Reminicence of bygone days

As before stated in the "Rauk families Pioneering in Iowa" Knudt Rauk went out into Dakota Territory In the year 1876 and in March 1877 we were prepared to move. Three girls and three boys of us were going with the Parents out to the Red River valley. A few people in our surrounding also had an attact of the Red River fever, so when we left there were 12 or 13 of us Including our uncle Berdick an old civil war Veteran. Uncle Berdick fought five years in the civil war and two years in the Indian war if my memory does not deceive me.

We stopped over in Minneapolis for two days. This was the 16 of March which happened to be this writers birthday. The men of the party went into St. Paul to see the city so they said. We girls; That is my older sister Jennie and younger sister Carolyn wanted to see the Augsburg Semenary which had recently been completed. We found the Semenary al= right and were courtiously shawed around the place. Later we were walking back to our Hotel but we had not gone far before we discovered we were lost. After some care= full surveying ahead of us I saw a large sign on some building I remembered as

being right across the street from our hotel. Happily we hurried back to where we felt at home.

Father and the boys had not yet returned from St. Paul and we had still from 3 p. m. to 8 oclock to spend, so we stepped aboard a street-car and went as far as the streetcar went then we repaid our fare and went back to our hotel. At 8 oclock we took the train for "Fishers Landing" now (Fisher). Well. There was no depot at the Landing so we had to step off the train right into mud. Sure this was March but the weather was beautiful. We looked up a shack called a hotel. We expected some friends from the Red River to meet us that day but there had been some mis-take in dates made so they did not arrive that day atall. Fishers Landing is on the Red Lake river. So at nite we had to put up at this above mentioned hotel.

Brother Lewis and Uncle Bendick had left our party earlier and gone to Fargo to look for the car in which our house-goods had been shipped. We were seemingly up against it now. Tho we felt sure our friends would come for us that day

On looking around for a way to cross the river we found there was only a small row-boat in the Landing and it was locked up. We were told it belonged to an Indian and he had not been seen since we arrived It seemed strange To those who knew him. Well they said he could mostly be found in the barroom. My brother Carl inquired if he didnt have a hangout of his own, and was told that he had a Shanty out in the brush, The boys went to investigate and found the shack and also the indian but he seemed To be well supplied with liquor. The boys offered him 50¢ for each passanger he took across the river. My brothers were over 6 feet tall and not until then: did they tell us that the bed they had occupied the nite before was so short their feet hung out on the floor and would be glad to go even if they had to take the chance of having a spill in the water. From then on the old indian got busy as he could take only two passengers and a couple of suitcases at each trip.

At last it came mine and my younger Sister Carolyn's turn to go, I beleive he could see that we were scared, He rowed

standing up and just staggered, but he sure could handle that boat and he told us, "Don't be scared little girls, I'll take you across allright." And we were certainly glad to step out on the ground again.

The party we were looking for had not yet arrived so we spent our time target shooting. Father found a man there putting together a drill. This man lived out by the Red River where we were going. He lived on the Minne= Sota side and we were going into Dakota Terr. We had seen our friends comming now so I went over to bring the joyfull news to Father. This man whose name I later found to be Leif Steenersen stopped work looked at me and said, "If I ever get away from this Landing they'l never see my pretty face here again" I realy had not noticed his beauty? before. but when I looked I thot I had never seen a homelier face. Maybe he thot the same of mine as when we met in later years he always made some re= ference to that day.

It didnt take us long to get into the wagons and start for our distination. We were told it was nine miles to where we had to cross

the Red River but the prairies were so completely covered with water that we had to go 18 miles to reach our destination. I do not know how they could find their way. Until we reached the Red River we passed only one bare spot, about 4 ft. wide and 12 ft. long.

One of our fellow travelers, Amos Goldberg by name had trouble lighting his cigar, so he jumped down on this bare spot to light it. He was slow at it and we girls that had had plenty of time to light it so we hollered to the driver to go ahead as "Amos has settled on his claim.

The next morning we crossed the Red River in a small boat. Then we had to look up another conveyence to take us two miles farther to the place we were going to stay until we got our household goods. I at least will never forget that ride, It was my first ride with oxen and I was delighted but it also proved to be my last ride with oxen.

Thus ended the adventure.

Margret Rauk Cooper