

MY LIFE HISTORY

BY: GRACE VERA STUCKI

I made a very happy family when I came to this Earth. My dear Mother had been married to Trog Graf and had 2 little girls their names were Lillian & Hilda. Hilda was very young when Trog was kicked with a mule and it killed him. Mother was very poor her brothers helped her, Uncle John & Theodore, then they learned there was a real rich man living in Esclante, his name was Eligs Fordham. So they wrote him and ask if he would be interested in a lovely lady with 2 little girls course he came right in and fell for Mother. She had 3 boys Karl, Albert & Eugene by him, but he got so mean with her and the family that the brothers went out to get her. Now 'in all these year's my father had been with his sister, Aunt Lizz Walker out in Nevada, ranch working real hard, and I was told by Adolph Hafen that my father had her wedding dress brought to be married En before she fell for Trog. He just snatched her from my Daddy, and he never wanted another woman. So after all these years had passed he came in from Nevada, Adolph said he was one of the most wealthy man in-Santa Clara but he went through a lot of his money and land through his disappointment for mother. They got married and after 2 years Harvey was born to them. My father had 6 children to care-for, I guess he got pretty cross with them at times. Then in two and one-half year's I was born. This made the family very happy especially my daddy to have a baby girl born to them. Then in about 2 and one half years Lorraine was born to Mother. Then another boy but he was sure a welcomed baby. This made 8 children. My-dad worked very hard support-the family. Soon Lillian got married to Harmon Tobler, and-the'boys went off-to school. They all had their degrees but poor Hilda-stayed

and:helped Mother for a few years then she went to Calente work on a Ryan Ranch. She was a real good cook, she cooked for 30 men. Lizzie & I went out with Fred Reber with a peddling wagon. I stayed with Hilda and-E Lizzie went back home with Fred. I'll never forget when Hilda's husband passed the window he said thats the woman I am going to marry. She was a 'beautiful woman. He married her and that was one less for dad to care for. My Mother was a very beautiful woman and real good cook and sewed for many people. Dad hauled goods from up in the Mountains and hauled it to St. George to sell it. Every child in town knew when he came home he always treated them with candy and always brought me a beautiful gift. He said he worshiped his Gracie. He also had a farm. He worked very hard but he got to drinking which most men in town was doing. Rulon's Grandmother sure took him for a lot of money.' Sister Reber once stole a 20 dollar green back from him when he was drunk. Our family had quite a sad life but I didn't, I was to young and full of life to think of bad life at home. I really was a tore sometimes. I would get with the crowd of boys and girls and,, go,the, the fruit orchard and steal fruit & throw rocks on some of the old peoples houses just to be full of fun. Then I started school, Cecila Tobler was my first teacher down in the old Relief Society house.

Then next I went on to the old building behind the old church. I sure was a pet with the teachers. I don't know why,I guess it was my winning way I had with them. I always took the leading parts in the singing Opera's in school. Audrey Hafen Gubler was my best pal, we sure had good times together, but when I got old enough, Mother would send me to Bunkerville to help my sister Lillian who had poor health and a big family. Every wagon that

she found that was going down I had to go on; it took 1 1/2 days to get there, the only good water was drawn from the wells. There was no electricity, those were the hard days until I got old enough to go out with the boys then I really had a good time. I never lacked for a date, with good old hay rack ride and every thing that you could think of. I then went to Logandale to spend the summer with my sister Hilda and Walter and sweet Irene that was only 1 1/2 years. I didn't lack for good times down there. I went with Ray Mills, he lived up in the valley. Walter would get out and call me "Gracie" "it's time to come home." He sure Worried about me out with the boys I don't know why:, I just had clean good times I was very popular when I was a girl. The first date I had at Santa Clara was a Christmas eve program, I was with Ezra Tobler. When I got to the gate I hurried and locked it so he couldn't come in.

I hated Rulon all my life because he was so lazy in school. He never read a book thru in his life. Ezra was?S real smart, but not very good looking. I went for looks. When I got out of grade school I went to Hinkley to High School. Karl was the music teacher there and I was in everything. I had a very nice boyfriend there, his name was George Boyck. He said when you get to Dixie you'll forget me which he did. He wrote me letters but I never answered them, he was a Principle in Salt Lake School; he was a lovely boy. Then when I came home Dr. McGregor called me to work for him. He was separated from the old house into a beautiful new one, he had two wives and they didn't allow him to live with both so he took the young one and when we moved she acted sick all the time, Per name was Bertha & the older ladies name was Alma (they were sisters) I worked there 2 years, I had

another boyfriend named Irvin Milne we would go dancing up to the Big Ray, but he got drunk one night so I left him laying on McGregor's lawn. I don't know when he got home, but that was the end of that romance. The next year worked for President Nickels, I don't know a Summer that I didn't work out to save money to go to school. Then that winter I went to Dixie College. I had a beautiful winter, boy friends galore. Then the next summer Ferdinand Stucki and Andrew Laub were called to go to war. So I started to go with those two guys to make them feel good. I wrote to Ferd for 2 years then when he came home I told him I didn't want to go with him, he really felt bad. His dad, John S. Stucki, was angry with me for a year but I didn't care. Then I started to go with a Washington boy his name was Ralph Westover. Mother didn't like him, she said he was hurt in the army and had a plate in his head but that didn't make him so he wasn't smart but he was older than I and very loving, too much so. I went through all eight grades without ever being late or absent. We had our graduating exercises in the tabernacle in St. George. I was presented with a lovely trophy. I also had to stand and they told nice things about me.

When I went to college I was going out in cooking & sewing, I made many of wedding dresses before I was married, and from the time I was a little girl I loved to cook, so I guess those nice things came natural for me. Then before I graduated I began to like Rulon, it was just because he was so popular and was a star basketball player. He went back east and won the basketball tournament that year. Harvey and Mother didn't want me to go with him because he didn't care for school and they wanted me to finish my college, but I waited until October the 18th before I got married.

We married in the St. George Temple, I was only 20 days older than Rulon. We were alike in many ways. We loved to dance and party. He would always get angry with se, because I wouldn't drink with him. We always had parties at out home and I told him I could have just as good a time without drinking, so I never touched it to my lips and still had real good times.

I had a still born baby in just a year after we were married. I had carried it 10 months. I was really a sick girl for 1 year then I got pregnant with Wayne and he saved my life. After he was born I began to feel better. I guess all the poison came from my body, when he was born it all left with him. We built a little two room home up at Ivins and moved into it. Rulon was trucking in Pioche Nevada. I and Margie Knight had to get his loads ready picked a lot lot melons & Cantaloupes and milked 5 cows. Then I sot Pregnant with Max and worked just the same, he didn't seem to care. Max was born at Ivins, Clair Woodbury was my Doctor, he looked at at in bed and said your not going to have a baby you are going to 2 party. I had just had my hair marcelled at the beauty parlor and had fixed up my face, and a beautiful night gown that was nearly all crochet and laced with pink ribbon. He came at 7 O'clock in the morning and wouldn't leave me. Then Max arrived at 1 O'clock. I had made apple pies and had a few things around to eat so Rulon f made him some tea and Freida got him some dinner on the table.

Max weighed 9 1/2 lbs and was a beautiful baby. I felt fine but Eugene & Harvey said to Rulon if you don't get Grace off this hill she'll kill herself working. I really pioneered while Rulon was in Nevada partying. Well in 2 years I got pregnant with Kay I came down to mothers to have him. He was a pretty baby more on the blond side, his hair looked like grain, Then my brother

Lorraine was killed in a truck accident . So Momma and Dad wanted us to move down and help run the farm. My dear Mom & Dad took Lorraine's death Very hard.

Rulon and I moved down to Johnny Ence's old home where Ken lives now. We sold our little home to a Salt Lake couple by the name of Mortsons, they didn't stay there long. I lived to see the church dedicated by the Apostle Antoine R. Ivans. Wayne was just a small baby boy 9 months old and I was pregnant with Max then. We had our pictures taken in front of the church. I only weighed 127 lbs then believe it or not I only weighed 96 Ibs after being sick with the still born baby. Mother felt so bad over Lorraine's death that she thought Kay looked just like him and nearly loved him to death. Then the following year I was Pregnant again, I was five months along and my dear mother had been down all day with me. She ironed some overalls for my little boys then she walked home right to see Aunt Aggy Frei that was real sick. Then Leda's Mother walked home with her. She said, "Ella I have to sit down so they sat on the Relief Society steps until mother could go again. Then that night she had a heart attack. Della & Alton came down and told me she was seriously ill. but she didn't want me to come up or I would lose my baby. I was always sorry I didn't walk up. I walked the floor until I saw Claude Claude down and get Lena Ence I knew what had happened. Lena always washed and laid out the dead people. I went up early the next morning and the dear little soul had dough in her finger nails from mixing bread and had died at 1 O'clock. She had been sick for just about 2 hours and couldn't get a doctor. Adolph, Nellie, Leda, Claude, Della, Afton and my Daddy was with her when she died.

The day after the funeral I had to go to the hospital and I lost a five month old baby boy. I would have had nine children if I wouldn't have had so many miscarriages. Then in about 3 years I got pregnant again and had a sweet lovely little baby girl. We named her Emma Joan. Della was my nurse, the first thing she said to me is its a girl, boy was I ever happy. 'de were living in Mothers house then; and I took care of my daddy for 8 years, also towards paying for the farm. When he would get to drinking I would write Harvey and tell Harvey that he was so lonesome for him. Then he would forget about his wine. Down in the field he had a Grape orchard and made his wine down there. He always walked back and forth from the field, sometimes he could hardly make it because he had to much wine. How he would rock my little children and sing Swiss songs to them. We had a big fire place in the front room he would sit in the big rocking chair until I thought he might go to sleep first. He loved my children. In fact he loved all children.

Then Harvey wrote for him Just before Thanksgiving and he wanted him to come up for thanksgiven, but he said to Harvey I want to eat dinner with my daughter Gracie, she is such a good cook, he arrived just in time for dinner, how he was enjoying it when he said, "Gracie," I feel a little dippys. So he went to the door. I followed him and my washer was not to far away and I could see he was reeling. I held him from falling hard, then I called for Rulon. I lifted him in on his day bed. It was a heart attack, he only lived until January and Harvey was with me when he died. We called Picketts and they came right over and rolled him into a big basket which hurt me terribly. I said we could have lifted him, but Mr. Pickett said he would never know the difference.

Then we began to build our home I had nothing but dirty truck drivers to do for \$10. a month. We a time with my family. Then Rulon got so he never came home until nearly morning so I got pregnant with Brent which I was so thankful for because Wayne was called in the Army and was missing for a year, then I got word in December that he was killed. Rulon got worse and worse so I said to the boys what shall we do about dad, they all said mother tell him to get out so I did. I felt terrible but we were facing bad problems that I was afraid to have the children around him. He was good in many ways but the women got the best of him. So I had 50 dollars, aliamony and 48 dollars from Wayne's checks a month to live on so I had to go to work.

The First call I got was President Moody asked me if I would like to cook down at the Santa Clara lunch room. I said my baby is to young, he said take him to work with you. I feed about 30 students and teachers. I really put all I had into the job, besides my family. Brent played with his little red wagon & toys. Then the second year he asked me if I would be the county supervisor. I said what will I do with little Brent. He said put him in the kindergarten so I said give me two weeks to think it over. I asked Max-& Kay, they said mother take the job. For five years already was President OF Primary & Presiding in the Relief Society. The next year I went in as Supervisor. I never seen such a run down school lunch. The food was terrible that they was serving So I worked and showed them how to cook. Ronald McArthur said I got them out of the red in two years. I took bids with all the salesman and finally ended up with associated foods. They gave me real good buys. I also went with Mr. Moody to Enterprise to bid for Potatoes & Carrots. We got good buys but had to do a

lot of hauling in the county .

I had a small new Studebaker I had to turn in and get me a larger car. So I bought this big "54" Buick Special to carry all my canned cases and Potatoes out into the county , I really lifted and worked hard. I asked Mr. Moody for help from one of the school boys. He said we are the poorest county in the State and can't afford help. So I nearly killed myself loading each load. Then finally Kay and sweet Eloise got married before he went into the service. He went to Germany and was away from his wife and baby for 2 years. And Max was over in Okonawa for 1 1/2 years I got him out a little early because of Wayne's death. I want to say we were just decorating the Christmas tree when I got the word Wayne was missing 2 days before Christmas.

Joan had the leading part in Claude Frei's 3 ploy at school for Christmas. He made 3 t trips over to see if she couldn't come and take her part, she had cried so hard her eyes were nearly swollen shut, but he wouldn't give in so she went They said there wasn't a dry eye all through the play, she had the main part, and it was a lot of singing. She was a little brick such a sweet little girl. Wayne just worshiped her.

Then the next year, just 3 days to the day we got word he was killed and buried where he was killed the letter stated. He was killed with a bazooka so I don't think there would be much left of his body, but his spirit was great. He was a wonderful boy, no bad habits never swore -in his life and never smoked or drank. I guess he was just to good to live in this wicked world. My the tears that were shed over that dear boy. The only one from Santa Clara that didn't come home.

Then when high School was out' Joan & Jim got married in May. Then

little Kenny arrived and when he was eleven months old he took Polio in his left arm. They rushed him to Salt Lake and then while in the hospital he got ball bar in his throat. The Doctor gave him up and Mrs. Marcia Truman and Joan went up and got apostle Ivins to administer to him, then he started to breath and get better, but it left him with a limp left arm. Joan and Jim, had LuAnn, Ronald & Lisa. Kay & Elouise had 6 lovely children, Brenda, Terrilynn, Marryan Dale, Johnny & Miarcus. Then Max went on a mission in the Southern States, Burkley Bunker was his President, he wrote me many letters how well Max was doing, almost to much for his health. Then he returned home without a cent of money and no car. He gave a beautiful talk in Church of his Mission.

Then he wasn't contented here so he moved to Salt Lake and married Theresa Martin, to whom little Johnny was born. Then Brent got the marriage fever and married; a sweet little girl, Linda Thomas. Brent went on to school and got his Degree and is teaching in Las Vegas. They have 7 sweet children all boys, Corry, Troy, Darren, Micheal--Shay, Kelly, Casey & Christopher. Two families are living in Las Vegas, One in Reno & one in West. Jordan Utah. Max & Kay work for Milne Truck lines & Jim, Joan's husband works in Vegas for Post Transportation.

And Gracie never got married, she had enough on one man, and a lovely family which I tried to teach them the right way of living and also the gospel. I don't know what I would do if I couldn't go in prayer to my Heavenly Father and thank him for my lovely Children and Grand Children. Now you children have to write about your families and will have a nice book. Besides my

work at School I took a great part in my Religion I was in the Relief Society Presidency for 5 years, then when I was released I planned the menu's & took care of-the flowers about 7 years for the Funerals. Then I I was President of the Primary for 5 years, then when I asked to be Released, I was called to teach the Lark girls for 17 years. I got a lovely certificate from the Stake board in Salt Lake. I also dressed and laid Leona's & Ray's baby away and made the clothes for its burial. It had drowned in that big ditch.

I took care of Rosier Beachman for 2 months after coming from the hospital and taught me how to handle her really bad sores. She had an operation for a large hernia a the stitches would not hold. She got gangrene in them, if that wasn't an awful job. Nobody else would do it and I was in the Relief Society. Then I got many awards from my school lunch up at Logan each summer for the School Lunch Supervisor. Then when I retired the teachers & cooks gave me a lovely party and gave me 2 beautiful lamps and some out door birds and a bird bath. This was a real send off. When I quit, the teachers all ask me to come back, they said they could not eat some of the food the cooks were serving. I had many friends and loved my Job but it got to hard as I got older. I didn't retire until I was 66 and got such small wages that I can hardly live on my Social Security which I put in. I have also did a lot of hand work, I sold over 100 pairs of pillow cases, the same kind with a lot of work in them. Nearly every Mother and Grandmother have bought them for there little girls in Santa Clara. I also made 6 beautiful Afghans, Afghan quilts and many lunching clothes & pillows along with doll clothes.

One Christmas I made each of the Grandchildren a pillow of lovely towels and crochet around them and fringed them. I made 18 of them and also some for the married girls. I have made 8 sets of tea towels and have 8 pairs of pillow cases to give to the grand boys. Each of the girls have those beautiful white ones.

I have 18 grandchildren and 20 great Grandchildren. Hand work has been a great hobby of mine. I made rugs and everything, liked to make. I have crochet over two hundred hangers to put nice dresses on and got \$1.25 for each hanger. I crochet a beautiful luncheon cloths. Then all the Grandchildren and Daughters & Daughters in-laws and friends and Letha have had a few hangers so remember me by. Sister Grace (thats me) me) gave a nice talk in Sunday School last Sunday and finished with a beautiful prayer sent to me when Wayne was killed. Even President Hafen said it was beautiful and given real nice. I had so many compliments on it. I was a Relief Society teacher; at 72 years young, I never missed a Relief Society. Grandma spent the last ten years of her life living with her Children. Towards the end because of her health she had to stay in a number of different nursing homes. The Doctors and Nurses were always amazed at Grandma's stamina and will power. She just never gave up. Her life time motto is "Smile if it kills you" and she lived up to that motto to the very end she always had a smile upon her face. Her life was filled with much sadness but her pioneer spirit always showed through. She is an example to all of us. She had much sickness but that did not get her down, she just keep on trudging along. She didn't give up driving her old Buick until she was 77 years old. We will all deeply miss her at her passing. She showed what unselfish Christlike Service was all about and she set the example. Grandma died on August 25, 1983 in Las Vegas after

battling a long illness. Grandma we love you.

MY LIFE HISTORY

BY: GRACE VERA STUCKI

about George
her father

I made a very happy family when I came to this Earth. My dear Mother had been married to Trog Graf and had 2 little girls their names were Lillian & Hilda. Hilda was very young when Trog was kicked with a mule and it killed him. Mother was very poor her brothers helped her, Uncle John & Theodore, then they learned there was a real rich man living in Esclante, his name was Eligs Fordham. So they wrote him and ask if he would be interested in a lovely lady with 2 little girls course he came right in and fell for Mother. She had 3 boys Karl, Albert & Eugene by him, but he got so mean with her and the family that the brothers went out to get her. Now 'in all these year's my father had been with his sister, Aunt Lizz Walker out in Nevada, ranch working real hard, and I was told by Adolph Hafen that my father had her wedding dress brought to be married En before she fell for Trog. He just snatched her from my Daddy, and he never wanted another woman. So after all these years had passed he came in from Nevada, Adolph said he was one of the most wealthy man in-Santa Clara but he went through a lot of his money and land through his disappointment for mother. They got married and after 2 years Harvey was born to them. My father had 6 children to care-for, I guess he got pretty cross with them at times. Then in two and one-half year's I was born. This made the family very happy especially my daddy to have a baby girl born to them. Then in about 2 and one half years Lorraine was born to Mother. Then another boy but he was sure a welcomed baby. This made 8 children. My-dad worked very hard support-the family. Soon Lillian got married to Harmon Tobler, and-the'boys went off-to school. They all had their degrees but poor Hilda-stayed

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Individual Record 103

Name} Staheli, Johann George (George)		Family History} Olson
Title}	Race} White	Sex} Male
Birth: Date} Fam 28 Jan 1854	Place} Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland	
Marr.: Date} Exa 27 Dec 1897	Place} St. George, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Death: Date} Exa 30 Dec 1934	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
Burial: Date} Exa 1 Jan 1935	Place} Santa Clara City Cemetery, Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
	Grave Marker} Yes	Source 1} <u>81 = Genealogy</u>
Parents: } Johann Georg Staheli & Sophia Barbara Haberli Relationship No.} 2		Source 2} <u>711 = Family hstry</u>
		Source 3} <u>177 = Passenger ls</u>
1st Household No.} 143 = Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland		Source 4} <u>1114=Geog history</u>
		Source 5} <u>75 = Geog history</u>
Occupation 1} Farmer Occupation 2} Musician		Source 6} <u>356 = Church recrd</u>
		Source 7} <u>80 = 1870 USA cen</u>
Religion/Church} Latter-day Saints		Source 8} <u>83 = 1880 USA cen</u>
		Source 9} <u>722 = Marriage rec</u>
Spouses: Prime} <u>Graf, Emma Barbara</u> Total Number of} 1		Source 10} <u>84 = 1900 USA cen</u>
		Source 11} <u>255 = IGI</u>
Notes: Johann George Staheli was born 28 Jan 1854 in Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland. Known as George, he was the son of Johann Georg Staheli & Sophia Barbara Haberli. He had an older sister Wilhelmina, born in 1849, a brother Jakob, born in 1850 who had died in 1851, and older sister Elizabeth, born in 1851. His sister Mary was born in 1855, and brother Johannes (John) in 1857. A sister Sophia died as an infant, and a sister also named Sophia was born in 1859.		Source 12} <u>167 = 1910 USA cen</u>
		Source 13} <u>776 = 1920 USA cen</u>
		Source 14} <u>777 = 1930 USA cen</u>
		Source 15} <u>1125=Death cert</u>
		Source 16} <u>158 = Cemetery rec</u>
		Source 17} <u>759 = Cemetery rec</u>
		Source <u>963 = Cemetery</u>

18} rec

George's father, mother, and paternal grandparents had become members of the Church of Latter-day Saints, and on 3 May 1861, the family left Amriswil for America. His oldest sister Wilhelmina had left the previous year with his grandparents. They set sail from Liverpool on the *Monarch of the Sea* on 16 May 1861. His youngest sister, Sophie, died 28 May 1861, and was buried at sea. They arrived in New York on 19 Jun 1861.

From New York, George and his family left by train to Florence, Nebraska. Here they set forth by wagon train for Salt Lake City, Utah. Their journey took ten weeks, and they arrived the first part of September, joining his grandparents and sister. They left in November 1861, for the 300 mile trip to Santa Clara, arriving in late November 1861.

George's youngest sister Barbara was born 26 Dec 1861. Then the rains began, and on 17 Jan 1862, the little settlement of Santa Clara was washed away. The settlers rebuilt a short distance away. His father George became ill with Mountain fever, now recognized as typhoid, and was sick for six weeks. Then his mother Sophia came down with it and died 3 Jun 1862. His father George married Barbara Meir Bliggenstorfer, a recent widow, to help care for the children.

About the age of 13 years, George became a member of the Staheli band, which had been founded by his father. His brother John also became a member of the band. On 9 Nov 1871, the band was present for the ground breaking of the temple in St. George, which was presided over by Brigham Young. In the years that followed, George and his brother John helped build the temple by hauling rock from a quarry on the nearby black ridge to the temple site. Both George and John played in the band on the top of the temple when it was dedicated 6 Apr 1877.

In 1870, George was living with his father, step-mother, and siblings Mary, John and Barbara, in Santa Clara. He was 16 years old and was working on the family farm. By 1880, his father had married Rosina, and the household consisted George, his brother John, and three young step-siblings.

Finally, at the age of 41 years, George married Emma Barbara Graf on 27 Sep 1897 in St. George, Utah. It was the third marriage for Emma, and she brought five young children into the marriage. George and Emma's first son, Rulon Harvey was born in 1898. In 1900, George and Emma were living in Santa Clara with all six children. George was farming, and was a naturalized citizen. Their daughter Vera Grace was born in 1900, and son Lorraine in 1903.

By 1910, George and Emma had been divorced. George was boarding with John and Emma Graf, and Emma was living with her children, from all marriages. In 1920, the couple was back together, and only the three children of their own marriage were living with them. By 1930, George and Emma were living alone.

George's wife Emma died 15 May 1930. George died 30 Dec 1934. Both are buried in the Santa Clara Cemetery, Santa Clara, Utah.

Time of Birth}	Time of Death} 12:10 PM	Fraternal/Social}
Baptism Date} Exa 6 Jun 1865	Place} Santa Clara Ward, LDS	

Confirm. Date}	Photos} None	
Immigr'n Date} Exa 19 Jun 1861	Port} New York	
Education: Grade}		or Top 2 Degrees}
Military: Service}		for the State of}
Health Condition}	Last Updated	
Cause of Death} Coronary heart disease	by} Karen Hancock	Date Updated} 21 Aug 2011
		Date Created} 17 Apr 1993
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Lillian had died in January 1922, and in 1924 Harmon married Leah Leavitt, a school teacher. They were blessed with three children: Norma, Harmon Jex, and Lela.

Harmon sold his farm and worked for the Nevada State highway department the last few years of his life. He was stricken with a heart attack and died in December of 1938.

Emma Barbara Graf
by Mildred Tobler Hunt

My grandmother, Emma Graf, was born in Rebstein, Switzerland. My husband and I visited that lovely little town in the upper Rhine valley, and have thought how the southern Utah desert town of Santa Clara must have looked not too pleasing to them when she and her family arrived there when Emma was only eight years old.

My mother, Lillian Emma Graf, Emma Barbara's oldest daughter, died when I was six years old, and I was sent to live with my grandmother the next three summers, so she could teach me "to work." I don't know if that resulted, but it did give me an opportunity to get to know her. She often enjoyed telling me her life's experiences: how she walked all the way across the plains, gathering buffalo chips into her apron to serve as fuel for cooking their food; about her first happy marriage to my grandfather, Traugott Graf, her cousin who had crossed the plains in the same company, and how he had died after being kicked by a mule at a fourth or twenty-fourth of July celebration there in Santa Clara. She told me about her unhappy marriage to a Mr. Fordham when they lived in faraway Escalante, Utah. (I thought Escalante must be someplace close to Timbuktu.)

She was then living with her third husband, George Staheli, to whom she had born 3 children, Harvey, Grace, and Lorrain. Her second daughter, Hilda, often wrote her from Provo, Utah, where she was putting her husband, Walter, through college; her Fordham sons, Albert and Eugene, also wrote occasionally, and Karl Fordham lived in St. George and visited often.

Grandma and George had a beautiful vegetable garden and several fruit trees on their lot. In front was her own flower garden, always bright with seasonal flowers and herbs like thyme, basil, and rosemary. An arbor stretched almost the length of the lot, covered in summer with purple grapes. Under it were neat stacks of wood. ready for winter use, and for bottling produce on an outdoor stove. I especially disliked picking up groundcherries for making jelly and picking currants for jelly and pie. The tedium of these jobs seemed away undercompensated by the resulting products.

She was especially thoughtful of her grandchildren. I remember the stockings and other useful things that she managed to put on our Christmas tree each year, with Uncle Sam's help, of course. We lived in Bunkerville, Nevada, about fifty miles south and west of Santa Clara.

On Sunday we always attended Church, she with her hair coiled on top her head, I in the new outfit she always had ready for me to wear when I arrived there each summer. She was a wonderful Grandma and we were all sad when we were summoned to her funeral in the spring of 1931.

EMMA BARBARA GRAFF

My name is Bessie Marie Fordham Edwards, daughter of George Albert Fordham and Jeanette Calvert Fordham. I was asked to write some family history for the Graff Book of Remembrance. I was the third child born to my parents and the following are my brothers and sisters:

Howard Calvert Fordham b:9 Feb 1920
Clifford Ralph Fordham b:25 Jul 1921
Bessie Marie Fordham b:25 Feb 1923
Arles Dean Fordham b:27 Jun 1927
LaMar Fordham b:8 Jun 1929
Wallace Junior Fordham b:18 Jun 1931
Barbara June Fordham b:28 Feb 1934
Ronald Alen Fordham b:20 Aug 1935 d:24 Jan 1993
Glenna Rae Fordham b:28 Jan 1940 d:6 Feb 1946

My father's mother was Emma Barbara Graff and his father was Joseph Elijah Fordham. Grandpa was a son of Elijah Fordham, who was raised from death by the Prophet Joseph Smith. His mother was Anna B. Chaffer.

I do not remember much of my grandfather Fordham, as he and Grandma had separated. They had three sons - Karl Emil Fordham born 13 Oct 1877, George Albert Fordham born 29 Jun 1889, and John Eugene Fordham born 18 Oct 1891. I remember my father telling me of my grandfather's characteristics as a carpenter and a great musician. He had married Mary Bleak who died 1 Apr 1886 leaving him with seven children. He married Grandma later.

She had married John Traugott Graff first and they were parents of Hilda and Lillian Graff. Grandma was known to us as Grandma Staheli. I only remember her coming to our home in Greenville, Utah once when I was a little girl. She was a loving, gentle lady. This is all I remember of her, but my father loved her very much and was concerned about her. In those days transportation was a problem and the times she came was by mail stage as many people traveled that way then.

Dad told me the things I will write about her. Emma Barbara Graff was born 6 Jun 1861 in St. Gallen, Switzerland. She was christened 21 Jul 1861 and died 16 May 1930.

My father said as a young girl, she was in love with George Staheli and wanted to marry him. Her parents would not let them marry as Mr. Staheli had a drinking problem.

She later married Traugott Graff, who was no relation to her. He was kicked in the stomach with a horse and later died.

She then married my grandfather, Joseph Elijah Fordham. Dad said his father was a

very strick man and apparently did not treat the girls as well as his older children and they separated, leaving the three sons to raise.

Later she married her childhood sweetheart who had repented of his drinking problems and had a happy marriage. Three children were born to them: Rulon Harvey Staheli, 24 Jun 1898, Vera Grace Staheli, 4 Oct 1890 and Lorraine Staheli 29 Mar 1903.

My father was born 29 Jun 1889 and was named George Albert Fordham. My mother was born 29 Aug 1899 to William H. Calvert and Laura Jane Arther Calvert. My father was a hard working m,an . An educated man who worked his way through college. He won many awards in track. He loved to walk and walked several miles every day. When people stopped to give him a ride, he refused saying, "No thanks, I'm in a hurry" and walked on.

He was strict with his family and rquired respect. He was also a very loving family man, and his wife and family were his pride and joy. His greatest desire was for his children to be healthy, educated and to marry a good mate. Toi stay close to the teachings of the gospel of Jesus Chrisst. He had planned to be a Veteran. However after his service in World War I and his disabilities he taught school in Grace, Idaho, Orderville, Utah and Greenville, Utah. It was here he met and married my mother. He was ten years older than her, and she was not as educated as he was, but over the years he taught and educated her and his children to the extebt we talked and acted correctly. We were taught to be honest, and the principal of work and to serve our fellowmen.

Although we didn't have much money, we always had plenty to eat, clothes to wear and he managed to send a few dollars to people in need.

He helped the farmers in Beaver County when they had problems with their cattle or horses and never charged them any money. He was well respected by everyone he had any dealings with.

He purchased a home and farm in Greenville. This isa how he provided for his family. He suffered severe headaches, the effects of the War, and we children were always aware of this.

I remember as a child how he loved to water fight with his famuly. How he would take the wagon and team of horses and hauled wood from the hills for heat for our home in the winter and always hauled wood for the widows and those in need in the ward.

He regularly brought people home to eat and regardless of what mother was doing, she always stopped to fix a meal for them.

He was a religious man and could quote the scriptures fluently. He read good books. In

the winter time when work slowed down, he would walk or ride a horse to Beaver, five miles away to get books from the public library. Dad did have a bad temper when someone crossed him and he felt he was right. He was well respected because what he had to say, he said to people's face and not to their backs. In later years he and mother worked at the St. George Temple.

In our growing up years, he was not as active in church work as in his younger years and then in his later years.

He died of Cancer 2 Apr 1962 and was buried in the Greenville Cemetery.

Mother was a gentle, loving person, and took much joy in her children and grandchildren. She was always an example to us in the way she kept her home, raised her children and attended to her church callings.

She always raised a large garden and canned fresh vegetables and lots of fruit. She raised chickens for the family's use for meat and eggs. She and Dad raised a flock of turkeys each year and sold them to help their children with college expenses. They also raised sheep and sent the wool to the mill for blankets and coats for the family.

She made eight loaves of bread every other day and one of my fondest memories was coming home from school to her fresh baked bread, butter and honey.

Our small community did not have electricity until I was in high school, so she didn't have the modern conveniences, such as washers, dryers, water heaters, bathrooms, etc. until most of her children were raised. We just thought that was the way of life.

My parents never owned a car, but traveled by train and wagon until the children were able to buy a car. How different times were then and now, with several cars needed for a family.

Mother lived alone for years after Dad passed away, except at night, when one of our children stayed with her.

She suffered a stroke just after my husband had passed away, then she came to live with me for eleven years before she passed away.

I'm grateful for my parents, our heritage and who devoted their lives to their family and followed of the Savior to serve one another and to serve their fellowmen.

Dad and Mom studied the scriptures and often quoted verses from them to prove their points to their children. May we always remember and honor their names and the sacrifices made to better our lives.

Individual Record 255

Name} Graf, Emma Barbara		Family History} Olson
Title}	Race} White	Sex} Female
Birth: Date} Fam 21 Jul 1861*	Place} Reibstein, St. Gallen, Switzerland	
Marr. 1: Date} Fam 10 May 1881	Place} St. George, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Marr. 2: Date} Fam 1 Jan 1887	Place} St. George, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Marr. 3: Date} Exa 27 Dec 1897	Place} St. George, Washington, Utah (Link)	
Death: Date} Exa 15 May 1930	Place} Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
Burial: Date} Exa 17 May 1930	Place} Santa Clara City Cemetery, Santa Clara, Washington, Utah	
	Grave Marker} Yes	Source 1} <u>81 = Genealogy</u>
Parents: } John Graf and Magdelene Relationship No.} None		Source 2} <u>711 = Biography</u>
		Source 3} <u>356 = Church recrd</u>
1st Household No.} <u>312 = Santa Clara, Washington, Utah</u>		Source 4} <u>80 = 1870 USA cen</u>
		Source 5} <u>83 = 1880 USA cen</u>
Occupation 1} Housewife Occupation 2} Farmer		Source 6} <u>1166=Biography</u>
		Source 7} <u>722 = Marriage rec</u>
Religion/Church} Latter-day Saints		Source 8} <u>84 = 1900 USA cen</u>
		Source 9} <u>255 = IGI</u>
Spouses: Prime} <u>Staheli, Johann George (George)</u> <u>Graff, John Traugott</u> <u>Fordham, Joseph Elijah</u>		Source 10} <u>167 = 1910 USA cen</u>
		Source 11} <u>776 = 1920 USA cen</u>
Total Number of} 3		Source 12} <u>777 = 1930 USA cen</u>
		Source 13} <u>1125=Death cert</u>
		Source 14} <u>158 = Cemetery rec</u>
		Source <u>759 = Cemetery</u>

15} rec
 Source 963 = Cemetery
 16} rec

Notes: Emma Barbara Graf was born 21 Jul 1861* in Reibstein, St. Gallen, Switzerland. Her parents were John and Magdelene Graf. She had an older sister Catherine, older brothers John Henry and John, and younger sister Emili. Her family were converts to the Church of Latter-day Saints, and they traveled to America in 1866. They crossed the plains to Utah, and settled in the little town of Santa Clara. Another brother, Harmon, was born in Utah. Emma's mother Magdalena died 14 Jan 1869.

Emma's father John married Anna Katherine Ruegg in the mid 1870's. The household in 1880 was missing her older sister Catherine, but now included her three half-siblings, Charles, Anna, and Emma. Her father Johannes died 23 Jul 1883.

Emma married Traugott Graf on 10 May 1881 in St. George. They moved up the Virgin River about 15 miles to settle what became Littlefield, Arizona. Their first daughter Lillian Emma, was born here in 1882. Their second daughter Hilda Barbara was born in Santa Clara in 1883. In July 1884, John was kicked in the stomach by a mule, and died 17 Aug 1884. Emma was left with the two young children.

Emma married Joseph Elijah Fordham on 1 Jan 1887 in St. George. From this marriage she had three children. These were Karl Emil, born in 1887, George Albert, born in 1889, and John Eugene, born in 1891. Joseph had additional wives and children, both before and after his marriage to Emma. Finally, at the age of 36, Emma married George Staheli on 27 Sep 1897 in St. George. Emma's brother John Henry Graf had married George's siter Barbara Staheli in 1884. Emma and George's first son, Rulon Harvey was born in 1898. In 1900, Emma and George were living in Santa Clara with all six of her children. George was farming, and was a naturalized citizen. Their daughter Vera Grace was born in 1900, and son Lorraine in 1903.

By 1910, Emma and George had been divorced. George was boarding with John and Emma Graf, and Emma was living with her children, from all marriages. In 1920, the couple was back together, and only the three children of their own marriage were living with them. By 1930, Emma and George were living alone. Emma died 15 May 1930 of acute heart congension in Santa Clara. George died 30 Dec 1934. Both are buried in the Santa Clara Cemetery, Santa Clara, Utah.

*21 Jul 1861 is the birthdate given on Emma's death certificate and on her headstone in the Santa Clara Cemetery. Various family group sheets also give 6 Jun 1861 and 6 Jul 1861.

Time of Birth}	Time of Death} 11 P.M.	Fraternal/Social}
Baptism Date} Exa 6 Jul 1871	Place} Santa Clara Ward, LDS	
Confirm. Date}	Photos} None	
Immigr'n Date} 1866	Port} New York?	
Education: Grade}	or Top 2 Degrees}	
Military: Service}	for the State of}	
Health Condition}	Last Updated	Date Updated} 25 Aug 2011

Cause of Death} **Heart failure** by} **Karen Hancock** Date Created} **29 Aug 1993**

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GEORGE JR.

In Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland George Staheli Jr. was born on 28 May 1854. When only seven, he left Switzerland and came with his Mormon convert parents to America where he made his way to Great Salt Lake City. Three weeks later he was on his way to Santa Clara in the Southern Utah Mission. Here he went through the trying times of the early settlement. Not one to be hasty in marrying, he finally succumbed on 27 December 1897 when he was 43 years old and married 36-year-old Emma Barbara Graf.

This was not her first marriage as she had been married first to Traugott Graf. Both were original Swiss settlers of Santa Clara. Graf when 20 accompanied Edward Bunker to Bunkerville, Nevada, to participate in an attempt to form a more perfect United Order. Not happy with the way things were going in Bunkerville, he moved to Littlefield, Arizona, in 1880 and joined fellow Santa Clarans, including his brother John, Gottlieb Blickenstorfer, John Ence, Christian Stucki, and Christians uncle, John Stucki.³¹ Graf married his distant cousin, Emma Barbara Graf in St. George on 10 May 1881. After moving back to Littlefield, a daughter, Lillian Emma, was born to them on 21 February 1882. With things not working out in Littlefield, the family moved to Santa Clara where a second daughter, Hulda Barbara, was born to Emma Barbara on 29 August 1883. Unfortunately while attending a 24 July celebration year later, Traugott was kicked by a mule which resulted in his death on 18 August 1888. This left Emma Barbara a widow with two small children to rear.

Less than 2½ years later, Emma Barbara was in the St. George Temple where she was married to Joseph Elijah Fordham on 1 January 1887. From this marriage there were three children: Karl Emil (13 October 1887); George Albert (29 August 1889); and John Eugene (18 October 1891; all born in Escalante, Garfield County, Utah, where the couple had moved shortly after their marriage. Her marriage to Fordham was fraught with domestic problems which resulted in divorce.

Struggling through the next six years with five children to raise, she finally found comfort and stability when she married George Staheli Jr. on 27 December 1897 as her third husband. It must have been challenging for Staheli to have the responsibilities of a wife and five children for a man who had never been married before. Three children were added to the five in this family: Rulon Harvey (24 June 1898); Vera Grace (4 October 1900); and lastly Lorraine (1902). Unfortunately Lorraine would die at age 26.

After this marriage the Staheli family would live together in relative peace and harmony for the next 33 years. George was an excellent gardener and had multiple fruit trees on his lot with a beautiful grape arbor which ran the length of his lot. Emma Barbara was kept busy with her herbs and flowers and in drying and bottling fruit for the winter ahead. They were both engaged in the nourishing, rearing, feeding, and educating of this multi-parented family. Their oldest own son, Harvey Rulon, recalled how she disciplined the children when needed but made sure her love would show through. She expected each of her children to obey her requests. His father's way of handling was much different. He never spoke a cross word to Harvey, nor was a rude hand ever laid upon him. His way of getting the children to work was to start the work himself and then have the children pitch in and help.³²

Death would come to Emma Barbara on 16 May 1930 at age 69. George would outlive her by 4½ years, dying on 30 December 1934 at age 80.

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Death would come to Emma Barbara on 16 May 1830 at age 69. George would outlive her by 4½ years, dying on 30 December 1934 at age 80.

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HUSBAND: Johannes STAEHLI (AFN:2CJC-S4)

BORN: 29 Dec 1791 PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Switz LDS ORDINANCE DATA
CHR.: PLACE: B: 14 Dec 1967
DIED: 12 Dec 1862 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, UT E: 18 OCT 1961
BUR.: PLACE: SP:
MAR.: 3 Feb 1824 PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Switz SS: 18 Oct 1861 EH
FATHER: Jakob STAEHLI (AFN:8Q69-JG)
MOTHER: Susanna ROTH (AFN:8Q69-KM)
OTHER WIVES: Anna Margaretha BRUELLMANN (AFN:8Q69-LS)

=====

WIFE: Elizabetha THALMANN (AFN:2CJC-T9)

BORN: 3 Jan 1803 PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
CHR.: 3 Jan 1803 PLACE: B: 8 May 1969
DIED: 4 Dec 1870 PLACE: Santa Clara, UT E: 18 Oct 1861
BUR.: PLACE: SP:
FATHER: Solomon THALMANN (AFN:8Q69-M0)
MOTHER: Susanna MON OR MOHN (AFN:8Q69-N5)
OTHER HUSBANDS:

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Sex CHILDREN

1. NAME: George Or Johann Georg STAEHLI (AFN:1FJ2-S0)
---- BORN: 6 Feb 1825 PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland B: 6 Jun 1859
M CHR.: PLACE: E: 18 Oct 1861 EH
DIED: 23 Apr 1881 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, UT SP: 21 Sep 1964
BUR.: 25 Apr 1881 PLACE: Santa Clara, Washington, UT
SPOUSE: Sophie Barbara HABERLI (AFN:1FJ2-T5) and 2 Others
MAR.: 17 Jul 1849 PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland SS: 18 Oct 1861 EH

2. NAME: Anna Barbara STAEHLI (AFN:270P-SK)
---- BORN: 2 Jun 1826 PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland B: 19 Apr 1878
F CHR.: 4 Jun 1826 PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland E: 2 Oct 1975 AL
DIED: PLACE: SP: 21 Sep 1964
BUR.: PLACE:
SPOUSE: Johanne Sebastian STRASSER (AFN:270P-RD)
MAR.: 29 Nov 1853 (div) PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland SS:

3. NAME: Susanna STAEHLI (AFN:2CJC-QR)
---- BORN: 27 Jan 1829 PLACE: Bindenavaah, Zurich, Switzerland B: 4 Sep 1848
F CHR.: PLACE: E: 10 Oct 1861
DIED: 17 Mar 1871 PLACE: Oak City, Millard Co., UT SP: 21 Sep 1964
BUR.: Mar 1871 PLACE: Oak City, Millard Co., UT
SPOUSE: Henry HUFF SR. (AFN:3K12-W9) and 1 Others
MAR.: 10 Oct 1861 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co. SS: 10 Oct 1861 EH

4. NAME: Anna Elisabetha STAEHLI (AFN:2CJD-8H)
---- BORN: 12 Feb 1831 PLACE: Amersville, Canton Thurgau, Switz B: Nov 1857
F CHR.: PLACE: E: 18 Oct 1861
DIED: 12 Sep 1915 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT SP: 21 Sep 1964
BUR.: 15 Sep 1915 PLACE: Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, UT
SPOUSE: Heinrich (Henry) KUHN (AFN:2V8K-M9)
MAR.: 18 Oct 1861 PLACE: (Endowment House) Salt Lake Ci, Salt Lake, UT SS: 18 Oct 1861

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Codes: AFN=Ancestral File Number B=Baptized E=Endowed SS=Sealed to Spouse SP=Sealed to Parents

HUSBAND: Johannes STAEHELI (AFN:2CJC-S4) BORN: 29 Dec 1791
 WIFE: Elizabetha THALMANN (AFN:2CJC-T9) BORN: 3 Jan 1803

Sex CHILDREN (Continued) - LDS ORDINANCE DATA

5. NAME: Anna Katharina STAEHELI (AFN:2CJD-9N)
 ---- BORN: 3 Sep 1833 PLACE: Amriswil, Thurgau, Swtz B: 25 Nov 1913
 F CHR.: PLACE: E: 18 Dec 1914
 DIED: PLACE: SP: 21 Sep 1964 SL
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: Ulrich BAER (AFN:8Q69-XJ)
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:

6. NAME: Barbara Catherine STAEHELI (AFN:2V8L-2H)
 ---- BORN: [1833] PLACE: Amriswil, Thrg, Switz B: Nov 1857
 F CHR.: PLACE: E: 18 Oct 1861
 DIED: PLACE: SP: 21 Sep 1964
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: STAUSER (AFN:8Z4Z-CM)
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:

7. NAME: Anna Katherina STAEHELI (AFN:2V8L-3N)
 ---- BORN: [1835] PLACE: Amriswil, Thrg, Switz B: 25 Nov 1913
 F CHR.: PLACE: E: 18 Dec 1914
 DIED: PLACE: SP: 21 Sep 1964
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE: John KUHN (AFN:8Z4Z-DS) and 1 Others
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:

8. NAME:
 ---- BORN: PLACE: B:
 CHR.: PLACE: E:
 DIED: PLACE: SP:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE:
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:

9. NAME:
 ---- BORN: PLACE: B:
 CHR.: PLACE: E:
 DIED: PLACE: SP:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE:
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:

10. NAME:
 ---- BORN: PLACE: B:
 CHR.: PLACE: E:
 DIED: PLACE: SP:
 BUR.: PLACE:
 SPOUSE:
 MAR.: PLACE: SS:

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The entire Swiss company was sent to the Dixie Mission to help raise cotton. Brigham Young asked father to stay in Salt Lake and teach music because of his musical ability, but since he could not speak English and because he wanted to be with his relatives and friends, he came south even though he understood it would mean greater hardships.

Although they had left their homeland well supplied, the long journey exhausted their money and again they had to depend upon the Immigration Fund. The trip was very difficult because of rough and sliding roads. Often several men would have to brace against a wagon to keep it from tipping over.

Father had his cornet tied to the wagon box. One day while traveling over these rough roads, the cornet was jarred loose and was crushed under the wagon wheel. Father felt very badly and so did the entire company as it was the only musical instrument in the southern country at this time. "They lightened their burdens by singing the songs of their native Switzerland."

SANTA CLARA - 1861-1862

They arrived at Santa Clara Fort, built by Jacob Hamblin, in November 1861. The few families that were there had a little land under cultivation and had started fruit trees and vineyards.

Father's wife was expecting a baby, so they secured one room in the fort. On Christmas Day the baby was born and named Barbara. Just five days later the big flood of 1862 came. The fort began to wash away, and great boulders were battering against it in the flood. A rope was strung from the high post in the center of the ford to the opposite bank and men clung with one hand and carried people to safety.

This was not much of a welcome for people who had come so far and left so much. But they had the Swiss tenacity of purpose, plus faith in their religion and their leaders, and though they lost nearly everything they had, they were not disheartened. The fort, grist mill, and all other buildings were washed away, forcing the people to move down(stream) and build the present town of Santa Clara.

They lived in dugouts for several years and had no oxen nor implements to till and cultivate the soil. The scarcity of food compelled them to live mostly on pigweed greens. Flour was \$25.00 a hundred and as they had no money, many months passed by that they had no bread. My father walked barefoot day after day to St. George and back at night to work for a few pounds of cornmeal. Then with a half of a sack of wheat, they pulled it by hand to Washington, ten miles away, to have it ground into flour.

Along with other hardships, the people suffered, was the disease they called chills and fever (known now as typhoid fever). My father's first wife died from this disease the year after Santa Clara was settled.

WIFE NO. 2

After her death, father married BARBARA BLINNENSTOFER. She had also come from Switzerland. She made a good wife and mother for his children.

THE LAND

There were many Indians in the territory, but they were fortunate in having Jacob Hamblin among them to keep down the Indian trouble.

Father had no money to buy land, so he was dependent on the work of his hands. Jacob Hamblin and those who came before had taken up the land and sold it to those who came after. This land was covered with cottonwood and black willow and a dense growth of brush, which had to be cleared before it could be farmed. Father would clear plots of this land for Jacob Hamblin and receive some land for pay. It was in this way our family secured our property in Santa Clara. So he began to raise a few crops. He later rented a sorghum mill and made and sold molasses.

MUSIC

"George Staheli had training as a bugler in the Swiss Army. As has been mentioned, he was heartbroken when his cornet was crushed under the rear wheel of the wagon on their journey to Santa Clara. He was without an instrument for three years. The people satisfied their musical hunger after a fashion by playing on "mouth swabs."

It was about 1864 that the community, by a stroke of luck, received a set of ten band instruments. John R. Eaton (Itten) received word that he was heir to a small portion of an estate in the old country. With this notice came a request that he accept a set of used band instruments in payment of his shares of the estate. He accepted the instruments toward settling his share of the estate to the amount of \$80 (eighty) dollars. When the instruments finally arrived, he gave them to the community. Thus it was that George Staheli got his hungry lips once more to the mouthpiece of a cornet.

He went to work and taught the willing Switzers how to play the other instruments, which included cornets, a tuba, a tenor horn, an alto, a bass, and a valve trombone. Here were the ingredients of a typical German band, and the eager Swiss made the most of them.

They had no music, but George Staheli soon remedied that problem. He knew many Swiss airs, and his experience as bandman in Switzerland now paid its dividends. He wrote the music for each instrument and taught his brethren how to play. It was not long until the Swiss band from Santa Clara was playing at all sorts of public gatherings.

Members of the band played for dances in Santa Clara and the towns nearby, even going as far as Pioche, Nevada, a bustling mining town to which the Santa Clara people exported their fruits and vegetables. The Swiss band performed frequently in St. George on occasions when there were gatherings and celebrations that drew the people of the Cotton Mission to the mission's headquarters.

On the momentous day of the ground-breaking ceremonies for the building of the St. George temple, the Santa Clara band was there to help with the music. Again, when the temple was dedicated, the band participated in the sacred festivities, playing its music from the top of the temple at the conclusion of the dedicatory services.

Altogether, we must conclude that this pioneer organization played a highly significant role in Dixie's cultural life and well-being."DUP George was an excellent singer, and as they had no organ or piano, father made use of his voicing teaching the notes. Eventually they had 180 pieces in the band. Father also organized a Swiss choir and many times they walked to St. George, carrying their babies, to sing at conference.

WIFE NO. 3

My father married the third time to ROSINA REBER, who was my mother.

He died April 28, 1881 (age 66) at Santa Clara, Utah.

Staheli Family – Swiss Genealogy

As told by Matthew G Staheli

Written by Brandee Staheli

I will never forget that Saturday during late summer in 2004. I received a phone call from my brother who asked if I had a free minute because there was somebody he wanted me to meet. I said sure and told him we were in the middle of mess in the house because we were remodeling, but to come on over.

A little while later, Nate showed up with Sherri Anderson and a man I had never seen before. We welcomed them in and Nate introduced us all. He proceeded to introduce us to Paul....Paul Staheli from Amrisvil, Switzerland. Wow! Pretty cool, he shared our last name, I thought. With Nate, you always know a great story is behind all that he does. We all sat down in the kitchen for Nate to explain more about how he and Sherri had met this fine gentleman with a foreign accent. Sherri Anderson lives in Santa Clara (Utah) and she helps with the Swiss Days Festival they have each year there. The Festival celebrates the heritage of the immigrants, from Switzerland, that settled here and called Santa Clara their home. I am not exactly sure how Paul ended up finding Sherri. However, I was very curious as to why Paul was looking for people in the Santa Clara area. Very curious, especially since his last name was also Staheli.

Paul told it to us like this. He had been here in the Western United States, vacationing with his buddies. They had all rented Harley's in Las Vegas, Nevada and rode up here to tour through Zion National Park. While in Zion, he came across a hotel desk clerk who asked him if he was related to all of the other Staheli's in town? He was quite shocked to be asked such a question, and from there he asked a lot more questions, questions that would lead us all on a very amazing journey over the next year.

Paul was so intrigued by this discovery, that upon his return to Las Vegas, he parted ways with his friends, rented a car and drove back up to the St. George, Utah area to find out more about these "Staheli's". This is where he was led to see Sherri Anderson. He told her his story and asked if she knew any Staheli's. It just so happened that she did, Nate and Angie Staheli also lived in Santa Clara. She decided to help this nice gentleman and took him up to see Nate, at Nates house. Nate was fascinated that this man had discovered this coincidence of having the same last name. As Nate was talking to Paul, he remembered that I had been telling him that in recent weeks that I had been researching the Staheli family Swiss heritage and the town we came from.....Amrisvil, Switzerland. Nate thought I would for sure get a kick out of this.

While, Nate, Paul, Sherri and my wife Brandee sat around our kitchen table getting to know each other, Sherri told us all about a bus tour that was being planned to visit Switzerland.

There were many local families here in Washington County, Utah that wanted to go back and visit the towns that their ancestors came from. I was delighted to hear this. This was exactly what I wanted to go and do in Switzerland, as I had always been very interested in the rich Staheli family history. Sherri gave me all the contact information I needed to find out more about the bus tour.

After a while of visiting at our house, Nate and I gave some family members a call and we all decided to meet up at The Burger Place in Washington City. We wanted to show off our new friend from Amrisvil. I think about 15-20 Staheli family members showed up. Including Patriarch Karl Staheli, Sandra (Staheli) Turnbeaugh, Mishaun (Staheli) Horspool, Annette (Staheli) Graff, Burke Staheli, Ralph & Katherine Staheli....just to name a few.

Paul and I kept in touch throughout the next year. I was excited to see Paul again the following summer while we toured Switzerland.

As I made my final plans to go on the long awaited bus tour to Switzerland, I was happy to find out that my cousin Burke Staheli would be joining me. He spoke German and that was going to prove to be very helpful! We would be the "young men" on the trip. We were in for a treat of loading baggage, sitting in the back row seats by the bathrooms and making friends with the many other elderly Latter Day Saints, whose families also settled in Washington County from Switzerland. We were in for a treat!

We left around the 10th of June, 2005. It was the longest flight of my life and I decided that if I ever flew over seas again, I was going to splurge and go 1st class! We all arrived safely and began our journey of Switzerland.

Paul joined us from about the very first day we were there. He was eager to spend more time with his new found "family" and show us around.

About 2 or 3 days into the trip we arrived in Amrisvil. We all visited the well-known Staheli Family Home that had been around since the 1400's. We also visited a church that the Staheli's from Switzerland use to attend. Inside the church, there was a beautiful stained glass window that was donated by George Johan Staheli who is in our blood line. It was amazing to be in the home and also the place of worship that our ancestors had been.

While in Amrisvil, Paul Staheli invited the entire bus tour to his home to have a big BBQ dinner. We all sat outside and visited. It was a lovely evening for everyone. That night, Sherri Anderson pointed out that Paul had a Staheli Genealogy book. He got it out and showed it to everyone. I asked Paul if I could get a copy of that book from him. Paul agreed and said he would have it to me as soon as he could. The next day we visited the Hafen home just a few miles from Amrisvil. As we were getting ready to leave for our next

destination, Paul handed me a copy of the book. At this point Burke, Ralph and Katherine and myself, decided to go with Paul in his car and catch up with the bus tour later that day.

We drove away with Paul. With the book in hand, I started thumbing through the pages. Paul looked over at me thumbing through the book and commented that he thought he knew where this old farm house was that was on the page I was looking at. So, we decided to go and try to find it. We drove for about four or five miles and turned down a few roads. We pulled up to an old farm house that we thought resembled the picture in the book. Outside of the house were some children and a few farmers. Since Burke and Paul were the only ones that knew German, they did all the talking. After a while of them asking questions about the place, an older couple came out and also started talking to us. At this point they told us that they were also Staheli's and that they lived here. We were indeed at the right location as the pictured in the book. It was an exciting adventure!

The sweet old woman motioned for us to come inside the house. She had a few things that she would like to show us. Paul surly must have told her that we were also Staheli's and we were on a history tour, of sorts. Once we got inside, the woman and Paul stood there talking in German for several minutes. Then the woman went over to a safe, opened it up and started pulling out pictures and all sorts of items. One of the items she pulled out was a book. She spoke to Paul about this book and his eye began to get big. He looked at Katherine and myself, we were standing close by observing their foreign conversation. We both wondered what was getting him so excited. Paul then tells us "You know that book I gave you a copy of? Well, this is an addendum to that book. It dates back to the 700's!" I was shocked and I am sure Katherine was too. How exciting and what a discovery! We thought it was pretty amazing that we were just wondering around Amrisvil trying to find some old farm houses and we stumble upon another home of Staheli's and now this. After a few more moments of Paul and the woman talking, Pauls eyes got big once more. I asked Paul, what now? We don't understand? What are you talking about? Paul looks at me, clears his throat and says, she wants *you* to have this book! Her husband served in the war with another Staheli who had written this genealogy book. She has hung onto this book for over 40 years and nobody has ever shown any interest in it. She knew that we were the right people to give this information to.

Katherine and I were dumbfounded that not one, but now two books with Staheli family genealogy dating back to the 700's had been literally handed to us by strangers we just happened to meet. It was such a blessing, a work of the Lord, indeed.

Since we received the books, I have had them translated by Henry Minor from Dixie State College. He was able to translate family names, places and lands that they owned.

A few years later, in 2006, I returned back to Switzerland once more. I met up with Paul again. We decided to go to that old Staheli Family farmhouse that we visited 2 years

earlier. I was hoping to be able to talk the woman who gave us the book. We were able to find her and talk to her again. Upon speaking with her, we discovered quite quickly that Alzheimer's had set in. Sadly, she was unable to communicate with us. We said goodbye and went on our way.

I have since thought back about that bus trip and how crucial the timing was in receiving that most valuable information. So we can start filling in the gaps in our genealogy and start doing what the Lord has commanded of us and do their temple work.

This journey has been truly a remarkable experience for me. Me and my families testimony of the power of genealogy and how important it is to the Lord, has grown. The Lord truly works through us to get His work done. The circumstances of how this all came to be is a miracle if you ask me. Things just don't fall like they have in this story.

I am truly grateful for Paul Staheli and for the prompting he must have followed to find us here in little old Washington County, Utah. Thousands of miles separate us and the Lord showed him the way. He truly does work in mysterious ways. Paul is not a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints but we were able to get him to attend a Sacrament meeting with us during our second visit to Switzerland. Hopefully he felt of thy Spirit and will acknowledge it again throughout his life. He is a good man and we wish him and his family all the best. He even sent out his daughter, Katerine, to stay with Ralph and Katherine for a few weeks so she could see how us "Westerners" live. We still haven't made a connection between Paul Staheli and our line of Staheli's, as there is much work to do! Staheli's in Europe and in the United States like to have big families! Hopefully someday we will be able to connect all of the dots.

I bear testimony of these things and am indeed grateful for the Spirit that leads and guides us in the latter days. And, I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Matthew G Staheli

(written by Brandee M. Staheli)

THE DEPRESSION:

A simpler and a hungrier time

chunks of bone became elaborate ranches in the backyard dirt of a little boy's universe.

Such was the simplicity of my father's St. George boyhood. At least to me looking back on it now, it was simple.

For my dad it was nothing short of glorious. And that is because all things are relative. After all, he and his family had survived the Depression. They were living in the good times.

Ten years earlier, when my dad was one year old, things had been quite different. In 1933, Dixie College was still owned and operated by the Mormon Church. The effects of the Depression hung like a heavy cloud over every facet of life in Utah, and the church was not in a position to support the school any longer.

The state was in no better condition to fund the college than the church was. Closure was imminent. In any average community, the college would have probably withered and died. But Utah's Dixie was never an average community.

Townpeople came together and teamed with community leaders to take up the charge. They traveled to Salt Lake City to influence legislators. State officials leveled with them. Dixie College was facing complete oblivion. Teachers were advised to look elsewhere for employment.

My Grandfather Hafen was one of those teachers. Grandma Orilla had just given birth to her 14th child. During that winter of 1933, folks from Dixie met and talked

and schemed to come up with a way to save the college. A committee comprised of D.H. Morris, W.O. Bentley, President Joseph Nichols, A.F. Miles and my grandfather's younger brother Orval Hafen, was finally able to convince Governor Blood to sign a bill that would revive Dixie College. But there was one stipulation.

For a two-year period there would be no state appropriation for the college. In other words, for two complete school years Dixie College would be an orphan and would have to run solely on the good will of the community.

As an assurance that no debt would be incurred which would obligate the state during those two years, the St. George Stake Presidency, the Dixie College president and the treasurer were required to sign an agreement with the state whereby they, as individuals, would be personally responsible for paying any Dixie College debts.

The signers of that agreement literally stretched their necks over the chopping block to save Dixie College. They were W.O. Bentley, W.W. McArthur, Orval Hafen, B. Glen Smith and Mathew M. Bentley. Out of all this emerged the Dixie Education Association, a group of local volunteers who saw to it that Dixie College survived.

During those two years the DEA helped fund teachers' salaries. Many students paid their tuition with produce: molasses, firewood, garden products, milk. These were passed on to the

teachers to supplement their meager salaries or were sold and the proceeds used for salaries or scholarships.

My grandmother recalled one woman bringing two loads of wood from Mt. Trumbull and unloading them in the family wood pile for tuition. My one-year-old father and his brothers and sisters lived on the molasses and dried fruit paid in lieu of salary.

Businessmen contributed precious cash and produce to alleviate the school's strained operating budget, and many loyal community members made individual donations. In spite of it all, Grandma said that if she and Grandpa had not had some savings tucked away, they would not have been able to stay on at the college. Of course the college survived. And so did my Grandfather's family.

These days his grandchildren and great-grandchildren stand at the threshold of a new millennium, beneficiaries of a lifestyle more prosperous, peaceful and comfortable than he could have ever imagined.

All that he and Grandma worked for, we enjoy. And yet I sometimes wonder how much we have lost in the process. My little boy Josh takes his pick from shelf after shelf of plastic horses and cows and countless other toys, but I wonder if an entire closet full of shiny modern gadgets can elicit even a fraction of the joy those bony horses brought my dad in a more simple and hungry time.

Yes, the word does mean something

Some thoughts on the disposal of Dixie by Lyman Hafen

From the moment I heard about the possibility of Dixie State College becoming affiliated with the University of Utah, it felt right. It is obvious that much can be gained through the proposed relationship. What might be lost is more subtle. Most seem prepared to leave the details to the experts. It's the name of the institution that everyone has an opinion about: "University of Utah, St. George," or "University of Utah, Dixie." I would like to think it is possible to defend the word Dixie without being labeled ignorant or unenlightened.

A recent unsigned comment published in *The Spectrum* suggested that the "D" on the black ridge stands for denial. The *Spectrum's* local news editor wrote, "Tradition is no excuse for ignorance. ... Let's not allow a stupid word to get in the way" of ensuring "a brighter, better, more prosperous future for our kids. ..."

Problem is, for a lot of highly educated, well traveled and very good people, Dixie is not a stupid word. I know what the word means to most people in America. I also know what it has meant over the last 96 years to thousands of students whose lives were changed by attending a small college in southwestern Utah.

Those who hold the Dixie name dear are often accused of ignorance and provincialism. Yet, for anyone who is open minded enough to consider the evolution of the word in Southern Utah, it is a geographical term denoting the temperate zone in the southwest corner of the state, distinct and isolated from the majority of the state to the north. This is Utah's southland, Utah's Dixie, a place where cotton once grew and where hearty, can-do people have roots reaching several generations into the red sand. In 1911, when the handsome stone block structure on the corner of Main and First South was built with locally raised funds, materials and labor, it naturally became known as the Dixie Academy. Like many other institutions of higher learning in Utah, the Dixie Academy was started by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It then became a state school, but by the early 1930s, the state decided to close it. Concerned citizens formed the Dixie Education Association and privately raised enough money and resources to keep the school alive for two years until the state could begin funding it again.

The Dixie Education Association remained intact through the decades and was the saving force again in the early 1950s when the state once more tried to divest itself of the school. The DEA not only raised enough money to keep the school going, it also built the Dixiana women's dormitory with locally donated materials and labor, and purchased six blocks of land on the east side of the valley to begin building a new campus.

Had it not been for the phenomenon that came to be known as the Dixie Spirit, there would be no institution in St. George today poised to take upon itself the noble mantle of the University of Utah.

When the original Dixie Center was built on the college campus in the mid 1980s, and public funding came up short to finish the landscaping, the DEA reemerged as the "Spirit of Dixie Committee" and money and labor was raised locally to finish the project. These are only a few examples of how the word Dixie, in this town, has evolved into something that transcends other definitions. In southwestern Utah the word has become synonymous with community spirit and selfless service.

This kind of talk must sound corny to those who wake up every morning ready to point a finger and scoff at the latest peccadillo by the local yokels.

I sometimes wonder what has happened to the Dixie Spirit. I know it is alive and well on the college campus, and it still winds its way through much of the community, though you would hardly know it if you based your perceptions on the "Vent" and letters to the editor. But it grows more elusive every day as our once distinct community becomes more and more homogenized in some ways and more and more fractured in others. I'm not decrying diversity here. I am all for it. Over the past 25 years I have witnessed how newcomers of various backgrounds have contributed in powerful ways to a better community. I have seen how diversity can spark the old Dixie Spirit and I believe that diversity has the potential to help make this the greatest community in the Southwest. But diversity will only fracture us if everyone is not willing to sacrifice something for the community. The old-timers already have. And they continue to give, as well as give up much of what they held dear to make way for growth and change.

I confess, it is quite provincial and sentimental for anyone to want to hold onto a word as loaded as Dixie. But I think what we're really trying to hold onto is the spirit the word defines for us. A spirit that once burned like the great bonfires lit on D-Day, and now flickers like a candle in the wind as we go about our busy and distracted lives. Sometimes it seems the cynics in our midst would like to snuff it out completely. It reminds me of the last line in Hemingway's story called "My Old Man." The boy's father has just been killed in a horse racing accident. The boy idolized his jockey father, though he knew the man was not perfect. Now the boy is surrounded by racing fans who can only find fault with his father's history and claim that the man finally got what he had coming. Then the boy's refrain: "Seems like when they get started they don't leave a guy nothing."

You can dispose of the word Dixie. But there's no need to trample on it and call it stupid. To do so is to demonstrate another kind of ignorance. Tradition is no excuse for ignorance, but a lack of respect for the spirit and character of those whose shoulders you stand on is itself a serious form of ignorance.

I'm confident, whether the word survives or not, that the spirit the word Dixie has represented for generations in this community will find a way to survive in the coming years because that's the kind of place this has always been.

Perhaps, in all his ignorance, the opinion writer who claimed that the "D" on the black ridge stands for denial was right after all. The founders and namers of Dixie weren't perfect, and those of us who would like to keep the Spirit of Dixie alive today have plenty of chinks in our armor. But that's not why he was right. He was right because the "D" on the ridge has always stood for the self denial of those who built this community and college, the people who made it the kind of place that thousands upon thousands would eventually flock to. SGM

