

History of Franey (Fanny) Robison

Some of the early history and dates were taken from Grandpa Eardley's personal history, quoted by him and written by Miss Hollely before he died.

Franey Eardly Clucas Archibald Daughter of Edward Eardley

**Typed by Jo Ann Powell Swallow niece of Franey and
Great granddaughter of Franey Robison**

Franey was born 28 July 1846 Quincy, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. She was the eighth of eleven children. Her father's name was Alexander Robison and her mother's name was Nancy Ellen Wagamon. When Franey was a young girl, she heard the Mormon Missionaries preaching on the street corner. She and her girl friend joined the Church. She went to work for a Mormon family and worked there for 2 years, to get money to come west. Her parents were Quakers and were very strict. Franey had never had a colored dress - just black or white. The woman she worked for made her a beautiful flowered dress with blue buttons down the front. Grandmother thought so much of it that when she started west, she took it with her. When the hand carts were all lined up before the trip one of the guards came back and inspected Grandmother and her girl friend's cart. They told her she couldn't take the dress. So Grandma laid it out by the side of the road and they started out on their journey. She kept looking longingly back at it. At last she couldn't stand it any longer and ran back and snatched a button off of the dress. When she died, the button was in her button box. They had many hardships crossing the plains. She and her girl friend pulled their cart. At one time in a storm, they were so tired they hid in a hole in the Bad Lands of Wyoming to die. A guard came back and whipped them to get the blood circulating so they could go on.

Grandmother came West in her brother Daniel Robison's hand Cart Co. She met a John Quincy Cannon who she was quite fond of, and would have married him, except she couldn't bear to think of living polygamy. So the relationship was broken before they reached Salt Lake City. The group she was with stopped a few miles out of Salt Lake City to clean up. They boiled clothes, ironed, crimped collars with crimping irons, polished their shoes to wear into Salt Lake. The endless miles of walking barefoot had made their shoes so tight they would scarcely hobble. They all walked into Salt Lake City pulling their handcarts. (This doesn't agree with the account her brother Ephraim wrote and published in 1922). He definitely states that his oldest brother David and Brother Daniel were in the 1860 Handcart Co. and that they settled in Farmington. But they could have gone there later. Grandma got a job doing housework in Salt Lake City after they arrived.

She was only about 18 years old. During this time she became acquainted with Josiah Eardley who had driven a team and wagon loaded with equipment to start a pottery factory which was later known as the Cannon Eardley Factory. It was established in the 7th ward. Josiah worked there for several years. On May 12, 1861 Franey and Josiah were married in the 3rd ward by Josiah's uncle James Eardley. They were sealed in the Endowment House April 19, 1862 by Squire Wells, and made their home in the 6th ward.

Josiah joined the Militia in Company C, commanded by Brigham Young, Jr., and called Minute Men, serving in the capacity as bugler for seven years. During this time he was guard for the First Presidency, sleeping under the old wall nights and traveling with Pres. Young as his guard. In the spring of 1867, they were called to settle in Morgan Co., Utah, and in the fall of the same year Josiah was made Sheriff of Morgan Co. Then he was called by Pres. Young to go to Bear Lake to help build up the country. They were released from that mission and called to Evanston, Wyoming where her husband worked for the Union Pacific Co., in the blacksmiths' shop. During that time they were also ranching, raising cattle and hay. They assisted in starting the first Sunday school in the state of Wyoming under the direction of W. G. Burton. Then they moved to Fort Bridger, Wyoming and took up farming and helped build the city of Lyman, Wyoming.

In 1907, Franey was left for 28 months with all of the children: Mary Fanny, Nancy Ellen, Sophia, Sarah, Josiah Jr., Alice Edith, John Edward, James, Alexander, Emeline, and Walter; while her husband served a mission in England. She sold eggs to help keep her husband on his mission. He wrote home to Franey and said that he was bringing home an old lady that he had converted in England, who wanted to die in Zion. So Franey started fixing up the home for their arrival. She padded a chair and took it to the stage depot to meet the stage when her husband and this old woman came home. Uncle Walter, my uncle and his wife, Clara were at the station that day and Clara recalls the following: "I shall never forget the hurt white face of your Grandmother, as she said, "Why, she is a lot younger woman than I Am." and she was, everyone knows, it was strange of grandfather to do that. But he felt he was doing a kind deed, for this young (about 40) old maid who had recently lost her own father and turned her attention to grandfather. He fell heir to her father's beautiful suits, probably because they were married in England before returning to America. She was a wealthy land owner in England." End of Aunt Clara's quote. It makes me wonder if at that time he didn't believe that it wouldn't be too long until plural marriages would be practiced again. Well, anyhow, after Grandfather and Miss Hoilely came home and it was found out by the children, the children raised such a rumpus that Grandfather left and went to Salt Lake to live. They went to church with our little old Grammy walking way behind them. She told Aunt Clara, she knew it was because her own clothes were plain and old and worn. He had told her that was what to do, walk behind them. Imagine! After a few months of this humiliation she returned to her little log home in Lyman where she lived alone the rest of her life on the farm.

Blanche, my cousin, remembers when she was a child, visiting grandmother, with her father and mother. Granny, as she liked to be called, made such delicious bread when she sliced it, she held the loaf with her left arm, cut the bread with a big knife toward her, and using her right thumb on the knife would lay each slice down on the plate. I was always fascinated by that, and fearful of that knife. She used to say, after giving us a slice of hot bread and butter, "Bless their little hearts," or "God bless them" as we crowded out the screen door to play. Granny's doctor's name was Charlotte, who had helped her when some of her children were born, and with her troubles. She was such a sweet little woman Blanche recalls. A doctor in a day when women Doctors were rare. She made granny's life a little easier just by her understanding.

Once my father was quarreling with my grandfather and my grandmother told him to ride over the Teton pass into Idaho and there go to her sister's place in Hibbard just out of Rexburg, Idaho. While there he met and married my mother. We lived in Rexburg. I barely remember Grandmother Franey...I remember visiting her when I was about 5 or 6 years old. The only thing I can remember is my Uncle Jim who never married and lived with grandmother was swinging me in a swing, out by the log house. My mother and grandmother were standing by the house watching us.

My father was born in a dug out in Alma, a little mining town just out side of Evanston. One time Fanny, the oldest girl was making milk gravy for supper. When she poured the milk into the hot iron skillet, it broke in two. Father said, "he remembers crying because he didn't have any supper." He also said, "Granny could quiet his dad's rages. Once he was trying to milk the cow, it ran him up the fence. When he screamed for help, my little grandmother walked up to the cow and quieted her and milked her. But grandfather would have beaten the cow. He had an awful temper. Another time when his father was attending a banquet in the dining room, my father went to the back door and asked the women in the kitchen for food. He said, "My little brothers and sisters are hungry." The women asked him who he was and he told them. His father came home that night and grandmother had my father hidden under her chair with her skirts around protecting him. Grandfather said, "Where is that little beggar." He had the buggy whip! So when he went outside, grandmother put some of the food my father had got and a few clothes in a flour sack. Grandmother said, as she let him out the window, "Go to the road, then over the hill and keep going until you come to an Indian house on the hillside. I befriended her one time, and tell her to keep you." My father was only 9 years old. He lived there for two years, the Indian woman taught him to read and write, sitting on the hill side, watching or herding sheep.

Grandfather never liked my father after that. And even in 1923 when my father was in California. Grandfather was blind and he and Miss Hollely lived in San Diego. My father went to see him,

And he said, "What you doing still begging? So my father never went back. Maybe it's a good thing grandfather had Miss Hollely to take care of him in his last days. He died in San Diego in??
I remember helping my mother pack my father's suit case in August. Must have been 1920 when He went to Granny's funeral, because my mother died in March (25th) 1921. Another of my grandmother's records says Aug. 1921, but it couldn't have been, because my mother died in March 1921 and Grandmother Robison was dead then,

This is a history I have pieced together from letters from Blanche Pratt, my cousin; from quotes from her: mother; and father; (Walter and Clara Eardley), and from stories my father told me.

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