

Johann
George (Sr.)
Staheli

SKETCH OF GRANDEATHER

GEORGE JOHANN STAHELI

My Grandfather, George Johann Staheli, was the first child (son) of Johannes Staheli and Elizabeth Thalmann. He was born February 6, 1826, in Amriswil Thurgau County, Switzerland.

We have nothing of his early life, but Switzerland is a beautiful country. The place where they built their home was made up of hills and canyons. Their home was on the creek bed and there was a thread mill on the bank of the stream.

George married Sophia Haberli, daughter of Johannes and Anna Barbara Haberli, in the year 1849. To this union were born nine children, two died in infancy. Eight were born in Switzerland, the last one in Utah.

They joined the church about 1857 or 1858, as he baptized his daughter Elizabeth in May 1860, and they had been members for some time. We didn't know how long.

Grandfather was a very good musician, this was his main means of support. He was an excellent coronet player and played for all kinds of amusement. Mother says she remembers of him playing for a Jewish wedding which lasted for days. He would play almost continuously as they would dance and then feast and have a real celebration. He would come home completely exhausted.

In the year 1847 he was called to go to war as a bugler to give the calls. He was a commander and gave the commands with the bugle when the fight was on. He was in the midst of the battle

at all times and would sometimes have to get behind trees to escape the bullets.

There was a great deal of prejudice against those who had joined the Latter Day Saint Church and the children were shunned and called names. Mother said she was often called "A Little Mormon Devil."

In the year 1860 his father and mother came to Utah to be with the body of the church. They persuaded Grandfather to let his oldest daughter, Wilhelmina, come with them. The following year Grandfather and Grandmother had things ready that they could leave and come too. The fore part of April 1861 the family, with five children, left Switzerland to come to Utah. They had lost two of their children as babies. So those coming were; Elizabeth (my mother), George, John, Maria, and a baby Sophia who was about sixteen months old. They left their home with a roll of bedding and a large chest full of belongings.

Mother writes that they got on a beautiful steam boat on the Rhine River. They crossed the very rough North Sea and landed in Liverpool, England.

From Liverpool they sailed on the second largest ship on the ocean. They had all kinds of weather. If the wind blew the right direction they made good time, if not they either went back or stood still. They were on the ocean for seven weeks. Grandmother was very ill as she was expecting a new baby.

The little baby Sophia became ill also. They said she had canker and there was very little help on the water so she passed away and was buried in the ocean. I well remember mother telling, "We dressed her in the nicest dress she had, then she was wrapped in a very heavy canvas and it was sewed firmly, then

some heavy weights were fastened to the canvas and it was dropped overboard in the water. Oh how we cried when we knew our little sister was gone and we would never see her again in this life."

The food was very poor, consisting of dried peas and sea biscuits, which were poorly cooked. Grandfather brought some figs and would tell the children if they would eat a sea biscuit he would give them a fig. They would try and then to get the fig would put the biscuit under the mattress on the bed. When they landed, Grandfather found the biscuits and wondered what had kept them alive on the journey as they had so little nourishment.

They landed in New York when everything was very beautiful and they were so happy to get off the water. They stayed there for a week to get things ready to make the journey on to Utah. Grandmother and the youngest child stayed at a hotel and Grandfather and the rest of the children at a place called "Castie Gardens." There were six hundred and twenty four saints that sailed from Liverpool, England. So they had a nice company to be with. The journey from Omaha to Utah took ten weeks. They came by ox team. Grandfather, his daughter Elizabeth, and son George, walked all the way.

This was the time of the Civil War and as they came through Missouri they could hear the boom of cannons and guns and the children were frightened for fear of being hit by some of them. When they reached Omaha they stayed for a week getting the wagons repaired and the women doing the washing and other necessary things.

When they got to Florence, Grandfather bought a wagon. There were church teams to assist them on the journey the rest of the way. There were 175 wagons in the company. They traveled

for two days then more wagons joined them and they divided the company into three groups and John W. Young was the captain of their group which consisted of mostly Swiss people.

The telegraph line was being built across the continent and the children say they remember of wondering how they could send a message on a wire.

Grandfather was the bugler and gave the calls for the company. The first call was to get up, second call for prayer and the third was for breakfast. It delighted the children to see the people obey the bugle call. A prairie fire swept over the land and for two days it was terrible. The night was as light as day, but the Lord protected them and they all came safely through.

On Sundays the company always stopped to rest and hold services and Grandfather would lead the singing. After ten weeks of travel the company reached Salt Lake City the fore part of September 1861. The peaches and watermelons were ripe and by the side of the road as they came down the canyon was a watermelon cut in two and some peaches for the emigrants to eat. They surely enjoyed the kindness of the Saints who were so thoughtful of them.

They stayed in Salt Lake five weeks and then there was a call for some Saints to go to the Dixie country and Grandfather's aged parents were called to go down there so he decided to go with them so he could be with them in their declining years. Grandfather was asked to stay in Salt Lake as he was a good musician and they needed him, but President Young told him to take his choice, so he went with his parents.

busy gathering wood and leaning it against the fort walls to dry. When he got back inside the fort the water was up to his knees. He decided something must be done. He found all the rest of the people had left the fort and his family was there alone, his wife ill in bed. He offered a prayer that help might come. As he went to open the gate, Jacob Hamblin saw him and remembered that he was living in the place with his family so he immediately came to help. He tied a rope to the gate and to a big tree to steady them and helped the family all to safety, carrying Grandmother.

The flood took one wall of the house, but they saved their belongings except for a watch that Grandfather had brought from Switzerland and he felt very bad about losing that. It was hanging on the wall that fell.

The family moved on to a lot and pitched a tent. They had a dug out with the tent over one end and a willow shed over the other. In one corner they made a rock stove where they cooked their food and baked their bread in the oven. Grandmother was still not very well as she never regained her health after her hard journey and the birth of her baby, but she tried to help her husband all she could. She planted peach pits that later grew to be good fruit.

Grandfather got mountain fever as it was called and he was sick for six weeks with it. As he was just recovering, Grandmother took it. She was sick sixteen days with it and died June 3, 1862, leaving a family of six small children. The oldest being fourteen years and the baby a little over five months.

A neighbor lady was very kind and took care of the baby for him, she was a widow. Her name was Barbara Blikenstofer. Grandfather married her in December and she came to live and take care of the family for him. She had one son, Godlib.

The chills and fever seemed to be raging in Santa Clara and the people didn't know what to do. When President Brigham Young came down there, he saw the condition. When the flood came it had cut a new channel for the creek, leaving water in the old channel that was stagnant. He told the people to drain the water out of that slew if they wished to get rid of the trouble. They did and they had no more sickness.

In 1863, the dam went out leaving the crops without water. Then in 1864, the creek went dry. They even had to carry their drinking water for over a mile. By this time the people were all about destitute for food. Many times they would go for week without bread.

Grandfather would go to work in St. George. He would walk five miles to work, going without breakfast. They would give him his dinner where he worked and he would walk five miles back home every night and go without supper to save food for his children. In the year 1865, the grasshoppers came. In three days they had everything eaten except castor beans and garlic. The next year they had a good crop and from then on things seemed to get better.

Grandfather was often called Professor Staheli or Trumpeter Staheli. When he was able, he got another cornet. He would walk the five miles to St. George to band practice and back again. He also played once a week for a dance in St. George. For his pay he received flour, potatoes, dried fruit, meat, or anything in the line of food for his family.

He wrote his own music, some from tunes he knew and others he composed. On one of his trips to St. George he was riding a horse he had borrowed. When he was about a mile from

Here is another very interesting incident of Grandfather's. He was driving his cow to pasture. She walked out of the path. He went after her out in the brush and there before his eyes he saw a shining \$5.00 gold piece. He was very thankful now that he would have a little money to buy food for his starving family. It had no doubt been lost by travelers going to and from California.

Grandfather, his second wife Barbara, and baby Georgina (by his third wife) all died within six months of each other.

Grandfather died on April 23, 1881 and was buried in the cemetery in Santa Clara, Utah. He was just past fifty-six years. A comparatively young man in years yet old in hours of service for his community and church. The distance of life's journey is not measured by leaves torn from the calendar, but by the number of good deeds done.

He was a man with a lovable character, cultured, appreciative of the fine arts, considerate of his fellow men, and a devoted servant to his Heavenly Father. He gave courage, faith, and comfort to all he met. He will long be remembered for his musical ability and the joy he gave to his fellow men. His life was one of hardships, courage and faith, and service to his community.

He was about five foot seven inches in height, medium build, had brown hair, and blue eyes.

His wife, Rosina, lived for nineteen years to do much good. She died on April 24, 1900 and was buried in Santa Clara.

A History of George Staheli
Told by his son, Frank Staheli, to Carma H. Staheli

My father, George Staheli, was born Feb. 5, 1825, in Amerswile, Switzerland. In Amerswile he lived on the outskirts of the city where he owned a small factory and made cotton yarns. The factory was only a side line as his main occupation was teaching music. He, with three companions, comprised a quartet of players, who traveled not only over Switzerland but often crossed the border into Germany to play for dances, festivals, and celebrations of all kinds. In 1861, he with his first wife, Sophia Barbara Staheli, and their children crossed the Atlantic ocean and came to America as converts to the LDS church. The voyage would have been pleasant enough had it not been for the death of father's year old baby girl who died and was buried at sea.

There were around 600 immigrants who took the train from New York to Florence, Nebraska, my father's family among them. At the time of this journey the Civil war was on and the windows of the train were shuttered and everyone was instructed to be very quiet so the train would not be attacked. At Florence the company was met by teams of wagons which were provided by the church and were to be paid for in yearly installments; this was known as the immigration fund. Father was the Bugler for the company and gave signals for the various orders. He sounded the bugle for the people to get up, get breakfast, have prayers, and prepare for the journey. Around the campfire made mostly of buffalo chips, they enjoyed programs of singing and dancing. Many people in this company had to walk as the wagons were heavily loaded.

When they arrived in Salt Lake City, they camped for a few weeks at the old tithing block where Hotel Utah now stands. Many who had met on the journey and many who had known each other in the old country were married before being sent to the various parts of the state.

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 'sidling' roads. Often several men would have to brace against a wagon to keep it from tipping over. Father had his coronet tied to the wagon bow. One day while traveling over these

rough roads the coronet 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 arrived at Santa Clara Fort, built by Jacob Hamblin in Nov. 1861. The few families that were there had a little land under cultivation and 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 fort 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 and build the present town of Santa Clara. they lived in dug-outs 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 pig weed greens. Flour was \$25 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 corn meal. When harvest time came they went to the fields to glean wheat. then with a half of sack of wheat in a cart they pulled it by hand to Washington, 10 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. After her death father married Barbara Bliggenstorfer. She had also come from Switzerland. She made a good wife and mother for his children.

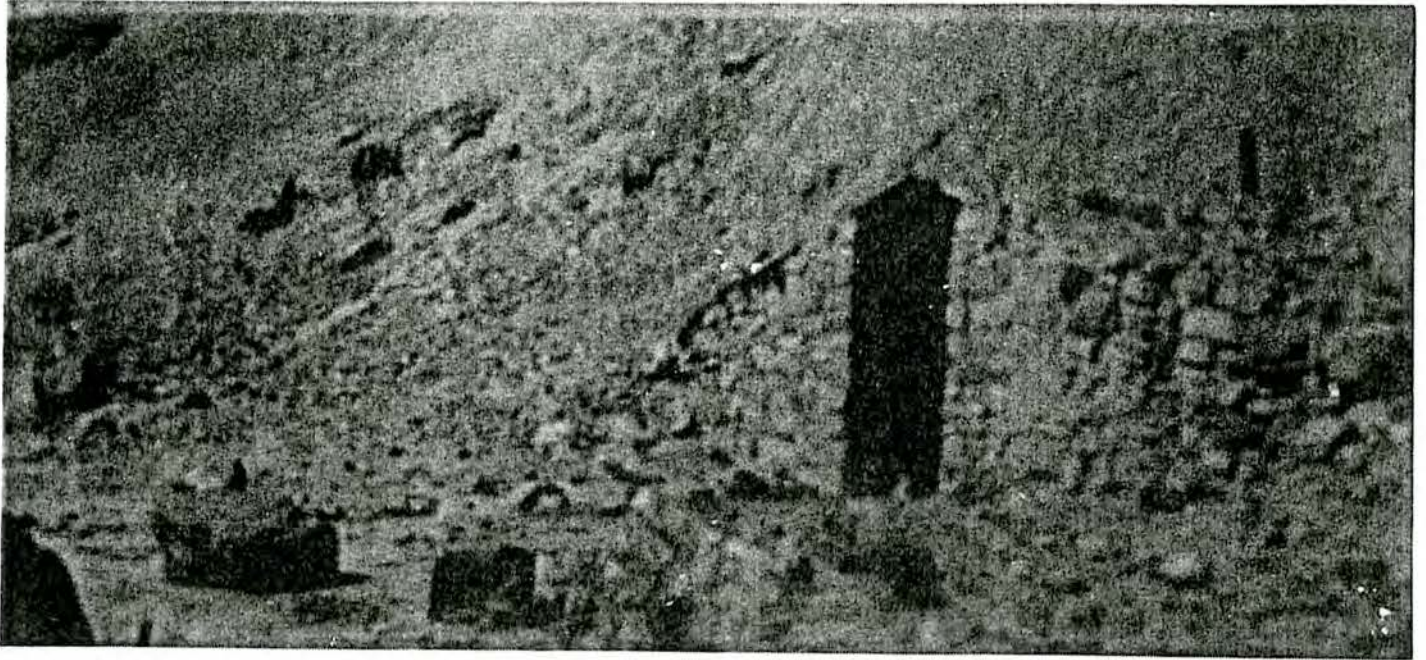
There were many Indians in the territory but they were fortunate in having Jacob Hamblin among them to keep down Indian trouble.

Father had no money to buy land so 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 and 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.

Awhile after they had been in Santa Clara a man by the name of John

Eaton received a portion of an estate which included a set of band instruments. There were ten wind instruments; a tuba two B flat coronets, a tenor horn, an alto, bass, trombone and others. This was like a gift from the Gods. There was much musical talent in Santa Clara and John Eaton gave these to the town and the first band was organized. Father's gift and training in music was a valuable asset. They had no sheet music and father wrote the music for each instrument and then devoted hours and hours of time teaching individual members to read the notes. He was an excellent singer and they had no organ or piano so father made use of his voice teaching the notes. this was the Staheli Band which won so much recognition in the early days. Eventually they had 180 pieces in the band and could play in a way to be proud of. As time went on more instruments were purchased and the band grew in name and fame. Father helped with the building of the St. George Temple and at its dedication the band was stationed on top of the Temple to play. Father also organized a Swiss choir and many times they walked to St. George and carried their babies to sing at conference.

My father married the third time to Rosina Reber who was my mother. He died, April 28, 1881 at Santa Clara, Utah.



Dugout (Near the Fort)

The dugout provided the first temporary shelter for many of the immigrants. They were built back into the hill with the projecting area walled and tightly sealed. The temperature was fairly consistent: Warm in winter and cool in summer. The door opening was covered by a tarp, wagon cover, or blanket. A fireplace built in the back provided warmth, light and cooking facilities.

HOW DO I TEACH FAMILY HISTORY TO OTHERS?

1
LAST

LISTEN TO UNDERSTAND
ASSIST WITH INTERESTS
SET AND ACHIEVE 1 GOAL
TESTIFY AS WITNESS
ONE STEP AT A TIME

MUST-KNOWS

- The Doctrine of Temple and Family History Work.
- Have an LDS account, username and password

01

Have they ever logged into Familysearch.org?

02

Do they have their four generations entered?

03

Do they have an ancestor who needs temple ordinances?

04

Have they printed or shared a family ordinance card?

05

Have they uploaded stories or memories?

06

Do they have a question you don't know how to answer?

Be an Authentic Witness - Help Others Have Spiritual Experiences

KINnectYOU

LAST

MUST-KNOWS

DOCTRINE

- 1 Peter 4:6
- Malachi 4:5-6;
D&C 2:2-3
- 1 Corinthians 15:29;
D&C 128:15-18
- D&C 138

Visit:

ldsaccount.lds.org/register

You need a membership record number and birth date. Ask a Ward Clerk if you need help.

• **LISTEN** - Try questions like, "What has been your experience with Family History? What would you like to accomplish?"

• **ASSIST** - Help them identify and complete the next step. Use this as a resource as you teach.

• **SET GOAL** - Determine a specific goal they can begin working on today.

• **TESTIFY** - Share your feelings about Family History.

• **ONE** - Remember - one appointment, one goal, one soul at a time.

01

Log in and explore familysearch.org together. Check out the introductory videos - "Get Help" link, then click "Getting Started"

02

Have them enter as much family information as possible. Add birth dates, marriages, deaths, children, grandparents, etc. The "Find" button can help.

03

Click on the "Family Tree" tab and go to the "Fan Chart" view. Choose any ancestral line so that the name in the center was born between 1750-1850. Then change the view to "descendancy" and click "4 generations". If an ancestor needs ordinances completed, a green temple will appear next to their name. Click on the green temple and click "Request". After accepting the Church Temple Ordinance Policy, the name will be added to your reserved list in the temple tab.

04

To print or share a name once it has been reserved click on the "Temple" tab, then click "All Reserved." Check the box to the left of the name, you can either print the name from home or share it with the temple or family/friends (you will enter their email address).

05

By clicking on the "Memories" page, you can help individuals write short or long memories about ancestors they remember, themselves, or children. You can also upload digital photos, documents, and audio recordings! Use the Family Search Memories App.

06

change to read: If there is a question that you are unsure how to answer, you can provide them with the contact information for the Family Discovery Center (435.673.4591), your ward Temple and Family History Consultant, and/or your ward High Priest Group Leader.

Santa Clara, Utah

January 26, 1868

Dear Precious Relatives and Friends:

Once more I pick up my pen to let you know how I am. Thanks to God, I am well and happy, and we are happy to live here, then, what we believed when living there, became a reality.

Again I give you my testimony, that this religion teaches the true Gospel, and we are not fooled, Not that all our wishes come true, or that we are perfect, for as long as we are in this earthly body, we can not be perfect, but we know we have found the right way of life and that which was prophesied by Joseph Smith has already been partly fulfilled, I don't want to write much to you about Mormonism, because you will have the opportunity to hear of it there, I only give you my Testimony that Mormonism is true. I don't say that all Mormons are good, or there could not be such letters of lies sent into all directions and printed in some papers, but Truth has always been told as lies in some way or another and as untruth, but that will not last too long before lies and untruth will be overshadowed by the Truth, for the kingdom of God is like a Fishnet, as the Bible says: It catches the good and bad, but they will be sorted out. To all of You that are concerned of your spiritual life, I give advise to ask God to help you to get a clear understanding, that is my dearest wish.

Now, I would like to tell you in short about our life here. I am well and happy and so is my Wife, (She comes from Affolten, Kanton Zurich) and my six children. Maybe you have not heard of the death of my Sophie and our small child in Switzerland, which hurt me deeply, but the knowledge of my seeing them again makes me feel much better. Again, I have a good wife, who is concerned about our welfare, both myself, and our children.

And now a little of my work: I have four cows, one calf, 1 yr. old, One Ox, Two heifers, 2 yrs. old, One wagon, a House, 10 acres of fertile land. Here, you don't plant food for all cattle, we can bring them to the hills where they can graze. I also have a 200 lb. pig, slaughtered for us and besides this, a 300 lb. Beef for my family. This year I will plant Cotton, Cane for Sorgham, 1 acre of Grapes and the rest Wheat, and after

the Wheat some Corn which will ripen yet. We also plant Peas, Beans, Turnips, and Melons which will have good fruit from July until the Winter sets in. Wine is here as good and some better as you have in the Swiss. The Grapes are in August already as sweet as Sugar. Peaches are plentiful, I planted 'Pitts' when I came here and this year I could harvest some already. Of three acres, we had 5,000 lugs.

In this village live about 25 families from Switzerland. and we have a Singing Society. We live happy here while around us whole Nations destroy themselves through Wars. We feel we set here like a ship come safely in a Harbor and many people come from the States to look for shelter, most of them from New York. They asked President Young to allow them to stay which he gladly did. He (Brigham Young) is a good Father and comes to see us once a year. He seems to love to see what we are doing and loves to hear us sing. He says, of all the singers of the state of Utah, we are the best.

We live on the highway which leads to Arizona and California, it is in the middle between Salt Lake City and California. Not too far from here is a rich Silver-Strike and I, with many others, could be partners in it, if I only had my inheritance from home, I could become one of the richest men here, but Brigham says, we should till the soil to have food and later we will see what can be done. Never-the-less, we have free will to do as we wish. No one is forced, every one can do as he likes, this is a free land. The American Laws are wonderful, only so many misuse them. They have found a new road, leading to California where it takes less time to the Colorado River.

Indians live around here and visit with us every day. We don't need to fear them. When they make a pact with you, they keep it. They are more Honest than some of the so-called civilized people.

The ground here is very rich. Last year I got 80 Bushels of Wheat out of one Acre, Cotton was also plentiful and brings a good income, but Grapes do the best. In one year, you can harvest for about \$1,000.00. We plant Gutige, and tobacco and many other things and this way our life is more easy and without worry. We don't have to mortgage and pay interest as it is in Switzerland. I am free of this worry here too, of course this is not the main reason we are here. If not now, but sometimes you will understand and maybe be convinced that what we have chosen is right.

My mother is also well and happy. She too has land and Cattle. My father has died. Katherina is married and lives in Salt Lake City. She is happy and so are my Sisters.

Since my immigration to this country, I have never heard from any of you again, and I wonder how all of you are. I am kind of worried about all of you and this is the fourth time I am writing. Should you, my cousin or Brother-in-law or Sister-in-law not want to write, would you please find someone in our Family who would, for I would like to know how my Relatives are, also the Munges in Holzli; Please tell them to write to me, I wish so much to hear from you. All those that were my good friends over there will always have a warm place in my heart. I would also like my Music-Friends to know how I am, so many times I wish they were here with me, we here love the Music, it brings happiness and gaiety in our midst, for all innocent happiness is allowed. Brigham wishes that we should, at all times, be happy and rejoice and be kind with each other. We would like to organize a Brass Band and we do not have enough Instruments and Music-Sheets. Would you be so kind and ask my friend Schur to please copy the Music we played so often together and to send them to me by the next opportunity, for I believe some of the Folks from around there will come here this year. Should any of these coming people be willing to pay for the Music and bring it, I will be more than happy to pay them back. You see, I cannot send Gold-dollars and paper money has only the half value.

My children are going now in the English School. George came just now home and asked me, "Father, to whom are you writing?" and I told him; "To your Godfather" and he said, "Please Father ask him if he would like to send me a Trumpet, I would gladly pay for it, if he would bring it himself even." He would be overjoyed to have one. My thoughts are so often with you and many a time I wish all of you were with me, but I believe all will be just wishing...Well...As God wills it. This letter is not only for you but for all of my friends to read. Oh! Loved ones, please try to help me to get the Music sheets, I will be grateful in all Eternity. I would like the sheets in six voices. (1 Trumpet, Piano, 1 3rd. Trumpet, 1 Oldhorn, 1 Bass-Trumpet, and whole Leombarton) I beg you see to it that some one get them for us. The Music Instruments are far better from Europe than America. It would make me more happy than you could ever guess.

I hope that this writing comes as good to you as it leaves me and I pray that the All-Highest will bless you, it is my Prayer. It is not

possible for me to name all that would like to send greetings, I would not have enough room on this paper.

Also, thousand warm greetings to all
and maybe a happy reunion sometime.

All of you, I wish to live happy.

Your loving...

George Staheli

I like you to know that you should not have any doubt on this writing.
It was not dictated to me, or I would not have so many mistakes in it.
Every one can write as he wishes.

My address is:

George Staheli

Santa Clara, Washington County

State of Utah

America



GEORGE STAHeli HOME

This was the home of George Staheli. It was across the street from the Santa Clara Mercantile. George was the band leader. His son, George Staheli, Jr. and Emma Barbara Graf (Fordham) owned it next, followed by Rulon and Grace Stucki. It was torn down after Grace and Rulon built their new home in the 1930's. The Staheli's are most well known for the Staheli Band and for bringing much joy to the area through their music.

Santa Clara den 26. Januar 1868

Liebe theure Verwandte & Bekannte;

Noch einmal ergreife ich die Feder um mein Befinden Euch mitzutheilen. Gott sei Dank, dass Ich gesund und glücklich bin, ist nun mein erstes und wir freuen uns hier zu leben, denn was wir dort glaubten, sind wir hier zum Schauen gelangen, ich gebe Euch nochmal mein Zeugnis, dass alles was unsere Religion umfasst, ewige Wahrheit ist und dass wir nicht betrogen sind, diejenigen die im zeitlichen und irdigen hier sind. Nicht, dass wir alles nach Wunsch haben, oder dass wir nicht mehr leiden, denn so lange wir von dieser irdischen Hülle umgeben sind, so sind wir noch nicht im vollkommenen unterworfen, aber wir sehen doch dass wir das rechte ergreifen haben und was von Joseph Schmid voraus gesagt wurde ist schon vieles in Erfüllung gegangen und wird noch gehen, welches Ihr noch alle erfahren werdet, nur schade, dass Ihr zuerst fühlen wollt, bevor Ihr glaubt; -- Ich will Euch nun über denismus nicht vieles schreiben, Ihr habt dort Gelegenheit bekommen zu erfahren, Ich gebe Euch nun ein Zeugnis und im Namen Gottes und seines Sohnes, dass reiner Mormonismus die Wahrheit ist. Ich sage nicht, dass alle Mormonen gut seien, sonst könnten nicht solche Lügenbriefe nach allen Gegenden geschickt werden, aber die Wahrheit ist bis hinunter als Lügen und Betrügen betrachtet worden. Mormonen gibt es viele bodenschlechte, aber es heisst ja in der heiligen Schrift: Das Himmelreich gleicht einem Fischernetze, es werden alle gattungen Fische gefangen darin, aber hernach werden die guten von den bösen abgetrennt. Ich gebe Euch, allen denen, welchen etwas an Ihren Seelenheil gelegen ist, den Rath Gottes innig zu bitten um einen klaren Begriff um in allem Erkenntniss zu gelangen, das wären so ungefähr meine Wünsche.

Ich will Euch nun etwas kurzes schreiben über unser Oekonomisches (our Economy). Ich bin, Gott sei Dank, gesund und glücklich, sowie meine Frau welche aus dem Canton Zurich von Affoltern ist und meine six Kinder, ich zweifle nicht dass Ihr die Todesnachricht meiner lieben Sophie und dem kleinsten Kinde in der Schweiz nicht vernommen habt, welcher Verlust mir wehe that, doch die Hoffnung ist mir ein süsser Trost, ein baldiges Wiedersehen. Ich habe nun wieder eine gute Hausfrau (Chefrau) welche für das wohl für mich, wie meiner Kinder mütterlich besorgt ist.

Ein wenig von mein Ackerbau: Ich habe jetzt 4 Kühe, ein Kalb ein Jahr alt, ein Ochse, 2 zweijährige Kinder, ein Wagen, ein Haus, 10 Guchart (acres) Pflanzland. Futter pflanzt man nicht für alles Vieh welches man nicht braucht, es wird in die Berge getrieben. Habe auch ein 2 centner (200) schweres Schwein für mich getödtet und habe auch 7 centner (100) Lb. Ochsenfleisch für meine Familie. Auf dem Felde pflanze ich dieses Jahr 6 acre Baumwolle (cotton) 1 Guchart (was ist that?) Zuckerrohr, sorgum, ein Acker Reben und das übrige mit Weizen, auch kann man in gleichen Jahr noch schönes Mais (corn) pflanzen welches noch gut reif wird, dann pflanzen wir auch Erbsen, Bohnen, Rüben jeglicher art, Melonen, eine herrliche Frucht, haben denselben von Juli anfangs bis in den Winter. Der Wein wird hier so gut wie in der Schweiz weitaus. Man findet in guter Qualität, die Trauben werden im August schon zuckersüss. Pfirsiche (Peaches) wachsen in ungeheurer Menge, ich hatte, als wir hier ankamen, Pfirsichsteine gesetzt, wovon ich schon dieses Jahr viele viertel ernten kann, es ist auf unserm Platze auf 3 acre Land 5000 Bester (bush?) geerntet worden.

Wir sind in unserm Dorfe etwa 25 Schweitzer-Familien und haben auch Sings-Verein, wir leben so frei und glücklich hier, während rings um uns her ganze Nationen durch Krieg zugrunde gehen. Da sind wir hier gleichsam wie ein Schiff von tobanet Wasser in den Hafen der Sicherheit gebracht wird und viele tausende aus der Furcht des Todes sind in Sicherheit. Die Schutz um dem Schwerte des Krieges zu entgehen. Ich habe in der Zeit schon den resident Brigham für Schutz bei sich zu haben welcher es gerne gestattete. Er ist ein guter Landes-Vater und ein Mann der die Leute einredet, hat viele Frauen an uns Schweitzern und befragt sie, was sie sagen. Er sagt den besten Dingen in Staate Utah von uns Schweitzern. Ich bin in der Zeit an der Landstrasse von den Staaten America und Kalifornien in der Mittel von der Salaspedstadt (S.L.C.) nach Kalifornien.

haben, wenn ich mein Theil von der Schweiz (wobei meins die Schweiz) und dort verwerthen könnte, würde ich der reichste Mann in der Gegend sein, aber Brigham sagt, ihr sollt Vorräte von Lebensmitteln sammeln und dann werdet ihr es später sehen, was zu tun sei, jedoch lässt er euch in euren freien Willen, jeder ist ungezwungen zu tun was er will. Die größte Schwierigkeit in der Welt herrscht in den Gesetzen Amerikas, unter welchen man leben muss, die Gesetze sind so streng, wie sie sein müssen, es sind wirklich gute Gesetze, aber sie sind so unglückselig, wie gegenwärtig ist, so ist es nicht mehr möglich, sie zu umgehen und Handelsgründe sind genug vorhanden.

Die Goldgrube von uns nach Kalifornien entdeckt worden wo wir jetzt in wenigen Tagen dort sind auf dem Koloradostrom. Indianer hat es in Streifen hier, sie besuchen uns alle Tage, wir haben uns nichts vor ihnen zu fürchten, denn wenn sie Dürfnisse gemacht haben so sind sie gewisser als die Völker der civilisierten Völker.

Der Boden ist hier sehr ergiebig, das letzte Jahr auf einem Acker über 80 Sester Weizen geerntet, die Baumwolle ist auch ein grosser Ertrag und besonders jetzt denn sie ist sehr reich, doch ist die Reife das ertragreichste, man kann in einem Jahr für mehr als 1000 Thaler einsammeln. Wir pflanzen auch Gudsge (I can not imagine what that means) und Tabak und vieles andere so dass wir diese Lebensmittel sehr reichlich bekommen können. Ich lebe jedoch viel sorgloser hier als in der Schweiz, muss keine Schulden verzinsen und habe ein unabhängiges Leben, welches jedoch nicht die Hauptsache ist warum wir hier sind, welche Euch, wenn Ihr es jetzt noch nicht begreifen könnt, doch noch einmal überzeugen wird.

Meine Mutter ist auch noch ziemlich wohl, hat auch Land und Vieh, der Vater ist auch gestorben. Katharina ist weit der Salzstadt verheirathet und ist glücklich, ich meine Schwestern sind das gleiche.

Seit ich ausgesandert bin von Euch, habe ich nichts mehr von Euch vernommen, das ist mir sehr leid, wie Ihr Euch alle befindet, die Neugierde zu wissen wie es Euch geht treibt mich noch einmal an Euch zu schreiben, zudem es jetzt schon das vierte Mal ist und ich noch keine Antwort erhalten habe. Wenn Ihr lieber Vetter oder Schwager oder Schwägerin nicht die Ehre nehmen wollt, so bitte ich Euch jemand anderen zu bitten der mir schreibt wie es mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden steht, gebt dieses schreiben auch meinem Schwager und Munges im Holzli, welches auch Ihren gelten soll, wenn Ihr könnt.

Ich ersuche Ich die Lebenden von Ihnen zu geben und mir zu schreiben. Alle die es gut mit mir meinten bleiben mir in ewigem Andenken, auch ersuche ich meinen Musikfreunden mein Befinden mitzutheilen, die ich so manchmal hier wünschen. Jedem die Musik und alles was das Leben reizt und erheitert auch bei uns sehr zu Hause ist, denn alle unschuldigen Freuden sind erlaubt zu geniessen. Brigham wünscht dass wir nicht kopfschüttelnd, müde und abgerichtet sein sollen, sondern aufgeklärt, gebildet und frohlich. Ich will nun eine Blechmusik organisieren wollen, so sind wir nun verlegen mit den Musikstücken, (Noten), ersuche Euch daher von meinem Freunde Schür die Musikstücke welche wir miteinander spielten, dass Er sie mir möchte schreiben und dann durch die beste Gelegenheit zu übergeben, ich danke es vielen Malen. Ich will Euch aus der Gegend auswandern zu uns. Wenn Ihr die Erlaubung von einem Auswanderer erhalten könnt, würde es mich sehr freuen, denn es ist schwer die Erlaubung von hier aus nach der Schweiz zu senden, Gold kann man nicht gut und die Banknoten haben hier die Hälfte Werth verloren und in einem fremden Lande werden sie wahrscheinlich gar keinen Werth mehr haben. Ich würde es denselben schon bezahlen, wenn er es bringt. Meine Kinder gehen jetzt in die englische Schule. Soeben ist mein Knabe Georg aus der Schule gekommen und sagte, "Vater, du hast geschrieben, du, "Ich sagte, "An Deinen Vetter (Godfather) und sofort sagte er zu mir, schreibe ihm doch, dass Er mir eine Trompete schicken soll, Er will sie ganz bezahlen bei dem nächsten Besuch oder du könntest das Geld selber holen, es würde mich sehr freuen.

Ich bin nun sehr froh mit meinen Kindern bei Euch zu sein, öfters bei Euch zu sein, viel mehr aber Euch bei mir zu haben, aber ich gedenke, es wird lieber nur beim Wunschen bleiben, der Wille Gottes geschehe. Dieses schreiben sollt ihr an alle meine Freunde gelten, Es würde mich freuen, von einem jeden eine Antwort zu erhalten. Geliebte, entsag nicht meinen Ansuchen wegen den Musikstücken und brauchet nicht in irgend einem Andenken bleiben. Musikfreunde, dass sie es mir sehr lieblich schreiben könnten, 1 Trompete, und Flügel, eine 3te Trompete Althorn, eine Trompete und große Leuchtbarten. Ich bitte Er sich auch um das Geld zu kümmern.

den die schöneren als die Amerikaner, es würde mich herzlich freuen. Ich hoffe, dass diese Zeilen Euch so gut antreffen wie sie mich verliessen und dass der Segen der Allerhöchsten Euch begleite, ist mein Gebet zu Ihm. Ich kann die Namen nicht alle auflisten, die ich und die meinigen alle vielfach grüssen, es wäre nicht mehr ge-
raum auf diesem papier.

Also, tausend warme Grösse an Euch. Alle
Auf vielleicht ein fröhliches Niederschreiben.

Lebt Alle recht wohl; Euer Euch Liebender
Georg Standeli

Ich habe noch zu melden dass Ihr doch nicht zweifelt an dieser Schreibweise, die
mir diktirt worden sei, es wäre dann hoffentlich weniger fehlerhaft ausgefallen
als es wirklich ist, niemand schaut mehr nach, als ich hier schreiben lasse. Ich
Verzeiht meinem ungeübten Schreiben.

Meine Adresse ist folgendermassen:
An Herrn Standeli

The "Staheli Band," led by George Staheli were present when Brigham Young lifted the first shovel of soil in commencement of building the St. George Temple.

When the building of the Temple got underway, George was called to work at the rock quarry on the black ridge and John and young George were among those who hauled the rock. Thus they witnessed the progress and final completion of the Temple, from the dedication of the ground, the laying of the cornerstone to the final dedication.

The Staheli Band were stationed on top of the Temple to play during the several programs. This was a memorable event. Among the band members who played for these dedicatory services were George Staheli Sr., Jacob Tobler, Henry Coon Sr., Harmon & Jacob Basset, Bastian Stausser, Charlie Hildebrand, Brother Hafen, George Jr., and John Staheli. (From John Staheli History)





Wilhelmina

Jakob Staheli
8 Nov. 1850
13 March 1851



Elizabeth



George Jr.



Mary



John

Sophie Staheli
15 Jan. 1859
28 May 1859

Sophie Staheli
7 June 1860
1861 (at Sea)



Barbara

HUSBAND Johann George Staheli
 Birth 6 February 1825
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Chr. _____
 Married 17 July 1849
 Place _____
 Death 23 April 1881
 Burial Santa Clara, Utah
 Father Johannes Staheli
 Mother* Elizabeth Thalman
 Other Wives (if any) (2) Barbara Blizgenstorfer (3) Rosena Reber



No
 Picture
 Available

WIFE Sophia Barbara Haberli
 Birth 25 April 1826
 Place Illighausen, Switzerland
 Chr. _____
 Death 3 June 1862
 Burial Santa Clara, Utah
 Father Johannes Haberli
 Mother* Anna Barbara Haberli
 Other Hus (if any) _____
 Where was information obtained? _____

*List complete maiden name for all females.



1st Child Wilhelmina Staheli
 Birth 2 December 1849 - D. 2 December 1915
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Married to Charles Hildebrand
 Married 1867
 Place Santa Clara, Utah



6th Child John (Johannes) Staheli
 Birth 25 May 1857 - D. 25 December 1942
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Married to Barbara Tobler
 Married 18 January 1882
 Place St. George, Utah

No Picture Available

2nd Child Jakob Staheli
 Birth 1850 - Died in infancy
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____

No Picture Available

7th Child Sophia Staheli
 Birth 1859 - Died in infancy
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____



3rd Child Elizabeth Staheli
 Birth 25 December 1851 - D. 10 December 1939
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Married to Francis Clemons Walker
 Married 18 April 1870
 Place St. George, Utah

No Picture Available

8th Child Sophia Staheli
 Birth 1859 - Died in 1861 on the ocean
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Married to _____
 Married _____
 Place _____



4th Child George Staheli
 Birth 23 May 1854 - D. 30 December 1934
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Married to Emma Barbara Graf
 Married 27 December 1897
 Place St. George, Utah



9th Child Barbara Staheli
 Birth 25 December 1861 - D. 6 November 1941
 Place Santa Clara, Washington County, Utah
 Married to John Henry Graf
 Married 15 October 1884
 Place Santa Clara, Utah



5th Child Mary Staheli
 Birth 1 October 1855 - D. 8 December 1936
 Place Amriswil, Thurgau, Switzerland
 Married to Henry Olson
 Married 1874
 Place Santa Clara, Utah

10th Child _____

Birth _____
 Place _____
 Married to _____
 Married _____



Wilhemina



Mary

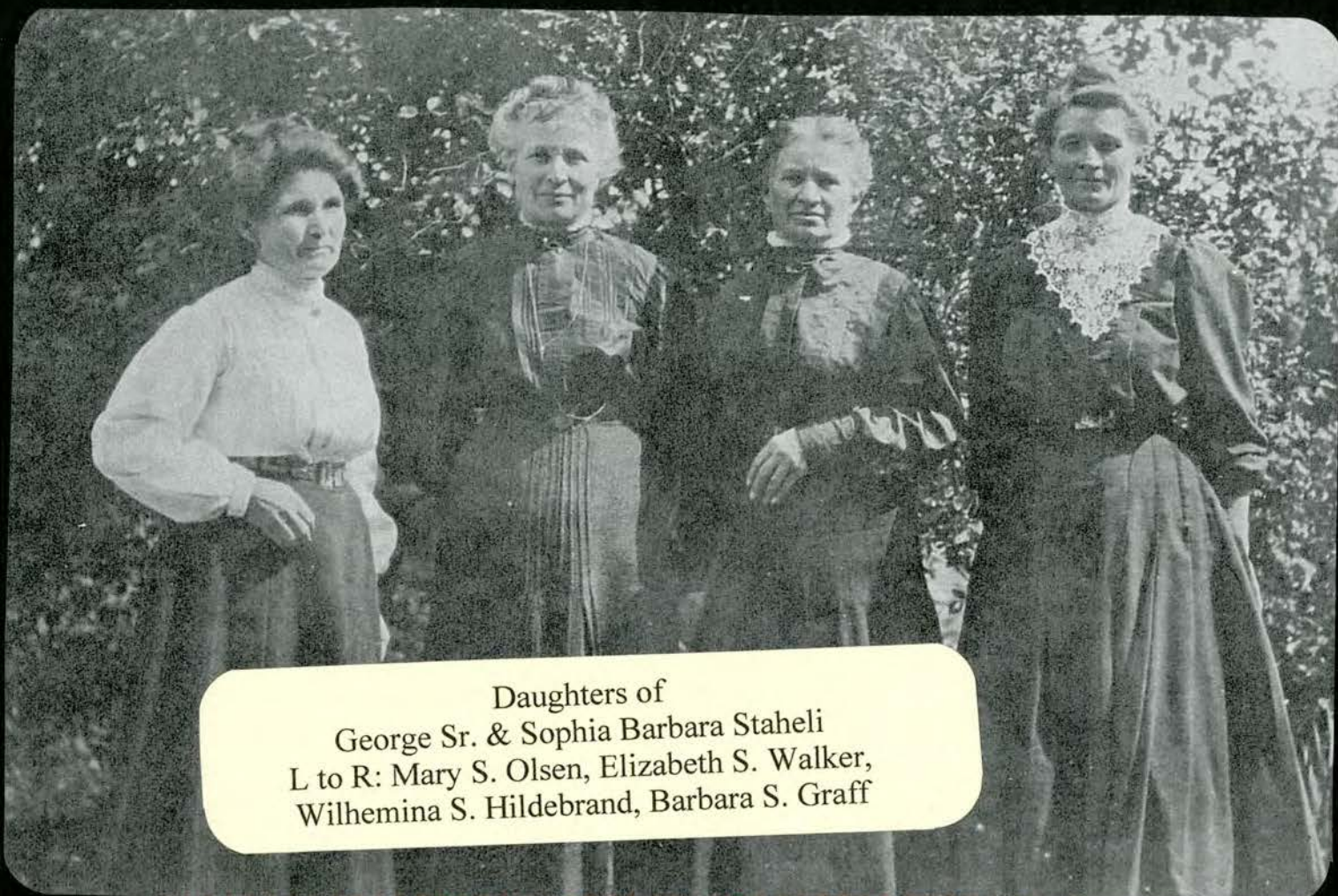
Children of John George Staheli, Leader of the Famous Staheli Band

Left to Right:

Back row: Rosina (Reber), Franklin Staheli, Barbara Staheli Graf Stucki

Front row: Johannes (John) Staheli, Elizabeth Staheli (Walker), George Staheli

The mother of Rosina and Frank was Rosina Reber Staheli, 3rd wife of John George Staheli. Barbara, John, Elizabeth, George, Mary & Wilhemina were the children of the first wife, Sophia Barbara Haberli Staheli, who died July 3, 1862, soon after Barbara was born on December 25, 1861. This lady was buried in the lot afterwards belonging to Bishop Edward R. Frei, Sr. and now as 2964 West, Santa Clara Drive. At that time no cemetery had been laid out.



Daughters of
George Sr. & Sophia Barbara Staheli
L to R: Mary S. Olsen, Elizabeth S. Walker,
Wilhemina S. Hildebrand, Barbara S. Graff



Sohie Barbara
Haberli Staheli

1st wife of George Sr.

Mother of:

Wilhelmina, Elizabeth, George Jr.,
Mary, John, & Barbara

(no picture available)



J. Paul Galtieri © 1972