

FRANCES HANNAH REEDER

Sketch by Ethel Reader Call (Her Daughter)

Spring was late coming to the valley in the year 1862. The cold rain came in torrents. Splashing through the thatched roof of the one room log cabin and dripping into buckets and cans placed on the dirt floor. Care had been taken to keep the draft coming from the one small window away from the homemade bedstead in the corner where lay my little pioneer grandmother and her new baby. The night was April 28 1852. The baby was to be my mother, Frances Hanna Reader. She was born in Wellsville, Utah, a little town just ten miles south of Logan, Utah. The family had moved to Wellsville along with other families sent their by Brigham Young to colonize, they farmed a small tract of land in the summer months.

Grandfather (Francis Hubbard Reeder) spent most of his time in Ogden where he with members of his other family operated Utah's first candy factory. Their factory was later purchased by the J. G. McDonald family.

Life was hard for this family. The mother's health had been broken by her trek across the plains just five years before. Her feet had been frozen in the last while before reaching Salt Lake City and they did not respond to treatment as fast as could have been desired. Her faith and courage helped her supply the needs of her children. She gathered wood for stove with her children's help, and stored enough for winter's use. She did sewing, cleaning and washing in exchange for food. She Made candy and sold it to supply their needs.

The Indians were very troublesome at the time. Children had been stolen and carried away and it was not unusual for the Indians to call at the homes and ask for food and they would be very disagreeable if they did not get what they wanted. Grandmother (Jane Ambrosia Hemming Reeder) was very frightened of the Indians but always treated them with care and courtesy often giving them the last bread in her house.

The children grew up with a dread and a feeling that the Indians caused their mother too much heartache and deep in their hearts they wanted to do something about it. One day when my mother was about six years old she went with the older children to gather wood in a creek bed not far from their home. A band of friendly Indians had camped farther down the creek and the Indians children played up and down the hollow. This day a small Indian girl had wandered alone up the creek to where little Frances and her brothers were picking up wood. It seemed all the pent-up feelings against the Indians took shape and a strong desire to slap that Indian youngster over powered the childish mind of little Frances. She slapped the little Indian's Face, pulled her hair and pushed her down. Then sensing what she had done the Reeder children ran home screaming to the top of their voices, leaving the Indian youngster sobbing on the grass. When they arrived home and told their mother what had happened she was petrified with fear. She gave them a good scolding and lesson on brotherly love while she hung quilts over the window and piled

the furniture against the door, for she felt sure the Indians would be after them. Mother said she remembered that they their scanty supper in the dark that evening and for many evenings to come because they were afraid the Indians would see their light. She said she never had a desire to whip an Indian child again.

Mother helped with the responsibilities of the family when still very young and so her experience with the knitting needles stood out very clearly. Her mother left her to car for her younger brothers, one day, and the boys went out and got their feet wet. The big sister made them take their stockings off so she could dry them on the stove hearth. All went well until a spark from the quaking asp wood in the stove shot out onto one stocking toe and burned a hole. This was a real tragedy. They just couldn't let their mother find the stocking burned, so big sister got the knitting needles and yarn and in her childish way made a new toe for her brother's stocking.

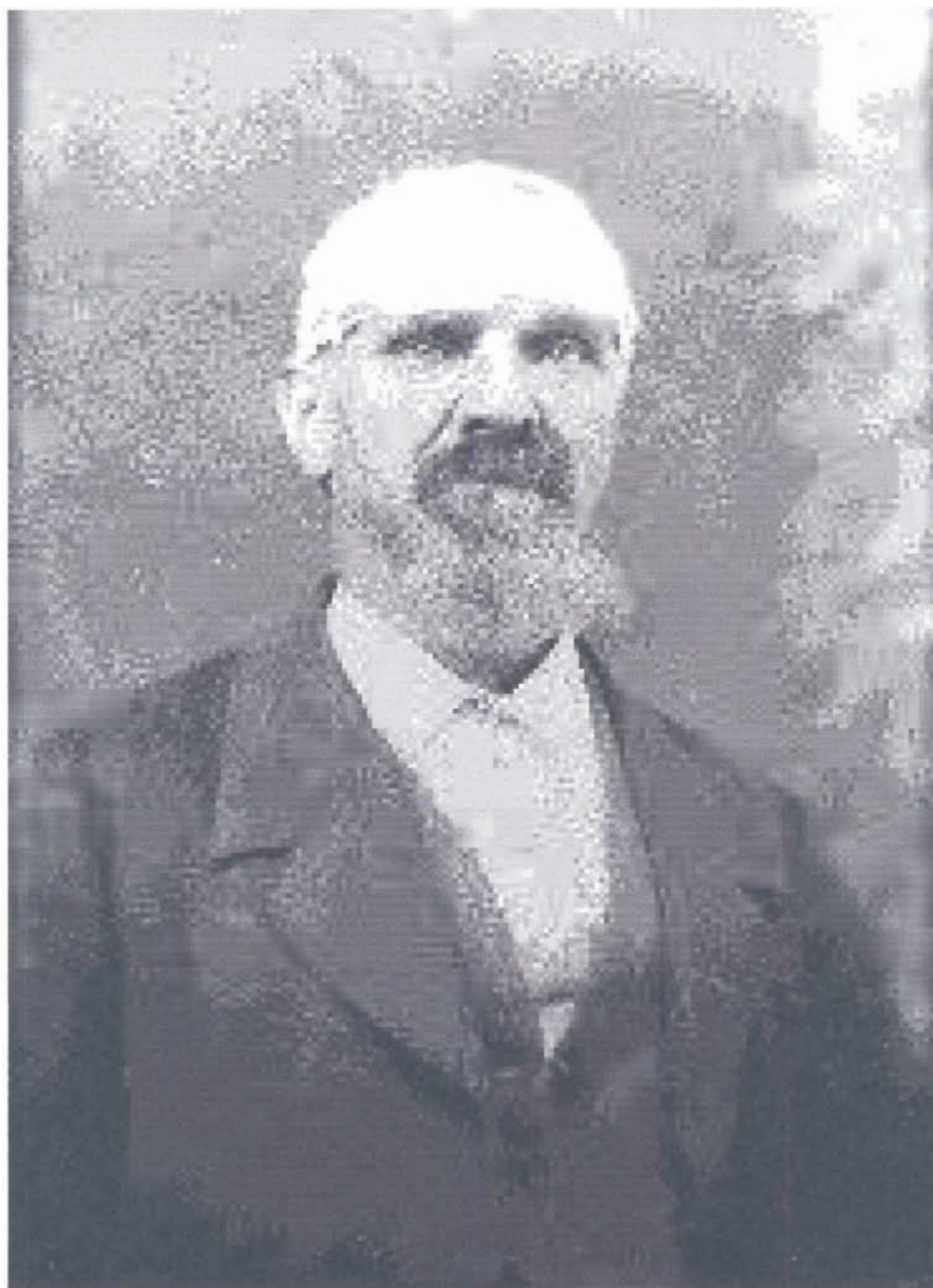
Frances did not get much opportunity for schooling. Her mother was her only teacher, until she was twelve years old. When her mother died from pneumonia the result of a cold contracted on one of her trips to Providence on foot to deliver homemade candy to a wedding.

Mother and her two small brothers and two sisters then went to live in Ogden with the other family, but to mother was given the responsibility of raising her little brothers and they have told me that she was the only mother they could remember. Because of these responsibilities her girlhood was short. She married George Reader when she was 18 years old and moved back to Wellsville where she raised five sons and two daughters, little Elizabeth, died in infancy.

Frances Hanna Reeder Reader was one of the most noble women that were ever born. She was kind to everyone and especially the Indians. Their were several Indian women who use to call on mother each spring, often times with their babes on their backs. She always fed them and gave them food to take home with them.

Mother worked many days in the Logan and Salt Lake Temple. She spent many days with the sick; no task was too much when she could help her children or friends.

After my father's death and the children were all married, she moved to Lewiston, Utah and bought a home to be near my older sister. She died there on November 21 1927



Here is a picture of F. H. ^{Francis} ^{emming} Reeder in his later years. It is very interesting to note the bandage on his head (the reason for which is another untold story!) It is very likely that he made the suit he is wearing.



~~Selling~~ Sarah Good Marshall ~~Portrait~~
Born - Feb 22, 1846



Robert Gregory Born Nov-30, 1826
Reeder

Ogden Bazar Made Candy and He made
his wife made) Soup



Robert Gregory Reeder