

Theron Smith Hall

From *Stories of Theron Smith Hall, His Parents and Grandparents*

Written by Dorothy Lufkin Davenport Hall

For her grandchildren in 1977

Once there was a little boy named Theron. He and his three older brothers and three older sisters lived with their father and mother in a little home on their father's farm. The farm was once part of the land his Grandfather Hall had homesteaded in the northeast part of Springville.

Theron was taught as a little child to go to bed early and to get up early, too. His sister, Maggie, used to tease him and tell him that sometimes he would wake up before anyone else was ready to and call, "Light the lamp and make a fire." Only, he wasn't old enough to say his words plainly and so it sounded more like "Wite the wamp and make a sire."

They didn't have electricity in their home, and coal oil lamps were used. Every morning his mother would clean and polish the glass lamp chimney and trim the wick. Their stove burned wood or coal. The fire had to be remade every morning using wood shavings and fine wood or kindling to start it.

He always had to hurry home from school to bring the cows from the pasture to be milked. His dog would go with him and he'd carry a sword made of a lath and cut the sunflower heads off as he went by, pretending they were enemies.

When he was five years old, he learned to milk, and from then on it was expected of him to help. The cat and dog would follow him to the milking shed and sit waiting for him to squirt milk into their mouths instead of into the milk pail. He said that was more fun.

He loved to climb the mountains near his home and explore Rock Canyon and Skunk Caves and hunt for Kolob rocks (which were really cubes of pyrites of iron). Nearly every day in the summer he'd climb to the springs up Kolob Hollow to drink the cool water. By the time he'd get back home he'd be thirsty again.

He loved to go barefooted and was always glad when spring came. He seldom wore shoes in the summer. His feet would become tough to go anywhere, even climbing the mountain. His big problem was to try and get into bed without washing his feet, but his mother always caught him first.

He picked wild flowers in the spring and dug sego lily bulbs to eat. The foothills were covered then with large sage brush and the sego bulbs were large. He always loved flowers and tried to get the sego lilies to grow in his garden but was never able to do so.

In the summer, he and his friends would go fishing or go to the mill pond swimming. Sometimes in the evening they would build a bonfire and roast potatoes. In the winter

they would build forts and have snowball battles or go coasting down Fourth North hill. It was much steeper then, and they could coast almost to Forth East.

Theron and his father were both born in Springville, Utah.

Theron Smith Hall (born 1898, died 1976).