

started for the west. He worked his way most of the way to Colorado, plowing sod most of the way. He arrived at Fort Collins, Colorado then went on to his Aunt Olive Taft at Laporte, Colorado. He met and became a friend of the late Al Willey and Dennis Willey. He made up his mind to live in the west so he returned to New York to bid his family goodbye and returned to Colorado in the spring of 1884. Mr. Willey asked him to help drive a herd of cattle to Prairie Dog Creek near Sheridan, Wyoming. So with friends, Cam Garbutt and George Griffen, they started for Wyoming. Mr. Al Willey and Dennis Willey met them at Douglas, Wyoming and came the rest of the way to the Al Willey Ranch on Prairie Dog Creek. Here I might add that Prairie Dog Creek was originally Peno Creek.

Mr. Garbutt, Griffen and Roberts wintered in a cabin on what is now the Harvey Sieweke Ranch. In the spring of 1885 Mr. Roberts bought a relinquishment from George Hardin. Dennis Willey took up a homestead on Tongue River and Mr. Garbutt and Mr. Griffen went into Sheridan and settled. Mr. Garbutt was postmaster of Sheridan for a number of years and Mr. Griffen had an interest in the banking business and was instrumental in getting the first telephone started.

In 1891 my father began to build his home of native rock. The rock was quarried out of the hills and shaped by hand with only a chisel and rock hammer and hauled to the building site on a stoneboat. A stonemason by the name of Johnson laid the rock up and the house was completed in 1901. In the winter of 1898 my father met my mother, Harriet Elizabeth Sutter, at the literary party which led to their marriage in the early spring of 1902. They were married at the Tom Brundage Ranch and then went to live in the new house.

The following was written by Harriet Elizabeth Roberts before she passed away on December 22, 1961. William Asa Roberts passed away on February 20, 1936.

I was born in Pleasant Valley, Illinois on February 12, 1871. My parent's names were Samuel and Adelia C. Sutter. They named me Harriet Elizabeth. When I was a small baby, they moved to Hopkins, Missouri. When I was eight years old my mother died, and my Aunt Harriet Eaton, who lived in Pleasant Valley, Illinois took me to live with her. I continued to live with her until I came to Wyoming in 1893.

My sister Eda (Edith Lavina Sutter Warriner) came back on a visit, and when she went home, I went home with her. My aunt did not want me to go to Wyoming. She said it was a rough country and too many Indians, but I went anyway.

The country looked so empty, no homes close except the Beckers, who were building a house close. It is the Brinton place now, and part of the Bradford Brinton Museum. The mountains were close and I felt penned in. The house Eda and Will lived in was just a one-room house. Most of their furniture was homemade. I slept on a homemade bed, slats for springs and straw tick. Eda had a curtain across one corner of the room that was our closet where we hung our clothes. When we wanted to change our clothes we went out to the wood shed. I missed Aunt Harriet's big house, where we all had our own bedrooms, but I only had eight dollars left so I knew I had to stay.

In the spring Mr. and Mrs. Brown had a baby, they wanted me to work for them. He taught the Big Horn School. I stayed with them five weeks. They gave me three dollars a week, I thought I was making money fast, my Aunt gave me \$1.25 per week after I was 18.

I never saw as much snow as I saw that winter but in the spring I never saw as many beautiful wildflowers. I had begun to meet a few people and was not quite so homesick. I worked in Sheridan for Mrs. Goldsby for three months. She kept boarders. I did not like it very well there.

I worked for Mrs. Amsden, who was in poor health. She lived with her son, Cliff, and when he got married, I was not needed any more. Mrs. Amsden gave me a gold ring when I left. I know she hated to see me go.

When I was not working I would either stay with Eda or my cousin Mabel McKee at Big Horn. I had got over being homesick and had a real good time in Big Horn. One day Ray Woods, Edna Brown, Harry Woods, Lowie Coleson and Nellie Maily and I went up to Tepee horseback. We went in the lion den cave and we went in the first room. When we went in the second room we had to get down on our hands and knees to crawl under. We wrote our names on the wall and if no one has rubbed them out they are still there. The cave is solid rock. There was no building at Tepee then. Just a ring of tepee poles that had fallen down, just like they were left.

I went to the dances in Big Horn in the Odd Fellows Hall over Skinners Store. We danced all the round dances. We would begin with a square dance, then waltz, polka, dance the minuet, deaf and dumb polka. We danced with everyone, not just one. My ankles and knees would ache but I had fun.

William Spear and his wife wanted me to help them for a few weeks. Mr. Spear run the sawmill on the mountains. He employed several young men that had come to Wyoming to get work, and one of them had a gun. Some of them were sitting on a log and when he set the gun down it went off and killed him. They brought him down to Mr. Spear's. No one knew who his folks were or where he came from. There was no caskets in Big Horn or Sheridan. So they made him a coffin out of the lumber from the sawmill. Mrs. Spear and I lined it with a sheet. We got a white shirt from someone and I made a black bow tie. We worked all night. We all felt terrible. Mrs. Spear's father was Baptist Minister, and in the morning we had the funeral and he was buried in the Cemetery at Big Horn, just a name and body.

I worked and lived with Mr. and Mrs. Halbert for 2½ years. Mr. Halbert had the largest dry goods store in Sheridan at the time and he was also mayor at one time. I went to the Worlds Fair at Omaha and worked for Mr. and Mrs. Brundage when I got home. Worked for them 3½ years.

In the meantime I had met Mr. Roberts, and we had gone to a few dances together. He asked me to share his new house with him. The house was big and empty, but it did not take long to make it look like a home. We enjoyed getting and arranging things. Will was a very handy man and we enjoyed working together. I don't think I ever saw Will mad. We spent several pleasant and wonderful years together. Will liked to take trips to