

How

OUR JOURNEY MOVING TO LINCOLN CO. FROM NUCKLES CO. nebr.
Monday Jan. (9) ABOUT yr of 1904.
Written by mother . Juletta Howard.

We have had our sale, and as today is fair and sunshiny, we pack a few of our belongings in two wagons with covers or canves tops and start for our new home in Lincoln co. Neb. Papa having prevesly gone out and pursched of Mr Adkins a farm. located 21 miles south of NorthPlatte.

Mother Matson who has been staying for a ferwell visit with us till we reach my sister's home where we will leave her. is with us.

The boys Roy and John have gone on a head with the ponys and top buggy our load^s are heavy the way the horses pull.

and Nell one of the horses is just a colt yet , will be a hard trip on her. First night out stoped with my nephew ,Nick and Maggie, who is sick , Oliver her baby is only a few weeks old , she wnts to visit and show us a good time ,but she feels so bad she can hardly go. I help her get supper and then she has to give up and ~~lie~~ down , she said oh aunt Etta if you folks like it in Lincoln Co. we will soon be out there too. our children and Nicks go in the front room wh~~ere~~ they play with Nicks childrens toys they have odles of toys they got for christmas I sewed on Maggies machine

Jan 10. Breakfast over we load in and bid Nicks folks good bye and ~~we~~ ^{are} on our way to Deweeze where sister Nancy s home is. Iva, Roy and John took there loads on to Deweeze last nite. ~~we~~ arrived at sisters and it began to storm , Charl took the horses down to the park and set up a large tent we bought of uncle George Johnson its large enough by aranging the wagons side by side putting it up over the front to hold all the nine head of horse s a box of ducks and chickens (we turn loose under the wagons, atnight they go to roost)

Wed. 11 still it stormes, we are very undecided what to do totry to move on in the storm or try to rent a house and stay till spring. or hire a car and ship on out there.

THUr. 12. Its still snowing we are afraid it will get to drifting and the roads are so bad , Charl hasbought a sack of flour , and grocereys and some hay. to night the gir ls and uncle George ~~were~~ bantering who would get supper , and uncle George said 'By golly I will get supper so we let him ,he made a dandy mess of mush.

Just to show us he could,we women folks sat around and rockedand joked andhad lots of fun ,while we watched George get our supper.

The young folks have good time playing the piano and singing together.

Jan. 15. the telephone rang and aunt Nancy was called to go to Nicks as Maggie is horse .Nancy has to take care of her . Na ncy said she hated to leave when I was here

but dutty called her away.

Th. after unloading eleven hundred lbs. of our load and shipping it over the B.M. railroad , I have been busy streighting up the wagons and getting redy to move on as Ina is getting our dinner ready for us, while we pack up.

dinner overwe bid Georges good bye and start on our way once more.the Moore house are at Georges to bid us good bye too.

we have found the roads very bad and slippery and the wagons slid and slewed awful Just now I scolded John for saying lord and the wagon gave a great ~~lurch~~ lurch , andslid neer upsetting and I yelled out loud OH! "Lordie and how ~~the~~ Iva and john ~~did~~ laugh at me .

we are upon a level prairie nice farms all over here, we sight a town away on ahead on the prairie just now we met a hay rack with two teams of horses hitched to it. Charl new the man , his name is Crowford he was going to his home from Glenville where had been working his home was in Nuclkes co. we have travled and travled since citing that town and like a mirage it still seems in the distance we intend camping for the nite when we get to town. at last we are in Glenville it seems a lively little town

we drive behind a livery barn a little old barn with a fence in lot back of it we drive in side the lot, run wagons and for and
 we run wagons end to end, put up tent tie horses to wagons in tent all but Nell and the colt. Charl turned them loose and how Nell did caper and play we've been felling so sorry for her she acted so tired while traveling, now she is romping kekking playing around the lot.

we brought our trash burning heater with us and as our tent has a stove pipe hole so it we put up the stove in one corner start a fire soon have supper cooking frying meat cooking potatoes, coffee boiling, Charles and Roy are up town buying tomorrows food supply, here they come now, with a box of crackers, (it is a very large box) He payed I dollar seventy cts. For a bushel of potatoes 25 cents and a heavy pair of blankets for one dollar fifty cents. also bought some onions, we soon are enjoying hot coffee beef and potatoes. joking and poking fun at each other while we sit around our table cloth spread on the ground picnic stile, supper over and while the rest sat round visiting. I climb in the wagons fix the beds for the night, Iva and Gus I made the lower bed, while papa and I and Myrtle and baby sleep above them on the springs.

Roy and John in the other wagon I climb out of the wagon wash up the supper dishes and sit down for an hour or two rest with the others, we are all soon in bed and quite comfortable but for an old cow that is loose in the lot and keeps pestering around the wagons. and Nellie and colt kekking and fighting it keeps us awake no matter how old mope lures us in opposite direction.

Jan 19 th. a fair cold morning, I dread to crawl out, but it must be done, so here goes after shivering while doning our duds we soon are comfortable round a goodd hot fire in the old heater our corner of the tent is quite a kitchen, with breakfast cooking coffee boiling and little Fern on a chair by the stove playing with her toes. breakfast over and things put away packed in the wagons heater and tent fasten to the boys rig and here we go. Roys poneys showing there tempers by bucking rearing and kicking getting there heads near where their heeles ought to be, but guess they will be all right when once started. the sun has come out and roads are awful muddy we are neering Hasting but will not go through the main town. now we are passing the asylum I suppose uncle Andy has passed over this road many times as they marched those poor soules out over its, for dailey exercise the children are greatly excited now as the see those same persons being marched around the buildings by their gards.....

here we are where severl railroads meet and cross away west of Hastings signs are up says (all who cross here cross at their own risk) as this is not a public

highway

we are over the tracks and a train goes thundering by just as we get out of the way Iva's team is gettign badly frightened and so is papas team old Trim sticks her head high in the air and looks like a painted picture she is such a pretty mare as she prances like a trained show horse, Dolly and Maud e (a dappled gray) dances along and snorts as the train goes rumbeling by so near us. and poor Queen always so afraid of trains as she was hurt in a thrashing machine by getting her tail caught in the belt so she trys to crawl under the wagons she cuts all kind cappers, but soon all is normal and we are jogging along in good order. One day at noon as we passed Glenvile we camped by a farm house and the sun shone out warm tho the the air was chilly it went again the grain to crawl out and set up the stove and get dinner. Charl scooped the snow around a log and we all sat around the log while dinner was cooking, I put a oil cloth on the log and a cracker box and that way we ate our dinner. The man of the house came out to visit us, and watched us eat, till his frow called him to come eat his dinner.

We are nearing Juniett a a town up on the broad prairies we do not go through it as its about two miles north of our course, we camped for the night by a house about three miles from Junetta the folks here are very friendly and kind the lady came out to our wagons and said, I heard the baby crying came out to see if you would let the children come in and warm. Iva took Fern and Myrtle in and soon they were warm and playing on the floor with their children and their play things, the lady gave Myrtle a pair of warm mittens, the man let Charl put our horses in his barn and only charged us 75 cts

WE just wrapped the tent around the wagons put the stove up between the wagons spon had a good fire with nothing but corn stalks to burn.

We are not as comfortable as last nite, however we had a good nite sleep, a pretty frosty job getting and eating breakfast, but we managed to get by.

JAN. 20. th. we are all set and ready for another day ride, it's turning so cold, oh so cold, the roads are so frosty and rough and bumpy and such clods.

The horses can hardly walk at all. we pass lovely homes here and there upon the hill yander stands a lovely home surrounded by trees and shrubs, there is a nice church a double concern of some kind, north of us is a large grave yard many trees and large monuments. after leaving that nice family this morning we were so cold, the children crying with the cold, I was so discouraged and thought we would surely would freeze, when we pulled into Krenshaw a fair sized town, we again pulled out to a side street Iva was so nearly frozen by having to sit up and drive she was so homesick, and I was so down hearted, but we made room in Iva's wagon for the heater and started a fire, after a hearty meal of boloney and salmon and crackers and hot coffee, we crowded around the heater and thawed out, our better spirits returned again, and we are ready to go on again so out we go on our way we stand it pretty good until evening, when we are all so cold and disheartened again, we are about ready to give up and rent a house until spring we had intended to all the time but we keep on moving along longing for camping time to come, as our hands and feet grow colder and numb, our only comfort is the thought of the old tent and the warmth that it gives. when we get the snow cleared off the ground and the tent up, which is some job its so large and with cold hands and wind blowing so cold one can hardly handle the tent poles. we have traveled quite late today as we haven't found a disarable camp, at last we found a small town a store and an elevator a makeshift livery barn, we are all cold and cross and hungry and the old tent must be put up and so out Charl goes with his escow shovel to clear a place for the tent, as he worked clearing a place, Iva and boys unhitched the horses and take them to water, the boys are gone to water the horses, Iva and papa are having a hard time with the old tent blowing and flopping this way and that way, and now they have it almost up, long comes harder wind and flop down she goes as the wind has full sweep here, I leave the babys in the wagon and get out to help, the old sails jerk the poles from our hands which are almost frozen and how aggarvating, but it is best we can do, we went to hurry. the tent is up at last the trash burner in its corner with a roaring fire, we have the wagons locked to fit the tent better than before. oh what joy to feel the comfort of the warmth of that old stove sure makes one realize the comfort of a roof over our heads though its nothing but canvas the horses tied to their places munching there feed the chickens and ducks loose under the wagons. we are warmer than our last camp place Charl has gone to store for more eats, children playing around and every thing is o.k all of us happy as larks as we are warm once more. Charl comes with a arm load of greceys, I put the coffee to boil, the tomatoes to cook in the grece the meat was WAS cooked in with plenty crackers in them, Charl spreads the oil cloth over a bail of hay and there you are, we have a table we have a few chairs we can use, we are quite at home, tho the cold wind howles out side, how we relish the food I can hardly cook enough for to satisfy the family. during the nite the wolves gave us a serenade how they did howl. it sure souned dreary.

21. st. up and stirring ready for another days tussel with the elements get our breakfast load up off we go the cold winds whipping our faces again or the faces of those on front sets of wagons. I sit back on the bed with my two little girls try my best to keep them warm have the lit hold it under the covers, to heat neer their tender little bodys we are glad when our road turns sideways to the wind, Roy nearly parishes with the cold in the buggy as it is lots colder than the wagons. we are passing now a long lane with tall trees on each side the road and a log house, looks like it, might be a store a boy with a load of hay is walking behind the wagon he keeps playing peekabo with the little girls as he walks along and drives his team. we are all chilling so terrible again. we pull up to karney to a side street, near a lumber yard, set the stove in the snow on the ground, boil coffee. Charl went for more grub, Iva and John went out to find a fire to get warm, I set the little girls out in the snow to exerize a little,

They get so tired and cramped and cross sitting still so long. we crawl back into the wagon with our coffee and lunch, here comes Iva scolding them darn kids at the store where she went to work, she said, they crawled all over here, dirty little brats, and she soon got out of there. we ate our dinner and as usual our spirits rise again we pull out of Karney about two miles in a deserted looking place and before long we are passing the reform school. our next night camped at Elem creek and again no shelter from the cold wind we pitch our tent near the railroad tracks we are north of the tracks and to the south of us there is a house north of us where papa got a sacks of corn cobs and a bottle of milk for the little girls.

Now we got to Gothenburg and it is bitter cold, we talked of stopping and renting a house but but the boys gathered coal along the tracks for the trash burner and inside our tent home we are quite comfortable although it is a howling blizzard out side. Chickens and ducks loose under the wagons and horses contently munching their hay, we are all seated around the fire in the trash burner, a man who runs the elevator near here came to our tent, he said "he heard the little ones inside and thought perhaps we were suffering with the cold, "he came to invite us to his office room and fire but he was surprised to see we were warm and cosy in the tent. we staid over nite, next day it was still bitter cold but the wind had subsided, so we took to the road again we only made it to Brady and staid for the nite next day we traveled through snow and cold till we passed Maxwell and papa showed the youngsters old Sioux look out and told them that is where Pearl and Willie Pell live and we would pull in there for the night, the boys John and Guss got out and waved their caps in the air and turned summer suits in the snow, it looked so close but our heavy loads and bad roads the hours draged by till the boys feet and hands were so cold and their spirits dropped again, well Iva did freeze her feet and legs sitting up in the spring seat driving in the cold we finally reached Pearls home and dad decided to drive on to brother Dan home four or five miles further which we did, and we were glad to end our long journey,

p.S. but that was not the end, when we reached the farm Adkins were not ready to move out, so we moved into an old sod house, one wall had fallen out so they hung a canvass over the hole and lived there we got possion of our house which was a sod house.

Till