are contributing their talents locally by entertaining with songs in their native Swiss dialect at various functions. The group performed during the Centennial and at the Santa Clara Pageant.

Swiss Singers Contribute Talent to Local Culture

Henry Graff and his wife, Lucy H. E. Graff, Rosina Blake, Mary H. Leavitt, Susie Leavitt, Frank Staheli and his wife, Paul Staheli, and their accompanist, Erma Reber Iverson, comprise a fine group of Dixie's pioneers who have for years contributed a special talent to our local culture: the singing of folk songs in their native Swiss dialect.

The original singers rendered music at the ground-breaking and dedication ceremonies of the St. George Temple in 1947. The present group have furnished two numbers, "Upon the Alps," and "In the Morning Early" for many of this year's Centennial programs, including the Santa Clara pageant and a recent Dixie College Assembly on the history and traditions of St. George.

The members of this group have come to be regarded as special pioneers who have done their utmost to preserve early values and stimulate an appreciation of our rich heritage.

Henry Graff, born Oct. 4, 1886, the son of John Henry Graff and Barbara Staheli Graff, has led a busy and vigorous life. He served as Santa Clara ward bishop seven years, high councilman seven years, county assessor twenty years, and president of the SUP Dixie Mission five and a half years. Yet, these civil and religious duties have not kept him from devoting many years to acting as head of the Swiss singing group and fourteen valuable years to teaching school in Santa Clara.

Mr. Graff's enthusiasm, hardiness, and talents may be credited in part to his fine ancestors. His father, born in Rebstein, Switzerland in 1856, made the long trip to Utah where he finally settled at Santa Clara. His mother was the first white child born in the Santa Clara Fort and was carried out of an early flash flood by Jacob Hamblin. His grandfather, George Staheli, was a professor of music in Switzerland, and he organized the "Staheli Brass Band" and the choir in early Santa Clara, writing much of his own music.

Henry Graff married Lucy Esplin June 9, 1943, four years after his first wife, Josephine Tobler, was struck and killed by a falling tree during a terrific storm. They are the parents of six living children.

Lucy H. E. Graff, wife of Henry Graff, has been an adopted member of the Swiss group for 18 years. She first learned the songs in 1947 when they were asked to sing in a DUP convention at Salt Lake City. and hopes to be able to sing the She has never forgotten the words songs for many more years.

Mrs. Graff is of English descent. Her grandmother came to Utah with the Daniel E. McArthur Handcart Company. Her grandfather was Howard Orson Spencer, who was called by Brigham Young to organize the United Order in Orderville, July 14, 1875.

Rosina Blake was born in Santa Clara in 1875, the daughter of Gottlieb Blickenstorfer, who left his home in Zurich, Switzerland, and came across the plains with one of the handcart companies. He was a versatile man who played the harmonica and the accordion in the "Staheli" band and worked as a builder and freighter.

His daughter, Mrs. Blake, was a dedicate and sickly child, who was able to attend only one winter of school because of recurring attacks of pneumonia. When she was well, she worked out for people, hoeing, planting, harvesting in the fields, caring for sick people, and doing heavy washings and house work for 50 cents a day. When she was grown up, married and raising her own children, she still tended the mission.

Mrs. Blake was married twice and gave birth to five children. Altogether, she raised about twenty children, as there were always from 12-20 around the table for meals. An ambitious and kindly person, Mrs. Blake has dedicated her life to serving others.

Born 1877 in Santa Clara, Mary Leavitt is the daughter of Anna Marie Stucki and John George Hafen. Her mother came straight from Switzerland and walked across the plains as a girl of six. She told her daughter many times the story of that trip and how they had to leave their feather beds, bolts of linen, and trunks of cloths back East because they had no room or means to bring them West.

As a girl, Mary Leavitt kept busy feeding silkworms, working in the orchards, and learning to knit, quilt, weave baskets and cook. At 17, she married Henry D. Leavitt in the St. George LDS Temple, celebrating the important occasion at wedding dances held by friends in Santa Clara and Bunkerville.

Mary and Henry had eleven children, seven of who went through college. When Henry died in 1943, Mary busily devoted herself to Temple work and to contributing musically to the community. She entertained often, singing folk songs and playing the guitar, and she was the most enthusiastic singer at the Christmas serenading.

Frank Staheli and his wife, Paula are residents of Washington, Utah. They were married Sept. 7, 1895, in the LDS Temple in St. George.

Mr. Staheli was born May 3, 1874 in Santa Clara. During his lifetime he has served as mayor of Washington, city recorder, councilman, marshal, health officer, and sexton, and was also clerk of the LDS Washington ward for 18 years. He organized the Silver Band in 1902, playing at local dances to pay for the instruments. He still occasionally entertains with the violin or harmonica. Mr. Staheli is fortunate to have in his possession the old horn which his father played before him. It is not the first his father used, as the first was crushed on the trip down from Salt Lake City many years ago, but it is treasured as a family keepsake.

Mrs. Staheli was born July 12, 1878 also in Santa Clara. She has been a woman devoted to her husband, children and church. She was active in the LDS Washington ward, especially in the Relief Society, for many years. At 82 she sings the Swiss melodies with strength and vigor and is a valuable member of the group.

Accompanist for the vocal group, Mrs. Erma Reber Iverson, is the daughter of the late Ernest Reber and Rosina Staheli Reber of Santa Clara.

She married Victor Iverson Sept. 5, 1922, and they have since lived in Washington. Mrs. Iverson is an active member of the LDS Church; she has utilized her musical gift by serving as ward organist and the pianist at church or wedding dances for many years. She has also worked on the ward lunch committee, which serves many delicious banquets on holidays or for social clubs. The funds from these dinners have gone into the lovely new Washington Chapel.

At this wonderful Thanksgiving time, it is appropriate that these dear pioneers be thanked and publicly honored for their musical efforts through the years. From people such as these come the capable and stalwart posterities which give our community and nation their physical and spiritual strength.

