**10 A MEMORIES-REFLECTIONS-FAMILY HISTORY**

**JOHN KASPER LOOSLI AND REHA JOHNSON LOOSLI**

**Submitted by Ellen Loosli Farnsworth (Daughter)**

Home was a house Mom and Dad designed and had built just out of graduate school. After Dad was at Cornell two years, as a graduate assistant, he received a wage increase. This wage increase was above what Mom and Dad had lived on before so they decided to bank the increase monthly. The savings was 8 dollars per month, and a plan to purchase land and build a home became the basis for a bank that built our home. They moved in shortly after Ellen was born.

Our home was about 5 miles from Cornell. A farm across the road raised Angus Cattle. A wooded area was beside and behind the house. We built tree houses in the woods, walked through the trees and by the little streams, watched birds and squirrels and chipmunks.

In time, the cornfield between the house and backwoods became a golf course. When Dad was asked if he golfed, his reply was no, he gardened. We did have a large garden. Every spring a tractor plowed and then we, as a family raked it smooth. Once the raking was done, I remember broad jumping with bare feet into the soft earth to see how far I could jump. Dad made the rows then all of us helped plant and cover the seeds. Dad planted fruit trees, raspberries and strawberries. Lots of good eating came from our efforts. Several years, Ellen and Anna picked and sold the first strawberries and raspberries to the neighborhood store to earn money.

Dad’s work at Cornell included a month’s vacation every summer. We teased Dad that vacation meant he only worked half a day at the office. When home he gardened, painted the house, and fixed things around the house and yard. Dad was an excellent handy man. Evey four years, the family vacationed in the west visiting family.

Cornell also offered Sabbatical leaves-the opportunity for faculty to teach and/or study at other universities. We lived in California for 6 months while Dad taught at the University at Davis. A year- long teaching assignment at the University of the Philippines at Los Banos became a delightful experience and adventure for our whole family. Dad’s knowledge and expertise opened many opportunities. Mom commented that never in her wildest dreams, while she was growing up, did she every imagine she would go around the world. Yet she and dad did several times as they taught and served.

Cornell, in many ways, brought the world to our doorstep. Students came, especially graduate students with families, needing housing and help finding their way around in a new country. Mom and Dad were a good team and that help was given. Students and their families were invited to the house. An informal summer picnic in the back yard including hamburgers, corn on the cob, (considered pig feed in Europe) really was different and much better than field corn. Some dinners were more formal, with white tablecloths. Ellen and Anna served and did the dishes. We became pretty efficient so we could spend most of the time visiting too.

Winter outings included sledding on the big hill through the woods. The ride down the hill was fast and fun. The stream at the bottom of the hill meant you either steered across the footbridge, rolled of the sled before it went in the water or got wet. Snow and playing in the snow was a new experience for students from the tropics. What a wonderful opportunity to get to know people and cultures from around the world. Later many of these students became gracious hosts as we visited in their countries.

Both Mom and Dad were good stewards. Mom and dad used their talents, abilities and resources well to bless our family and many others.

**MEMORIES-REFLECTIONS-FAMILY HISTORY**

**Submitted by Anna Loosli Langford (Daughter)**

**Memories of my Dad, John (Jack) K. Loosli and my Mom, Rhea Johnson Loosli**

When I think of Dad, I can’t help but think of Mom. The two of them worked together on most activities, in one way or another. Dad worked as a college teacher and administrator. He was active in professional associations, was the editor of two journals and wrote a textbook. Mom supported him by typing what he needed done at home. She used a manual typewriter for many years, then graduated to an electric typewriter. Often in the evening, or after I went to bed, Dad and Mom would be working at their desks that faced each other at the end of their bedroom

Dad was always a farmer at heart. Although we didn’t have farm animals in our yard, he had plenty to work with in the barns and pastures on campus. We had a black and white cat, Mitzi at home. She helped populate the neighborhood with beautiful kittens. She was an outside cat, but in the winter she sometimes slept in the rabbit hutch dad built in a corner of our garage. John, my brother, had a mouse as a pet, then rabbits and had a border collie dog before we went to the Philippines. I had a grey cat that came from the Cornell barns, then later a hamster.

When Dad and Mom had our home built, there were corn fields behind us, as well as across the street. Behind the corn fields beyond our back yard was a good sized woods with a small stream which we explored many times. Later a golf course replaced the corn fields beside us, thank goodness it went around and behind the woods. Still, we had the feeling we were almost in the country.

Dad always had a vegetable garden we enjoyed eating from. He also planted strawberries and raspberries that we loved. And he planted a tree for each of us children. I had a cherry tree that was better for climbing as it got bigger, then it was for producing fruit. The birds and squirrels harvested the fruit. Nearly every July, the whole family would drive to a Bing cherry orchard and pick buckets full (well, I guess we sampled a few). Then we helped Mom bottle them. Oh, they tasted good in the winter. Dad also had a nursery-a peach tree and a pear tree that didn’t produce very well, and various evergreen trees we enjoyed as our home-grown Christmas trees. There was also a hazel nut bush which we planted to screen the yard from the golf course. It also produced nuts which the gray squirrels enjoyed- they beat us to them. Dad mowed the lawn with a push mower. Later we did get a gas mower. Dad said, and showed in his actions, that he really enjoyed working outside with his hands. His normal work was inside, sitting, thinking and writing, he enjoyed what he did, but a change of pace was welcome.

Mom often worked in the yard too, caring for and planting roses and perennial flowers which were beautiful. She also had a shady garden in the corner of the yard with ferns and native flowers. Working outside is a great way to watch your children playing, to have them help you, and to learn how to enjoy caring for a yard.

Dad always took care of the car. We had a dirt driveway, then put gravel on it. As the road in front of the house got busier, Dad made a turn around so we could drive out more easily. We would back into it. Then be able to drive our head first onto the road. John loved to warm up the car for us in the winter. Year round, John liked to drive up and down the driveway and into and out of the turn-around.

Our parents had chosen to do many finishing details on the house when they built it. We children would sometimes laugh because it seemed like they painted all the walls yellow-a bright sunshine color. Dad built a big drawer under the drier so it was more convenient for Mom to reach in and out of the dryer and there was more storage in the downstairs half-bathroom. Of course, at first, Mom had an old fashioned washer and hung the wash on a clothes line to dry outside. There was a window that opened sideways in the room, and there was a pulley just outside the window so Mom could hang her clothes on the line from inside. I remember her saying how wonderful it was not to have to carry heavy basket and wet diapers and wet clothing outside to hang them up.

He built a rabbit hutch in the corner of our single car garage so John’s rabbits would be more protected in our cold winters. I think he is the one who built a storage shed in the back yard for bikes and garden tools. I don’t remember how much he participated when the kitchen was remodeled, but after our stay in the Philippines. He finished part of the basement for a teenager social room. He built wooden storage shelves in what used to be the coal room in the basement. Dad transformed our porch, that had a roof and corner posts, into John’s bedroom into knotty pine paneled walls, a small closet with a shelf and a roomy bookcase. When John was in junior high school he started raising African Violets. Dad built a pine wood cupboard with a metal tray on the top so the pots could be watered from the bottom. The cupboard had doors and a shelf so John could store supplies in it. I don’t remember whether or not Dad did the work when they added on a screen porch. Do you think all that building was inherited from his Swiss ancestors? Dad always did a very nice job.

Both Mom and Dad thought each of the children should help around the house and yard. Sometimes there were an incentive involved. When our strawberries and raspberries were producing in the early summer, we could pick them and sell them at a small grocery store that was near us. Of course, we also enjoyed eating them in the berry patch, as well as during meals. Ellen and I got to decorate our bedroom. Ellen had a double bed in a bigger room. When she moved out to attend college, I moved into her room, painted the walls and made curtains for the windows. Mom also taught both the girls how to sew clothing-that is a skill we have surely used over the years.

We children were encouraged to do well in school. We each had our individual desk and were expected to complete our homework on time, and do a good job of it. Good grades were expected. Courses were to be selected in preparation for college, each was expected to graduate from college, so we could get a job with at least a living wage in the profession we had chosen.

John and Ellen worked several summers helping with vegetables at Cornell University. I was paid for helping stamp and prepare textbooks during late summer. Then, when I was sixteen, I applied for and got a job as page in the city library. I worked several afternoons a week, Saturdays and some vacations, including summer vacations. We saved our money to help with college.

Our parents enjoyed entertaining with a simply served, but hearty dinner. Most of our guests were new faculty members, or graduate students and their wives (many were from foreign countries) or recently moved in church members. Mom was an excellent cook, there might be roast beef, baked potatoes, beans and tossed salad, with ice cream for dessert. We used our Syracuse china (bought at a discount at the factory), silverware and glass goblets. Food was passed around family style. Conversations were pleasant. In the summer we ate outside at the picnic table, enjoying fresh tomatoes and corn on the cob (quite an experience for the foreign students). After dinner we went into the living room for more conversation.

The folks attended a monthly Graduate-Faculty dance club. It was fun to see them get all dressed up. A kiss from Mom smelled of face powder and lipstick.

Our family were active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We attended the Ithaca Branch, which later became the Ithaca Ward. We attended Sunday School on Sunday morning. For many years Mother was the Junior Sunday School Coordinator. My first calling was as Junior Sunday School secretary. We returned home after the meeting, had dinner, and them went back to church in the later afternoon or evening for Sacrament meeting.

We children attended Primary on a weekday afternoon. As teenagers Mutual Improvement Association (Mutual or M.I.A.) one evening of the week. I was a beehive, then a Mia Maid, then a Laurel. One semester a visiting graduate student taught early morning Seminary for us. The Ithaca branch was small, but larger than many branches in the mission field. There were two other girls my age, but no boys. There was quite a mix of people in the branch-University professors and graduate students and local people.

As I remember, we had prayers at every meal. I think John or Ellen strongly encouraged our parents to start having family prayer. (Children can have a good influence on their parents, as well as a positive effect on their own family). We began to regularly have kneeling family prayer before dinner. Apparently we had individual prayer before bedtime, because I do so faithfully now.

Almost every summer our family attended the Hill Cumorah Pageant in Palmyra, New York. We would visit some nearby church historical sites in the afternoon, then wait until it was dark. After it was over, we drove two hours to get home. Ellen participated in Pageant one year. She stayed with a local family for about a week. The cast studied scriptures and rehearsed. Ellen really enjoyed the experience.

Summers were very pleasant and low key. I had two girl friends in the neighborhood to play with. Sometimes we’d play board games like Monopoly. Nearly every day we would play softball with all the kids in the neighborhood. We also would explore the woods and golf courses behind us. I usually went to girls’ camp for two weeks. Some years we would drive to Utah to see relatives. Many summers Mom and I would go with Dad to Dairy Science meetings. I even had my friends there.

There were many parks in the Ithaca area. The family would hike in a gorge, then have a picnic, or we would swim in natural ponds. As we were younger, we went to Flat Rock, part of a river that had many flat rocks and shallow areas to swim in. As we were older, we went to Beebee Lake on the edge of campus. A deep river flowed through the gorge, under an attractive rock bridge, then into the lake where we ice skated in the winter. At first we stayed in the shallow water as Dad taught each one of us how to swim. We had little green floats to help us stay up. Mom didn’t swim much, but she helped us learn and stayed close to the water to watch us (she had sinus trouble).

In the winter we enjoyed sledding down a small hill behind us on the golf course. We introduced a number of foreign friends to that sport. Sometimes we would toboggan or ski. We enjoyed ice skating. For several years, Dad would flood part of our garden so we could learn on our little straps on two runner skates. When we graduated to lace up skates, we would go to the dog pound or to Beebee Lake.

Dad was a good provider for our family. He enjoyed working around the house and yard. He taught us children many useful skills. And he enjoyed doing activities with our family. Many times he included our family in work related activities. Most notable were the 14 months we spent on the Philippine Islands, the trip around the world., then our summer in Europe. We participated in many wonderful experiences thanks to Dad

**Submitted by Marvin W Loosle –(Nephew)**

Uncle John graduated from what is now Utah State University with a B. S. Degree in 1931, got an M. S. from Colorado State in 1932, got married to Reha Johnson (originally from Pleasant Grove, Utah) in 1936, got his Ph.D. from Cornell University in Ithaca, New York in 1938 and joined the Cornell University faculty in animal husbandry in 1939. All of these events were before my age of recollection.

During my early teen age years, my only recollection of Uncle John and his family was from infrequent visits from back East (Cornell or New York). From letters to the family and from birthday or Christman gifts. From my earliest recollection, he called himself and was known by others as Jack Loosli but to our family has always known as Uncle John or John. I never did hear when or why he changed his names from his original or birth name, except the Loosli was the original family name spelling in Switzerland and that some other close relatives in the USA (mainly descendants of our great grandfather John Kasper Loosle’s brother Ulrich) who used Loosli or Looslie. We were also told that he was the most “intellectual” or “well known” or “well off” in the family. Uncle John and Aunt Rhea were always very caring and very reliable in sending birthday cards or generous gifts for the particular occasion.

In 1952, when I was 19, I joined the US Air force during the Korean war. In 1953/1954 I was in England for a three-month tour of duty. At that time, my parents found out that Uncle John and his family would be flying to London from one of their out-of-country business and vacation trips. They made arrangements to meet me in Trafalgar Square in London. The meet took place on schedule and was very enjoyable for all of us even though it lasted only an hour or so. I still have pictures of Aunt Rhea and her three young children feeding the pigeons while there.

We attended their daughter Ellen’s marriage in 1964 and the daughter Anna’s wedding in 1967. Their son, John, got married in Bolivia in 1970 so we missed that. However, their son, John, visited quite often and we were well acquainted. Throughout the years, we have enjoyed John and Dora’s (some of their children’s) regular visits to our home even up to the present time.

In 1970 our whole family spent our summer vacation going back east (driving our red 1965 Dodge Coronet station wagon. That trip included Chicago Il., Kirtland OH, Niagara Falls, Whitmer and Martin Harris Farms, Palmyra, Hill Cumorah Pageant, Susquehanna River, Statue of Liberty, New York City, Washington DC, Luray Caverns VA and Mammoth Cave VA. We also visited Uncle John and Aunt Reha at their home in Ithaca, NY and stayed a few nights with them. They were the only one’s home as their children had moved out by then. They have a lovely home and treated us royally. They lived next door to a Golf Course and our children enjoyed finding golf balls in their yard around their trees, garden and flowers. Uncle John was also a volunteer worker at the Hill Cumorah Pageant so we received professional guidance.

In the early 1980’s, Uncle John had retired from Cornell University and had moved to Gainesville, FL where he had bought a home and was still working-part time for the University of Florida, also (their children John (Jr.) and Anna had a home there). At that time, he contacted me and said that he had decided to write a book about the Loosle/Loosli families presently living in America which included all knows descendants or our original pioneer ancestors and even included other Loosle/Loosli families presently living in America. He said that his son, John, was going to help him and asked if I would help also. I happily accepted as I had been interested in Family History since the 1950’s when I was in the US Air Forse. Prior to starting the book, I had been actively involved in the Loosle/Loosli research at the Salt Lake City LDS Church Family History Library and obtained information on previous work that had been done and was available there. I had also been working closely with Andrew Loosle Heggie of Clarkston (whose Mother Mary was a daughter of the original pioneer, John Kasper Loosle, who crossed the plains with his 2 year old son, George Andrew Loosle, who is my Grandfather). Andrew L. Heggie had gone on a mission to Switzerland as a youth, knew the German Language, and had been there later on family history trips. He had been a principle researcher on the Loosle/Loosli (including temple work) and was getting to the age where he needed to have others continue. I had entered his available hand written and typed information into the computer PAF program.

With inputs from John (Jr.) and myself, Uncle John decided on a name for the book and we spent about 8 years gathering the available information, putting together and getting it published. We had about 550 copies made. They have all been sold except for a few. Uncle John provided all of the financing for the book and specifically indicated he did not want to make any money doing it. He only wanted to charge enough to cover some of the expenses. We are all indebted to him for making this book a reality for his generous financial contributions.

My wife Pat and I made two trips to Florida during the construction phase of the book. We enjoyed their hospitality and the chance of getting better acquainted with Uncle John and their families living in Florida. During the last trip, we also met his second wife, Lillian, who was a big help to him and us. We also attended Church with Uncle John and was impressed with the reverence and appreciation he received as a Stake Patriarch.

We also attended his funeral in Florida and were impressed with the love and closeness of all his family and descendants. During the reading of his life history, we especially learned of Uncle John’ and Aunt Reha’s sacrifice during their education phase of their lives and also in their old age after their retirement, when the helped raise John Jr.’s children, to ensure that they were properly trained and educated in the USA.

**Submitted by Darrell K. Loosle (Nephew)**

I always looked forward to having Uncle John and Aunt Reha visiting with us. I quickly learned that they were very professional people and well educated. I remember Dad encouraging me to continue with my education while I had the opportunity. I found them caring and generous. For a couple months when Dad was laid off from his work and I was on my mission, Uncle John and Aunt Rhea sent money to me. I really appreciated it.

John Jr. was at Utah State University when I was attending. I enjoyed him and really got to know him better.

While Margaret and I were serving a mission in Western Samoa, we became well acquainted with Dr. Felix Wendt, who was in our ward. Upon hearing what our last name was, he told us that he had received his Doctorate at Cornell and became the Dean at the College of the Pacific, in Western Samoa. He said how grateful he was for the help that Uncle John and Aunt Reha provided for him in getting acquainted, helping him to adjust to a different culture, and in many other ways. He mentioned a number of times, as we visited with him, his appreciation for them. We are still in contact with the Wendts (2021). It made me proud to know how Uncle John and Aunt Reha helped them.

We send Christmas cards each year. We got a letter from Uncle John and Aunt Reha almost every year. We always included a letter with the card, and we received a nice return letter indicating what they were doing. We always looked forward to hearing from them.

Knowing that Uncle John and Reha had all six of John Jr. and Dora’s children come to live with them so they could receive training and a good education in America shows their sacrifice and commitment to help their family.

Having known since I was young that Uncle John had earned a Doctorate Degree, I looked up to him, Though we did not see him very often, he became a role model as I continued work on my Doctorate.

When you read his accomplishments, you will see that he did a significand amount of research having published more than 400 papers. He was President and recognized by national organizations in his area of expertise. In addition, he received the James E. Talmage Award from Brigham Young University that recognizes research and contributions in Science, including Animal Science.

He was known nationally and worldwide in his field of Animal Science. I am proud to have known Uncle John and honor him for his work.

Aunt Reha was a very distinguished person and a great example to all of us.

**FAMILY HISTORIES INCLUDING PICTURES, DOCUMENTS AND STORIES CAN BE FOUND IN:**

**FAMILY TREE ID# KWCY-F2F FOR JOHN KASPER LOOSLI, AND FAMILY TREE, ID# KWCY-F2N, FOR REHA JOHNSON LOOSLI**

* **THIS DOCUMENT INCLUDES MEMORIES AND RECOLLECTION BY CHILDREN AND NEPHEWS**
* **SEE NEXT PAGES FOR PICTURES OF JOHN KASPER LOOSLI AND RHEA JOHNSON LOOSLI**

By Darrell K. Loosle

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**JOHN KASPER LOOSLI (1909-1992) AND**  **RHEA JOHNSON LOOSLI (1908-1988)**

**Picture taken at 40th Wedding Anniversary, 1976**

**SEE NEXT PAGE FOR ANOTHER PICTURE OF JOHN (JACK) AND REHA LOOSLI**

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**Reha J. Loosli Dr. John K. Loosli**

**August, 1984 December, 1883**