

Sarah Sophronia Perry Hall

Sarah Sophronia Perry was born on November 18, 1859, at Three Mile Creek (now known as Perry) Utah, in her grandfather Ashael Thorn's large two-story adobe brick home. Although she was the only child of Henry Elisha Perry and his polygamous wife, Lydia Sophronia Thorn, she had seven half-brothers and sisters on her father's side and eleven on her mother's. Her mother was only sixteen when Fron, as she was always called, was born. Fron's parents were divorced and she spent her early childhood with her mother in her grandfather Thorn's home.

Among her recollections of this early time are memories of watching her mother's step-mother quilt; of the geese and chickens and gathering eggs; of the milk house over a spring and the butter and cheese making; and of her grandfather's farm and sawmill.

Her own father had poor health and died when he was forty-eight years old. He had black hair and blue eyes and Fron thought he was very handsome. The last time she remembered seeing him, he had been hunting and was sitting on a rock, resting.

After a time, Fron's mother took her to Springville, Utah, where they lived with Lydia's sister, Abby Thorn, who was Alec Robertson's first wife.

Fron started to school when she was about eight years old. Her first teacher was Harriet Whiting, who taught school in her home on the corner of Main and 4th South. In the mornings they would recite and in the afternoons copy into their copy books. Every Friday a spelling match was held.

Fron's mother married again when Fron was six years old, to William

Isaac Hall, on Dec. 29, 1865.

She liked the mountains and often went with her step-father along the foothills after their cows. As she grew older, she liked to go Kolob or Rock Canyon on hikes with her friends.

When she was about nine years old, the family went to Three Mile Creek for the summer, where her step-father ran her Grandfather Thorn's saw-mill. It was that summer that she saw her first train.

She liked to go to cutting bees, where neighbors would gather and cut and put out fruit to dry and afterwards make molasses candy and play games.

As a girl she attended dances in homes and sang in the church choir. Picnics were also popular in good weather. At Sunday School, she took her turn reading the Bible. Here the children were given small pictures for attendance and learning Bible verses. When four were received, they were exchanged for a larger one.

Fron worked hard all her life. As a child she gleaned wheat and gathered ground cherries, which she scalded and dried and sold to earn money to buy her clothes. She churned butter for her Aunt in exchange for buttermilk and old copies of the Deseret News to sell. She also tended a little girl while the mother taught school. One year she did housework for a neighbor, nights and mornings when not in school.

She quit school when she was fifteen to do housework to ^{earn} money. She worked from early morning until late at night, with none of our modern conveniences to make it easier. Kettles had to be scoured with wood ashes and clothes were washed by hand by rubbing on a wash board. At some places she even had to knit and do outside chores. For all this she received \$1.25 a week. Later she was given \$1.50. She did her work well and was

always wanted back when help was needed in a home again.

One summer she went with her mother up Hobble Creek to cook for the men at her step-father's sawmill. One day a large band of Indians on the war path, stopped there and spent the day sharpening their knives and tomahawks. One Indian who could speak English, went up to her step-father and opened his shirt. Seeing his garments, the Indian said, "Mormon". He told them to leave and they would be safe. Early the next morning all of them left but her step-father and a man who helped run the mill. The Indian told the men he couldn't help them if they stayed, but he would protect the mill and them if they would drive their cattle over into the next hollow and stay there, which they did. The Indians set fire to the saw dust, but the mill was not destroyed.

One summer, Fron and Rheuama Weight (her step-father's niece) while cooking at the saw-mill, peeled enough tan bark to buy some shoes, a dress and ribbon for a sash. They enjoyed their work cooking for the men as they were unstinted in the use of the supplies. They were given a one hundred pound sack of sugar to use, the first time Fron had all the sugar she wanted.

On November 15, 1878, she married her step-father's youngest brother, Joseph Smith Hall. It was Joseph's father's sixty-fifth birthday. It was a family custom to have a big celebration on that day. All the family had gathered together and an especially nice meal had been prepared. Father Edward looked at the table with its bounteous spread and remarked that such a lovely meal should celebrate something more than just a birthday and was worthy of a least a wedding. Then the talk began as to who could accommodate and be the lucky couple. Some one suggested it be

Joseph and his sweetheart, Fron. After talking it over, they agreed and Joseph and Fron, surrounded by their loved ones were married that day.

On December 5, 1878, she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day- Saints by William M. Bromley. Many years later her granddaughter Barbara, her son Theron's daughter, married his grandson, George Bromley Clark.

Fron became the mother of eleven children, seven sons and four daughters. She loved children and was broken hearted when four of her babies died in infancy; three when a month old and one, her youngest child, when he was seven months old. Her heart's desire was to have a family and a home and to be a good wife and mother.

She continued to work hard. She made her own soap from lye leached from ashes. She also made candles, quilts and sewed rags for carpets. She made her own and her childrens' clothes, for many years doing this by hand. She knitted their stockings, dried fruit to use and to sell and tended her garden and her flowers in addition to the daily household chores.

She loved flowers and music and often sang at her work. She was patient and kind. She was peace loving and would rather be imposed on than to quarrel. She was thrifty, uncomplaining, industrious and cheerful. She loved her home and to be there and take care of it. She was prompt with her meals and was an excellent cook and housekeeper. She was very quiet and modest in her dress and manners.

While her son Clifton, was in the Army during World War I, she knitted socks for the Red Cross and when the Armistice was signed, she with others went to Round Peak, on the mountain behind her home, to raise the flag.

Most of her life she had very poor health, probably because of the hard work she had done while so young. From 1920 to 1935, she had trouble with her eyes and they became steadily worse until she could only distinguish daylight and dark. In the fall of 1935, she went to Salt Lake City and had cataracts removed. The next spring after being fitted for glasses she was able to see for the first time her youngest grandchildren. It was a happy day for her and she cried for joy.

That was a happy spring and summer for her. She loved to look at things; flowers a rainbow she was able to see one day and especially her loved ones. She enjoyed being able to do light housework and visiting her children.

In the fall her heart began to fail and her circulation became so poor that it stopped entirely in one leg and gangrene set in.

She died December 14, 1936 at her home and was buried December 16, in Springville City Cemetery by her husband's side. She had been a widow for twenty years and at the time of her death was survived by seven children; Elwood, Edna, Owen, Clifton, Maggie, Elner and Theron, and by eighteen grandchildren. She was loved and respected by all who knew her and the life she led as a loving wife and mother will keep her memory sacred and bright.