“Divided horizontally: 1) Gold, a charcoal seller issuing from the division, dressed in black, holding three silver leaves; 2) Blue, a gold chevron charged with two black logs; the shield bordered silver.”

Above the shield and helmet is the crest which is described as: “An arm in naturally colored armor, the flesh-colored hand brandishing a silver sword, garnished gold, between two ostrich feathers divided horizontally, alternating gold and blue.”

Heraldic artists of old developed their own unique language to describe an individual Coat of Arms. The Coat of Arms illustrated herein was drawn by a heraldic artist from information recorded in ancient heraldic archives. Our research indicates that there are often times a number of different Coats of Arms recorded for a specific surname. When possible we select and translate the Coat of Arms most representative of your surname or its variant for illustration.

This is officially documented in Rhinesap’s Armorial General. Coats of Arms were developed in the Middle Ages as a means of identifying warriors in battle and tournaments. The present function of the Coat of Arms (although still one of identity) serves more to preserve the traditions that arose from its earlier use.

A Kohler Coat of Arms chosen by Aunt Fern Kohler Lisonbee
APOLOGY

No book is entirely perfect
For errors will creep in;
Sometimes wrong information sent
Is what commits the sin.

And even printers make mistakes
For which they tear their hair;
Sometimes two people disagree
On who or when or where.

It might have been the person
Who wrote the history.
It might have been the typist,
Or blame can fall on me.

So, if you're dead before you're born,
Or married when you're three,
Or I've omitted anyone
Who sent themselves to me,

Or your last name is not your own,
Your picture's not too good;
I ask you, "Please forgive the crime!
I did the best I could!"

Author Unknown
Childhood and Youth

On a cold and snowy day at the Heber City Hospital I, Marden Reed Kohler, was born to Reed Karl Kohler and Elda Olsen Kohler. I was born on March 8, 1937, the third child and third son.

I did not come into this world the easy way. It was very difficult work for both my mother and me for there were complications during the birth most likely due to the fact that I weighed in at 9 lbs even. Maybe I was too large. At this time, because the labor was taking so long, her attending physician, Dr. Dannenberg, made the decision to use instruments to reach in and help me out. This was the first of several unusual decisions that would affect my childhood and the rest of my life in some (at least I think so) unusual ways.

Dr. Dannenberg used forceps to pull me out. The clamps, when fastened, changed the shape of my head so that I looked like an egg head. When the doctor saw this he suggested that mother put my head into a football helmet type device much like they use with children today. It had just been invented and didn’t have much human testing yet, but was approved for use. She would have to put my head into the helmet and keep it in place for about three months to correct the shape. Mother did not want to since it was recently introduced to solve this problem and mother was afraid of it. Hence, all through the elementary school years I was nicknamed egg head. I came to hate this nickname, although it did not bother me as much by the time I was in high school, or at least I tried not to let it bother me but I was self conscious.

I enjoyed my childhood; however, it was not carefree. During my first 7 years my father owned a grocery store and worked there until he purchased land from his father (August) and began to farm it. He also acquired a dairy herd. Uncle Albert started encouraging us to get cows because there was a demand for milk in Salt Lake City at that time. There was a livelihood to be made in the dairy business. So we started milking cows every night and morning.

My duties were to drive the cows to the pasture after the morning milking and bring them to the barn in the evening for milking at 5 o’clock. I will never forget the warm summer evenings driving the cows down from our fields to the milking barn. This, of course, was a job with a large amount of walking and I still remember the wonderful smell of the orchard and other intoxicating fragrances on the air. Spring was nice because it was starting to get warm but we knew the difficult work of summer was ahead. After a long winter and being in the school for most of the time, we often got sunburned when we were doing our spring work.

In the summertime, we would help move the rocks from the farm ground and stack them along the road. One non-work related thing I especially liked to do was to go fishing whenever possible. A favorite place to fish was just below the power plant in Snake Creek. Ken gave me a fishing pole and Ramon taught me how to use it. Summer was nice, but fall was my favorite time. The crops had now been harvested and the hard work of summer was behind us. It was pleasing to see the beautiful autumn colors that were so brilliant in our valley and the walk down the lane was more joyful now.

My two brothers, Ken and Ramon, were good to me even though I was the younger brother. I continually wanted to be with them and I was never disappointed with my chores because most of the time I was assigned to work with them on the farm. It was not easy to do farm
work in the winter time and we three boys were assigned many tasks to do on Saturdays. Also, we often went and did the things that boys liked to do such as skiing in the winter and hiking in the summer. Mostly we did these things on Saturday after we finished the farm work.

Ken was interested in a lot of things and I especially remember his great love for photography. He became the family photographer taking all kinds of family pictures including family movies. We often enjoyed his family movies at night while we ate popcorn. I recall he would put the movies in reverse and we would all get a good laugh. It probably did a lot to help build family unity and love. He also helped me chose my first camera and showed me how to use it. He has always been a good brother to me. I remember when Ken got a chemistry set and I probably used it more than he did. Nevertheless, I do not remember him ever getting cross with me for using it.

Ramon impressed me early on with how carefully he took care of his belongings. He knew how to choose the good quality stuff and then he would take care of it so it would last. I remember he purchased a good sleeping bag once and I should have followed his example, but I chose a World War II surplus mummy sleeping bag instead. He slept warmly all night in his wider, warmer bag, and I froze all night long. The tag on mine said it was equal to two blankets but it was really only as warm as a sheet. I also recall one time when he put me on the handlebars of his bike and pumped me all the way to Heber where we got a treat and then he pumped me all the way back. That was about four miles over to Heber with our running around town and then about the same distance back. He was so good as to even forgive me when I shot him in the back with a BB gun once during a heated argument. It did not go through his shirt but I am sure it hurt. Mother was the mediator and Ramon forgave me.

Both Ken and Ramon earned their Eagle Scout Award. This was a very good example for me. Mother did not care much for sewing on the merit badges as we earned them. Thus she kept the bandalo (the sash for the badges) which she sewed things on for Ken and then used it for Ramon and later myself. We just wore that bandalo with all the badges already sewn on it even though we had not earned the same ones.

With three boys in a row, we were a lucky family who learned how to recycle their clothing. We did not know about “recycling” back then, we just called it “Hand Me Downs”, but most families were like that. I knew long before I got my LEVIS, what they were going to be like. Mom bought me a pair several sizes too large and then Ken, my oldest brother wore them until he outgrew them. When Ken grew too big for them Ramon started to wear the Levis, hoping all the holes were in the right places. When the Levis had faded from blue to white and had holes in the knees I knew it was my turn to have them. I remember even as a little boy what a big deal it was when I grew into the Navy Style Uniform that Ken and then Ramon had worn. Dawnette, being the only girl in the family, always obtained new clothes.

Another item that might be of interest to some of those people who are younger than me is the idea of darning the holes in our socks. It was very common in our days for the mother to “weave with darning thread” a new fabric of sorts to fill the hole(s) that had been worn in the socks. This way they could be worn longer. New socks were not to be had every time a hole appeared in them.
Because I was closer in age to Dawnette (2 years) than to the other two boys (6 years) we played together a lot, especially when we were quite young. We enjoyed each other’s company as children but as we grew older, she was more involved in singing, dancing, and piano since she was the only girl in the family. I was more competitive with Dawnette than with the other siblings, probably because I was nearer in age to her than Ken and Ramon. Another factor was probably our personalities in addition to the fact that she was the baby and the only girl. She became an excellent pianist and sang well. She was more socially active than we boys who were somewhat socially behind. She also became an excellent cook and we all enjoyed her products.

I shall never forget our next door neighbors, Lowell and Pete Coleman. In spite of the fact that they were older than me, I was accepted by them. I was always allowed to play no matter if I was tackled first thing or if I fanned out every time at bat. In fact all the neighborhood kids were accepted by them as equal playmates. They were enthused with flying model airplanes, football, baseball, and most of all, playing with rubber flipper guns. They got all the kids together on teams to play baseball or football or to have rubber flipper gun fights. They accepted all the kids no matter how young they were, but they were strict with the rules and so everyone had a good time especially with flippers. Zowie, how we all wanted to play, but first one had to make a flipper gun. You started by finding a three-quarters inch thick board and cut out of it a handle with an inch square barrel protruding about twenty inches. Next we borrowed a clothespin off Mom’s wash line and mounted it on the opposite side of the handle and held it in place by tightly stretching one half inch ring of rubber cut from an old inner tube. (An inner tube was common in that day. It was an inside lining for an automobile tire.)

One of my first recollections as a child was when my parents and Uncle Alvin owned a laundry business in Heber. This was to cater to the men working in the CCC (Civil Conservation Corps). The men would bring their blankets to the business to have them cleaned and then my parents would bring them to our house to finish drying on the lawn and on the fences. I had a great time rolling in all those nice clean blankets. I guess I was making them soft and comfy for the men.

At this time I got to know my Uncle Alvin better and regarded his family very much like my own. Norman and Arlin became my very best friends and as we grew up we went hiking and fishing and camping together. We played in the brushy areas of the farm up in what we called Devil’s Hole. We played all sorts of games of imagination. Every year I looked forward to the first day of fishing. Norm and I would spend nights before the opening day sleeping out in our sleeping bags so we could be close to pull night crawlers. Then on opening day we would go to Snake Creek to fish. One of the first real poles I had was a pole that Ramon used to have and the tip of it was broken off. I used white adhesive tape to hold the line in place with the safety pin on the end.

My dad was pretty lenient in letting me go fishing. I used to go after the chores were over with, then I would go fishing and stay until about 9:00 pm. I enjoyed being out in the cool pleasant weather even more than the actual fishing. We all desired to go fishing on the larger Provo River, but by the time I was old enough to go, the Army Corp of Engineers had bulldozed out the large fishing holes. The bottom was now even and rocky and no fish would stay in there.
I remember one night Uncle Alvin took Norman, Arlin, and me up to fish on a creek going out of Witts Lake in the Lake Creek area. It was a bit late when we left and it got dark soon. We got up there and found out that the creek coming out of the dam was dry. We had to walk about five miles in to see that. There was some water left in Witts Pond with a few fish surviving. I tried to cast in with my pole and could not get the line into the water at all. There was so much mud that we could not get close enough to the water to catch fish. Some other fishermen were there and they were prepared. They pulled out four and five pounder trout. This was a frustration to us, but Uncle Alvin said we would try another time. So with no fish in hand, we got ready to go back carefully in the darkness of late evening to find the car.

It was so dark we could not see anything. We looked around for about 10 or 15 minutes and then Alvin said we should say a prayer to ask for Heavenly Father’s help to find our way back through the oak brush to our car. We stood there about 10 minutes and talked about the power of prayer. Alvin said, “I know how to start to get back now, “come follow me,” and he took off through the oak. We boys tried to keep up but there was no trail. In another few minutes we reached the car and we heaved a thankful sigh of relief.

One sad thing I remember about fishing is a wrong choice I made at one time in my teenage years. Kyle and Evan Probst and I used to go down on the river near Charleston where the railroad crosses the road and fish on Spring Creek at the point where the creek runs out of the fish hatchery. We fished several times and did not catch any fish. Then we got the idea to cross over the fence into the fish hatchery where we caught fish weighing three or four pounds. We did this several times. This was one of my hair-raising experiences. The farm near the fish hatchery housed part of Spring Creek where “no fishing” was enforced. We kids called it Fernando’s Hideaway. One day when we were fishing there in the dark the farmer came down the lane and we did not want him to catch us so we dropped down in the tall green grass and hoped he would not run over us. He passed by and did not see us. One night we went to this same place but did not catch anything. We were all mad that we had not caught anything. Then the game warden stopped us and said he wanted to search our vehicle. We told him to go ahead. Then we were glad we had not caught anything. Dad knew the game warden, Zell Davis, really well. When the warden asked who my dad was and I told him he said, “Then what are you doing in here late at night?”

One day my dad wanted to go fishing with us since we were having such good luck. He asked where we were fishing at. I told him down on the river. I suggested he probably would not want to go with us but he kept insisting. I talked to my friends and told them that we would not go fishing at Fernando’s Hideaway tonight because my dad wants to go fishing with us. We went down in the regular place where the people are supposed to fish and we did not get a single bite! A week later some of my friends caught big fish on the river, but they really caught them in Fernando’s Hideaway. My dad wondered what the story was by this time. I will never forget the hurt feeling that came to his eyes when I told him that I lied to him about where we caught the fish. Dad said, well, don’t do that again. He did not talk to me for a day or so after that. I never went back down there again so Dad figured I had repented. Now they have opened that area up so that a person can fish there legally.

I started the first grade in Midway Elementary School. My teacher was Miss Verna Berg and our principal was Clarence Probst. I was in the second reading group and worked my way up
to the first reading group by the end of the year. At Christmas time when I was in the first grade, I remember the following experience: Aunt Fern used to come up to Midway and would stay at our house. We all loved to have her. She worked in Salt Lake near a toy store and occasionally she would bring presents to us that reflected on the war time that we were in. They would be things like guns and planes and such. One day when I went to school the folks said they would not be home until an hour or two after I got out of school because they had to go to Park City. They told me to stay in the house and wait for them to come home. I thought it was pretty neat to be home alone and I could check out the Christmas tree and the candy and the presents and see what presents were for me. Time went past and it was about 4:30 pm and getting dark. As a child I began to fear that maybe my parents were not going to come home. It was snowing and I went to the front window and sat in a little place I could just fit into. I saw a car pull up to the post office across the street. I tried to see who got out of it. None of my lights were on, I was in the dark. Mother had ordered me not to turn on the Christmas tree lights. I saw that it was Aunt Fern coming across the street to our place. I put in the plug to turn the lights of the tree on. It seemed like my whole world lit up. I ran outside to greet her and I said, “Fernie, Fernie, Fernie, you have come to stay with us!” She said yes, that she was going to stay and that she had some presents to put under the tree. My fears disappeared and it was a very enjoyable Christmas that year.

My second grade teacher was Maria Murri. I remember well that my class work was not hard in second grade but in the middle of the year I got some chicken pox that started on the side of my face. She saw them and told me to go home right now. I went home and my mother put me right to bed and called Mrs. Thurman, the public health nurse, to come and put a sign up for the chicken pox so all the neighbors knew. I had a bad case of chicken pox. Mother kept me out of school for two weeks. Now the class that had been easy became a monster because I was so far behind. I caught up by the end of the year but I have always felt that I missed out on some real math fundamentals that have caused me trouble the rest of my life, especially in my graduate school years.

Miss Marguerite Huber was my third grade teacher. I remember that this is the year we went from good, satisfactory and bad as a grading system to A, B, C, D, or F and now I felt that the pressure was on.

In fourth grade I had Mrs. Eva Wilson as my teacher. This was a real learning experience having her for a teacher. Up until now I had been an obedient child but this year I got into more trouble. One day I had a piece of elastic and was flipping the girls with it. Mrs. Wilson called to me to bring the elastic to her. For a minute I thought I would not do it. She saw that hesitation in me and she said, “I used to be a friend of your Aunt Ida. I know she would not want you to do something bad. Bring the elastic over to me.” So I immediately took it over to her. I was NOT a bad guy after that.

Mrs. Juventa Hamblin was my fifth grade teacher. I always remember an experience I had with her. On Valentines Day I was in love with one of the girls in my class. I went down to Guy’s store and saw this really beautiful Valentine card. It had hearts and candy and I bought it for this girl I loved. When I think back, this was a stupendous present for a fifth grade boy to give to a girl but I gave it to her anyway. I did not sign it so she did not know who it was from. When she took it out of the Valentine Box she was embarrassed because everyone
Reed Karl Kohler and Elda Olsen Kohler

Life History of Reed Karl Kohler
Dedicated to Our Kohler Ancestors

Who gained faith and courage,

Recognized restored Gospel truths,

Suffered persecution, left homeland,

Struggled, toiled and sacrificed,

For this wonderful restored Gospel inheritance

That we enjoy today while

Living in this beautiful land of America.
The Younger Years

Reed as a small child

Above is Reed as a small child
THE GOTTLIEB KOHLER FAMILY

Part Two

Theories on the Origin of the Name Kohler
Our Gottlieb and Elizabeath Kohler Family History

Part Five

First Written Kohler Family History

A young Gottlieb Kohler pictured with wife Elizabeth and their first child Emil, possibly just before Emil came to America.
Elizabeth Mueller Kohler Tells Her Story

This is Elizabeth Mueller Kohler’s narration of the events that occurred very early in her life, and she then continued with an account of her married life with Gottlieb Kohler and the children with whom their family was blessed. Our approach will be one where extra historical comments (in large type) will be added to Elizabeth’s account (in small type), thereby helping the reader to be aware of the historical setting and other facts which may be of interest. These comments will hopefully illuminate her narrative showing some of the hardships that our ancestors faithfully endured.

A granddaughter, Grace Probst Ford, while writing a brief story about Gottlieb in 1979 made the following observation:

Our leaders are asking us to prepare histories of our progenitors for our descendants that they may know of our testimonies and of the blessings we have and do constantly receive. I feel to prepare this record for all of the descendants of Gottlieb and Elizabeth Mueller Kohler. In all of our searching there is only recorded what grandmother Elizabeth wrote about their lives. I find nothing written by grandfather Gottlieb.

I agree. Apparently only Great Grandmother Elizabeth took some time to dictate (to daughter Ida Lillian) an account of her own life and of the Kohler Family. We will be ever thankful to Elizabeth for this information. We now will follow Elizabeth’s story.

I, Elizabeth Mueller Kohler, do write an account of my life. I was born in Koeniz, Bern, Switzerland, in September on the twenty-eighth day, the year 1847. My parents were Samuel Edward Mueller and Anna Dietrich Mueller of Bern. There were nine children in the family, four boys and five girls, I being the second child.

In the year when Elizabeth was born in the small, peaceful village of Koeniz, thousands of miles away, members of the LDS religious movement were suffering terrible hardship and religious persecution. This movement, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, having been started under the leadership of the Prophet Joseph Smith some seventeen years previous in Fayette, New York, was being driven from their homes and farms located in the Nauvoo area in the State of Illinois. After their beloved Prophet Joseph and his brother were murdered by an armed mob in 1844, the members themselves were forced to flee for their lives to escape the mobbing and brutality inflicted upon them.

They and their new leader Brigham Young, under the inspiration of God, began in 1846 a long and arduous trek across the plains to the Great Basin formed in the Rocky Mountains. Although under duress and hardship, these hardy pioneers persevered to build their church in the west and still managed to send a stream of church missionaries to proselytize in many nations. As a result of their vigorous efforts, the flow of new converts immigrating to Utah began to increase. Soon Elizabeth and her future husband Gottlieb Kohler will meet some of these missionaries and their message will change their lives forever.

At the time I was of school age my parents were poor. My father worked for his Uncle Viat who was a stove manufacturer in the town of Chaux de Fonds, Neu Chatel, this being in the French part of Switzerland. Mother and we children lived in a house that belonged to her father, Benedict Dietrich. This place was called “Sonnenberg”, and was in the school district of Nieder Scherli near the town of Koeniz. My father’s wages were very small so that mother
Along about 1911 Gottlieb fell ill with severe stomach pains. None of his medicine would help heal his body. It was Uncle Albert who took the time to be there for his father and mother to help out. He used a medicine wash and then would pump out the stomach contents. This treatment would allow Gottlieb some relief. Great Grandfather steadfastly refused to seek help from a physician and his condition worsened slowly.

As a little girl Grace Probst Ford recalled Gottlieb’s last days:

I was 11 years old when grandfather died, and I remember watching him as he grew weaker and thinner. We children did not go to see him very often. He had a problem with his stomach and Albert had to help him so often by pumping his stomach, so he could get some relief. He died in is home, we went to his funeral.

Attributes of Elizabeth and Her Life

Early on, and throughout her life, Great Grandmother Elizabeth exhibited the same inner strength that Mr. A. Camus observed in himself when he said, “In the midst of winter I discovered there was within me an invincible summer.”

Though her life was beset with trials of various sorts, Elizabeth lived a life of faith in God and had a great hope that better times were coming. Her thankfulness, humility and love for the neighbors who helped them so bounteously when our family arrived as new settlers in the pioneer town of Midway - poor to the nth degree - was often expressed.

Elizabeth paused for a moment to have her picture taken. Alone since the death of Gottlieb and under the compassionate care of her youngest daughter, Ida Lillian, Elizabeth served as excellent role-model for her children down to her great grandchildren. Even as this history is read by people today so will her righteousness be known to them.
While serving as a missionary, Grandson Reed Kohler wrote this tribute of his grandmother:

**Grandmother Elizabeth Kohler Tribute - Mild and Quite**

Two years before, as I was called to Germany and Switzerland on my mission, I felt I would not likely see grandmother again. Toward the end of my mission in the month of May 1928, I felt a strange impression something was not right at home and about two and a half weeks later received a letter from mother telling of Grandma’s passing. After all her trials and privation she had lived to a ripe age, rearing 13 children. Yet days of pioneering and privation had taken its toll. She remains as a testimony to me, she knew the church is true and lived accordingly in all her life.

Grace Probst Ford Granddaughter, wrote:

These wonderful grandparents have a large posterity, 13 children, 76 grandchildren, and many great grandchildren. I feel that they can be very proud of these many descendants, of their devotion to the cause for which grandfather and grandmother gave so willingly and so much.

Daughter Louise Kohler Jones wrote:

I have always been proud that my parents came from Switzerland- that I was born and raised in Midway where they had the courage to build a good home and raise a big family in spite of all the tormenting and often being made fun of by some of the neighbors. I’m grateful to my Heavenly Father that they went to the Logan Temple before the Salt Lake Temple was finished, starting our genealogical work and giving me the blessing of being born a covenant child.

Joseph E Probst (Grandson) offered this proposal and many of the Kohler posterity have done this. They have prepared themselves with schooling, training which allowed them to become successful farmers, doctors, attorneys, teachers, college professors, nurses and many other professions, but more importantly they have stayed “true to the faith that our fathers have cherished.”

Our grandparents built a strong foundation for good, something for us as their posterity to build upon. Let us build upon this foundation something that will please them.

**A Final Tribute to Elizabeth and Gottlieb**

Gottlieb and Elizabeth were special people who accepted the truth, even though they received resentment from their peers, neighbors and associates of the world. This brave acceptance of the LDS Gospel was very unpopular. History is laden with evidence of accomplishments made by men and women when motivated by a strong burning testimony, despite any hardship or danger. It took courage for the Kohlers to change directions, to set sail to America, to help build a new LDS society and to help settle the untamed new Territory of Utah.

It is evident Gottlieb and Elizabeth developed foresight and fortitude, and had an independent spirit courageous to face the unknown for the right to live and build as their conscience dictated in spite of any hardship. They exhibited the ingenuity and courage, which was demanded of those souls who left the established society of Switzerland to build a new society in the Mountain West, thereby taming a new frontier.
Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:
B Baptized
E Endowed
P Sealed to parents
S Sealed to spouse
C Children’s ordinances

2 Gottlieb Kohler
B: 4 Dec 1845 BEPS
P: Meiringen, Bern, Switzerland
M: 17 Nov 1869
P: Thun, Bern, Switzerland
D: 16 Apr 1914
P: Midway, Wasatch, Utah

1 August Carl Kohler
B: 23 Nov 1877 BEPS
P: Niederscherli, B, Switzerland
M: 28 Dec 1904
P: Midway, Wasatch, Utah
D: 24 Mar 1943
P: Salt Lake City, SL, Utah, USA

Eliza Matilda Lehman
(Spouse of no. 1)

3 Elizabeth Mueller
B: 28 Sep 1847 BEPSC
P: Koeniz, Bern, Switzerland
D: 26 Apr 1928
P: Midway, Wasatch, Utah

6 Samuel Edward Mueller
B: 21 Feb 1825 BEPS
P: Koeniz, Bern, Switzerland
M: 17 Jan 1845
P: Koeniz, Bern, Switzerland
D: 13 Aug 1881
P: , Switzerland

7 Anna Dietrich
B: 12 Mar 1824 BEPS
P: Koeniz, Bern, Switzerland
D: 18 Dec 1905
P: Midway, Wasatch, Utah

8 Peter Kohler
B: 15 Aug 1782 BEPS
P: Meiringen, Bern, Switzerland
M: 10 Sep 1809
P: 
D: 28 Apr 1853

9 V Mathayer (Mathayer)
B: 2 Nov 1788 BEPS
P: Brienz, Bern, Switzerland
D: 24 Oct 1844
P: , Switzerland

10 David Frenz Samuel Riedwyl
C: 11 Oct 1778 BEPS
M: 17 Dec 1804
P: 
D: 19 Jan 1850

11 Maria Wasserfallen
C: 31 Mar 1781 BEPS
P: Kerzers, F, Switzerland
D: 15 Mar 1854
P: 

12 Johannes Mueller
B: 6 Apr 1800 BEPS
P: Koeniz, Bern, Switzerland
M: 23 Jan 1824
P: 
D: 6 Jan 1883

13 Anna Basler
B: 30 Dec 1798 BEPS
P: Bottenwil, A, Switzerland
D: 22 Dec 1863
P: 

14 Benedict Dietrich
B: 18 Mar 1785 BEPS
P: Koeniz, Bern, Switzerland
M: 11 Dec 1813
P: 
D: 16 Jun 1856

15 Anna Haenni (2)
C: 26 Sep 1796 BEPS
P: Koeniz, Bern, Switzerland
D: 7 Mar 1850
P: 

16 Melchior Kohler
B: 14 Jan 1759
M: 17 Jan 1782
D: 15 Aug 1817

17 Barbara Linder
C: 10 Oct 1756
D: 26 Dec 1832

18 Peter Mathyer
C: 9 Mar 1755
M: 
D: 2 Jun 1799

19 Anna Flueck (1)
C: 16 Sep 1751
D: 3 Mar 1790

20 Samuel Riedwyl
C: 12 Jan 1734
D: 30 Sep 1787

21 Magdalena Scharen
C: 4 Sep 1739
D: 2 Dec 1811

22 Hans Jacob Wasserfallen
C: 14 Jun 1739
M: 
D: 

23 Barbara Pfister
C: 3 May 1750
D: 21 Aug 1822

24 Peter Mueller (1)
B: 22 Mar 1767
M: 29 Oct 1790
D: 31 Aug 1800

25 Barbara Spani
C: 27 Mar 1767
D: 

26 Hans Jakob Basler (1)
B: 1 Jul 1759
M: 16 Jul 1790
D: 15 Feb 1805

27 Elisabetha Basler
C: 25 Jan 1767
D: 

28 Benedikt Dietrich
B: 28 Aug 1740
M: 18 Jun 1779
D: 21 Nov 1816

29 Katharina Gurtner (1)
C: 2 Jan 1755
D: 26 Jul 1788

30 Johannes Haenni
B: 28 May 1772
M: 5 Oct 1793
D:

31 Anna Tschannen
C: 6 Oct 1771
D: 

Prepared by
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1907 W. Allen St.
Yuma, AZ 85364

Telephone [928] 783-5588 Date prepared 12 Feb 2008

Chart no. 1
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<th>Husband</th>
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<td>20 Oct 1910</td>
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<table>
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<th>Eliza Matilda Lehman</th>
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<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>4 Oct 1882</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chr.</td>
<td>Place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died</td>
<td>6 Sep 1891</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buried</td>
<td>2 Oct 1907</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wife’s father</td>
<td>Frederick Lehman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wife’s mother</td>
<td>Magdalena Jakob</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Children</th>
<th>List each child in order of birth.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Reed Karl Kohler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born</td>
<td>29 Aug 1906</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chr.</td>
<td>Place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died</td>
<td>13 Jun 1915</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buried</td>
<td>1 Oct 1925</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spouse</td>
<td>Elda Olsen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Married</td>
<td>5 Dec 1928</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 2        | Ruth Elizabeth Kohler           |
| Born     | 12 Sep 1908                     |
| Chr.     | Place                           |
| Died     | Endowed Child                   |
| Buried   | Child                           |
| Spouse   |                               |
| Married  | 5 Dec 1928                      |

| 3        | Elmer LeRoy Kohler             |
| Born     | 7 Jun 1912                      |
| Chr.     | Place                           |
| Died     | 5 Sep 1920                      |
| Buried   | 2 Oct 1930                      |
| Spouse   | Eva Virginia Street            |
| Married  | 4 Oct 1937                      |

| 4        | Alvin William Kohler           |
| Born     | 25 Feb 1914                     |
| Chr.     | Place                           |
| Died     | 4 Jun 1922                      |
| Buried   | 15 Nov 1933                     |
| Spouse   | Lucile Provost                  |
| Married  | 4 Oct 1937                      |

| 5        | Henry Edward Kohler            |
| Born     | 26 Jul 1916                     |
| Chr.     | Place                           |
| Died     | 7 Sep 1924                      |
| Buried   | 30 Oct 1936                     |
| Spouse   | (1) Twila Fawn Jacobson        |
| Married  | 11 Sep 1940                     |

| 6        | Ida Fern Kohler                |
| Born     | 9 Nov 1919                      |
| Chr.     | Place                           |
| Died     | 27 Nov 1927                     |
| Buried   | 14 Aug 1945                     |
| Spouse   | Calvin Roy Lisonbee            |
| Married  | 14 Aug 1945                     |

Prepared by Margaret Lucille Kohler Hyde
1907 W. Allen St.
(928) 783-5588
mbhyle@adelphia.net
14 Aug 1945 MANTI

Date prepared 12 Feb 2008
# Family Group Record

**Husband**  
**August Carl Kohler**

**Wife**  
**Eliza Matilda Lehman**

**Children** List each child in order of birth.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>LDS ordinance dates</th>
<th>Temple</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Baptized 8 Dec 1929</td>
<td>LIVE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Endowed 31 May 1940</td>
<td>SLAKE</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

|    | SealPar BIC         |        |

|    | SealSp 31 May 1940 | SLAKE  |

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Eva Kohler</strong></th>
<th>Born 13 Nov 1921</th>
<th>Place Midway, Wasatch, Utah</th>
<th>Baptized 8 Dec 1929</th>
<th>LIVE</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Chr.</td>
<td>Place</td>
<td>Endowed 31 May 1940</td>
<td>SLAKE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Died 17 Mar 2001</td>
<td>Place Pleasant Grove, Utah, Utah</td>
<td>SealPar BIC</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Buried</td>
<td>Place</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spouse Willis Joseph Randall</td>
<td>Married 14 Oct 1939</td>
<td>Place Francis, Summit, Utah, USA</td>
<td>SealSp 31 May 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| **David Jay Kohler** | Born 7 Apr 1924 | Place Midway, Wasatch, Utah | Baptized Infant |        |
|                       | Chr.            | Place                       | Endowed Infant |      |
|                       | Died 28 Apr 1924 | Place Midway, Wasatch, Utah | SealPar BIC |        |
|                       | Buried Apr 1924 | Place Midway, Wasatch, Utah |                   |      |
|                       | Spouse          |                             |                    |      |
|                       | Married         |                             | SealSp            |      |

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12 Feb 2008