

FOURTEEN



SAMUEL STUCKI & ANNA MARY REBER

Samuel Stucki

Dictated by Esther Stucki Gubler (daughter) to Nellie M. Gubler

My father, Samuel Stucki, was born January 18 1824 in Signau, Bern, Switzerland. His first wife was Magdalena Stettler and to them were born eight children, six in Switzerland and two in Santa Clara, Utah. Two born in Switzerland and two in America died in infancy.

Father was mainly a turner and farmer, but had many kinds of tools so that he could do almost any kind of work. He repaired wagons for other people and was a good carpenter and also a cooper (barrel maker).

He and his family lived in a small home on a mountain slope surrounded by a small farm consisting of some hay land and a little garden. They raised grain for bread, hay to feed a cow, what potatoes they needed, and timber to furnish them with wood. They also raised flax and hemp and in the long winter evenings, his wife would spin these and make cloth. While she was doing

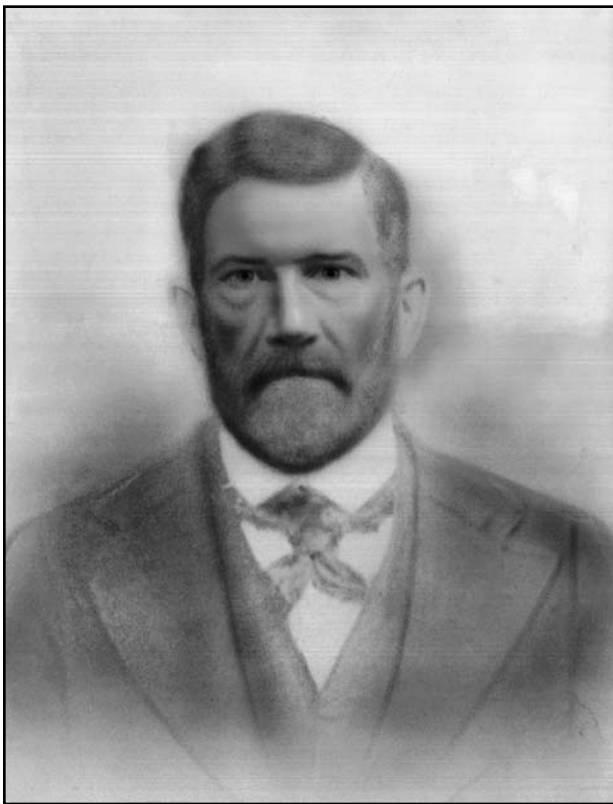
this, father would spend his time making spinning wheels, sythe-snaths, hay rakes and forks. When the right season came, he would take a cartload to market. The fact is, they raised or made nearly everything they needed for their use.

They were very religious and taught their children to be, so that when they heard the gospel of the Latter-day Saints; it was not hard for them to understand it.

As soon as they accepted the gospel, their neighbors and friends turned against them and they with four children immigrated to Utah in 1860, coming by team and wagon to Bern, thence on the first railroad in Switzerland to the North Sea. There they were hurried down a stepladder into a tightly enclosed box-ship covered on the bottom with straw. The sea being very rough, they did not have a very pleasant journey and were glad when they saw land again at Liverpool, England. From here they spent several weeks (May 11 to June 16) coming to America on a large ship, the William Tapacott, and landed safely at New York Harbor.

There, with other L.D.S. people, they boarded the train for Florence, Nebraska where they had to stop and set to work making handcarts, as there were not enough wagons for all to travel westward in. Father helped build thirty-three handcarts at Florence. Because of lack of space in the handcarts, the two large boxes, (or trunks) which Father had made and filled with new bedding and clothing back home had to be left by the roadside. Not being able to speak English, they could not find a sale for it.

On July 6, 1860, they started for Utah (Oscar O. Stoddard was the captain), and after having many interesting and trying experiences, reached the top of Emigration Canyon overlooking Salt Lake City in the middle of September 1860. The trip having taken nine weeks.



Samuel Stucki - Cardboard Sketch

After two or three days' rest with a good family, they were given a little house near the River Jordan, three miles from town. Here they stayed all winter, and though poor, did not want for food or shelter.

In the fall of 1861, father and his family were called to go with the Swiss Company, consisting of eighty-five persons, to settle in Southern Utah and raise grapes and cotton. The few who had teams used them, but for those who didn't, church teams were provided and relayed them at various stations along the way. Father's family was in the latter class. They arrived at Santa Clara Fort and Mission on the 26 November 1861, and here they were provided what shelter they could until a new town site could be laid out.

On New Year's Day in 1862 what has always been known as the "Big Flood" came down the creek and washed away the fort, Jacob Hamblin's gristmill, farms and orchards, canals, ditches, and most everything that these Indian Missionaries had spent years in accumulating, so that a new start had to be made. The new town was built down around the bend where Santa Clara is today.

Using a borrowed shovel, for father had no garden tools, nor machinery of any kind, he spaded a garden plot and planted the seeds they had carefully carried from Switzerland. He also made a dugout for his family. It was about six feet deep, twelve feet square, with a slanting room. Crevices between the roof poles were filled with small compact bundles of rushes held in place by a weaving of young willows. About a six-inch layer of dirt, which had been excavated from the cellar, was then put on the roof. There were no windows. The front and only door had one small pane of glass to light up the cool, cozy room within.

Beds were made by driving corner posts into the dirt floor. Black willow poles, split, were nailed close together to serve as slats on the bed and fresh straw was used for mattresses. Comfortable pillows were made from the fluff of the cattails, which were gathered from the sloughs along the creek. To save space in this little room of all-purposes, an improvised table was made by laying a large plank on top of the posts of one of the beds. Two benches

made of boards, a shelf-cupboard, and a small sheet iron stove with two holes and a small oven completed the furnishings. All in all, the little primitive shelter was quite comfortable, for it was pleasantly cool in the summer heat and warm in the winter months when light snow fell, rain drizzled, or ice coated the water ditches. For three years, this dugout served as home. Food was very scarce and the family did everything they could to make a living. In the springtime, they lived on pigweeds until John S. (the oldest child) said he felt like he could not eat another pigweed and live. As time went on, they built an adobe house on the south side of the road at 2nd East where Christian Stucki lives today, and food became more plentiful.

Later Father married Barbara Nussli as a second wife, but she soon died.

(Material for this history so far has mostly been gathered from Family History Journal by John S. Stucki, and Recollections of a Handcart Pioneer of 1860 by Mary Ann Hafen.)

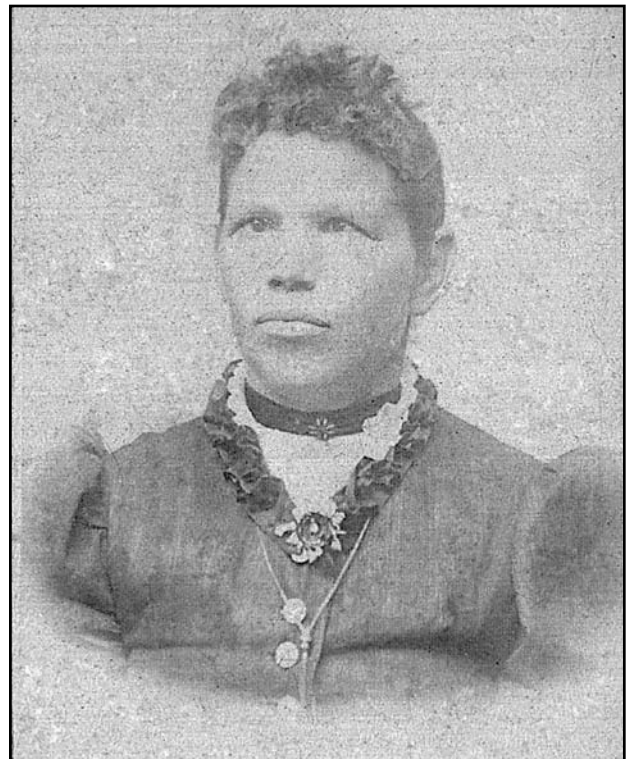
On 27 July 1881, Father married his third wife, Anna Mary Reber (born in Bern, Bern County, Switzerland) in the St. George Temple and to them were born two daughters, Mary Elizabeth and Esther (myself). Mary was four years older than I was. Father was fifty-seven years old at the time of this marriage and so was an old man of sixty-two years when I was born.

I do not remember much about him when he had perfect vision because he began going blind about the time I was born and continued to get worse until he was totally blind, but I remember well when he could tell light from darkness. We did not know what was causing his blindness, but now as I look back and remember a kind of scum or tissue growing over his eyes, I think it must have been cataracts which now days can be cured, or removed.

At one time there was a man who stopped in our town for some time who professed to be a doctor and he said he

could cure father. So mother paid him five dollars, which seemed to us an enormous sum, to give him the treatment. This quack doctor came up and poured some medicine into father's eyes, which caused terrible pain and father screamed loudly, and after this, all was dark.

Blindness would not have been so bad for a lazy man but to father who had always been active, it was very inconvenient. However, he did not give up and kept on with many of his activities.



Anna Mary Reber

Although he lost his sight, he never lost his faith. He prayed both night and morning and taught us girls to pray, calling on us to take our turns in family prayers. He lived the Word of Wisdom and went to church regularly. I remember taking him by the hand and leading him to meetings. I often used to wonder why such a good man had to have this misfortune.

After this third marriage, his first wife never lived with him again and he built an adobe house where the Edmund Gubler

house now stands on the north side of the highway on 2nd West Street. He however, visited with his first wife often, even after his blindness, I remember leading him downtown for a visit.

This new house was plastered white and had long porches on both the east and south sides with an upper deck or porch above. The porch, posts, and railings were painted green.



Dresser made by Samuel Stucki

Father, being a carpenter and owning many tools, made many conveniences for the home in the way of furniture, wardrobes, and closets, so we enjoyed many things that other people did not have. However, after his blindness, the furniture had to be left in the same place all the time so he wouldn't stumble over it.

Two roads went past the house to the corrals. The one on the east was covered with a shed and served as a shop and also for a storage place for tools, wagon and farm implements.

We owned a garden lot across the road just south of this house and father used to arise at 4:00 a.m. to work in the garden before going to his other work. Even after

he became blind he still continued to try to garden but we womenfolk had to do the main part of it. There was a large ditch with a footbridge across it between the road and the lot and he took his cane in hand and felt his way across the ditch and into the garden. We had four stands of bees at the lower end of the garden and he would take the tops off the hives and feel in to see how the honey was coming and then when the honey was ready, he put on his bee cap and took it out. The bees never seemed to mind him and I don't ever remember him getting stung. When Father worked for others he accepted whatever people could pay him, taking anything he could use.

We always kept a cow and a pig in our corrals northwest of the house. The clothesline was fastened from a corner of the porch to a corner of the shed, and after he became blind he'd take hold of this line and follow it to the corral when he fed and milked the cow. The cow seemed to sense that he was blind and when she saw him coming, would always turn her head to the side so that if he ran into her, he'd always hit her neck instead of her horns. To me as a little girl, she always seemed to be a really smart cow.

Father learned to know every fence post and seemed to see with his fingers. Throughout the growing season he would take his sickle and proceed to the lot at the south where he sickled lucerne (hay) from along the fence and around the beehives where others would have left it. He tied this lucerne (hay) into bundles and then carried it to the cow.

He also continued to saw his own firewood. He had a rack he had made to lay the logs on. It consisted of two sawhorses made by crossing two logs at each end, which formed a "V" shaped space at the top into which a log fit very nicely. After he had the wood sawed, the womenfolk split the pieces, which were too large to burn otherwise.

We also owned a field about a mile out the lane to the east of town. This was the piece on the south side of the highway, which now belongs to Henry Graff. In this field, we had a peach orchard and here we dried many tons of peaches throughout the years; cutting and drying most of them on scaffolds right in the field. I well remember Father and Mother carrying wide boards from home to the field to make scaffolds. Each took an end of the board and Mother led the way. This was the only means of transportation we had since Father was forced to sell his span of mules as he became blind because they were so treacherous and would run away. Father and mother sat for hours cutting the peaches while we girls spread them out to dry. Sometimes my parents would hire the Indians to help them.

In the evenings at home, they would peel peaches and apples and we would spread them out to dry. It seemed to me as a young girl that after we had been working in the field all day we shouldn't continue on with this drying process at home; but they said it must be done as that was the main part of making a living, other than when Mother worked for others. We would sell the dried peaches wherever we could.

At one time, Father, after he was blind, got up on the east roof on the house to sweep it clean so we could dry our peeled peaches there. The lower section of roof was a few feet shorter at one end than the upper section. Father misjudged the distance and so stepped off the upper section just above the short end and fell on the wagon tongue, shaking him up quite badly and frightening us very much.

In the wintertime, Father made the baskets for our peaches. He gathered white willows from along the creek bed, and wove them into round, durable baskets with handles on the sides. He made the rims extra thick so they would last longer. He also made a cider press consisting of two rollers, which when turned, pressed the juice from the apples. We gathered up the

apples, which we could not dry and used them for this purpose. We used what cider we needed for our own use, and sold or traded the rest for other things we needed. My Father made the barrels the cider was kept in.



Anna Mary Reber

It was mainly up to my mother to provide for the family the things we did not have at home. When I got a little older so that I could remain at home and care for Father, Mother and Mary picked cotton for others at Bunkerville, Nevada and accepted cotton as pay. This they took to the Washington Cotton Factory where it was made into cloth for our clothing.

Mother also made our hats out of straw. She braided the straw and shaped the crowns over molds, which had been made for that purpose. The hats were trimmed with colored straw or ribbons and really looked quite fancy when they were finished.

Having our own milk, butter, honey, eggs, pork, fruit and vegetables helped out with the food situation a lot so we were very lucky.

During Father's last year of life, he lost his memory and at times really became vicious. He would rant for a day and a night, breaking up furniture and otherwise causing destruction. Then he would sleep for the same period of time. When he went to sleep, he always wanted Mother right there by his side and got angry if she was not there. He got so bad that the womenfolk could not handle him any longer so we had to call upon John S. Stucki's boys to come and take care of him. As I stated before, John S. was his oldest son by his first marriage.

Toward the end of life he contracted dropsy, which caused his death at Santa Clara, Utah 6 March 1910. He was 86 years of age and was buried in the city cemetery.

Addition By Mary Elizabeth Stucki Tobler

The first of this story (history) was written by my sister, Esther Gubler. This is now March 8, 1961 and I am now the only one of all Father's children still living. I am 78 years old, and I felt like I would like to add a little to this history.

As Esther stated, she was four years younger than I, so I was the one that was always at Father's side whatever he was doing. Seemed like we were always fixing fences and gates and I had to be right side of him to hand all his tools as he needed them. As long as I was home, it was me he wanted with him. Mother was busy making the living, and Esther was too young.

I got married real young, just 17, so then it was Esther who had to do it. As long as I was home, I split all the wood that Father sawed, then he would rick it in nice rows to dry for the next winter's use, because it was green cottonwood and had to dry before we could use it. I remember well when Father

fell off the roof. Before that he could see a little bit, but after the fall, he was entirely blind for I don't know how long — anyway 20 years and maybe more.

It was a lonely life for him when he got really old and couldn't work any more. He would sit by the hour out on the porch on a big sawed off log and he would thump his cane on the porch all day. He was so tickled when someone came along and talked to him. Although his first wife never lived with him any more after he married Mother, she was always good to us two girls and always had cookies or an apple or something to give us when we went to her place. John S and Chris and Rosa and Mary Ann were such good brothers and sisters to us. Sister Mary Ann asked Mother and I to come stay with her and pick cotton for people to get our clothes. All the dresses I ever had until I was 16 were made from the coarse cloth the Washington factory made with the cotton we picked.

We also took patches of grain to sickle. That was very tiresome. We would also go weed grain, as the people didn't want the weed seeds in their grain. That was also a hot and tiresome job. We would also go glean wheat that the binders would drop. One summer I gleaned enough to buy me a new dress when I sold the wheat.

I was married to John Henry Tobler when I was 17 years old on February 28, 1900 in the St. George Temple. We had eleven children. One died in infancy. We raised ten to adulthood — five boys and five girls.

I am very proud of my heritage and so thankful for such good parents that taught us to live the gospel. I am also thankful for our lovely family and the good husband I had. He passed away four years ago, 28 July 1956.

Insights about Samuel Stucki

By Mary Ann Stucki Hafen (Daughter)

(We learn more about Samuel Stucki from his daughter, Mary Ann Stucki Hafen. These excerpts are taken from her book, Recollections of a Handcart Pioneer of 1860.)

Our home was surrounded by rolling hills, covered with timber and an undergrowth of moss, shrubbery, and wild berries. Close by, we could see the high peaks of the Alps, always white with snow. Our house was a comfortable two-story building braced against a hill, with a stall for the cow near the house and a hayshed above it. Between the stall and the house was my father's workshop. Father was a carpenter, and his shop contained a turning machine with which he fashioned the legs and the carved parts of his furniture.



Family of Esther Stucki and Casper Ensign Gubler:
Front Row: Mae Gubler (Whitehead); Mother, Esther Stucki Gubler; Doreen; father, Casper Ensign Gubler; Blossom Gubler (Lyell); Back Row: Nina Gubler (Atkin); Florence Gubler (Hunter); Norman Gubler; Rena Gubler (Leavitt)

I remember our large kitchen with its pine floor scrubbed snowy white, and the big stone oven in the corner with its genial warmth. We children used to sit on the little stone bench attached to the oven, and to press our backs against the heavy slabs till

we felt their steady warmth creep through and through us. We would go out-of-doors with father when he fed the oven with bundles of twigs from the forest nearby; or watch him sweep out the ashes when mother was to bake her week's supply of bread.

Upstairs were the bedrooms. In cold weather we children used to cuddle between two feather beds. Outside of the house stood a large cherry tree which was very beautiful, especially in spring; and a giant linden tree which was loaded each May with snowy blossoms. I have walked through many orchards since, but those linden flowers of my childhood days seem to be more fragrant than any others I have ever smelled. People said the blossoms might be used for medicine, but so far as I know, their greatest value was the delight they gave us children.

My father owned a small farm consisting of hay land and a little garden. Often in the cool of the morning I followed him thru the dewy grass to the foot of the lot where he mowed the fresh, sweet mountain hay with his long bright scythe. I remember dropping potatoes on the hillside and carrying off rocks from the land. During the summer, we children had such fun gathering wild berries in our baskets. We used to eat them in our bread and milk, and mother often made jam and jelly from them.

Every Sunday mother would dress us in our Sunday clothes to go to church, as we belonged to the Christian Church. One day my Uncle John Reber, who had married my father's sister, came to see us. He was a young man then, about twenty I guess. I remember watching him as he came through the lot, leaning heavily on two crutches, his hands warped and misshapen with rheumatism, and a great hump on his back.

He told us that he had been to a Mormon meeting and that he believed they taught the true gospel of Christ. He told how a short time before, he had had a strange

dream. He thought he saw a clear stream of water falling from a clear sky. Then he was impressed that if he could drink from that stream, he would know if their gospel was the true Church of Christ. Just then the stream moved toward him and he drank until he was satisfied. When the Elders (missionaries) came to his home he was convinced that this was the stream he had dreamed of.

Soon after this the Elders called at our home. They talked to my parents for a while and then asked us to join them in prayer. I still remember the sweet influence which I felt during this prayer, though I was only a child. My brother John said he felt the same. He often stated that he even felt blessed when they laid their hats on his bed.



5 Generation Photograph. Back Row Mary Elizabeth Tobler, Lettie Tobler, Dorothy Whitney Hawkins, holding Kenneth Hawkins, Front Row: Anna Mary Reber Stuck Hunt

Father's mother had once foretold that men from the far West would come preaching the true gospel of Christ. She said she would not live to see them but that her children would and she wanted them to take them in and receive their teachings. Shortly after her death the first Mormon Elders came to our part of Switzerland.

I well remember the day my Uncle John Reber was baptized. He was the first to join the church in that section. It was mid-winter and the ice over the lake was more than a foot thick. He came down on his crutches to where they had picked through the ice. As he was helped into the water he handed his crutches to a friend who stood near. When he came out, he walked on without them, while icicles froze on all his clothes before he could get them changed. Never again in all his life did he use crutches. The hump disappeared entirely, and his hands became straight.

Soon after, my parents also joined the Church and made ready to go to Zion. Father tried to sell our property, but was unable to dispose of it, so he was forced to hire an auctioneer. In this way we received very little for our belongings. Mother took with us a large trunk of clothes, some blankets, a feather bed, and a bolt of linen to make up. Father took only his tool chest. This was early in the year 1860.

Just before we left, my Grandmother Stettler called and tried to persuade us not to go. She was afraid we would be drowned, and could see no reason why we should leave a comfortable home where my father could make a good living, and go far away to a strange land where we did not even know the language.

My father hired a neighbor to take us by horse team and wagon to the city of Bern. Here we stopped one day and night sight-seeing. Since it was my first experience in a city, I well remember looking in at the shop windows and at the beautiful dolls. How I cried for one! But of course I had no money,

and besides we had more than we could take already...

The next day we boarded the train. It took us down along the Rhine River until we crossed a beautiful bridge. Then we boarded a small steamboat, our first sailing on water... After sailing some distance, we landed in Holland. As we passed through the city of Rotterdam, I was delighted with the red brick houses. Never before had I seen a brick dwelling; our mountain cottage was of finely finished timber, weathered to a grayish brown.

On the shore of the North Sea, we boarded a small ship. We went down to a large room under the deck. The floor was covered with a thick layer of straw which came in handy as the sea was very rough. It tossed us about until nearly everyone was sick. I remember mother sitting on the floor with her back against the wall holding the baby and trying to brace herself.

After a day and a night's travel, we landed I suppose at Liverpool or thereabouts. As we walked toward the big sail ship awaiting us, we were warned by the Elders not to let any stranger carry our bags or children as some had been stolen and sold. I remember how frightened I was when a lady came to my mother and offered to help her with her baby. Here we were joined by a large company of emigrants from many countries. There must have been several hundred. As we went on board, we were each vaccinated.

When we set sail, Uncle John Stucki had to stay behind as he was sick with smallpox. For weeks we were on the Atlantic Ocean. As we children played around, sometimes we stood and watched the cooks kill chickens by wringing their necks. This seemed horrible to me. But after all I remember how good the chicken bones tasted that we picked up after the sailors had thrown them away.

I remember with pleasure the evening meetings where we enjoyed the sermons

of the Elders and listened to the Mormon hymns which I loved even as a child.

One afternoon while we were playing on the deck one of the sailors pointed out a mermaid. I looked but could see only what seemed to be a lady's head above the water. The sailors told how mermaids would come up to comb their hair and look into a mirror. They said it was a sure sign of storm.

Sure enough there arose a great storm next day. The waves came up like mountains and broke over the deck. We were all ordered under deck, and the water splashed on us as we went down the steps. All night the storm raged. Our ship tossed about like a barrel on a wild sea. Two large beams or masts broke off, and we were driven many miles back.

We were so frightened that we did not go to bed but stayed in a group about the Elders praying for safety. But though the captain cried out, "We are lost!" we did not give up hope. We had been promised a safe voyage. Next morning the sun came up bright and clear. We all gave thanks to God for our deliverance. The ship was repaired and we had pleasant sailing the rest of the way.

At last we saw the lights of New York City. How the people did shout and toss their hats in the air for joy! I remember best my first meal on shore because we were served with good light bread and sweet milk. After long weeks of zweiback, or hard tack, and dried pea soup, this was a happy change.

In New York, we boarded the train with a company from Switzerland, among them Samuel Wittwer and family. On our trip to the Missouri River, I remember that Brother Wittwer had an accordion and harmonica to help pass the time.

When we reached Florence, Nebraska, near present Omaha, we were forced to stop for a while because there were not teams enough to take us across the plains to Salt Lake City.

The men set to work making handcarts, and my father, being a carpenter, helped to make thirty-three of them. Ours was a small two-wheeled vehicle with two shafts and a cover to top. The carts were very much like those the street sweepers use in the cities today, excepts that ours were made entirely of wood without even an iron rim.

When we came to load up our belongings, we found that we had more than we could take. Mother was forced to leave behind her feather bed, the bolt of linen, two large trunks full of clothes, and some other valuable things which we needed so badly later. Father could take only his most necessary tools...

Our company was the tenth and last to cross the Plains in handcarts. We had crossed the ocean in the William Tapscott, leaving England on May 11th and reaching New York on June 16th. There were 731 Mormons on board this vessel, including 312 from Scandinavia and 85 from Switzerland. Not all of these were to go by handcart, however.

Our company was organized with Oscar O. Stoddard as captain. It contained 126 persons with twenty-two handcarts and three provision wagons drawn by oxen. We set out from Florence on July 6, 1860, for our thousand-mile trip. There were six to our cart. Father and mother pulled it; Rosie (two years old) and Christian (six months old) rode; John (nine) and I (six) walked. Sometimes, when it was down hill, they let me ride too.

The first night out the mosquitoes gave us a hearty welcome. Father had bought a cow to take along, so we could have milk on the way. At first he tied her to the back of the cart, but she would sometimes hang back, so he thought he would make a harness and have her pull the cart while he led her. By this time, mother's feet were so swollen that she could not wear shoes, but had to wrap her feet with cloth. Father thought that by having the cow pull the

cart mother might ride. This worked well for some time.

One day a group of Indians came riding up on horses. Their jingling trinkets, dragging poles and strange appearance frightened the cow and sent her chasing off with the cart and children. We were afraid that the children might be killed, but the cow fell into a deep gully and the cart turned upside down. Although the children were under the trunk and bedding, they were unhurt, but after that father did not hitch the cow to the cart again. He let three Danish boys take her to hitch to their cart. Then the Danish boys, each in turn, would help father pull our cart.

Of course we had many other difficulties. One was that it was hard for the carts to keep up with the three provision wagons drawn by oxen teams. Often the men pulling the carts would try to take shortcuts through the brush and sand in order to keep up.

After about three weeks, my mother's feet became better so she could wear her shoes again. She would get so discouraged and downhearted; but father never lost courage. He would always cheer her up by telling her that we were going to Zion, that the Lord would take care of us, and that better times were coming.

Even when it rained, the company did not stop traveling. A cover on the handcart shielded the two younger children. The rest of us found it more comfortable moving than standing still in the drizzle. In fording streams, the men often carried the children and weaker women across on their backs.

The company stopped over on Sundays for rest, and meetings were held for spiritual comfort and guidance. At night, when the handcarts were drawn up in a circle and the fires were lighted, the camp looked quite happy. Singing, music and speeches by the leaders cheered everyone. I remember that we stopped one night at an old Indian camp ground. There were many bright-colored beads in the ant hills.

At times we met or were passed by the overland stage coach with its passengers and mail bags and drawn by four fine horses. When the Pony Express dashed past, it seemed almost like the wind racing over the prairie.

Our provisions began to get low. One day a herd of buffalo ran past and the men of our company shot two of them. Such a feast as we had when they were dressed. Each family was given a piece of meat to take along. My brother John, who pushed at the back of our cart, used to tell how hungry he was all the time and how tired he got from pushing. He said he felt that if he could just sit down for a few minutes he would feel so much better. But instead, father would ask if he couldn't push a little harder. Mother was nursing the baby and could not help much, especially when the food ran short and she grew weak. When rations were reduced, father gave mother a part of his share of the food, so he was not so strong either.

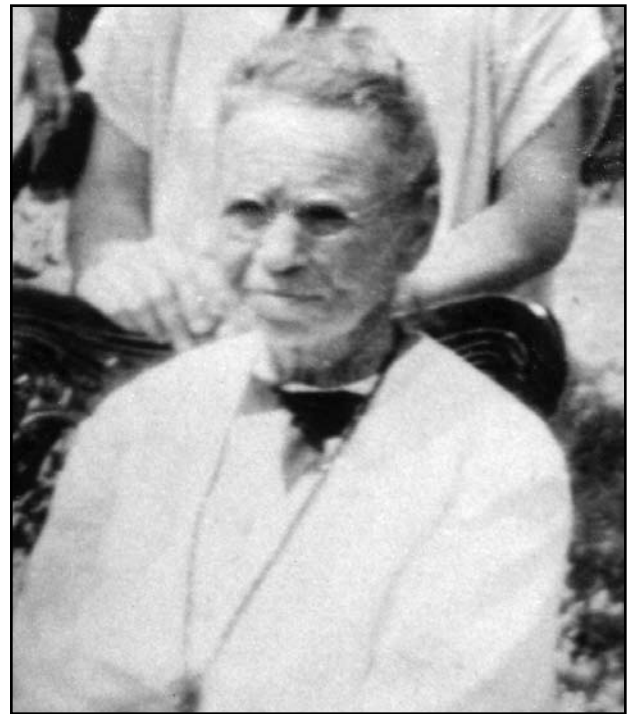
When we got that chunk of buffalo meat, father put it in the handcart. My brother John remembered that it was the fore part of the week and that father said we would save it for Sunday dinner. John said, "I was so very hungry and the meat smelled so good to me while pushing at the handcart that I could not resist. I had a little pocket knife and with it I cut off a piece or two each half day. Although I expected a severe whipping when father found it out, I cut off little pieces each day. I would chew them so long that they got white and perfectly tasteless. When father came to get the meat, he asked me if I had been cutting off some of it. I said 'Yes, I was so hungry I could not let it alone.' Instead of giving me a scolding or whipping, father turned away and wiped tears from his eyes."

Even when we were on short rations, if we met a band of Indians the Captain of our Company would give them some of the provisions so the Indians would let us go by in safety. Food finally became so low

that word was sent to Salt Lake City and in about two weeks fresh supplies arrived.

At last, when we reached the top of Emigration Canyon, overlooking Salt Lake, on that September day, 1860, the whole company stopped to look down through the valley. Some yelled and tossed their hats in the air. A shout of joy arose at the thought that our long trip was over, that we had at last reached Zion, the place of rest. We all gave thanks to God for helping us safely over the Plains and mountains to our destination.

When we arrived in the city we were welcomed by the people who came out carrying baskets of fruit and other kinds of good things to eat. Even though we could not understand their language, they made us feel that we were among friends.



Anna Mary Reber

We were invited home by a good family who kept us two or three days, until my parents were rested. Then we were given a little house near the river Jordan, three miles from town, and father was put to work on the public road. He was paid in produce,

mostly flour and potatoes, from the Tithing Office.

We stayed here all that winter and though we were poor we did not suffer for food and shelter. While we lived here my brother and I used to go fishing. One Sunday the bank on which John was standing caved off and he fell in. The river was deep and he could not swim. I ran and called Mother. She brought a long pole for him to hold to but he could not hear her call. He was washed down stream until he came to a bridge. He happened to catch hold of one of the posts supporting the bridge and was able to climb out. As soon as he was safe he fainted, and Mother had a hard time bringing him in.

Pioneer Life in Southern Utah

In the fall of 1861, father and his family were called to go with the Swiss Company to settle southern Utah--a Dixieland where grapes and cotton could be raised. Since many of the Swiss people had cultivated grapes in the old country, they were selected for this special mission. Many of the emigrants, like ourselves, had no teams of their own, so the Church provided transportation. Teams were relayed at various stations along the way. One many hauled us from Salt Lake to Provo, another on to Payson, and still another on to the next town; and so on until we arrived at Fort Clara on the Santa Clara Creek, late in November.

Until father could rig up some sort of shelter we were taken into the school house. The little town, previously established as an Indian mission, housed about twenty families. Also there was a grist mill, and a rock fort about a hundred feet square, with walls about twelve feet high and two feet thick. Many of the emigrants were given temporary shelter in the rooms inside the fort, while a new town was being laid out. The old town, situated around the point of the hill from where Santa Clara now stands, was thought to be too near the creek and consequently in danger of being flooded.

On the "lower flat," about a mile from the old settlement, the new townsite was platted. Daniel Bonelli, who could speak both German and English, was put in charge. Distribution of the lots was made by drawing for numbers. When the lots were assigned, they were dedicated by prayer and song. Everyone went immediately to work and soon all sorts of shelters sprang up among the dry, dead sunflowers and the gray rabbitbrush.

Many of those who had covered wagons used their wagon boxes for their first shelters. We had none, so father built a sort of wigwam out of willows. To mother this seemed a poor substitute for the nice house left behind.

"Oh, these red hills! This roily water!" she would sometimes say as she remembered the green hills and clear mountain streams of Switzerland.

But when the lots were plowed up and set to vineyards, a dam built across the creek, and irrigation ditches dug, things looked more promising.

Real trouble began, however, when persistent rain set in. For days and days it did not let up. Winter winds chilled us through and through as we huddled together in our leaky shanty.

My Uncle John Stucki had built a shelter of posts and willows which he plastered inside and out with mud, and covered with a good dirt roof. He invited us to stay with him until the rain stopped. We were very crowded but we could at least keep dry.

The rain continued falling; and the creek, which had been so narrow in places that we could step across it, now swelled till it spread from bluff to bluff and became a terrible, muddy river. Sometimes great masses of driftwood obstructed the channel and almost threw the raging waters into their courses.

The little farms and cottonwood trees that grew in the bottom lands were being swept away. And everybody feared for the old town.

One night when we were sleeping, the creek rose higher and higher. Its thick roaring waters laden with brush and trees torn from the ground along its course swept all before it. Not only the old town, but the sturdy rock fort, thought to be out of the reach of the flood, was washed away. Jacob Hamblin's valuable grist mill, too, was lost. That was in January, 1862. On the "lower flat" we were untouched by the flood...

My father Samuel Stucki was a hard working man. He worked from daylight till dark, on the farm or in his workshop. He was liberal hearted and always willing to share his meager means. I remember one time a neighbor came for flour when we had only a small amount ourselves, but he gave them some. Mother scolded him and said he would give the last we had in the house if someone else needed it.

He was very religious, always paid an honest tithing and was strict in honoring the Sabbath and attending meetings. He chided us when we wanted to get a good dinner on Sunday. He said for us to make some cake or pie on Saturday so we could just have a cold lunch on Sunday.

(Mary Ann Stucki Hafen tells the following of her mother Magdalena Stettler [who is not our ancestor], but her sacrifices in coming to America made it possible for us to have the Gospel.)

My mother was also very religious. I remember how she used to have us children sit down at her knees and tell us the stories of the Bible and bring us to tears telling about the life and the crucifixion of our dear Saviour.

My parents left a comfortable home and surroundings for the Gospel's sake and came out into a wilderness and endured every hardship in obedience to the call of

God. I hope and pray that my offspring may honor them and walk in the paths of righteousness.

Anna Mary Reber Stucki Hunt

by Florence Mary Gubler Hunter (Granddaughter)

Grandma Hunt, as I remember her, was hard working, conscientious and self-sacrificing. She spent many hours of her day helping mother who had a large family of seven living children. With dad away so much, mother had the house and the children to look after plus the cows, pigs and chickens to tend to. Besides that she planted and tended a garden each spring and summer. Anyway Grandma would come up on wash day and gather up all the mending, which consisted of many pairs of socks and anything else that needed a few stitches, and take them home with her and bring them back all done up.

In the summer during peach time, she would sit many hours peeling peaches so mother could bottle them. We girls, of course, helped her when we were old enough. I remember how I hated the peach fuzz getting all over me and making me itch.

Grandma was always sewing quilt blocks from the scraps of cloth that were left of the material that mother made our school dresses from. She put together enough blocks to make each of us six girls two quilts. I still have mine even though they are pretty well worn after fifty years. She also made rag rugs out of the strips torn from the best part of our used clothing. Some she would braid and some she would take to St. George to have woven.

After Jefferson Hunt (her second husband) died, mother would send me down at night to stay with Grandma until she got used to being alone. I remember how scary I thought it was being in the same house and sleeping in the same bed someone had died in. Of course Grandma slept with me, which was somewhat of a comfort. I would

also be sent down to her house after school and on Saturdays to help her weed the garden. I always enjoyed working with her.

In the summer, I would go down and she would help me cut out and put together quilt blocks. It was always fun putting the different colors and prints together to make a nine-patch quilt block.

Grandma was always full of fun and had a great sense of humor. I can remember the times she would come up to our house in the evenings and we would sit around the table and tell funny stories. We would laugh until we almost collapsed from exhaustion. No matter how many times we told the same story, it was just as funny at each retelling. Seems like the three of us, Mother, Grandma and myself always laughed the hardest until we could hardly get our breath.

One of the stories we would tell over and over again was about the time Grandma went down in the cellar to get the churn to make butter. Coming back up, she had the churn in one arm and her baby (Aunt Mary) in the other arm. She lost her balance and she knew she would have to drop either the baby or the churn. She didn't want to break the churn so she dropped the baby. She never did out live that one (at this time, steps were carved out of dirt).

When Doreen was born, Grandma would come up every day and help mother out by taking Doreen for a walk in her stroller. Mother had Doreen when she was almost forty-nine years old, and a baby was pretty hard on her. Besides she had a bad heart. We girls weren't always around to help so Grandma always did what she could.

Grandma was sweet and kind and good. She used to come to Boulder City after I was married and stay with me for a week. She loved to hold Sharon and talk to her and play with her. I always enjoyed those visits and would take her for a ride down to the lake. I remember her with fondness

and great affection. I am glad she is my Grandmother.

Anna Mary Reber Stucki Hunt

Anna Mary Reber Stucki married Jefferson Hunt following the death of Samuel Stucki

by Nina Gubler (Granddaughter)

In Canton, Bern, Switzerland, on May 30, 1860, my Grandmother was born. She spent most of her childhood and girlhood there. She was always a lucky child. She was in a few close experiences, but she always came out unharmed.

One time as a small child she was playing in the sand in the middle of the street. She didn't see this ox cart which was approaching. The driver didn't see her until he was nearly up to her. As soon as he did see her, he parted the oxen as wide as he could. One ox passed on one side of her and one on the other. The cart passed over her head. She then went on playing as though nothing had happened.

Another time Grandmother and her brother were walking home from school. They were passing out of the building and it happened that she looked up just then. She saw a large block of wood falling out the window. She quickly jumped out of the way, but her unfortunate brother hadn't seen the wood falling. He was hit on the head and was badly hurt.

Once again lady luck favored her. Grandmother was standing under a tree, which had a ladder leaning against it. The ladder slipped and fell. She was right in the way and could have been badly hurt. As the ladder came down, it fell on her in such a way that her body went between two steps. She was a little frightened but she didn't have a scratch. She has had many other exciting experiences in her life.

When Grandmother was thirteen years old, her parents were converted to the Mormon Church. She with her family

immigrated to America when she was fourteen. They came to Utah by railroad. Her parents settled in Santa Clara, Utah. She is still living there and has been all her life.

At the age of twenty-one, she married Mr. Samuel Stucki. Two daughters were born to her. One of them is my mother. Her husband died in 1910, twenty-nine years after their marriage. She then gave up her home and went to live with her mother who was an invalid. After her mother had died, some years later, she was married to Jefferson Hunt. He lived only eight years after their marriage and then he died. She is now living alone and is seventy-seven years old. Her main hobby is making quilts and crocheting rugs. She has resolved to make each of her granddaughters at least one quilt before she dies. I know I will keep mine in remembrance of her as long as I live.

Notes on the Life of Mrs. Anna Mary Reber Stucki Hunt

Death came Sunday evening, April 7, to Mrs. Mary Reber Stucki Hunt, 85, at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. And Mrs. John H. Tobler in Hurricane. She had been ill for several years and had made her home with her two daughters. The other daughter being Mrs. Ensign Gubler of Santa Clara. Mrs. Hunt had been taken to Hurricane Sunday forenoon.

Born May 30, 1860, in Schonbuhl, Canton, Bern, Switzerland, she was a daughter of Frederick Sr. and Anna Maria Lantz Reber. The family became converts to the L.D.S. Church and came to America with her family in 1873 when she was thirteen. They settled in Santa Clara where she had some schooling and assisted with the cotton industry and other pioneering duties.

On June 27, 1881, she married Samuel Stucki in the St. George Temple, and they continued to make their home in Santa Clara. He was blind for many years, and

she did much of the manual labor, which helped to provide their living. He died March 6, 1910, and later she married Jefferson Hunt of Enterprise. They made their home in Santa Clara until Mr. Hunt's death.

Surviving her are two daughters, Mrs. Tobler of Hurricane, and Mrs. Gubler of Santa Clara; 16 grandchildren, 48 great-grandchildren, and two great, great, grandchildren. There are also two brothers, Frederick Reber Jr. and Ernest Reber of Santa Clara; three sisters, Mrs. Lena Ence and Mrs. John M. Stucki of Santa Clara, and Mrs. Frank Staheli of Washington.

Bishop E.R. Frei Jr. conducted services for Mrs. Hunt Wednesday, April 10, at 3:00 p.m. in Santa Clara Ward Chapel. Music numbers were, "Shall I Receive a Welcome Home?", mixed quartet with Henry Graff, Mrs. V.J. Frei, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Reber. Vocal solos, "It Was for Me," by Mrs. Ernest Tobler, and "Going Home," by Mrs. Wm. E. Baker, accompanied by Lenzi Sullivan. The speakers were Adolph Hafen and Mrs. Emil Gubler. Both told of the long life of service of Mrs. Hunt, her skill as a practical nurse and her devotion to her religion. Prayers were by Ernest Tobler and George Tobler. The grave in the Santa Clara Cemetery was dedicated by J. Henry Graff. ■

Family Group Record for Samuel Stucki

1

Husband		Samuel Stucki			
<small>LDS Ordinance Data</small>					
Born	18 Jan 1824	Sigmar, Bern, Roethenbach, Switzerland		B	Mar 1859
Christened				E	9 Mar 1861
Died	6 Mar 1910	Santa Clara, Washington, Utah			
Buried					
Father	Johannes (or John) Stucki (1800-1873)			SP	14 Jul 1896 SGEOR
Mother	Elizabeth Schenk (1789-1834)				
Marriage	27 Jul 1881	St. George, Washington, Utah		SS	27 Jun 1881 SGEOR
Other Spouse	Magdalena Stettler (-)	8 Mar 1850		SS	
Other Spouse	Barbara Nussli (-)			SS	
Wife		Anna Maria Reber			
AKA	Mary				
Born	30 May 1860	Urtenen, Bern, Switzerland		B	2 Apr 1873
Christened				E	22 Jun 1881
Died	7 Apr 1946	Hurricane, Washington, Utah			
Buried		Santa Clara, Washington, Utah			
Father	Fredrick Reber (1835-1925)	Mother	Anna Maria Lanz (1837-1918)		
			SP	15 Apr 1886	SGEOR
Other Spouse	Jefferson Hunt (-)	17 Apr 1921		SS	
Children					
1	F	Mary Elizabeth Stucki			
Born	30 Oct 1882	Santa Clara, Washington, Utah		B	5 Dec 1890
Christened	5 Dec 1890	Santa Clara, Washington, Utah		E	28 Feb 1900 SGEOR
Died	28 Nov 1973	Santa Clara, Washington, Utah		SP	BIC
Buried	1 Dec 1973	Santa Clara, Washington, Utah			
Spouse	John Henry Tobler (1879-1956)	28 Feb 1900 -	St. George, Washington, Utah	SS	28 Feb 1900 SGEOR
2	F	Esther Stucki			
Born	11 Aug 1886	Santa Clara, Washington, Utah		B	4 Aug 1894
Christened				E	22 Sep 1909
Died	1 Dec 1953	Santa Clara, Washington, Utah		SP	BIC
Buried					
Spouse	Casper Ensign Gubler (-)	22 Sep 1909		SS	

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