

following way; we set cedar posts in the ground and wove willows through them, the inside we lined with adobes and plastered with clay, the fireplace was built of rock. The roof was made of split posts chinked with clay and then packed down with soil, and it never leaked in all the time we lived in it. The only sawed lumber in that house were the two boards which were used for the door. The one small window we brought with us from Dixie. I can tell you we were very proud of our willow shack with its little window and smooth board door. We lived in this shack for two years. At first I cooked our food over the fire in the fireplace, later we traded for a No. 6 Charter Oak stove we bought from some people who were passing through the country. No queen was ever more proud of her jewels than I was of that little cook stove.

As I said before, we lived in the willow shack for two years, and in the meantime we had sold part of our lot to a man who built a two-room lumber shanty on it. He became dissatisfied and left the country. As he hadn't paid anything for the lot, we took it back, and that is how we came in possession of a two-room house. The first summer in Kanab we raised a garden and had corn, beans, squash, and onions. We did not have flour so we made bread in the following way: we grated corn in the roasting ear season, mixed it with cream, salted and baked it. When the corn was ripe we ground it fine in the coffee mill and made the meal thus obtained into bread.

I brought a supply of cloth with me, cloth I had woven in the Washington factory, and it was from this supply that I made our clothing. At this time, the water supply for homes, fields, and gardens came from a dam or reservoir built north of town, this was frequently washed out by floods and had to be rebuilt. I have lived to see through the years two large dams built by much labor and expense, washed out by great floods. The last one is still standing after more than twenty-five years.

We had a few head of cattle that we brought with us from Dixie, the grass was knee high all over the country. Our cattle increased rapidly, and we soon had a small herd. From these we got the winter's supply of meat, milk and butter. There was no money in the country, we could not sell the surplus cattle, so they were no source of income to us. We brought some young fruit trees with us from Dixie, and these we set out, and I think this was the third orchard set out in Kanab. My husband was a good carpenter. He traded his labor to people for things we needed. We usually had the necessities of life. I remember once he made some buckskin moccasins when my shoes wore out, and he often made them for the children. Paved roads have taken the place of blazed trails and rough wagon roads, today one can

travel in two hours the same distance it took us eight days to cover in 1872.

On June 21, 1919, my husband and I celebrated our Golden Wedding anniversary. During my life I have had few sorrows and many joys. Except for occasional visits to relatives in other parts of the state, I have lived in Kanab for the last 62 years. I am contented and happy, I have everything I need. My children are good to me. Who could ask more? —As told to Blanch H. Mace

Note: Pioneer Mace died Nov. 23, 1934 in Kanab, Utah.

#### HENRY ROPER—TWO LETTERS 48 20101

I, Henry Roper, was born in Tointon, Lincolnshire, England, February 9, 1836, son of William and Susanna Smith Roper. My mother was converted to Mormonism and baptized in 1845, and I was baptized the following year when I was ten years old. When I was five my father left home. One Sunday night he offered to stay home with the children while mother attended church. After she had gone he packed his clothes and left early in the morning for Yorkshire. Shortly afterward he married another woman. The minister of the parish was an old acquaintance and recognized father, who denied his name. Mother received a letter telling of the incident. Two years later he left his second wife and a small son. No one knew where he went.

In 1848 mother, my brother and sister and myself left England for America. Coming across the ocean there was a period when there was no wind to set the boat going and we were practically motionless for two weeks. After a tedious journey, we finally landed in New Orleans. A steamboat came up the river to take passengers to St. Louis. We had not been on board very long when one of the deck hands asked my brother if his name was Roper. When he told mother, she immediately inquired of him what connection he had with that name. She learned that he was acquainted with father and that he had come to America and settled in New Brunswick, Canada, where he had died two years previous.

The pilot had a mishap and ran the boat on a rock where we remained for two days. We were taken off the boat and camped in the woods for two weeks while the boat was being repaired. Finally we reached Winter Quarters, where we remained for one week and then started the long journey across the plains for Utah. What a welcome sight it was to us when we reached the Salt Lake Valley on September 24, 1848.

The summer of 1849 the crickets came and nearly destroyed our crops. Many of them were larger than a man's thumb. I also saw the gulls come to our rescue. Then came the grasshoppers. There were times when they ate whole fields of grain clean in one day.

In 1852 we left Salt Lake and went to Provo where my mother married Samuel Ewing. In 1857 Johnston's Army insisted on coming through Salt Lake City but were given orders not to camp within forty miles of the city. They located a camp at Cedar Valley. No battle took place and no one was hurt. In the spring of 1862 I went to Gunnison in Sanpete County where I met my future wife. We were among the early settlers in that area. (end of autobiography)

For many years he failed to keep a record, but several of his letters were written in later life, two of which we include.

Huntington, Utah June 28, 1886

To my Dear Beloved Daughter Selena: It is a very painful duty I have to perform at this time of writing to you. Dear Selena try to bear with the sad news which I have to tell. Last Friday night we received your kind and welcome letter, and was glad to hear from you, little thinking that the next time we write we should have to tell what I am about to tell you. Last Thursday morning, your poor mother tried to raise from her bed but could not. She kept to her bed until Saturday morning when about half-past eight o'clock she breathed her last. Last evening about 5 o'clock we laid her away. Dear Selena, I am unable to say what I want at this time, the shock is so hard so I will close. God bless you. Try and bear up under this trial.

your father—Henry Roper

Lawrence, Sept. 18, 1912

Dear Children: I will now try and write a few lines to you to let you know that we are still alive. We are busy with the fruit, there is plenty of it, the trees are loaded to the ground but there is no sale for it. I am drying all I can, it keeps me very busy looking after it. How are you all getting along with your work? The frost is doing a great deal of damage to the lucerne seed. I was down looking at mine today. It looks very bad, not worth much I can tell you. Well, I cannot know if I can come over again this fall or not. Well Selena, you want me to tell all I know about my father. There is very little that I know about him. Father was left an orphan when very young. My grandmother Smith was the daughter of William and Susannah Hutchinson, whose maiden name I believe was Oliver. I have not got much of a record about them, so you will have to make the best you can. My grandfather was George Smith. His father's name I believe was Robert. Mother had a brother called Robert Cooper, also James. There is also names of George Sheppard and Elizabeth Giles and Wm. Handley, but where they come in I do not know. We are all well, hoping you are the same. —Henry Roper

Note: Henry Roper passed away in Provo and he was buried at Huntington.