

JAN 21 1955

It was late in the year 1900, that my father, John W. Johnson and his brothers Charley and Pete decided to go to Oklahoma, as so many people of that day were doing. Their brother George (Cook) as he was familiarly known had gone there, when the Cherokee strip was opened for settlement.

My Dad and Charley sold their farms near Emeline, Iowa and held farm auctions and sold most everything but some horses and machinery. My Dad's sale was on February 2, 1901. I can remember the sale and large crowd, that was there. John Said was the auctioneer. He had a very loud clear voice and the people had no trouble hearing what he had to say. So when everything was in readiness, we all took off from Maquoketa by rail.

There were three of us children, I was five years old, my sister was four, and my brother was two. Uncle Charley had six children, four of them older than me. Uncle Pete, his wife, and a second cousin. So there was quite a crowd of us. It was a long and very tiresome trip for the grown-ups. Of course children don't mind trips too much for they can fall asleep when they get tired enough. They fall asleep and miss alot they wish they hadn't

I remember getting ^{off} the train at Enid, There was so much confusion so many people, mostly men. as a lot of men ^{left} ~~lost~~ their wives, ^{and} ~~or~~ children, which may have been a good idea, For there was a lot of people who didn't stay there, of course a lot of them who did were lucky.

Uncle George met us at Enid with ^{wagon} ~~team and buggy~~, to help us get to his farm, which was forty-five miles away, from Enid to Rusk where ever that was. It was only a speck in the road ^{my} way I can't even find it on the road map.

It's probably a ghost town if anything at all is left of it. There was what they called bunk houses ⁱⁿ Enid for people to sleep in. They weren't ~~much~~ for protection from the weather, and it was February. Of course they don't have the Iowa winters. My Father built a small house on Uncles George's farm, which was hardly worth -while for the short time we lived there.

Uncle Georges inlaws lived nearby , They had children too. So along with Uncle Georges' four and all the rest, most every day was a picnic for we kids. Regardless of what the grown-ups thought of it.

Uncle George married the former Lucy Moore. Her family had gone to Oklahoma from near South Garry Owen, in the mad rush too. She was a cousin of John Thompson long time First Street Saloon Keeper in Dubuque.

Uncle Charley lived in a sod house not to far away.

A heavy rain came up when we were there one day, And it leaked like a sieve. The large terantulas were very numerous, and everybody was afraid of them. they were supposed to be very poisonous. We children would dip water out of a pond and drown them out ~~of~~ their densin the ground, and when they came up for air the older children would kill them with sticks. They were ~~so~~ visious looking and acting also.

There were colored threshing crews that traveled around the country from farm to farm, harvesting the wheat. When they were at Uncle Georges' farm

My sister really gave one mans hands a looking over, he just laughed and said they were dirty. There were many Indians not far away but if they were left alone, ~~they~~ ^{were} weren't any trouble. They keep to themselves. They probably think they being pushed around too much. A lot of whites were more to be feared than the Indians . Most men carried guns when they were away from home. My Dad took his doubled barreled shot gun with him, but was advised to get a smaller gun before he left Iowa fortunately he never needed to use either of them.

It wasn't long after that My Father decided that Oklahoma wasn't the place for him. So in August the Covered Wagon was got in readiness, for the trip back to Iowa. I never understood how they got so much stuff in one wagon, a large cedar chest, A trunk that My Grandfather had brought from Ohio and the same old beat up trunk is in my attic today, a ~~sewing~~ ^{sewing} machine, a two piece dutch oven and other cooking utensils and dishes, bedding everybody's clothes, and still have room for themselves, three children and ~~a~~ ^{the} second cousin. Uncle George came as far as Enid with his modern team and wagon. Dad had taken four horses. But leading the young team behind the wagon became such a problem that He sold them some place in Missouri.

There were a lot of covered bridges along the way , especially in Missouri
They were kind of spookylooking and dark . We usually camped near School
grounds or near farm houses. When mother got older she said she would like
to take the trip over again., But at that time she was glad to get ^{to} Iowa.
My brother hollared most of the way that he wanted out to walk. He thought the
the transportation was too slow, which it was. The trip took six weeks. b
When we were at Maryville, Missouri word came that President McKinley had been
assassinated. Of course people talked a lot about the assination at the time
and long afterwards. For they didn't have as many other things to discuss as
now days. Even if I had been older it wouldnt be like seeing such things on
T.V. We children were very anxious to get to Grandpa's house. When we got to
the Streets Cemetery my Sister and I got out of the wagon and ran the rest of
the way to Grandpa's house. Aunt Bertha was at school. One of the neighbors told
~~her we had landed safe and sound and she came down the home stretch on high too.~~
Grandpa's farm was at Edwards Mill (Barefoot). My father bought a farm east of
Garryowen in Jackson Co. And that is where we three children and nine more grew
up. Two of my brothers died in young manhood. There is still ten of us living
and all but one in Iowa. And he is the one who hollared all the way from Oklahoma
One of my sons asked me what my Dad had to buy a farm with after that costly
experience. I told him it wasn't much. Mostly his reputation for being honest
I think. Here I am mother of five , grandmother of ~~nineteen~~ ²¹, and Great grand-
mother of ~~40~~ ⁴. And I still have time for a few hobbies, such as making patch work
quilts, collecting china and play cards at least three times a week. I read an
article in Life magazine that the hill people of Texas still make their soap
for laundry. I do that too. Twice a year I make enough soap for three families
laundry. And I don't exactly think I am a hillbilly, ^{either} in fact I rather enjoy the
job. Of course ~~we~~ use commercial soap for the more fragile materials.

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PS my 12 year old grandson typed this for me